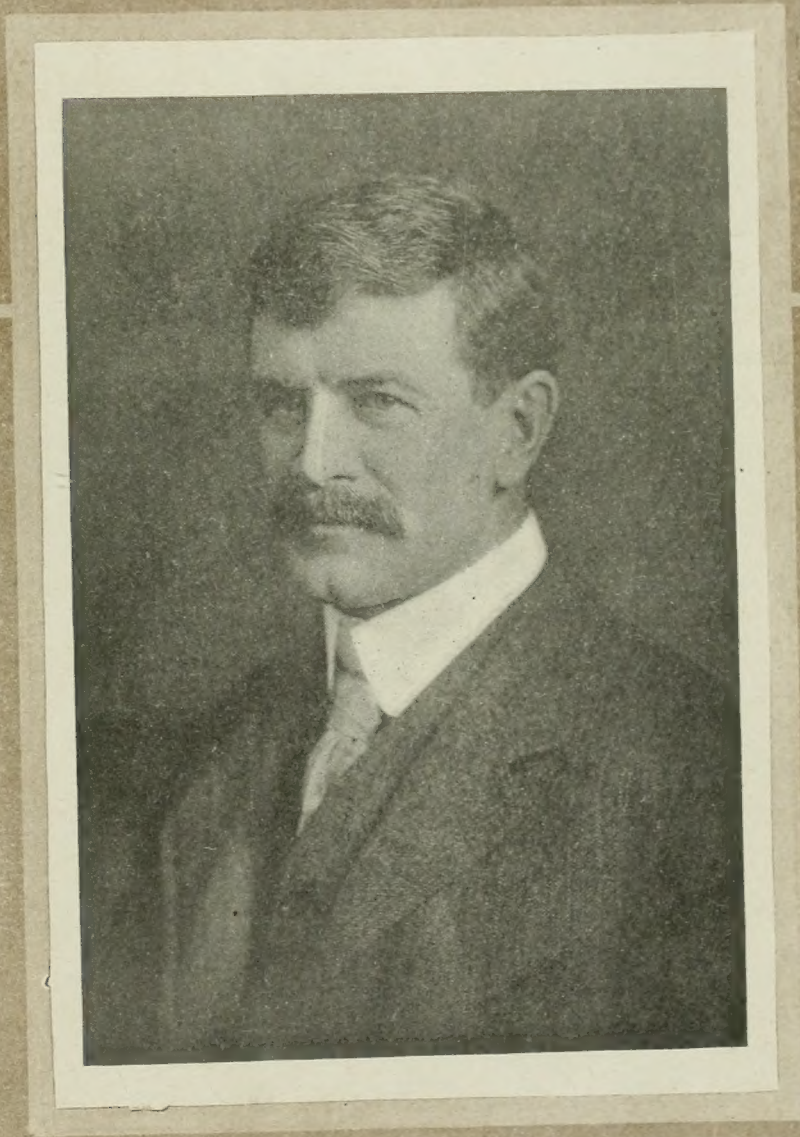


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A Quarterly devoted to Literature, the Library and the Printed Book.

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THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN is published quarterly by the Industrial & Educational Press Limited, at the Garden City Press, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q.

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NEW SERIES

Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q., January, 1919

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

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B. K. SANDWELL,
In *The Canadian Magazine*.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS

S. B. GUNDY

TORONTO,

CANADA

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

INTRODUCING THE

Canadian Bookman's Bookmen

A brief foreword by the Publishers.

The editors and readers of such a periodical as the "Canadian Bookman" should be on a footing of mutual friendship and confidence. Such a footing can only be established by means of an introduction; and realizing that the native modesty of the species will effectually prevent the Editor and the Editorial Committee of the "Bookman" from introducing themselves, the Publishers are herewith taking up the task.

Owing to the wide variety of interests served by the "Canadian Bookman," which undertakes to act as a guide to the literature of the industries as well as of the arts, the Editor must be a man of wide reading and experience. Such an Editor the Publishers have found in Mr. B. K. Sandwell, who since 1910 has been Associate Editor and Editor of the *Financial Times*, of Montreal, who is a Member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, who is Lecturer on the History of Commerce in McGill University School of Commerce, and Lecturer on Journalism in McGill University Extension Department, and who moreover in the opinion of those competent to judge is one of the best read men in Canada to-day. Although born in England, Mr. Sandwell came with his father to Toronto at the age

of 11, in 1888, and as he has lived in Canada for nearly thirty years can surely be claimed as Canadian. Educated at Upper Canada College, where he rose to be head of the school, he proceeded to Toronto University, where he graduated with first class honours in classics in 1897. After three years of journalistic work in England, Mr. Sandwell joined the staff of the *Montreal Herald*, where he served for nine consecutive years, chiefly as dramatic and literary critic. In 1910 he assisted in the foundation of the *Financial Times*, which owes its success in no small degree to his brilliant pen.

A frequent contributor to Canadian and American periodicals, Mr. Sandwell's humour has also penetrated less capitalistic skins, through the columns of the *Canadian Magazine*, *World's Work*, *University Magazine*, etc. Always keenly interested in the drama, Mr. Sandwell was one of the judges of the Earl Grey Dramatic Competition. Add to those qualifications the fact that he is an accomplished musician, and you realize that the Publishers and readers of the "Canadian Bookman" have reason to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in securing so versatile an Editor.

The Publishers feel that they have also been fortunate in enlisting the services of a very strong Editorial Committee, which will be made yet stronger as occasion requires by the addition of recognized experts upon branches of technical and specialist literature not yet represented. The complete list of this Committee will be found on the index page, and it will be seen that they are all men who combine the two necessary qualifications of a first-class knowledge of their subject or subjects, and a thoroughly practiced hand in writing about them. Several of the members of this Committee, however, are men who in addition to their specialist qualifications, are well known throughout Canada for their services to general culture, correct thinking and spiritual growth, and who have welcomed the opportunity to perform some of these services through the columns of the "Canadian Bookman." Foremost among these is Professor J. A. Dale, whose co-operation has been invaluable in the production of the first issue of this magazine, and whose absence for a brief period upon educational work among the Canadian troops during the term of demobilization will not prevent him from making his personality felt in the "Bookman" in the coming year. Others whose presence on the Committee is similarly the result of a deep interest in the progress of Canadian thought and culture are the Hon. W. S. Fielding, formerly Finance Minister of Canada, and Dr. George H. Locke, the inspirational Chief Librarian of the City of Toronto, and the Dominion's most eloquent apostle of Literature.

With such co-operation as this, the Publishers are launching the "Canadian Bookman" upon its career in the full confidence that it will serve a useful purpose, and will therefore achieve a deserved success.



B. K. SANDWELL,
Editor of the "Canadian Bookman."

CANADIAN BOOKMAN

The New Era

The first issue of the new Canadian Bookman appears at a moment which happens also to mark the beginning of a new era in the history of mankind, and, very particularly, in the history of Canada. That this is so is not by design. The date of this first issue was planned many months ago, long before there was any hope that November, 1918, would see the collapse of the Teutonic Alliance and the commencement of the return to a state of peace. On the other hand, it is not wholly a coincidence.

The world at large, and Canada in especial, during the generation preceding 1914, passed through an age of extreme pre-occupation in "practical" affairs. It was an age of immensely rapid development of material wealth and enlargement of man's command of the resources of the planet; an era of intense competition to obtain the benefit of those resources; an era of trust in those resources as the sufficient foundation of human happiness. This era came to an end in a way which, we now see, was probably the only way in which it could end. Its intense competition, and the pride and self-confidence which it bred in some of the most successful of the competitors (and this does not refer exclusively to Germany, for while Germany began the war, many other nations made the war possible—a world state-of-mind, so to speak, was its begetter), led to culminate in a four-year struggle in which absolute force was the sole decisive factor in the destinies of the world. We have lived through that terrible period. We have seen our own country perform its full share in that conflict, we have learned the lessons which can be taught only by suffering and sacrifice glorified by a noble cause, and we have seen the conflict end, as any long-drawn-out conflict of the kind must end, in the victory of the side whose force was backed up by the moral strength of a high and noble principle. And we stand today, along with the other great nations of a purified world, at the beginning of a new era which will certainly be vastly different from both the era of force and the era of materialism which preceded it.

It is too early yet to forecast the character of this new era with any precision. But it does not seem too early to be confident that it will be in one respect an era of ideas, an era of pro-

found and general thought, not about the purely material problems which preoccupied us until four years ago, but about the more important things — the nature and purpose of life, the relation of man to his fellows and to his Creator, the meaning of the human race and its slow and painful but evident upward progress, the contribution of each nation and each individual to the sum total of the achievement of humanity.

And if this era is to be an era of ideas, it follows that it is to be also an era of books, since books are the one great medium through which ideas of communicated and perpetuated. Not the purely material books which have over-occupied our attention for more than a generation — though science will obviously have still its honoured part to play. Not, certainly, the merely sentimental, narcotic, idea-less books, miscalled books of the imagination, which have formed the literary food of too many of us who did not wish to be bothered with ideas. But real books, containing real ideas about the important things of life, whether expressed in the form of fiction, or of religion, or of philosophy, or of poetry, or of history, or of science in the broader and deeper sense of the word. It was this conviction, of the coming of an era of ideas and of books, which was strong in the minds of the founders of the new *Canadian Bookman* and which led them to select the present as an appropriate time even though when they selected it it seemed unlikely to be a time of peace, for the establishment of a purely Canadian periodical which should deal with them, not as masses of paper and binding, nor as so many square inches of type, nor as speculative adventures in search for "best-sellers", but as the vessels for the containing and the imparting of ideas — and of ideas suited to the uses of Canadian readers. In this sense, the appearance of the *Canadian Bookman* at the very dawn of this new era is not a mere coincidence. The *Canadian Bookman* is itself one of the phenomena of the new era.

Evidences of the dawn of such an era as we have described are plentiful enough. We at home in Canada can see them in the character of the books on the front shelves of our book stores, and in the drawing-rooms and studies of our friends. We can see them in the conversation of the social gatherings, in the frequentation of our public libraries, in the growth

and new vigour of cultural societies, in the sermons in our churches, the teaching in our schools. And yet we see only a fraction of them. The best of our youth is still far from us, in France and Flanders or in training camps and hospitals on the road to and from the battle-fields, and it is their mentality which will make the mentality of Canada when they return to us. And if all accounts agree, the life of camp and battle-field has produced in their minds such a ferment of ideas and curiosities, such an interest in the things of the spirit; such an eager open-mindedness, as could never have been produced in fifty years of peace. Mr. J. M. Dent, the noble English publisher whose cheap editions of real books have been among the greatest gifts that modern science has made to mankind, was in this country recently, and reported that army life had produced, both among British and Canadian troops, an immense new interest in literature and ideas. Nor is this surprising, contrary it may be to past experience of war. This war has been fought, for the first time in history, by absolutely democratic armies, in which rich and poor, educated and uneducated, cultured and uncultured, have fought side by side in the iron-closed brotherhood of common peril. Each class has learned to understand and value the other, in a way that our peace-time conditions have never allowed. The man who knew nothing of books, and in old cared nothing for them, has seen with his own eyes, in the person of his own chum, what books and a knowledge of

books may mean to the spirit of man in hours of suffering and peril. And he who has seen this will never be contemptuous of books again, nor his children after him.

To this new interest in ideas, and in the books which convey them, there is added in the case of Canadians a new national self-consciousness, a new demand that ideas be judged not by the standards of any other nation, however closely allied by kinship or economic circumstance, but by the standards of our own country; a new output of ideas by Canadians themselves, and a new belief in those ideas as being probably the best expression of Canadian requirements, the best solution of Canadian problems and a consequent new demand for vehicles of criticism and discussion concerning this purely Canadian output.

At such a moment, it seems to us, the undertaking of the new *Canadian Bookman* is justified. Like most periodicals in the hour of birth, it is not likely that it realises in its first issue, or will realise perhaps for many issues to come, all the ideals of its projectors. Some of them cannot be realised without the assistance of a considerable body of readers, and of more friends that can be counted on by any publication before its first appearance — albeit the *Canadian Bookman* has already received such indications of friendship and kindly co-operation from Canadians in all walks of life and all parts of Canada and elsewhere as to prove that there is a widespread desire for the service which we aim to render.



Bookishness in Canada

There is too little Bookishness in Canada.

We make no apology for using the word Bookishness in a favorable sense, to describe something which we believe any nation needs, in due proportion, for its proper intellectual and spiritual development. Canadians have too long contrasted Bookishness and Actuality, Bookishness and Experience, even Bookishness and Business, as if one alone of the two terms had any reference to what is real and important in life. It is time to recall that there is a knowledge, and a highly valuable knowledge, which can only be derived from books, just as there is also a knowledge which can only be derived from experiences and personal contacts, and that the wise man is he who blends these two knowledges in due proportions, not the man who wholly and contemptuously neglects either of them.

There is too little Bookishness in Canada. The Printed Book is too small a factor in the life of the Canadian people. There are many communities, of no higher natural intelligence and no sounder average education than our own, in which books exert a more active and widespread influence, and impart a broader culture, than they do in Canada.

Into the profounder reasons for this insufficient valuation of the Printed Book we need not enter. They are associated with the youth of the country, its preoccupation with material problems, its astoundingly rapid development of wealth. They are remedying themselves with the passing of time.

But there are a number of contributory causes for our lack of Bookishness, which can and must be combatted before the Book can be raised to its proper place in Canadian life and Canadian esteem; and it will be the business of the *Canadian Bookman* to examine into these causes and to do all in its power to aid in combatting them.

Foremost among them is the extraordinary competition to which the Book has lately been subjected by other methods of appealing to the human mind or senses and of occupying the human attention.

The Book is a very ancient invention and has not, except in respect of cheapness of production, been much improved in the last few generations. But three very recent inventions, two in the realm of music and one in the realm of pictorial representation, have supplied it with new and powerful competitors. The player-piano, the phonograph and the moving picture are keen rivals of the Book through the demands which they make upon the time of the public.

The important feature of this rivalry is its intense aggressiveness. It employs all the resources of a high-pressure salesmanship campaign of the most modern type. Incredible sums of money have been and are being spent to popularize these three

mechanical contrivances throughout the civilized world. The taste for books is left, like the wild mustard seed, to propagate itself as and where it will, while the taste for "movies" and "records" is assiduously cultivated by thousands of expert publicists with tools costing millions of dollars.

We have no protest to voice against these inventions or against their campaign of popularization. All three of them have distinct cultural value and a great capacity for affording pleasure. Within proper limits, in due proportions, all three are good things for the human race. It is only when they begin to drive out other good things that there begins to be need, not for protest, but for counter measures. It is only when they seem likely to leave no room for the Book in the homes and hearts of many Canadians, that the true friend of the Book must bestir himself and seek to defend the Book's proper territory. That time, in Canada, seems to us to have come.

The Book is a singularly composite product. To place the completed article in the hands of the consumer requires the services of the author, for the making of it; the publisher, for the physical production of it; the bookseller and the library, for the distribution of it. Within the world of books, the interests of all these differing classes are diverse and, in some respects, conflicting. When it is a question of defending the Book itself against its rivals, of advancing it in the affection and esteem of the public, their interests are indistinguishably one.

It is these common interests, the interests of the Book itself, which the *Canadian Bookman* is designed and pledged to serve.

The value of technical and specialist periodicals is too well recognized at this date to need explanation here. They perform many functions, not the least of which consists in keeping the common interests of a trade, a profession, a social class or a group of whatever kind, constantly before the members and the community at large; in reconciling the minor differences between members of the group; and in bringing the best intelligence of the group to bear upon the improvement of the group's work and position. The book business in Canada (including in that term everybody from the author to the reader, in virtue of their supreme community of interest) has suffered seriously in the past from the lack of such an organ. The *Canadian Bookman* is intended to supply it.

Our desire is, by just and informed criticism, by constant voicing of the claims of literature, by maintaining a forum for the discussion of all bookish matters, by bringing the producers and consumers of the Book into a more sympathetic and understanding relation, to promote Bookishness in Canada, to cause two books to be read where one was skimmed before (and those two to be better books and more Canadian books than was the one), and so to foster Canadian authorship, Canadian publishing, and Canadian reading. In so doing, we do not doubt to be serving in the making and strengthening of a Canadian nation.

The Need of More Bookishness in Canada

A SYMPOSIUM

Contributed by twelve of the Leaders of Canadian Business,
Education, Religion, Government, Literature
and Public Life

Books and the Intense Life

By E. W. Beatty, K.C., President
of the Canadian Pacific Railway

IN the days of Methusaleh, the chief end of man was to live a long life. To-day it is not the length, but the intensity of the life that counts, the wise man crowding all he can into every minute. There are different ways of increasing intensity of life—for instance, the way of the "mixer" who from his social acquaintances picks up information and experience, much of which may be of practical use to him, and all of which makes him a more interesting human being. His life has become fuller through his conversation. The reader of good books might be called an "intellectual mixer" who converses through the printed page with minds often greater than his own. If he reads wisely and assimilates what he reads, his intellectual life is so much more intense, and provided that he does not become merely bookish, so much better a citizen he becomes.

The greatest mistake a business man can make is to confine his interest only to his office. He loses perspective and thinks of the world as revolving round his business, although that in reality is but a speck in the universe. Instead of being, as he fancies, "on the job," he lives in a mentally isolated village off the track and out of touch with the intellectual traffic of the world, which uses the book as its chief means of communication.

If the policy of the *Canadian Bookman* is to act as a guide to current literature, particularly such literature as has a bearing upon Canadian life and good citizenship, it should fill a long felt want in our periodical publications. And if the *Canadian Bookman* should undertake

as part of its programme a propaganda to establish libraries, however small, in every community in Canada, that alone would justify its existence. In these days of cheap reprints of standard authors, it is astonishing how many worth-while books can be purchased for a hundred or even fifty dollars. If the *Canadian Bookman* were to publish a list of recommended books for the nucleus of a library in a small Canadian community, together with practical suggestions as to how funds should be raised, how the library should be managed and how reading circles are best run, it would give impetus to a movement which would be of immense value to Canadian citizenship. Excellent work is done no doubt in small communities by the existing travelling libraries, but the travelling library has too much of a transient character, and no Canadian community, however small, should rest content till it has a collection of good books which it can call its own.

The Appetite for Books

By Sir William Peterson, K.C.M.G.,
Principal of McGill University

To the Editor:

I AM quite disposed to agree with what you propose to say in the first issue of the new *Canadian Bookman*—a periodical to which we must wish all possible success. There are a good many people who, to use your own words, "read too few books, and those few not well selected, own far too few books (here I am sure you will have the booksellers with you!) and attach too little importance to books generally."

Of course, there is always the other side.

"Bookishness," unrelieved and unadorned, is not an enviable quality. I have seen many readers in the British Museum, for instance, whose external appearance proclaimed that they were unduly "bookish." So far as it implies a want of interest in things practical, the epithet is not a complimentary one, and generally speaking it is not so intended. It is like the other word "academic," which is always meant as a reproach. I have even known many professors who would not care to be called either "bookish" or "academic." They would not want to have it thought that they are blind to the world of men and things outside of books. But the fact that reading is sometimes overdone should not be used to cover a deficiency in literary and intellectual interest. Some people do not read enough. Look over the books in any house, and you will soon have an approximate estimate of the owner's tastes and sympathies. "By their books ye shall know them!" Some are quite frank about it. They do not believe in books overmuch: they are men of affairs. And there is always the housekeeper, to whom "a big book is a big nuisance!"

I must not speak disrespectfully of journalism. A great deal of the best literature was produced originally in newspaper form. But there are a good many people who seem to read nothing but newspapers. And when you see a housefather going home in the end of the week with his pockets bulging out with Sunday editions, you may be sure he will read nothing else when he is done with them. He will want the rest of the week to recover from his orgy! We have all been faithful students of the daily paper for the last four years, and the newspaper proprietors, at least, have no right to complain. But when the war is over, we shall have to "go back to our muttuns!" We shall have to find a substitute for the great drama which has been unfolded before our eyes from day to day in the newspaper press. We shall have to content ourselves with the ordinary epic of life.

It is here, I think, that your plea will come in for more and better reading. I don't want to speak as if I believed that people should always have in hand a great classic, or an epoch-making book of any kind, past or present. The man who would make a boast of such a habit might fairly be suspected of intellectual insincerity. But with the excellent reprints that are now so easily obtainable, there is very little excuse for not having some degree of touch with what is best in literature. A man never knows till he tries how much he can do in this way to extend the range of his interests and to widen his intellectual horizon. I know a Travelling Library Department where volumes of biog-

raphy, adventure, science, and the like are spread in generous profusion before the eye, and are being eagerly looked for by a large and ever-growing constituency throughout the Dominion. There is something there to suit every taste, including a large assortment of fiction and other recreative literature. With such stores to draw upon, it would be simply impossible for any one *not* to read.

What is the use of teaching children the mechanical art of reading, if we fail to instil in their minds a genuine appetite for good sound books, and if we neglect—as is so often the case where the opportunity of ownership is lacking—to see that the appetite has something to feed on? The libraries are always with us—the shrines where, as Bacon finely said, "all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtues, are preserved and reposed." When Mr. Balfour was in Montreal in the summer of 1917, I reminded him that it was thirty years, almost to a day, since I had sat beside him on the platform from which he delivered his St. Andrews Rectorial address on "The Pleasures of Reading." In one way or another we can all have access to books. And those of us who understand the value of daily reading will always have on hand some good sound book, by way of supplement to the daily newspaper. For one thing, the type and format will usually be found to be much more attractive. And there will be in addition the opportunity of improving our taste, of gaining a further interest in literature, and of acquiring at the same time a standard of discrimination between good and bad. Some of use may possess too many books; they are apt to be an encumbrance in an otherwise well-regulated household. Others have too few: for them the sense of ownership is still a joy in prospect.

The Need for Background

By the Rt. Rev. Edward J. Bidwell,
Bishop of Ontario

Children of men! not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that ye think clear, feel clear, bear fruit
well,
The Friend of man desires.—*Matthew Arnold.*

BEFORE I was called to more purely clerical work some ten years ago, I had been a schoolmaster for upwards of twenty years, first in England and afterwards in Canada. The schools in which I worked in both countries

were mainly boarding schools of a good class, the pupils of which came from well-to-do and often wealthy homes. I have frequently been asked how in my opinion Canadian boys of this type compare with English boys. It is an interesting question, but this is not the place to attempt a full answer. I will merely note one marked difference between the two, which is germane to the subject in hand. Speaking generally, the English boy who attended the class of school of which I was the Head would come from a home in which there was in greater or less degree some atmosphere of culture (in the true, not the German sense), or where, at any rate, books and "book talk" were common. Most of them had more or less acquired the reading habit, and had some familiarity, even if slight, with good literature. The result was that one had some sort of a background to rely upon in one's teaching of subjects belonging to the literary side of education. Also, that department seemed often to attract the brightest minds among my pupils.

In Canada, I found conditions very different. There were, of course, marked exceptions but in the majority of cases there was a conspicuous absence among the boys of any trace of that bent towards and taste for literary subjects which a congenial home atmosphere produces. They clearly had not lived amongst books. Allusions to even the widest-known figures in such classics as Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray were Greek to them. Their reading, if they read at all, was apt to be confined to the lightest kind of ephemeral magazine. The so-called "practical" subjects, such as mathematics and science, were the most popular. These boys were, as a rule, wonderfully clever with their hands. They knew all about guns, engines, sailing-boats, canoes, and so forth. But for the majority, of course allowing for exceptions, the great field of literature had no attractions.

As I grew more familiar with Canadian conditions, I was able to account for this deficiency. In a country like ours, where there is such an insistent call for every sort of energy to deal with its vast and undeveloped resources, the whole atmosphere tends to produce the kind of mind which seeks its satisfaction in a career which is, to use the ordinary phrase, a practical one. I do not think that the question of making money has much to do with this tendency. I have known boys who could have attained distinction at a University prefer to enter the Royal Naval College, or the Royal Military College, because they wished to get at something "practical" with as little delay as possible. In the same way with those who chose

business careers. It was the idea of handling big things which attracted them. It became clear that this was the atmosphere they had breathed in their homes, and found surrounding them everywhere. In such an atmosphere, books become merely the means of acquiring the necessary technical knowledge. The cult of literature as in some measure at any rate an end in itself could not possibly spring from such soil.

That a love of books and reading, an appreciation of good literature of every kind, should be grafted on to this wonderful practical ability is much to be wished. The solely practical life for one thing is apt to become exceedingly sterile, especially when age diminishes activities. And I believe it to be generally true that the man with the widest interests, which would certainly include literary interests, is in the long run more useful to the community than the one idea'd expert. Moreover, it is to this lack that we owe much of the crude judgments which disfigure our political and social thinking. It is natural for a country like Canada to look to the future. But it is a fatal mistake to suppose that the wisdom of the past can be ignored. Canadian life would be both fuller and richer if our people read more and thought more. My present position involves a great deal of travelling. I converse with all sorts and conditions of men. Only once have I enjoyed a conversation about books, and that was with a young mail-clerk, with whom I discussed the relative merits of Tennyson and Browning. I have had numbers of most interesting talks, but always about "practical" subjects. I am speaking, of course, of casual conversations with strangers, not of journeys with friends.

Any effort to make of us a nation that places a higher value upon books and all that they stand for deserves unqualified support. Matthew Arnold's lines have to us a particular message. We are rather inclined to be obsessed with the idea of making our age excel "in pride of life," of exploiting our tremendous material resources, of progressing by leaps and bounds in our knowledge and mastery of the great forces of nature. So that we are apt to forget that man does not live by bread alone. But this is a mistake for which, if we persist in it, we are likely to have to pay dearly in the long run. Especially now, with all the difficult problems that face us, do we need to "think clear, feel clear, bear fruit well." A great step towards this consummation would be a complete change of heart in the current ideas of the value of books, and the creation of an atmosphere favourable to the appreciation of true literature in our Canadian homes. That is the purpose with which the *Canadian Bookman* is launched.

The Reading Public in Canada

By Sir Robert A. Falconer, K.C.M.G.,
President of the University of Toront

ONE of the greatest pleasures that a reader has in visiting London or Edinburgh is to stray into a book-shop and browse among the latest books. To read reviews of books in the literary columns of papers and magazines is one thing; to pick up the book, glance through the table of contents and turn over the pages is something quite different. Reviews do make one buy books, but for one that is bought through a review, three will be bought by the reader who casually picks from the counter well printed volumes or a new publication of which he has not heard. A book-loving people, a city that has readers, will boast of its good book-shops. Is it the shops that make the readers, or the readers who make the shops? I fancy that it is the readers who make the shops. If so, the reason that we have so few good book-shops in Canadian cities is that we have so few readers who are interested in books. As a Canadian, I regret to own that we are far behind the Old Land in this respect. Possibly on the average our cities have as many good readers as those of the United States, but we have a long way to go before we get within sight of London or Edinburgh. Of course, by readers, I do not mean newspaper readers.

We have some very creditable journals, and papers are read widely and intelligently. On the whole, the readers exercise independent judgment, I should imagine, and are not bound to the editorial opinions over-slavishly. Our people who read these papers are not more provincial than people of the same class in the Old Country; they are just as able to exercise robust common-sense, and they do so. But it is very doubtful whether they appreciate the style and logical development of an editorial as the educated Englishman does, though they will take the substance out of it quite as quickly. Now the genuine book-lover does enjoy style. Half of his pleasure comes from the way in which the idea is expressed; he enjoys the art that prevents simple things from becoming the obvious, that finds words that are not worn like fingered current coin, that fits the thought with the exact expression, that completes and rounds out in a sentence or paragraph one idea before confusing it with another.

One who enjoys the literary art in this sense will always be a reader, and as he grows older

he will appreciate the truth of the words which are inscribed on the Toronto Public Library, "*Non refert quam multos sed quam bonos habeas libros.*" The young man is impatient to read the books that the world is talking about; the older man is content to sit of an evening with his favourite writer brooding over passages that are familiar. He does not weary of fine art and sententious or shrewd observations. A combination of human wisdom with chaste and adequate words brings never failing pleasure.

But this leads me to remark further that the good reader has not necessarily a voracious appetite—he is critical, selective, makes his own choice, and enjoys himself in doing so. He is not eager to find from the shopman what the best seller of the past month has been, nor does he contribute very largely to make the fortune of the popular novelist or witty essayist. I fancy, however, that a reader's taste may be judged in a measure at least by his liking for an essay, for its pith and essence lie in its treatment of a well chosen theme within a modest compass. An effective essay must exhibit literary skill.

But a good reader also finds pleasure on occasion at least by wandering through the ampler spaces of history or fields of thought set out in a series of volumes, or in good biography. There are times when one finds it a labour to thread one's way through the narrow and well trimmed hedges of succinct and closely-compacted argument as in a small plot where a clever gardener has used every inch of space. Then one turns to the leisurely writer who is not afraid to carry one off into some comfortable digression, and when he has quietly explored it will bring one back again in his own good time to the main highway of his discourse.

Such a reader wishes to own the book he enjoys and he also delights in a good piece of workmanship—well printed, well bound, and well illustrated. In the matter of book-making we Canadians have still a long way to go. We have to learn much in the art of printing, and even more in the art and practice of binding. We have not yet the traditions of a great book-making centre such as Edinburgh or Boston, nor have we yet had the generations of workmen who have handed on the technique from age to age, and who know how to use their instruments with such precision that they pass the boundary that separates art from mere utility. This lack is also due in measure to the fact that we have in Canada few people who buy a fine book for the book's sake. If more of our people loved books well enough to spend money upon handsome or even well printed volumes, we should before long have publishers

who would undertake to produce them, and skilled workmen who would spend pains upon them and take pleasure in their finished artistry.

But fortunately the genuine reader is not dependent upon an expensive edition to satisfy his taste. No one can get his pleasure more cheaply than the reader in these days of series for the average man which are within the reach of all. Nor are these cheap editions carelessly produced for the most part. Their large circulation makes it possible to print them well and to bind them in convenient and often artistic form. And in peace time the cost of carriage and the customs duty are so small that these good books can be placed at a low price even in the Canadian village. It is not therefore for lack of books, beautiful and cheap though for the most part imported, that we have not a large reading public in Canada. It is because we have not developed a sufficient taste for literature. My experience leads me to believe that there are more women than men in Canada who are good readers. Possibly they have more time, though that is doubtful when household duties are so manifold and constant; I rather think that women make more time, and that men spend the hours on politics or in clubs; whereby men learn it is true average human nature in a direct fashion within the narrow range of their own home town, but they miss the wider experience of humanity which is preserved in literature, history, philosophic speculation and idealism; and therefore, while effective for the many things that can be settled by the judgment of the man-on-the-street, they are not able to form as well balanced decisions on human affairs and policies which are determined by ideas that find only occasional embodiment in the limited circle in which they move.

Good Books the Bulwark of Democracy

By the Very Rev. E. P. D. Llwyd, D.D.,
Dean of Halifax

THE appearance of a magazine like the *Canadian Bookman* is a happy omen. Such a publication may serve a double function—to educate opinion with reference to the value of literature in general; and to guide the Canadian mind to a wise selection from among the myriad publications which invite attention.

Observation seems to point to the conclusion that the reading public among us is only a tiny

fraction of our total. Democracy rests upon enlightened intelligence, and the food of intelligence is information. Canada belongs in the list of democratic nations: it is clear, therefore, that the lamp of knowledge must be kept ever burning in our midst, or one of the necessary safeguards of national life will be wanting.

Education has a two-fold aspect: there is the education which society in a manner imposes upon its members, and there is the education which a man gives himself. Perhaps the more important of these is the latter, for it is through the convictions thus arrived at that the individual citizen is able to influence the convictions of the whole. The importance of opinion becomes more clear as social development advances. No instructed contribution to the forming of that collective judgment is without value. Therefore no citizen can afford to be uninformed with reference to the movement of life around him; and it follows by inevitable logic that he must be a reader. The product of his own brain may be insignificant and poor, but converse with the master minds of former ages, or with the thoughts agitating the thinkers of the present, will bring fertility out of barrenness, and useful service instead of mental vacancy. The average man is not expected to share in public assemblies, yet there is a parliament in which all must be prepared to speak and plead, the parliament of street, and club, and drawing room. Here things of moment are propounded, and a basis is sometimes arrived at for decision. This implies education, that in the clash of striving conceptions, the particular thought each man alone can give may not be lost.

Moreover, the education of one's self by reading is indispensable to the living of the liberal life. Professionalism, with its twin brother, dogmatism, are the abiding perils of a world of specialization. The tendency of special studies is to foster a certain stiffness of mind, where knowledge becomes mechanical and its only channel is the rut. He talks like a professor, men say. The corrective of all such specialism, with its Sir Oracle side-issues, is broader human intercourse, of which a part is intercourse with the best that has been thought and said by the thinkers of the past. This seems to have been in the mind of that earnest writer, Matthew Arnold, as the instance of his emphasis upon culture—the freshening of the brain by the steady in-pouring of a current of new ideas.

For those whose vocation is that of public teacher, the purchase of new books and the mastery of their contents acquires peculiar import-

ance. Freshness of mind as well as width of view are at stake for them. I select for illustration the profession with which I am most familiar. It is said that most clergymen cease reading after college. If this were even measurably true, the knell of pulpit influence would have begun to toll. A reading laity pre-supposes a reading and thinking clergy. Even the trash mis-called popular fiction has been known to glean a theme here and there from theological harvest fields, and preachers have been heard of who have found crumbs of sermon suggestion even in the books resulting. I do not, however, agree with the accusation of a non-reading clergy, except in so far as the defect may be an outcome of poverty. The provision of a more ample income by their congregations would raise the intellectual product of the pulpit one hundred per cent in a year. Nor would this involve sensationalism, straining after effect, or preaching over the heads of the people.

I once heard a church member say, relative to a contribution for the increase of his minister's salary: "What need of all this reading of books and magazines? We want the Gospel, and the Gospel pure!" He really meant he wanted it cheap, and the cheap Gospel is always the dearest in the end. A cheap Gospel is apt to be a narrow one, whereas the real Gospel is as big and as universal as life. The scale of salaries needs increase in all the teaching professions in the name of a more thorough culture. When one sees the compensation (?) of school teachers as announced in press advertisements for the filling of vacancies, one stands aghast in wonder how such a sum can feed and clothe the body, let alone take care of the nourishment of the mind.

Some one may instance our great public libraries as havens of refuge for the man of small income addicted to intellectual pleasures. It is matter for thankfulness that even the impecunious can find in such institutions a place in the literary sun. But for my part I must confess to a certain obsession in favour of ownership. I like to feel that a book which I have learned to value is my own, and I fancy that in this respect there is a sort of tribal likeness among students. Property rights in a book have something of a corresponding savour to that feeling of property in a friend which sets him in a niche by himself above all mere casual acquaintance. Since the entrance of the small book into the market—yes, even where the coveted volume is of less manageable cost—a careful and selective purchaser can make a little money go a great way. Few men exist in Canada who cannot afford one good standard book

every three months. The reading material thus set free for use, and the increase in noble literature upon our shelves, looms up quite startling at the end of, say, ten years.

In the selection of books, such a magazine as this ought to prove invaluable. How to choose wisely amidst the *copia librorum* now flooding the literary market is the problem of the average reader. It is said that the current output is about one hundred thousand volumes a year. Such a fact sheds illumination upon the variety of human interests, and the immense outreach of the modern mind into the realms of nature, history, and experience. But it carries confusion also. Literature becomes Thebes, the city of a hundred gates, and there is bewilderment in store for whoso seeks to choose among such a multitude of outlets into the fields of thought.

Most of us have our literary preferences, in whose formation we have followed our taste or our experience. Or we have obeyed the guidance of such experts in book lore as Lord Avebury or Lord Acton. From their superior judgment may have issued appreciation on our part of the great literature which in Milton's words is "the previous blood of a master spirit, preserved unto a life beyond life." From lists also like those of Everyman's Library, we may have learned in what other directions our feet may turn in quest of knowledge. But the great mass of current literature still remains an uncharted sea. For this the magazines must be to some extent our guide. The Spectator, the Times Literary Supplement, the admirable reviews of the Athenaeum and the Nation, and now the pronouncements of their youngest sister, the *Canadian Bookman*—he who serves his taste from the weekly and monthly banquet provided in these, will surely not altogether miss the joys of the feast of literature.

Literature as a Force in Canadian Development

By the Hon. Sir William Hearst,
K. C. M. G., Premier of Ontario.

I COULD wish nothing better for Canada than that every home in the land had in familiar and frequent use a collection of the best and brightest books. We would then be a greater people, intellectually as well as morally, and, I doubt not, happier and more prosperous. Since it is not the good fortune of us all to possess such a treasure, I am glad to

know that many of us can have it in part, and that all can have access to it in one way or another. Inasmuch as literature is the sum total of recorded human knowledge, it is universal in its scope, both as to time and place. What mortal man can hope to be familiar with a realm so vast and unbounded? At most, we can only study and assimilate such books as are of direct benefit and interest to us, and acquire a casual acquaintance of a limited number of others. For the average busy man the problem is to know what books are most worthy of his time and attention. He is lucky indeed if some kind friend will introduce him to a good book which he can approach with confidence and cherish as a permanent possession and companion. Someone has said that books are our best friends for they never deceive us. It is well to have as many friends as possible, especially if they be of the kind described. But there are books and books. Many there are which are an estimable blessing to the human race and others which we could spare with advantage. Unfortunately it happens usually that if a book is denounced as thoroughly pernicious in its influence, that fact is sufficient to attract hosts of curious and thoughtless readers. Therefore, in the long run it pays to ignore such undesirable literature rather than to denounce and thereby advertise it. So much there is in our libraries and bookstores that is good and wholesome that, in spite of many glaring exceptions, books are among the best influences in the world to-day. I take it that the province of the literary critic is first and last to help us in our choice of books. Such a guide is like an explorer who locates valuable deposits, sometimes in the most unexpected places, and points them out to us. If the critic is given either to fulsome flattery or to censorious fault-finding, he fails in his mission. It is his duty to be truthful and honest without allowing himself to be prejudiced or biased. Above all, I think it is the duty of the book-wise to educate the popular taste to a due appreciation of what is highest and best. In a country like Canada, which is still undeveloped in many respects, a greater appreciation of good books will tend to increase the market for them as well as the talent to produce them. Literature must, and will, be an essential part of our progress and development as a nation. All honour to what Canadians have done and are doing at home and abroad, but their efforts will not bring the results they ought if they are not stepping-stones to greater things in the future. We are a young, vigorous, and progressive country, and I look to see the development of our liter-

ature not only keep step, but lead our advance in every branch of national effort.

Books Should Not Be Taken Neat

By William Lawson Grant, M. A.,
Principal of Upper Canada College

WRITING in 1839, Arnold of Rugby lamented the decay of the habit of solid reading, and ascribed it to "the great number of exciting books of amusement, like 'Pickwick' and 'Nickleby.'" What would he have said of to-day, when Dickens has been succeeded by the scrappy magazine and the still scrappier movie?

The young Canadian has few intellectual interests. Our girls are healthy and clean, but their infinite gibble-gabble can only come from minds intellectually unawakened. Our boys are naturally keen and intelligent. They have attained special distinction in the most technical and scientific branch of the fighting forces, the air-service. But their interest in ideas is small. Indeed, they rather pride themselves as practical men on a lack of interest in abstractions. "He is not strong on abstract ideas," was the praise recently given by a great Canadian newspaper to a great Canadian business man.

Of course, reading has its dangers. Nowhere was reading so rife as in Germany. Unfortunately, that country tended to take its books and its ideas neat, as some people do their brandy, and with results even more disastrous. Reading, as Bacon said long ago, must be "perfected by experience," "for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience." But Canadians at present need the study much more than the experience, and are much more apt to wander into the land of Philistia than into the wilderness of Pedantry.

Our schools, in the attempt to teach English Literature thoroughly and scientifically, have divorced reading from reality. The unhappy pupil is taught not to read Shakespeare, but to "do" him, with the result that poor Shakespeare gets so over-done as to be quite unpalatable; not to read Coleridge, but to study "The Ancient Mariner," with a view to discovering whether "I wist" is a corruption of *ge-wiss*, or only a preterite of *witan*, and such

other pedantic lore. In the natural recoil from English so taught, our boys and girls fly to Gene Stratton Porter, and satiate their souls with slush.

Yet there is no need for teacher or publicist to be discouraged. One must remember that the solid reading of which Arnold spoke was done by a small and select class. If there has been in that class any lowering of standard, there has been in the other classes an enormous levelling up. The figures published by our great public libraries show how much reading is done, and how solid much of it is. The success of such series as Everyman's Library tells the same tale. Making every necessary reservation, there is evidently in Canada a large reading public ready to have their standards raised by just such a publication as the *Canadian Bookman*; ready to be taught that, as John Milton said, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Cheap Magazines, Crime and Insanity

By the Hon. Thomas William McGarry,
Provincial Treasurer of Ontario

WE Canadians, it must be acknowledged, are not a "bookish" people. We even lay no claim to the title as book-collectors, book-lovers, or book-readers. Not that there are not some among us who like to see and possess good and beautifully bound books, and have carried their hobby so far as to make a large collection of them, and there are others who have gathered together a few books, as they have made friends, well-loved and intimate.

If we were to judge by the number of daily papers sold in our country, we should feel inclined to deny the charge that we were not a reading people. In fact, we know that much of our time is consumed in reading newspaper gossip, which time, if spent on good books, in a few years would bring about amazing results towards increasing the number of well-informed people. Consider the appalling amount of written matter that is needed to feed the daily press. It is impossible, considering the present state of education, that there should be enough cultured persons, male and female together, to supply the insatiable monster.

Again, if we were to judge by the class of literature displayed on news-stands, heaps of

magazines of all colors and designs, and glance over the contents, and try to judge the effect such reading matter would have on our people, who in their idle and receptive hours consume such emotional and lurid stuff as the majority of magazines contain—well, one should not wonder at the increase of crime and insanity in our midst. It is a great misfortune to have a vulgar mind, and even the desultory reading of some of the magazines, claimed to be "best-sellers," cannot help but tend to blunt our finer feelings, and when people read nothing but this so-called literature, what can one expect but vulgarity and coarseness? We must, of course, except the two extremes, those who have naturally such sound and excellent taste that nothing readable will corrupt it, and those so depraved that they will not appreciate the higher things even when thrust upon them.

Education is almost universal, but if a man knows how to read, and not what to read, his case is more desperate so far as culture is concerned, than that of him who does not read at all. A man may be cultured and have the knowledge of but a few books, and so too, one may be an omnivorous reader and have a very vulgar mind. What I should like to see is more time given to the study of literature in our schools, commencing in the early grades, and continuing through the high school. Our boys and girls can early be taught to love the good books, and thus their taste for the best in literature would be formed, and in the years to come the list of Canadian fictional writers and poets, historians and scientists will be vastly increased, and they will make their mark throughout the English-speaking world. Our achievements in the great war have been a tremendous advertisement for Canada and everything Canadian. All the world will now want to know something about this busy young nation, that has not merely taken a place among the greatest military nations, but has actually become the spearhead of the greatest of them. It cannot be otherwise than that Canada will fill a great place in the eyes of the world during the years that are next to come, and it is well that our literature should have worthy representatives. Canadian productions must stand on their own merits; they have to compete as literature against the productions of Britain, the other British dominions and the United States, and if they cannot stand on their own merits, they will fall. On the other hand, if they are worthy to endure, it will not be because they are Canadian, but because they have insight, vigour, originality and scholarship.

The Shelf of Third Rate Novels: A Current Plague

By E. F. Scott, D. D., Professor of New Testament Literature, Queen's University

A MAGAZINE which aims at promoting a wider interest in books ought to receive a welcome from all who are concerned for the true progress of Canada. There are many book-lovers in this country, and they are often to be found in unexpected places; but it must be admitted that we are not, in the mass, a reading people. The book-store, even in our larger towns, has a struggle to survive, and can only do so by displaying toys and tobacco and Christmas gifts along with its modest collection of volumes. In numberless houses which are perfect in all matters of plumbing and upholstery you will find only a shelf or two of third-rate novels to bear witness that the human mind has achieved something in other directions. There is perhaps no country with anything like the same pretensions to a higher civilization in which books play such a minor part in the general life. For this condition of things there are no doubt many causes, but one of them may be worth mentioning, because it could easily be remedied. Most of our books have necessarily to be imported and the Government does its best to exclude them by a duty which makes their price prohibitive. What is the purpose of this most stupid and vexatious of all taxes, which at most can add only a few thousand dollars to the revenue, at the cost of starving the intellectual life of the country? Home industries ought to be encouraged; but does the Government seriously expect to stimulate native genius by this sheltering of its market from the competition of English and French writers? (German books are admitted free!) There can be no question that if books were made cheaper in Canada they would be more generally bought and read. In the *Canadian Bookman* the down-trodden class of book-buyers has at last found an advocate. Is it too much to hope that you may be able to effect something in this matter for our deliverance?

One often hears it argued that the neglect of books, however it may be explained, is natural in a new country, and is creditable to us rather than otherwise. Our people, we are told, are fully occupied with their great practical task of developing this vast territory. By-and-by they will gain leisure for art and

literature and all the rest, but for the present they have more urgent work on hand. But it is hard to see how this excuse will serve for Canada as we know it, in this twentieth century. Is it not time that the ordinary well-to-do Canadian should cease posing as a grim pioneer, engaged in a constant battle with the wilderness? His battle—waged for the most part in a comfortable city office—is not really so exhausting as to use up all his energies. He could relax occasionally for a little quiet reading and thinking if he wanted to. For that part, the very fact that this is a new country makes it the more necessary that we should cultivate the love of books. In older countries men have the past around them in all their daily life, and are kept in touch, almost without knowing it, with the great traditions of the race. Here we must preserve our hold of them through the medium of books, or else lose them altogether.

It would not be difficult to show that if our people had more of the habit of reading they would be all the better fitted for those practical tasks to which they have specially devoted themselves. Nobody can deny the sagacity and keenness of mind of the average Canadian, but his limitations are also apparent. His judgments, however intelligent, are apt to be hard and narrow. He often misses the real drift even of a practical question for want of a little sympathy and imagination. With all his shrewdness he is prone to a curious simplicity, which takes men at their own valuation, and allows an open door to mediocrities and charlatans. These are precisely the defects which are cured by reading, and cannot very well be cured in any other way. The mind cultivated by books may not be any stronger than nature made it, but at any rate it becomes broader, more supple, more sure in its criticism of men and things. It is safe to say that if our people had only read more, they would have held back from various wild schemes which they have had cause to regret. They would have acted on something else than a hand-to-mouth policy on one matter and another that vitally concerned their well-being. In their search for guides and counsellors they would never have fixed on the Hon. Mr. — but this is touching on delicate ground.

Books are not everything, and with the warning of Germany before us we do not wish to build the future of Canada on a purely bookish foundation. But when all is said, the world's best wisdom and its loftiest thoughts and imaginations are stored up in books, and if we neglect them we make ourselves infinitely poorer. Canada has wakened of late years

to a knowledge of its wonderful material wealth, and is seeking by every means to make it more fully available. But as one of the British nations we possess a treasure still more wonderful, in the greatest literature that the world has known. Let us make better use of this part of our inheritance.

The Tragedy of Mental Blindness

By Samuel Henry Hooke, M.A., B.D.,
Assoc. Professor of Oriental Literature
Victoria College, Toronto

Nothing save mental blindness can be sin;
All seeing saves, all hearing, all delight.

THE mad Shepherd," Mr. Jacks' most delightful creation, speaks of a condition which he describes as being "stuck in one's skin." Books are not necessarily a remedy for it. Merely bookish people indeed acquire a solid calf-skin binding which is even harder to break through than the integument they were born in. But the really great things in literature have only come from people who had learnt how to escape from their skin. Hence great literature may be one way of escape. It may serve as the magic looking glass for those who will break through it into the real world of truth and beauty behind it. The condition which Bernard Shaw has so long waged his brilliant warfare with, his bugbear of Philistinism, is just the state in which so many of us spend our lives without being aware that anything is wrong with us. It is a state, in Masefield's phrase, of "mental blindness," of being "stuck in one's skin." Like Peter Bell, of famous memory, we find in the primrose by the river's brim a simple primrose, and we thank God that we are as other men are.

In his poem "The Wanderer," Masefield has a vivid passage describing a winter morning's walk, "breasting up the fells." He says:

And soon men looked upon a glittering earth,
Intensely sparkling like a world new-born;
Only to look was spiritual birth,
So bright the raindrops ran along the thorn.

So bright they were, that one could almost
pass
Beyond their twinkling to the source, and
know
The glory pushing in the blade of grass,

That hidden soul which makes the flowers
grow.

It is that "spiritual birth," the sudden flash of seeing that saves, that delivers from the mental blindness that is the real sin against the Holy Ghost.

Canada has already shown that she can bring seers to the birth. No one not hopelessly stuck in his skin could look at Tom Tomson's pictures of the Canadian North without some sense of awe. There was a man who had seen the reality behind the veils, had seen God face to face and died of it.

But, rightly used, the remedy that lies nearest to us is great literature. A young and virile country, especially in this age of efficiency and industrialism, is in danger of materialism, which is just another name for being stuck in one's skin. It is not easy to create standards of value that cannot be measured in terms of the dollar. But the right use of the best books is one of the most potent forces towards the creation of a spirit which can make a nation truly great in the best sense. It was Virgil's spirit that led Dante to the final sublime vision of the power "that moves the sun in heaven and all the stars." One who has been brought, by consorting with the seers who have written down their visions, to see something of the beauty that is truth, can say with the hero of the old fable of Apuleius, "I have eaten rose leaves, I am no longer an ass."

Literature the Handmaid of Religion

By the Rt. Rev. John Farthing, D.D.,
Bishop of Montreal

IT has been said that literature and life are indissolubly bound together. The literature of a nation expresses its life. The life of a nation is complex. Even in the individual there is the ever continuing struggle of the baser against the better self. This struggle is bound to show itself in the literature of the nation. When the baser gains the ascendancy, it will result in the lowering of the whole moral stamina of the people. For this reason I have been alarmed to notice the multiplication of the Short Story Magazine, which depicts the frivolous and the sensual phases of life, and ignores, sometimes even ridicules, the pure and noble. Minds fed at

such a trough are bound to be corrupted, and we shall inevitably see the result in low ideals and morals. This style of literature is a menace to the country.

The time is most opportune to put forth a propaganda for the creation and circulation of the best in literature. During the war all our leaders in Church and State, in speeches, in books, and through the press, have been putting before the people the higher and nobler ideals of life; sacrifice and service, liberty and righteousness, have not only been advocated, but have been exemplified in thousands of lives. Our own young men and women have become as real heroes and heroines as any of the nations of the past have produced. This has awakened a new spirit of nationhood among us, and has made these virtues a great national possession; and the pride of possession will stimulate the desire to emulate. What the war has won in national idealism, peace must not destroy. What our heroes have revealed in our national life, must be utilised in the days of peace. The danger to the nation is not over when peace is signed. We must cling to the ideals with which we aroused and maintained our morale, and we must continue to strive to realise them in the life of the nation, and embody them in our national traditions.

This can only be done by developing the spiritual life through religion. The greatest aid to religion is good literature. By good I do not mean necessarily that which is directly dealing with religious subjects. All that is ennobling and pure is religious, whether it be history or fiction.

The task before us is great. There must first be created a love for good literature. A literature which expresses the high ideals which have inspired the nation during these years of struggle will be eagerly read. This can be the preparation for the best in other fields of literature. The best way to create this love for the good is to provide good literature, which will be within the comprehension of the ordinary person. The circulation of the best from other lands is important; but what is more important, to my mind, is to create a Canadian literature, which will express our national ideals. Literature must do even more than express life, it must mould it. Canada has done much in this field already, of which we can be proud. It is a good beginning. We must encourage our own writers, for as we have produced as good soldiers as any other nation, why should we not produce as

good writers? Before literature can mould the life of the nation it must be brought within the reach of even the poorest of our people. We want a cultured poor as much as a cultured rich. To attain this we must have cheap editions of the best works; cheap magazines which will drive out the cheap and nasty ones which are doing so much harm to our youth. We must have more and better public libraries where the poorest man can obtain, freely, the very best books.

It is because I understand that the *Canadian Bookman* will strive diligently to create the love of the good, and to supply that literature, that I wish it every success in its work, and will gladly do what I can to help it in its great purpose.

Canadian Indifference to Books

By Maurice Hutton, M.A., LL.D., Principal
of University College, Toronto

IF any man ought to know the deficiency of Canadians in the matter of books and book-reading a teacher of the classics should know it.

Our men—as they have shown in this war—are the equals, to say the least, of the people of the United Kingdom in courage, enterprise, self-reliance, versatility of mind, and general handiness; they are deficient in their love of books, in their interest and grasp of literature and history; and it is in the classics more than anywhere else that this deficiency betrays itself.

One might suppose *a priori* that our students would be scholars as competent as those of Oxford and Cambridge; handicapped, though they be, by the comparative scarcity of a literary home-atmosphere in this new country, doubly handicapped by the deficiencies of our school system, its congested time-tables and list of subjects, and its indifference to languages (except English, which is generally acquired better indirectly *via* the classics) yet one might expect that their more serious and business-like attitude of mind, and their greater industry, and Scotch grit would enable them to overtake the easy-going cricketers of the great English public schools; if they do not, and they show no signs of doing so in classics, the cause lies

in the matter of books and reading, or rather in the lack of books and reading.

There are two or three ways in which this may be illustrated. In Oxford and Cambridge a student hardly expects to read his authors in term time; he gives term time to lectures and essays and athletics; he does the greater part of his private reading—without which lectures are a snare and a delusion—in the long vacation; the best men have private tutors then for at least a month, but in any case they expect to get through the texts of Plato and Aristotle, Cicero and Tacitus, Thucydides and Herodotus then.

Conditions in this country are absolutely different. I cannot recall any student of whom I am positive that he had this advantage: the majority even of the best students have spent their long vacations in other ways, and have worked hard—however unintentionally and unwillingly—at forgetting in the summer the nodding acquaintance with the men of light and leading of the ancient world (still men of light and leading on all serious subjects of history and philosophy for the serious thinkers of to-day), which they had begun to acquire in term time. It is partly an inevitable result of *res angusta*; partly of the Canadian impatience with books: but in either case it is fatal to scholarship and to understanding of the subject.

The same thing is illustrated even more vividly by the comparative size of the students' library in the two lands: no one dreams in Oxford and Cambridge of relying on the college library for the ordinary good editions of the classics: he has his own library, even if he sells it gaily for a song when he graduates and passes on gratis the notes with which he has enriched his authors. But here I have seen good students relying even for Liddell and Scott on the library; or content with the horrible small edition, which is an even greater crime and greater folly.

I knew one good scholar in Oxford who did this, and wrote out unknown words on slips of paper and consigned the slips to his pocket, with a view to consulting L. & S. when he happened next to be visiting a rational friend: he did it solely and wholly to be eccentric and for paradox sake, just as he also enquired one day in the heat of summer whether his friend had enjoyed football that afternoon. He had his reward, the reputation of an eccentric; he lost the good degree which was otherwise his natural right, and a better right than the dubious title of an eccentric and "an intellectual": intellectuals have no intelligence, and L. & S. are as essential to intelligent study of the Greeks as L. S. and D. to an intelligent use of life.

A wise man not merely demands the larger edition of Liddell & Scott, he wants three copies of it: one for his use at college, one for use at home, one for use in his summer cottage. Freight charges forbid the free and unimpeded transportation of this ponderous but essential article of baggage. "I never realised learning was so heavy," said a witty Irish cabin to me once on one of the occasions on which I was trying over much not to duplicate but move my working library.

Obviously the same explanation as before account for this difference: *res angusta*, but also indifference and impatience with books.

Now I know all that may be said against indifference and impatience with books. doubting Dr. Jowett for nothing. "I am convinced as much time is wasted in reading as in anything," he once said. No doubt! but the answer to this scepticism is, as usual, more scepticism. Time is wasted in reading; but time is wasted no less in business meetings and in administration: in college councils and senate meetings, and in examinations and in other forms of serving tables. Happy those gifted spirits who can employ these fruitless hours in drawing caricatures—as I once saw Oscar Wilde doing, while I was struggling with a Greek prose paper. Happier still those who can employ them in composing Greek and Latin verses. But happy in humble measure even those who have the minor gift, which has sometimes been permitted to me, of passing those hours in refreshing sleep.

Time is wasted everywhere and in every way: but even desultory reading often brings a few words, a few lines, which go far to repay the waste, and leave a sense of satisfaction and literary enjoyment.

I was reading for example the other day a very serious and somewhat pacifist journal, when I stumbled across this phrase, inserted only as an awful warning, but calculated to serve the other purpose of literary edification—"a world without war would be one long damned Sunday afternoon walk." The desultory reader sometimes entertain angels unawares: there is a world of personal temperament, even of national character, lit up and illumined by that audacious and happy cynicism.

I know that there are other things still to be said against the possession of books.

When I contemplate my demise, which must necessarily be drawing nearer, I shudder for those orphaned babes to be launched on an unkind world: why many of these volumes interleaved and annotated illegibly from head to foot, from side to side of the interleaving, will be the only proof that I once filled a chair: and when

I am gone and the Red Cross requests them for making rags and bandages, the only proof of me will be obscured and buried in bandages and rags, and some successor in the chair will find perhaps that I belonged to some solar myth, natural to the history of the University of Toronto in its crude beginnings.

I see the danger and can do nothing to avert it: my only son is a soldier with no intelligence in such directions: my daughters are intelligent in other directions: my wife—why every good wife is impatient of a scholar's library, and properly: she has more reason to be jealous of them, than of any more animated flame which ever came between her and him, and shut her out of a wifely paradise. We all know instinctively, even when we are talking of statesmen, not of scholars, that Mr. Asquith, the last of the reading statesmen of England, gives no occasion for wifely jealousy of the kind that interests reporters and interviewers of the society journals: we are just as sure, nevertheless, that he gives occasion for the other jealousy, when he is happy in his library and curses caucus meetings and cabinet councils, and even the Houses of Westminster and all similar trivialities.

This is a serious drawback to the acquisition of books and library, that they come to nothing, and are shovelled up for sixpence—if not into a bloody ditch—yet into a useful furnace. But again the answer to the doubt and the demurrer is further doubt. So is life itself shovelled up and comes to nothing, the life of action, not less than the life of thought. What is Bismarck's ghost feeling to-day? He worked for a long lifetime for Germany: he succeeded beyond all other men apparently: he set back the hands of the clock—a feat reputed impossible by the *Toronto Globe*—for well nigh seventy-five years, and now it is all ending as we see to-day. He has ruined his countrymen by his masterful actions, even though not a single detail of their madness and their fall can be traced to him, even though he set himself against every

detail, so far as he could anticipate it. But the spirit—though not the details—of his policy has counted and has undone the land for which he sacrificed everything, his good conscience and his good nature, his common-sense, and his intelligence. He would have been a much more useful German, if he had eschewed national ambitions and specialized—like Mr. Balfour—in theological metaphysics, or like Mr. Gladstone—whom he so scorned—in vain imaginations about Homer. Or, again, in humbler life—a Canadian clears the bush and builds a shack, and founds a home and labours with his hands till he is too tired to think or read: but the settlement of the country takes another line, and within twenty years the house is falling to pieces, and the porcupines camp in it and the bind-weed binds it and "action" has been checkmated not less decisively than thought. The net results of life cannot be measured by such external standards: or, as Aristotle puts it, to do nothing, that is to live the student's life of books and thought, is not to do less, sometimes it is to do more, than is permitted to the man of action: for *he* is judged by external results and cannot reject this standard of judgment, and the results are often nil: the other life at least had reality, even intensity, while it lasted: it was *autarkes*, sufficient to itself, however insufficient from that social point of view, which rides at us like a nightmare at the present moment, as though we had no individual souls and no personal existence.

I have strayed far from the Canadian student and his impatience with books, with history, with the past; but it all comes down to this, that he is too unlike the German and the Frenchman and the Russian and the Italian; too contemptuous of lofty theory and serious reading; even more indifferent to these things than the English student whom of Europeans he approaches most closely: too American. He may even be content with Walt Whitman for literature. It is time to stop: before some condemnation even more severe escape my reckless pen.



The Book Agent: or Why Do People Buy Books?

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE ancient Romans, so I have been credibly informed, had a current saying which ran, "*Cave hominem unius libri*," Beware the man with one book." This has been interpreted by the faulty scholarship of to-day to imply a warning against the superior education of the man who has studied only one book, but has studied that book well. The meaning was really quite different. The motto



STEPHEN LEACOCK.

simply meant: Beware of the man who comes into your office with one book under his arm; in other words, watch out for the book agent."

The Roman book agent, with his thin black toga and his muffler round his neck, was no doubt as formidable a figure as his lineal descendant of today. He came into Marcus Tullius Cicero's office just as he does into yours or mine. He walked past the *didascali* and the stylists working in the *atrium* as easily as

he walks past the stenographers in our later offices. He removed his muffler with the same deliberation. He spread out a papyrus on the desk, and when he laid one bean finger as emphatically upon it as he lays it to-day upon an illustrated prospectus, and said, "I am offering here a proposition," the same shock went through Cicero as it does through you or me. "This," said the book agent, "is a set of Polybins." "I do not want it," murmured Cicero. "We are practically giving this away," said the agent. "I don't care," Cicero said doggedly, "I don't want it and I won't have it, and you can't make me take it." The agent turned over his papyrus till he came to the picture of a Greek chariot. Then he took Cicero's head in his hands and twisted it into position. "Look," he said sternly. In spite of himself Cicero's eyes kindled with interest. "Is that a chariot?" he murmured. "It is," said the agent. "It is done in parchment by our new graphite process. The illustrations of this work are alone worth the price. Would you like to see a picture of a trireme done in red ink?" Cicero looked and was lost. Ten minutes later the agent walked out of the office with a signature from Cicero promising to pay monthly instalments for seven years, while Cicero sat gazing fixedly at the picture of a trireme till one of his clerks touched him on the shoulder and recalled him to life.

Such is, and such has been since the days of the Roman, the art of the book agent. He worked it then. He works it still. Nor is there any doubt about it that the art by which he sells

books is a sort of hypnotism. He looks the business man straight in the eye with one fore finger pointed directly at the business man's brain—or the place where it was before the agent came into the office,—and he says in a deep vibrating voice, "Have you read Macaulay's History?"

Now the matter of Macaulay's History has been for twenty years the vulnerable point in the business man's intellect, and he knows it. For twenty years he has meant to read Macau-

lay, and at the words, "Have you read it?" he falls prone on his desk, his face buried in his hands. The book agent lays the History beside him, signs the receipt and moves out. No one dares to stop him. His eye is turned sternly upon the lady stenographers. If they move an eyelash he'll sell them "How to Invest Your Savings and Make a Million." This, as they have no savings, fascinates them always. Nor can the doorkeeper stop him, nor the elevator boy. If they try to, the agent will sell them "The Life of Ulysses S. Grant." All doorkeepers, janitors and elevator boys reach out instantly for "The Life of Ulysses S. Grant," and read themselves insensible with it, sitting motionless on a little stool.

The book agent in the business office is really only a part of the larger and unexplored phenomenon, Hypnotism in Business. I am convinced that a large part of our business transactions are effected by hypnotising and being hypnotised. The bond dealer and the real estate man are merely hypnotists possessed of an occult power. Had they been born in India they would have passed for saints. The book agent is but a humble representative of the same class. Nor is it only in the business office that the book agent is able to work his peculiar hypnotic trick. It operates equally well on the farms. I can distinctly remember from my country childhood the spectacle of the book agent driving with his horse and cutter, his muffler wrapped about his long neck, and his head moving from side to side, looking for farmers. He beckoned the farmer inside the house. The farmer followed him from the barnyard like a fascinated dove. The door closed upon them. Fifteen minutes later the agent drove away with a five-dollar bill added to his collection, and the farmer was left sitting hunched in the kitchen rocker motionless, with "The Polar and Tropical Worlds" lying unopened on his lap. His family coming in on such a man often thought that he had been murdered. But he had not.

But the book agent of to-day no longer deals in a single book. Even so bulky a work as "The Polar and Tropical Worlds," which measured 14 inches x 10 inches x 5 inches, and contained 700 cubic inches of information, is not big enough for up-to-date business. The book that the agent carries now is a mere sample, or dummy, and represents a "set" running anywhere from twenty volumes to a hundred.

Experience shows that a shrewd and calculating business man who would never buy one

book, taken singly, without scrutinizing its price and its utility, falls entranced at the mere aspect of a "set" of them. And the more sweeping the "set" is, the more centuries it covers, the more solid thought it embodies and the higher the price of it, the more easily does the man "fall" for it. The psychology in the thing is this. Every man is at heart an egotist. He wishes—if one may put it in the plain every-day language of a textbook on psychology—"to extend his personality beyond the limits of his identity." So when he sees a glittering array of books, or glittering illustrated prospectus, with the title "The World's Great Thinkers from Bacon to Beelzebub," he is seized with a desire to include the whole thing within himself. He wants, as it were, to swallow it. He feels that if he reaches out and buys that set of books he will incorporate the entire mass of information inside himself.

The book agent, aware of his power, unfolds the prospectus and points with his finger. "See," he says, "Bacon." "Bacon," repeats the business man. "Montesquieu," says the agent, still pointing. "Montesquieu," repeats the business man in a daze. "Spinoza," says the agent. "Spinoza," murmurs the business man, almost in a trance. "Swedenborg and Occult Philosophy," says the agent. This is the *coup de grace*. "Occult Philosophy" catches the business man as easily as the "Life of Ulysses S. Grant" catches the elevator boy. The agent slips the pen into his hand and he signs, still hypnotised.

Nor does the hypnotism readily pass off. The business man receives the books in due time at his home, and he shows them to his wife, hypnotising her. "See," he says, "Spinoza," "Spinoza," she repeats. "And look at this, Swedenborg and the Occult Philosophy." "Swedenborg," she murmurs. There is a touch of pride in both of them. Let the neighbours look to it, unless they also buy a "set" of "The World's Great Thinkers." The business man's wife and her housemaid, as they clean up the "Thinkers" to the roar of a vacuum cleaner, like to feel that they live in a cultivated home.

I have named the business man as the typical victim not through any malice towards him but as the mere statement of a fact. He is the typical victim. The professional classes (the lawyers and the doctors) are much harder. The lawyer will perhaps buy an "Encyclopaedia of Farming" just as a farmer will buy an "Encyclopaedia of Law," and a doctor will buy a book called "The Horse," just as a livery stable keeper will buy a book called "The

Doctor." But this, after all, is small business. For the sale of a "History of Peru in Twenty Volumes from Atahuatepec to Pocohontas," there is nothing like a business man, preferably a director of one of our great companies. This man has in his palatial home a room which is called his study, where he plays poker. A well bound "History of Peru" in twenty volumes of gilt and leather standing on the shelf behind the dealer gives to a game of poker a touch of dignity, and—to a new player—a feeling of security that is worth the price. It is natural indeed for the entering guest who sees his host sitting in a great leather chair before a brass fender, in a room lined to the ceiling with books, to feel that he is in the presence of the kind of cultivated scholar who would scorn to lie about opening a jackpot, or carry an extra ace under the tablecloth.

But as against all other classes, the university professoriate is absolutely immune from the attacks of the book agent. It is impossible to sell a book to a professor. As well sell cabbage to a market gardener. I have myself seen a whole Faculty Room full of professors dispersed at one stroke by a book agent who came in and offered to *give* them a one-dollar dictionary for thirty-five cents. They knew too much. Yet if the agent had offered them fifteen-cent shares in an oil mine, or debenture stock, at four cents, in a salt refinery, they would have risen to it like brook trout in June.

Nor is anything that has been said above to be taken to mean that the book agent is in any sense a faker or a humbug or a social parasite of no use to the world. Quite the con-

trary. An accepted doctrine of evolution teaches us that nothing survives unless its peculiar functions in some way fit it for its environment. Everything has its purpose, and the book agent has his. It is his peculiar service to society that he goes about inoculating people with the idea of the dignity of learning, the majesty of the written word and the superiority of the things of the mind over the brute force of the body. Now this is the very tissue by means of which, invisible and unperceived, our social fabric holds together. A world without books would degenerate into a bear garden. Big business would climb to the top of the pole and snarl its lesser fellows into anarchy. It is because we keep up the pleasant pretence that there are other things in the world besides money and the grosser satisfactions which it commands that the world spins on as it does—creaking a good deal, but still moving. The business man holds tight to his money bags, but pays his homage to the power of art and letters when he buys his "History of Peru." And the book agent who untwines his scarf in the office and confronts the business man in his chair is, if he but knew it, a very Daniel of enlightenment in the den of the lions of greed.

More power to him in his task. And more power also to all such other efforts and agencies as are applied, directly and indirectly, towards the same end, and especially to this present venture of a *Canadian Bookman* which, with this number, puts forth its earliest leaves and the promise of its later fruit. May it flourish, among the eager scramble of our commerce, like an old-world garden, hidden in the heart of a metropolis, where the sounds of the street are stilled in a sequestered silence.



Why Neglect Early Canadians?

By R. H. HATHAWAY

SOME months ago, in a newspaper article about a selection of books by Canadian writers made for the Canadian Society of New York City, it was stated that considerable difficulty had been experienced in making the selection owing to the fact that while there are many collectors of *Canadiana*—that is, books about or relating to Canada—there seemed to be few, if any, collectors of Canadian literature. This is a peculiar fact, for fact it undoubtedly is, particularly when it is considered that in all other countries collectors of native literature—by which is meant works of an imaginative character as distinct from works of historical, scientific or other more or less material character — are numerous. Take the United States, for example, chiefly because it, in a physical sense, is the nearest of all countries to us. Here collectors of the original editions of the work of native writers abound in the cities, in the towns and elsewhere, and the competition for the more desirable of such editions has led to results absolutely astonishing. For instance, Edgar Allan Poe's first book, "Tamerlane and Other Poems," of which only about three copies are said to be still in existence, brought \$2,500 at auction in New York some twenty years ago, and if another copy were offered to-day it is not improbable that it would realize \$10,000 or more. Then the copy of Poe's second book, "Al Aaraff, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems," which Poe used in preparing "The Raven and other Poems," brought \$2,900 at the same time, and some time later the excessively rare first issue of his "Murder in the Rue Morgue" sold for no less than \$3,800, the highest price ever paid for a book by a native writer of the United States. And Poe is not the only United States writer whose books bring extraordinary prices, for some years ago \$2,200 was paid for what was said to be a unique issue of Longfellow's "New England Tragedy." These prices, it must be admitted, stand by themselves; but there are several score at least of books by these and other writers, such

as Irving, Lowell, Emerson, Mark Twain, etc., which readily bring sums running into three figures when offered at auction.

Now turn to Canada, and what do we find? Is there a single book other, perhaps, than historical in character by a Canadian which would bring so much as \$25 if offered at auction in Montreal or Toronto to-day? So far as I am aware, but one book is at all likely to approximate this figure—"St. Ursula's Convent, or The Nun of Canada," which can proudly boast of being the first Canadian novel—but if it should ever do so it would be because of U. S. competition, for it ranks as one of the desirable items of early American fiction, a line of collecting which many collectors across the line follow:

But, it will be asked, have we now, or have we ever had, any writers in this country whose books are likely to be sought after as the U.S. collectors seek for books by Poe, Longfellow, etc.? It is, of course, for Father Time alone to answer that question, but if it were put to me I should not hesitate to say emphatically, "Yes." We may not have produced a Poe in this country so far, but I do not think that it will be denied that we have had, and now have, writers among us whose work will not lose by comparison with the best that is being done in England or in the United States.

Of course, my purpose in writing in this way is not to advocate or encourage the paying of fancy prices for first or other rare editions of our Canadian writers. What I wish to do is to stimulate interest, if I can, in these writers by urging the collection of their books upon those who have felt the collecting spirit. The intellectual standards of any people may be best judged by the interest it displays in its own literature, and how better can the existence of that interest be evidenced than by men here and there busying themselves in bringing together the books which enter into or make up that literature?

Some Canadian Illustrators

By ST. GEORGE BURGOYNE

(ARTICLE No. 1)

ILLUSTRATORS in Canada" would have condensed this article, for few are they in number. The field is limited and the opportunities are restricted. The subject of "Canadian Illustrators," however, offers a wider field, and even scratching the surface in a cursory way reveals surprises. Many illustrators who have established themselves in the United States are sons of this Dominion.

It has long been the fashion, among those who have pride in Canada and nurse the hope that some day a distinctive national art and literature may be hers, to be almost angry with Bliss

and "Who's Who," being regarded as American artists. A few names that immediately come to mind are Jay Hambidge, Arthur Heming, Arthur William Brown, B. Cory Kilvert, John Conacher, H. J. Mowat, and Norman Price. The late Philip Boileau was a Canadian.

Given the market, Canada would quickly develop illustrators, though modern illustrative methods utilized by newspapers threaten to rob the aspiring draughtsman of the most valuable training he could acquire. The introduction of the photographer and the perfection of the half-tone plate is, except for special purposes, driv-



Illustration by Miss Mary Essex.

—By courtesy of "The Veteran."

Carman, Roberts, Stringer and a few other writers for leaving the Dominion and establishing themselves in the United States. It was a simple instance of going to the market. In the case of Canadian illustrators the settlement of many in the Republic seems to have been the natural step after receiving their artistic training across the border. Associations had been formed, high art is, possibly excepting portraiture, a notoriously poor business, and illustration was a marketable product. So we see a little band of Canadian illustrators making their place and name away from home and, except in their own circle

ing the black and white draughtsman from the field. The cartoon and the "comic" still require him and he can be utilized in preparing the "lay-out"—the line design which frequently frames a group of half-tone photographs in newspapers and magazines. How valuable is the experience gained by a newspaper artist who aspires to serious illustration can be gathered from the personal opinion of Charles W. Jefferys, the leading illustrator in Canada. "I worked in New York for some years on the Art Staff of The Herald in the palmy days of pen and ink drawing. Though the work was exact-

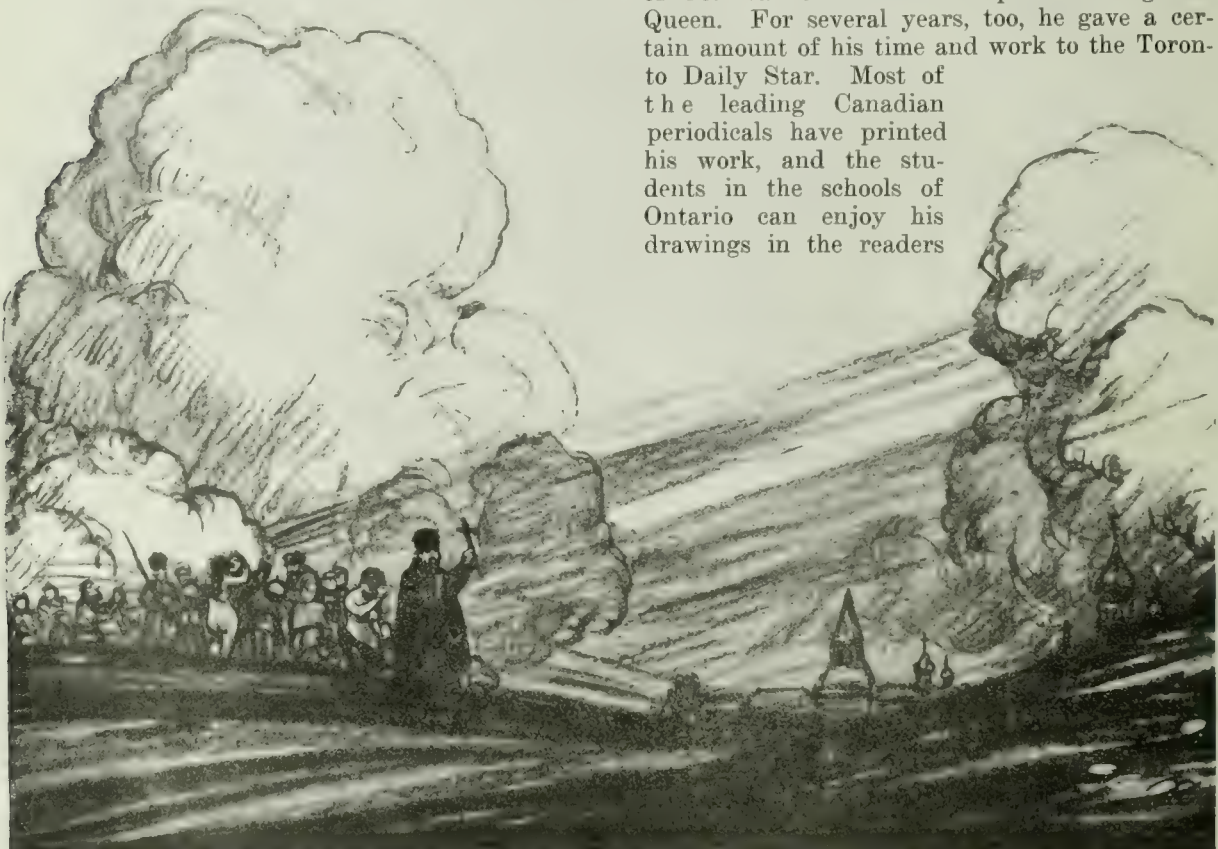
ing and strenuous, I count the experience gained there as most valuable. It gave me a knowledge of life at first hand, a training in quick and accurate observation, and in the graphic expression of life and character that I do not think I could have got in any other way."

The occasion will produce illustrators in Canada as surely as it has done in Great Britain and on the Continent where, in pre-war days, an abundance of illustrated periodicals offered a wide and ready market for work meritorious and otherwise. As a magazine and book publishing centre in an important way Canada is as yet in its infancy, and the opportunity for a Canadian artist to illustrate the work of a kinsman comes so rarely as to be something of an event. Years ago such a chance came to the late Henri Julien when Harper's Magazine published Louis Frechette's Canadian folk-lore stories. Julien, who excelled in depicting the French-Canadian habitant in his native surroundings—in the fields, sugar maple groves, or festive jollifications—besides his illustrative work as chief artist on the Montreal Star, was able to utilize his knowledge of historical events and costume in the Quebec Tercentenary number of the Montreal Standard.

The work of Canadian illustrators in the bulk is marked by a wholesome spirit, and, as a rule, reflects the attitude of the artist towards life. Fortunately, too, the publishers for which so many Canadian illustrators do work issue from their presses publications aimed to enlighten

and entertain readers still content with the one-God-one-wife standard of their hardy ancestors. The macabre is generally absent, and who shall say we are the losers thereby?

Charles W. Jefferys, the leading illustrator working in Canada today, has had a wide and varied experience, and a long list of illustrated books to his credit. Born in Kent, England, he confesses to being caught young and growing up in Canada. The way was not always smooth, and many stages which must have proved irksome had to be passed before he arrived at his present high place. Study in the classes of the old Toronto Art Students' League, and instruction in the studios of G. A. Reid and C. M. Manly, was followed by that most valuable education of all—practical work. In the practice of lithography, commercial advertising designing, and newspaper illustration he "picked up" most of his art education. Then came his work on the New York Herald. As special artist for that paper he "covered" some important assignments—the Pullman strike, Bryan Convention, and Pan-American Exposition among others. Eighteen years ago he returned to Canada resolving to express something of its life and landscape. This period has not been without its discouragements and Mr. Jefferys has turned his hand to many kinds of art work—illustrating books, magazines and newspapers, designing for advertising purposes, painting in oil and water color and teaching drawing. In 1900 as special artist of the Toronto Globe he "covered" the Royal Tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—the present King and Queen. For several years, too, he gave a certain amount of his time and work to the Toronto Daily Star. Most of the leading Canadian periodicals have printed his work, and the students in the schools of Ontario can enjoy his drawings in the readers



Slip cover by R. E. Johnston, for "The Suicide of Monarchy," by Baron de Schelking.

now in use. Canadian history in particular has interested him and many of his illustrations have dealt with the life of the past in Canada. This sympathy with the past is indicated by the titles of some of the books he has illustrated: Wacousta, A Tale of the Pontiac Conspiracy, by Major Richardson; Brock by W. R. Nursey; Tecumseh, by N. S. Gurd; Uncle Jim's Canadian Nursery Rhymes, by David Boyle; The Makers of Canada, 10 volumes; Madeleine de Vercheres, by A. G. Doughty; The Chronicles of Canada, 32 volumes; and Old Man Savarin, by E. W. Thomson.

Mr. Jefferys has shown practical interest in matters artistic. He was one of the founders

of The Arts and Letters Club of Toronto, and of the Society of Graphic Art. He is an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, president of the Ontario Society of Artists, and instructor in free-hand drawing and water-color in the Department of Architecture in the University of Toronto. For some years he has been one of the Fine Arts Commissioners of the Canadian National Exhibition, and a member of the Council of the Toronto Art Museum. Good composition and clean vigorous virile line characterize his pen and ink illustrations.

John Sloan Gordon, although born in Brantford, can be counted a Hamilton artist as he settled in the "Ambitious City" when nine months old. At sixteen he was employed in a railway office and three years later was able to develop his taste for drawing in the Art Department of the Howell Lithographing Company, and by attending the night classes of the Hamilton Art School. Later he opened a studio and by painting watercolors of a popular sort, which found a fairly ready sale, was enabled in 1895 to go to Paris, where he studied drawing at Julien's and under Constant and Laurens. After a stay in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, he returned to Canada in 1897, and resuming life in Hamilton he turned his energies to designing book covers, illustrations for the Canadian Magazine, the



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Christmas issues of the Toronto Globe, and decorative drawings for Fraser's books published by Charles Scribner. He illustrated "The Master of Life," by W. D. Lighthall, K.C., of Montreal. Mr. Gordon, who is a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, is head of the Art Department of the Hamilton Technical School.

F. S. Coburn, probably best known by his illustrations to the late Dr. Drummond's "Habitant" and other dialect poems dealing with French-Canadians, was born at Upper Melbourne, Que., and studied in Montreal, Berlin, France, London, and New York. As a painter he is well known. He has illustrated the works of Dickens, Edgar Allan Poe, Washington Irving. He has probably been happiest in his drawings of the habitant, and the illustrations to Frechette's "Christmas in French Canada" were done by him.

The work of Ferguson Kyle, Toronto, has appeared in the Canadian Magazine and the Courier. He is better known as a cartoonist. He is at present overseas with an artillery unit.

E. J. Dinsmore is a Torontonion, and his advance in the field of illustration has been rapid—his first published drawing having appeared since the war began. He studied at the Central Ontario School of Art, and the Pennsylvania Academy of Art and Design, and has worked under such well known artists as C. M. Manly, Daniel Garber, Joseph Pearson and Henry McCarter. Several prizes and scholarships went to him during his student days. Fond of travel, he has seen much of America and Europe, and was in Holland when the war broke out. Mr. Dinsmore's work now appears continuously in three Canadian publications—Maclean's Magazine, Canadian Home Journal, and Canada Weekly. His taste in art runs to the work of Brangwyn, Crisp, Sorolla y Bastida, Zuloaga, Degas, Steinlen, and Pennell, though the influence of any of these artists is not apparent in his illustrative work which is done in black and white wash. Tramping, paddling, and sailing are Mr. Dinsmore's favorite pleasure pursuits, a taste as thoroughly and enthusiastically shared by his wife.

H. W. Cooper, who went overseas with the Canadian Army Service Corps, and is now attached to the Intelligence Branch of the Canadian forces in France, though an Englishman by birth, worked several years in Toronto. His clever and interesting pen sketches of life at the front, accompanied by sprightly written comment, have appeared in recent issues of Maclean's.

T. G. Greene has specialized in illustrating stories of rural Ontario life. His work in this connection displays knowledge and sympathy. These illustrations have appeared in the Courier and Presbyterian publications.

The drawings of children by Miss Maud McLaren are sympathetic in character. Her work, which appears in the Canadian Magazine, the Canadian Home Journal, and Everywoman's World, shows a strong sense of decorative composition.

Miss Estelle Kerr is a writer-illustrator who has contributed to the Canadian Magazine and the Courier. She studied at the Art Students' League, New York, and in Paris, Switzerland, Italy and Holland. As a painter, landscapes and portraits have specially interested her. "Little Sam of Volendam," a book of rhymes and pictures, she published in 1908. Miss Kerr is now overseas engaged in war work.

R. E. Johnston is another Toronto artist who is forging to the front in the field of illustration. Born in the Queen City in 1885 he put in three or four years working

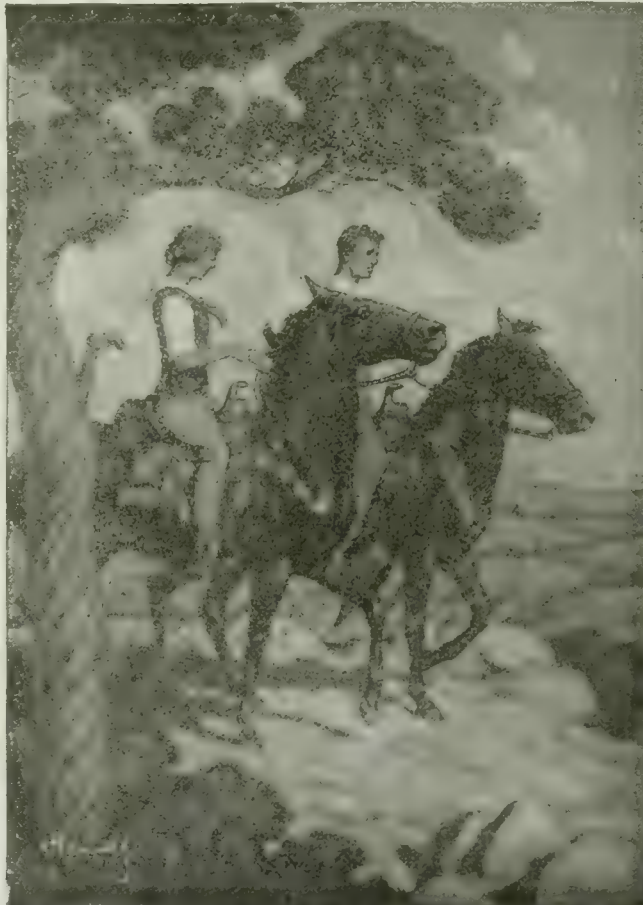


Illustration by Arthur Heming, for "The Cow Puncher," by E. J. C. Stead.

at almost anything, then studied drawing under William Cruickshank, and at 19 seriously engaged in designing for commercial purposes, and did illustrating for various Canadian magazines. Then followed five years in London where he studied under J. Walter Sickert, pupil of Whistler and a leading art critic, and at the Polytechnic. While he did some illustrations for light fiction his time in London was principally occupied with advertising work. Eighteen months before the outbreak of the war he returned to Canada and joined the art staff of Toronto Saturday Night. A book-jacket for Baron de Schelking's "Suicide of Monarchy" is one of the most effective designs

he has done since his return. At present he has under contemplation the illustration of a book of humorous essays by a well known Canadian author.

Dorothy Stevens, whose etchings of Continental scenes have been reproduced in the Canadian Magazine, is well known as an exponent of that medium and also as a painter. She is a member of the Chicago Society of Etchers, and a winner of the Royal Canadian Academy travelling scholarship. She studied in Toronto and Paris. Two of her prints have been acquired for the Canadian National Gallery, Ottawa.

Marguerite Buller Allan is a Montrealer and a student of the Art Association of Montreal classes directed by Mr. William Brymner, C.M.G., R.C.A., past President of the Royal Canadian Academy. She continued her training at the Art Students' League, New York, and the Art Institute of Boston, and in Canada, until recently, has been best known as a painter. Mrs. Allan has contributed verses and illustrations of interest to children to *St. Nicholas* and the *Youth's Companion*. Recently John Lane published "The Rhyme Garden," written and illustrated by her. Quaint composition and the effective employment of black and white masses in a decorative way characterize the drawings of this volume.

Miss Margaret Mary Essex (only the last two names grace her drawings) was born in Toronto and commenced her training at the Art School of the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, where her teachers were Mary Cox, Ernest Fosbery, and Urquhart Wilcox. While there she won a scholarship to the Art Students' League in New York—one of eight given by that school throughout the United States. Here she studied portrait painting under William M. Chase, and drawing under Frank Vincent DuMond, Kenneth Hayes Miller and Eugene Speicher. Natural talent and industry were again rewarded with a scholarship in the Life Class, another in the Sketch Class, and honorable mention in the Chase Portrait Class. Her published work has appeared in the *Canadian Home Journal*, the *Canadian Magazine*, *Everywoman's World*, the *Canadian Courier*, *Canadian Poultry Journal*, *By-Water Magazine* and the *Veteran*. Among her illustrated stories were a serial, "The Magpie's Nest," by Isabel Patterson, and two by Arthur Stringer. In the Dominion Government's Victory Loan Poster Competition she received one of the prizes. Miss Essex is a member of the Art Students' League, and of the Three Arts Club, both New York bodies.

(To be Continued.)



Illustration by Chas. W. Jefferys, from "Old Man Savarin" (C. W. Thompson).

Rhymes With and Without Reason

By J. M. GIBBON

POETRY," said Don Marquis once in his column in the *New York Sun*, "Poetry with us is a business; it takes time, muscular effort, nervous energy and, sometimes, thought to produce a poem." In the same vein he said,

Poetry is something we once got paid
A dollar a line for;
But we're not going to tell you the name
Of the Magazine;
We're saving it.

A third of his definitions was

Poetry is something Amy Lowell says
Carl Sandburg writes.

While in a more serious mood he gave this definition:

Poetry is the clinking together of two unexpected coins
In the shabby pocket of life.

With airy definitions such as these in mind, the classic definition of Theodore Watts-Dunton in an old edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* seems elephantine. "Poetry," he says (I quote from memory), "is the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language." Ponderous, you will say, and yet there are those who take poetry seriously, to whom poetry represents the supreme rendering of beautiful thoughts.

They are not in the majority, I fear—otherwise poverty and poetry would not so often go hand in hand. To quote Don Marquis again, "Publishing a volume of verse is like dropping a rose petal down the Grand Canyon and waiting to hear the echo."

Poverty, however, has not kept the poet from singing—never indeed were poets so numerous and so prolific as today. "Poets," says one editor, "seem as numerous as sparrows through the cool sunshine, and almost as quarrelsome." Their name indeed is legion. A hundred of them are represented in the *Anthology of "The New Poetry,"* edited by Harriet Munroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, the editors of the Chicago magazine called "Poetry," and yet this

anthology omits many familiar names—Lawrence Binyon, Katherine Tynan, Francis Thompson, Bliss Carman and Alan Seeger, for instance. These hundred who are apparently the elect are responsible for over two hundred volumes quoted in the bibliography and for vast quantities of stray verse scattered through innumerable magazines. When the editors of "Poetry" not very long ago asked for a poem on a certain subject, over seven hundred manuscripts came in response through the mails.

What is the reason for this apparently irrepressible output? Is it because, as Don Marquis faintly insinuates, there are magazines that pay a dollar a line, or is it because the human race—particularly the race on this side of the Atlantic—is growing more imaginative, more idealistic, more sensitive to music of words? Or is it—and this is one of the thoughts which have come from recent reading—is it because the discovery or re-discovery of "free verse" removed the barriers of rhyme and let in the multitude? Are there so many poets today because poetry, now that it may be rhymeless and irregular in rhythm and form, looks easier to write?

Rhythm and quantities, indeed, though they may unconsciously tickle the ear, are not very extensively understood of the people. "The public," says Richard le Gallienne, "is a good deal like a pretty girl I was talking to the other day. 'Of course,' I said to her 'you know what hexameters are, don't you?' 'Sure,' she replied, 'I had a ride in one the other day through the Park.'"

Yet it is only fair to say that the leaders in the free verse movement are scholarly poets—Ezra Pound, for instance, or Richard Aldington—familiar in the original with the literature of Greece, which indeed in the choruses of Aeschylus and Sophocles provides the irrefutable precedent. Aldington belongs to the group known as *Imagists*, whose creed is to use the language of common speech but to

pressionism into painting, flower masses into the old formal garden, and Debussy, Strauss and Scriabine into music.

Rhyme was definitely established as a suitable form for English verse by Chaucer. It had been used before, but never so happily. Two centuries later it had become so popular that it was even considered vulgar, and some of the more accomplished poets in the days of Elizabeth reacted into blank verse.

In the seventeenth century rhyme came into fashion again, so much so that Dryden in his "Defence of Poetry" could say, "Blank verse is acknowledged to be too low for a poem." The royalist rhymesters of his day were certainly accomplished—daintiest of all being Robert Herrick, as for instance in "To Daffodils":

We have short time to stay, as you;
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or any thing.
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

But for 150 years after Dryden rhyme and rhythm became so formal and conventional that poetic expression was stifled, the truly lyric note being almost confined to the less sophisticated poets of Scotland.

The spirit which came into literature about the time of the French Revolution broke down this stiff conventionality—and the nineteenth century opens with more elastic metres. Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and Keats rang changes on the old iambic pentameter, Byron in particular reverting to the more musical, if more intricate Spenserian stanza, Wordsworth browsing around in blank verse or sonnet form, while Shelley wove rhyme patterns of his own, introducing anapaestic and dactylic measures.

English metre became still more elastic in the hands of the Victorians—Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Swinburne, Dante and Christina Rossetti, William Morris, Matthew Arnold and Tennyson, while a distinctive rhythm was used by George Meredith in his "Love in the Valley," a rhythm which ignores the old tum-tum measure, and while using a classical metre follows the stress and rests and time intervals of natural speech:

Under yonder beech-tree single on the green-
 sward,
 Couched with her arms behind her golden
 head,
 Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly.

Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
 Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,
 Press her parting lips as her waist I gath-
 er slow,
 Waking in amazement she could not but em-
 brace me:
 Then would she hold me and never let me
 go?

The American poets of that time were more or less mild echoes of their English contemporaries until Walt Whitman sent an electric shock through the world of rhymes with his "Leaves of Grass."

Nowadays, except to Bostonians and others of that kind who take American literature of the 19th century seriously, Walt Whitman is too often a verbose old man whose long-winded lines are a useful soporific just before turning out the lights, but in his time he certainly did good by setting poets a-thinking, and like the curate's egg he is excellent in parts. There are indeed some who claim that as a sleep inducer Walt Whitman must yield place to that other darling of the Bostonian, Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

Rhyme was shocked, but it was not killed, and the poetry of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries was still predominantly rhymed. Much of that rhyming was of high technical skill, for the English were becoming a more musical nation, more sensitive to the niceties of metrical harmony.

Now if all English verse in rhyme had been written with equal skill, there might have been no movement in favor of *vers libre*. But rhyme in less inspired poets has led to inversions of phrase which disturb the natural sequence of thought, it encourages the use of obsolete phrases used only because they easily rhyme—such as meseems, bedight, forsooth, and the like—it results in artificial expression, it has been responsible for doggerel-writers like Longfellow or the confused involutions of a thousand Sonneteers.

Hence a new school of poets which declares "Away with rhyme!—Let us express our emotions without this fetter, in natural language of our own time, with rhythm if you please, but not necessarily in lines of regular length. Let us consider the content rather than the form of our poetry."

"There must," says Ezra Pound, "be no book words, no periphrases, no inversions. There must be no clichés, set phrases, stereotyped, journalese—no straddled adjectives (as 'addled mosses dank')—nothing that you couldn't in some circumstance, in the stress of emotion, say. Every literaryism, every book word fritters

away a scrap of the reader's patience, a scrap of his sense of your sincerity. When one really feels and thinks, one stammers with simple speech." Elsewhere he gives as his ideals:

1. Direct treatment.
2. Use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation—use no superfluous word, no adjective which does not reveal something. Avoid abstractions.
3. As regards rhythm, compose in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome. The rhythm must correspond exactly to the emotion or shade or emotion to be expressed. Your rhythm structure should not destroy the shape of your words or their natural sound or their meaning.

To illustrate what this prophet of free verse means, take the 23rd Psalm. The metrical version used in the Scots Kirk is rhymed and runs:

The Lord's my Shepherd; I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

The Authorised Version has no inversions, such as "down to lie," "pastures green," "Quiet waters by," but follows the natural sequence of thought. Its lines are of irregular length, but who will say it has not just as much claim to be called poetry? At any rate it is "free verse":

The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

One modern, who in certain of his verses practises the direct simplicity and unfettered rhythm which Ezra Pound preaches is Carl Sandburg, a Chicago poet whose chief handicap is that he seems to have read nothing earlier than Walt Whitman. As a result he lacks self-criticism, is to often unmusical, and is therefore best read in anthologies. His "Under the Harvest Moon" has admirable felicity of phrase:

Under the harvest moon,
When the soft silver
Drips shimmering
Over the garden nights,
Death, the gray mocker,
Comes and whispers to you
As a beautiful friend
Who remembers.

Under the summer roses
When the flagrant crimson
Lurks in the dusk
Of the wild red leaves,

Love, with little hands,
Comes and touches you
With a thousand memories,
And asks you
Beautiful, unanswerable questions.

Read the little nine line word picture "Lost," and you must admit that rhyme and uniform symmetry of syllables are non-essentials:

Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

Carl Sandburg is not always so inspired. He likes to be thought a roughneck, and prints as poems what might better be classed as indifferent prose. Take for instance "Ice Handler":

I know an ice handler who wears a flannel
shirt with pearl buttons the size of a
dollar,
And he lugs a hundred-pound hunk into a
saloon icebox, helps himself to cold ham
and rye bread,
Tells the bartender it's hotter than yesterday,
and will be hotter yet tomorrow, by
Jesus,
And is on his way with his head in the air and
a hard pair of fists.
He spends a dollar or so every Saturday night
on a two hundred pound woman who
washes dishes in the Hotel Morrison.
He remembers when the union was organized
he broke the noses of two scabs and
loosened the nuts so the wheels came off
six different wagons one morning, and
he came around and watched the ice
melt in the street.
All he was sorry for was one of the scabs bit
him on the knuckles of the right hand,
so they bled when he came around to the
saloon to tell the boys about it.

A little of this kind of thing at first amuses, but very soon it palls. The truth is that the *vers libristis* write too much or at least have too much published. You have to wade through acres of camouflaged prose to find the thrill of sincere emotion. Rhyme at its worst was never so verbose as this. Too many of the *vers libristis* fancy that a catalogue of names or epithets is impressive, whereas it is merely dull. Walt Whitman who introduced this fashion, suffers the penalty. Walt is more often praised than read.

Vers libre is too often used as a cloak for slipshod, slovenly writing by a host of charla-

Rhyme is essentially an appeal to the ear, but the ear is not the only avenue of approach to the human intelligence. In the days of the ballad monger, poetry was more spoken than read, but in these days of the printed page, verse is read a hundred times to once when it is said aloud.

Free verse which in practised hands allows a line to a phrase, however short or long that may be, presents the thought in the form which most easily gets home to the reader. The writer of free verse who chops his lines irregularly, without any method or reason except to be eccentric, is merely a poor craftsman who does not understand his tools. But the skilful writer of free verse, to use the phrase of a printer, "makes type work," and "making type work" is just as legitimate an aid to the poet as the repetition of a note in rhyme.

There are, of course, slaves who become so used to their servitude that they would be unhappy as freemen, and so there are rhyming poets who shudder at the thought of free verse. It savours to them of license. And yet if they only take courage and brave an ignorant ridicule, how much could they accomplish? I think, for instance, of Sara Teasdale, whose "Love Songs" was voted by a committee of the Poetry Society of America the best book of poems published in 1917. Sara Teasdale is the most skilful and dainty of rhymers—rather thin in thought but perfect in technique. Of her "Love Songs" there is only one in free verse, but how much higher it stands than the others in intensity. "But Not to Me" is typical of her rhyme:

The April night is still and sweet
With flowers on every tree;
Peace comes to them on quiet feet,
But not to me.

My peace is hidden in his breast
Where I shall never be;
Love comes tonight to all the rest,
But not to me.

Compare with this her unrhymed poem "Summer Night, Riverside":

In the wild, soft summer darkness
How many and many a night we two together
Sat in the park and watched the Hudson
Wearing her lights like golden spangles
Glinting on black satin.
The rail along the curving pathway
Was low in a happy place to let us cross
And down the hill a tree that dripped with
bloom
Sheltered us.
While your kisses and the flowers,
Falling, falling
Tangled my hair

The frail white stars moved slowly over the
sky.

And now, far off
In the fragrant darkness
The tree is tremulous again with bloom
For June comes back.

Tonight what girl
Dreamily before her mirror shakes from her
hair
This year's blossoms, clinging in its coils?

Between the formal symmetrical rhymed verse and the irregular free verse there are certain poems with lines of irregular length, but still rhymed, which may be called transition. Notable among these are poems by T. S. Eliot, Ford Madox Hueffer and Conrad Aiken. T. S. Eliot has a curious skill in suggesting atmosphere—the atmosphere particularly of English middle class life—least inspiring of subjects to the ordinary poets as for instance in the "Portrait of a Lady," the opening of which runs:

Among the smoke and fog of a December af-
ternoon
You have the scene arrange itself—as it will
seem to do—
With "I have saved this afternoon for you";
And four wax candles in the darkened room,
Four rings of light upon the ceiling overhead;
An atmosphere of Juliet's tomb.
Prepared for all the things to be said, or left
unsaid.

We have been, let us say, to hear the latest
Pole
Transmit the Preludes, through his hair and
finger-tips.

Conrad Aiken who is technically one of the most expert of the younger American poets, and who is a critic rather than a defender of unrhymed verse, is particularly happy with this transition form in his poem "Disenchantment." The most impressive use of this form is however, that by Ford Madox Hueffer, who with unconventional rhythms and unexpected rhymes keeps the mind alert to music of extraordinary charm. Here for instance are the closing lines of that wonderful poem called "Antwerp":

This is Charing Cross;
It is one o'clock.
There is still a great cloud, and very little
light:
Immense shafts of shadows over the black
crowd
That hardly whispers aloud. . . .
And now! That is another dead
mother.

And there is another and another and another . . .
 And little children, all in black,
 All with dead faces, waiting in all the waiting-places,
 Wandering from the doors of the waiting room
 In the dim gloom.
 These are the women of Flanders:
 They await the lost.
 They await the lost that shall never leave the dock;
 They await the lost that shall never again come by the train
 To the embraces of all these women with dead faces;
 They await the lost who lie dead in trench and barrier and fosse
 In the dark of the night.
 This is Charing Cross; it is past one of the clock;
 There is very little light.

There is so much pain.
 And it was for this that they endured this gloom;
 This October like November,
 That August like a hundred thousand hours,
 And that September,
 A hundred thousand dragging sunlit days
 And half October like a thousand years. . .
 Oh, poor dears!

In this Chicago anthology of "The New Poetry," edited by these leaders of the modern poetry, I find only one poem ascribed to a Canadian, and that Canadian does not appear in the Valhalla erected by Mr. John Garvin in his encyclopaedic volume of Canadian poets. Bliss Carman is dismissed by the Chicago editors as belonging to the nineteenth century—the one ewe Canadian lamb who apparently counts in the twentieth century being a lady of the name of Constance Lindsay Skinner. Born in British Columbia, this lady was brought up among a tribe of Indians and the poems cited are her interpretation into English of the Indian spirit and romance. They are "free verse," and to me are fine verse—even though they do not rhyme like Mr. Garvin's galaxy of stars. Here is one called "The Song of the Search":

I descend through the forest alone.
 Rose-flushed are the willows, stark and a-quiver,
 In the warm sudden grasp of Spring;
 Like a woman when her lover has suddenly,
 swiftly taken her.
 I hear the secret of the little leaves.
 Waiting to be born.
 The air is a wind of love
 From the wings of eagles mating—
 O eagles, my sky is dark with your wings!
 The hills and the waters pity me,
 The pine trees reproach me,
 The little moss whispers under my feet,

"Son of Earth, Brother,
 "Why comest thou hither alone?"

Oh, the wolf has his mate on the mountain—
 Where art thou, Spring-daughter?
 I tremble with love as the reeds by the river,
 I burn as the dusk in the red-tented west,
 I call thee aloud as the deer calls the doe,
 I await thee as hills wait the morning,
 I desire thee as eagles the storm;
 I yearn to thy breast as night to the sea,
 I claim thee as the silence claims the stars.
 O earth, Earth, great Earth,
 Mate of God and mother of me,
 Say, where is she, the Bearer of Morning,
 My Bringer of Song?
 Love in me waits to be born,
 Where is She, the woman?

Bliss Carman is discarded by these Chicago anthologists probably because of his recent verse, which certainly seems to have lost the original fire. Yet his unrhymed verses in the cycle entitled "Sapho" belong to this century, and are better than many of those printed. Take for instance these two:—

The courtyard of her house is wide
 And cool and still when day departs.
 Only the rustle of leaves is there
 And running water.

And then her mouth, more delicate
 Than the frail wood-anemone,
 Brushes my cheek, and deeper grow
 The purple shadows.

There is a medlar-tree
 Growing in front of my lover's house,
 And there all day
 The wind makes a pleasant sound.

And when the evening comes,
 We sit there together in the dusk,
 And watch the stars
 Appear in the quiet blue.

These two poems are frankly inspired by Greek spirit and follow Greek rhythms. Yet they are simple and direct, and belong to to-day just as much as to two thousand years ago. Had the later Bliss Carman developed on such simple forms of expression, Canadian poetry might well have been the richer.

Although the output of poetry by Canadians is considerable, so far it has been only minor poetry—in certain cases of admitted charm and in many cases of technical excellence. There is, however, no strong vigorous voice of individual note whose message arrests attention from the whole English-speaking world. There is nothing in Canadian poetry on as impressive a scale as Canadian landscape or commensurate with Canada's vast forests, great rivers and tremendous distances.

I wonder whether this is not due in part at least to the shackles of rhyme, to the metrical conventions which Canadian poets have almost without exception blindly accepted. How can the spirit of a half-tamed new continent be expressed in a courtly seventeenth century jingle?

In the case of one of the finest of the young Canadian singers, I find that these shackles chafe—Arthur Stringer, who in spite of a recent lapse into purely commercial movie melodrama has given evidence of great literary ability and is a lyrical poet of no mean order. I remember how six years ago I was thrilled by a few lines of verse ascribed to him by a Canadian paper. They were headed "One Night in the North West," and ran:

When they flagged our train, because of a
broken rail,
I stepped down out of the crowded car,
With its glamour and dust and heat and babel
of broken talk.
I stepped out into the cool, the velvet cool, of
the night,
And felt the balm of the prairie-wind on my
face,
And somewhere I heard the running of water,
I felt the breathing of grass.
And I knew, as I saw the great white stars,
That the world was made for good!

You will find that verse in his volume of poems entitled "Open Water." Now listen to what Arthur Stringer says in his preface to that book:—

Modern poetry is remote and insincere, not because the modern spirit is incapable of feeling, but because what the singer of today has felt has not been directly and openly expressed. His apparel has remained mediaeval. He must still don mail to face Mausers, and wear chain-armour against machine-guns. The one-time primitive directness of English was overrun by such forms as the ballade, the chant royal, the rondel, the kyriell, the rondeau and the rondeau redouble, the virelai and the pantoum, the sestina, the villanelle, and last, yet by no means least, the sonnet.

The twentieth century poet, singing with his scrupulously polished vocalisation, usually finds himself content to re-echo what has been said before. He is unable to "travel light"; pioneering with so heavy a burden is out of the question. Rhyme and metre have compelled him to sacrifice content for form. It has left him incapable of what may be called abandonment.

Unable to express himself adequately in the conventional tradition of end-rhymes, Arthur Stringer therefore takes to free verse. In this mode he is not always successful—it is not so easy as it looks—a certain monotony due. I

thing, to too great regularity of line lengths, weakens the effect of some of his experiments. But on the whole he gives an impression of intense and sincere emotion which comes refreshingly after so much conventional rhyming. Here are two typical verses.

THE NOCTURNE.

Remote, in some dim room,
On this dark April morning soft with
rain,
I hear her pensive touch
Fall aimless on the keys,
And stop, and play again.

And as the music wakens
And the shadowy house is still,
How all my troubled soul cries out
For things I know not of!
Ah, keen the quick chords fall,
And weighted with regret,
Fade through the quiet rooms;
And warm as April rain
The strange tears fall,
And life in some way seems
Too deep to bear!

AUTUMN.

The thin gold of the sun lies slanting on the
hill;
In the sorrowful greys and muffled violets
of the old orchard
A group of girls are quietly gathering apples.
Through the mingled gloom and green they
scarcely speak at all,
And their broken voices rise and fall un-
utterably sad.
There are no birds,
And the goldenrod is gone.
And a child calls out, far away, across the
autumn twilight;
And the sad grey of the dusk grows slowly
deeper,
And all the world seems old!

Duncan Campbell Scott is another established Canadian poet who has experimented with free verse, though not so extensively or with such success as Arthur Stringer. Here is his

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT, 1916.

The Earth moans in her sleep
Like an old mother
Whose sons have gone to the war,
Who weeps silently in her heart
Till dreams comfort her.

The Earth tosses
As if she would shake off humanity,
A burden too heavy to be borne,
And free of the pest of intolerable men
Spin with woods and waters
Joyously in the clear heavens
In the beautiful cool rains,
Bearing gladly the dumb animals,
And sleep when the time comes
Glistening in the remains of sunlight
With marmoreal innocence.

Be comforted, old mother,
Whose sons have gone to the war;
And be assured, O Earth,
Of your burden of passionate men,
For without them who would dream the
dreams

That encompass you with glory?
Who would gather your youth
And store it in the jar of remembrance?
Who would comfort your old heart
With tales told of the heroes?
Who would cover your face with the
cerecloth
All rustling with stars,
And mourn in the ashes of sunlight,
Mourn your marmoreal innocency?

You will find the poem in the volume called "Lundy's Lane"—and such as it is, it seems to me the best in the book.

A few months ago Isabel Ecclestone Mackay sent me a book of her verses called "Between the Lights" on the flyleaf of which she wrote, "I think that 'Indian Summer' is almost the only one that's any good." Now is it a coincidence that "Indian Summer" is the only poem in that book in which the rhyme is almost negligible?

INDIAN SUMMER.

I have strayed from silent places,
Where the days are dreaming always;
And fair summer lies a-dying,
Roses withered on her breast.
I have stolen all her beauty,
All her softness, all her sweetness;
In her robe of golden sunshine
I am drest.

I will breathe a mist about me
Lest you see my face too clearly,
Lest you follow me too boldly
I will silence every song.
Thro' the haze and thro' the silence
You will know that I am passing;
When you break the spell that holds you
I am gone.

In the last few months Mrs. Mackay has come under the spell of free verse, and although she has not yet discarded rhyme, she finds an ease of expression in this newer mode which comes as a relief after the old hunt for rhymes. Arthur L. Phelps is another Canadian poet who is very nearly a convert. The most perfect thing in Marjorie L. C. Pickthall's "The Lamp of Poor Souls" is her free verse "Improvisation on a Flute."

Put yourself in the place of the writer whose soul is burning with a great message. What would the Songs of David or the Song of Solo-

mon have been if they had had to conform to the rules of the rhyming dictionary? Job had many grievances, but the Lord never asked him to reply only in sonnet form. It is a great thing for English literature that this "chain



J. M. GIBBON,

Author of "Drums Afar," "Hearts and Faces," etc.

mail," as Arthur Stringer calls it, is being laid aside—an admirable costume for a fancy dress ball but no longer suited for this freer world. It would be a great thing for Canadian literature if it kept pace with the times instead of lingering in the drawing rooms of the early Victorians. The times are moving. Dynasties are falling, are being swept away. The whole world is aflame with a war against the overbearing tyranny of military caste. The voice to-day is the voice of the people, not the voice of a special caste. So too with poetry, where metrical rhyming forms are only the shibboleth of imaginary rank, of imaginary finish and style, of imaginary caste. They are a fashion which for seven hundred years has dominated certain languages of Europe, a fashion, however, which shows every sign of passing away, and being relegated like the harpsicord and the crinoline into the domain of the museum and of history.

Francis Grierson

By JEAN S. FOLEY



MISS JEAN FOLEY.



FRANCIS GRIERSON.

AMONG contemporary men of letters no one, I think, gives so unique an impression as Francis Grierson. Long ago he proved himself of the immortal fellowship of the great essayists, at the same time proving himself a master of the essay in an unprecedented manner. And prior to this literary manifestation, the world knew him as a new and remarkable power in musical improvisation.

In his double capacity of musician and of writer he owes nothing to any school or any master or method. To both arts he brought a singularly instinctive knowledge. "Don't study," said Auber, the French composer, after hearing Mr. Grierson play when he was yet a youth. "Perhaps if you study music you will lose, or at least spoil, your strange gift." And he did not study. He let mind and fingers lead him where they would through the chromatic tints and tones of instantaneous melody.

Then, after the musical side of his nature had predominated for many years, he turned at middle-age to literature. And again in this art he allowed his "strange gift" free play. He improvised in the medium of prose as rhythm-

ically, themically, dynamically, as he had improvised on the piano. Improvisation is, indeed, the law of his being, the secret of his power, the quintessence of his uniqueness. He reminds us somewhere that "the true authoritative mood is instinctive; it is not put on as a warrior would don a coat of mail." And the words strike the keynote of his own moodal temperament.

All essays have, or should have, the air of being an impromptu. But the Grierson essay leaves one with no impression of being cunningly made to appear as if dashed off under a single impulse. Its immediacy is fundamental. It is rooted not so much in the penmanship as in the electric propitiousness of its author's personality. A personality which, no matter how long the period of waiting, never utters itself through the written word until the imperative mood is reached. It is this sudden flash of irresistible illumination that constitutes the impromptu mood of Mr. Grierson's essays. As an essayist he is the psychic improvisatore.

The oneness of Mr. Grierson's nature is again to be found noted in his seclusion. His musical personality found, and still finds—for he re-

tains to this day his rare gift—its best expression in presence of a small group of sympathetic listeners. He rarely plays in large assemblies. And in like manner his literary personality reaches out to the appreciative few. His literary appeal is not a wide one, save in a particular sphere. He never writes for the "great public." He is a mandarin of letters. One can imagine nothing more unfortunate happening to Mr. Grierson than to be "accepted" in the most popular sense of the term. For his fine eclecticism in art and thought, while restrictive in its appeal, is one of the brightest facets of his alert and scintillating mind. Nor is there any tedious Pharisaism in his acute feeling of selection. It is intuitive and sincere. It is inspired by an unflinching sense of the economy of moods and emotions. It is inspired also, that subtle egotism of the intellect, and perhaps chiefly, by a clairvoyant faculty of piercing through the temporal to the eternal.

It is easy to miss the rare, preponderant spirituality which infuses Mr. Grierson's aristocracy of intellect and spirit. The word "provincial" is sprinkled through his pages; a certain ironic *hauteur* tinges his keen discrimination, and the casual reader exclaims: "The superior person!" But the diligent eye detects not disdain of the lesser, but innate love of the best. "Character," writes Mr. Grierson, "distinguishes one man from another, and gives identity; true personality distinguishes one man from all others, and gives originality." He is one conscious of possessing that potent personality, and acutely aware that such original potency speaks from the soul, from man to man. His egotism, therefore, as Hazlitt said of Cobbett's, is "full of individuality and has room for very little vanity in it."

It may be that much of Mr. Grierson's attraction lies in a singular equality of independent individuality and imperturbable impersonality. The quality and character of his ideas are impersonal; their manner and method strikingly personal. Early in life he put from him the "hypothesis of chance," as he calls it; and as youth ripened into maturity, more and more did the law of phenomenal relativity in casual things become the touchstone of his sympathies and sentiments. It is this consciousness of unconscious correspondence that forms the artistic consistency of his essays. That is the fluid bond that binds the whole together, and that underlies his critical valuations and his intimate utterances alike. He weighs everything, persons, principles, practices, in this scale of infinite harmonious progress. With clairvoyant alquidity he floats and flows with its recondite flux. Yet, he is never obscurely merged in metaphysical

abstractions. It is the concrete seen in the larger movement of a psychic progression that is always his point of departure. He is a practical mystic: subtle in thought yet substantial, clear and direct in treatment. In short, his feet are firmly planted on the earth while his eyes follow the Glean. "Some writers," he complains, "inhabit the seventh floor of intellect. We never walk in to see them, we take a lift and go up; we visit them by a process of mechanics and metaphysics—but we are always glad to get back, even by sliding down the balustrade." In his capacity of thinker, Mr. Grierson is not of this brain-befogging fraternity. He inhabits the ground floor of philosophic speculation, even if it has a sub-space of things foreign to conventional thought and contains, above all, that "*arrière boutique*" of self-seclusion so dear to the heart of Montaigne.

Just here, it may be well to peer for a moment into the privacy of that "*arrière boutique*," for Mr. Grierson charms by a serene spirit of detachment. Singular it is that one who has seen so much of the world should be so little affected by it in his tastes and opinions. No living writer has had a wider European experience. His personal history reads like a romance. Born in England, he was still in his first year when his parents emigrated to America. After a boyhood spent in the Lincoln country and in St. Louis on the eve of the Civil War, he returned, in youth, to Europe, and for twenty or more years travelled at will through the principal capitals and towns. His wonderful musical gift won him early fame, and his singular qualifications of mind brought him into touch with the makers and shapers of the world, political, social, artistic and intellectual. He knew at that period the hardships of a Bohemian existence and the privileges of success. Yet, throughout this long contact with great men and women, this nomadic wandering along the fair-ways and by-ways of life, he took on no colours unnatural to himself. He drew much from books, more from human intercourse, but most of all from deep thinking on original lines. Everything in his writings relating to this period of his career, is the full expression of himself in relation to these things. When we read his "Parisian Portraits," for instance, in which he gives us vignettes of Mallarmé, Verlaine, Princess Hélène Racowitza, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, Princess Bonaparte Ratazzi, and others famous in art and society with whom he talked, and of whose hospitality he partook at that time, we observe that it is the humanist close to the coil of humanity yet persisting in his own being, who studies these men and women of genius. From the first

he seems to have had a mind that moved in singular isolation, under all circumstances, in whatever company. Some men are born free. Montaigne was one of these; Francis Grierson is another. He moves always with the cycle of his own experiences.

But, to remain with the impression that the seclusion which his work exhales is traceable solely to an instinct of self-dependence, would be a grave mistake. It derives fundamentally from that amalgam of possession of one's self and of a timeless mind which moves freely through time that has already been noted as his cardinal characteristics. Individual, and with a vigour and boldness of verdict which surprises while it charms, Mr. Grierson is absolute in his own sphere of experience and intuition. But the bed-rock of his absolutism is the law of progressive psychic harmony which, as we have seen, is the central sun of his thought from which all rays radiate. Witness the following extract from an essay on "The Psychic Power of Genius":

When Walter Savage Landor said: "Give me ten competent minds as readers," he knew that the dynamic force of his intellect would harmonize with the latent or active forces of ten competent minds unknown to him, and so act and react on others. He knew that the psychic waves evolved in his brain would flow on through others, fulfilling the intended mission of an inexorable and immutable law."

It is the recognition of an "intended mission" in the law of intellect that underlies his own intellectual absolutism. We feel, when reading him, that we are in the company of one who has come to terms with a clear, strong vision of life evoked from personal knowledge, yet who is, at the same time, acutely aware of its alliance with the ordered onflow of intuitive energy. Hence, he is detached even from his own detached self-possession, since his main viewpoint is that of a timeless movement from which the element of chance has been eliminated.

Yet, if he is somewhat of a Determinist, he is not a facile optimist. Moreover, his quietude is marked by no creed of quietism. He is emphatic about the imperative quality of the original mind, maintaining that he who is absolute in his own sphere of intuition "will no more think of tempering his speech with smiles, or his writings with suave apology, than a general would think of asking a traitor's pardon before having him executed." And he will brook no idea of persons of talent being "instruments" of higher powers, his claim being that "the higher powers are always the powers of the individual." Like Bergson, he fuses individual energy and the vital push of life's harmonious advance

in one individual movement. Perhaps the epitome of his idea of the personal and the psychically mathematical, as well as of the practical nature of his mysticism, is to be found in this passage:

Everything in the world of intellect and inspiration is produced by natural means. There is no visible line between the material and the spiritual, human consciousness being only the last and highest mode of the physical: for the laws of mind harmonize with those of all the forces known in matter. What we call psychical manifestations are not distinct from other manifestations of natural law, and we have ceased to talk about the "super-natural," science having rendered the word meaningless.

From such a passage one gets a glimpse of that sanity and proportion which characterise all the utterances of this man of rare spiritual vision. And to complete the picture of his unique universality, we have his spirited confession that "we shall not reach finality until the last flicker of light goes out on the shores of silence and eternity."

These generalisations may perhaps reveal something of the point of view which runs through Mr. Grierson's work as a whole. But they must not be allowed to overflow my space, and it is time to take a closer survey of his essential qualities and characteristics.

Mr. Grierson is an essayist in a new manner. His style is aphoristic to a degree unprecedented in the annals of the English essay. He has an unusual power of prismatic focussing in trenchant phrases. There is little sequential flow in his essays; the thought, which is strong, original and individual, comes in swift flashes of impromptu illumination. It leaps forward, it recoils, with bewildering movement. Almost every sentence is an entity in itself, summing up a whole mental position. Yet, the cohesive power remains unimpaired, for in each essay the barbs of thought of which it is composed are radiations of a single, swift, vibrating mood; while their vivid, immediate manner is allied to a rhythmic sense which tones and shades the lightning flash of epigram into a consecutive unity of haunting, measured music. He is acute, but never angular. His prose reminds one of Pater's in its oracular impression, although it exhibits a power of condensing language foreign to the long-paragraphed style of the older writer. And his essay-form is peculiarly his own, for he has been the first to combine in perfect unison the vigorous spring of the aphorism proper and the subtle, quiet movement of the traditional essay. His magical and penetrative aphorisms are replete with a philosophic

force which opens a door to many moral vistas. Moreover, most of them are unlikely to tease posterity with the note of their hour, since they are steeped in that universal perspicuity which traverses the ages.

Mr. Grierson first appeared in print in the year 1882, when he published "Miscellaneous Discourses," a series of lectures which he had delivered in London in 1880, and whose titles, "Militarism in Germany," "The Influence of Modern Literature from a Spiritual Standpoint," revealed a "modern" alive to the questions of the hour. But his first genuine literary adventure was an opuscule of aphorisms and short essays, written in French, and entitled "*La Révolte Idéaliste*." The modest brochure was published in 1889. Mr. Grierson was living in Paris at the time, where the air was then tremulous with the first stirrings of an idealistic reaction. The spirit of Positivism was waning; Naturalism was in its death-throes; men were turning against the elimination of metaphysics from philosophy, of the faculty of wonder from life. Already, Zola was perturbed by the sound of voices crying in the midst of the triumphant march of exact knowledge; "*Assez de vérité, donnez-nous de la chimère*." Already, a number of young writers, calling themselves Symbolists, were responding to the cry with a literature drenched in the mystic vapours of the unknowable. But the movement was still awaiting an articulate voice when "*La Révolte Idéaliste*" appeared, suggesting tentatively but in prophetic accents, the direction of its goal. The result was startling but abiding. Within a few weeks after the publication of the little book, the author was hailed by fraternal spirits in many lands as a prophet of the new mystical phase then groping its way into philosophy and literature.

To this movement of Modern Mysticism, Francis Grierson undoubtedly belongs. He was a herald of its dawn; he is still engaged in putting his index finger on the points of its progress. He has a special mysticism of his own, if you will, evoked by the singular seer-like quality of his nature. But he is of the company of Maeterlinck and Bergson, and of the increasing number of writers whom we may call spiritual emancipators. That is to say, he is of that band of modern mystics who have not laid rude hands on the work of the rationalist emancipators of an age that is spent, but have extended their great mental bequest into the region of the unseen.

Mr. Grierson may best be described as an alert and original advocate of the "third kingdom." He sees the ultimate uprising out of the fusion of intellect and feeling, of reason and in-

tuition, of science and soul, of a psycho-artistic and psycho-mental faculty capable of getting nearer to life's meaning and its expression in form than anything that has gone before. In his later volumes of essays, "Modern Mysticism," "The Celtic Temperament," "The Humour of the Underman," where his philosophy of life is intimidated with a rare sensitiveness of expression, this idea flashes forth at unexpected angles from the various themes. He may be discussing "Beauty in Nature," or letting his probing irony run over the subject of "Parsifalitis," but below the surface is the current of this conviction.

"*La Révolte Idéaliste*" revealed Mr. Grierson at the outset as a watcher on the tower; and perhaps one of the principal ingredients of that marked flavour of author which pervades all his writings, is a strange clairvoyance. His seer-like faculty is most pronounced in his "Invincible Alliance," where the predictive sentences fall one after the other like the stroke of an electric bolt. The unity of the Anglo-American people, the beginning of "a reign of affairs, the like of which the world has never seen," an "agnostic agony," a new era which "will be a forcing time not only for grains, but for individuals"—these are some of the predictions of this volume, which was published in the spring of 1913; predictions which the war has brought within bounds of fulfilment. Once again, as in 1889, Mr. Grierson is here a prophetic force, the man who reasons from reality to reality with incisive intuitional discernment.

I said at the beginning that Mr. Grierson never writes for the "great public." But there is always an exception to prove every rule; and I must now qualify that statement, for his latest volume of essays, "Illusions and Realities of the War," is nearer to a general literary appeal than anything he has yet written. The eclectic only crosses the pages of this book at rare intervals. It is a direct and drastic utterance of a drastic time, penned by one who is forever aware of the vitality of language. Mr. Grierson has the power, when dealing with a period of history, of producing its internal atmosphere by a subtle affinity of style. His "Valley of Shadows" conjures up the spiritual and intellectual atmosphere of the Illinois prairie in the days preceding the Civil War; and the feat is accomplished not only by drawing the simple, native characters with sharp, impressive strokes, but by a simplicity and languid leisureliness of diction which exhales the tranquility of primitive habits and thought. The main theme of the "Parisian Portraits" is the passing of Napoleon and the Second Empire; and the intellectual atmosphere of the dying

period is again portrayed not alone by clear, intimate pictures of its great personalities, but by a piquancy and finesse in the mode of expression which is affianced to the very essence of their passing salons. And now again, when he would summon up the internal atmosphere of the present moment of "drastic material action" he adopts a manner in consonance with it which makes his book the very embodiment of its intangibility. This, we suspect, rather than the abandonment of the combination of acuteness of intellectual faculty and delicate literary expression which marks his earlier essays, is the secret of the more conventional flavour of "Illusions and Realities of the War." The subject is less exclusive than those of his former volumes; the style is less exclusive; and it is well, for this is a book that should be in the hands of all those who would learn something forcible and convincing about that modern psychology which the author claims is playing "the dominant role" in the war.

In the essay "An Era of Surprises," are these words: "What makes the present so marvellous is the train of surprises that is passing at express speed while only a few observers get a clear view of the panorama of events seen from the window." The batch of essays with which he presents us in "Illusions and Realities of the War" is the view which has passed under his own keen, inspecting gaze. And he puts his index finger on the true and the false in the panorama of events. He writes scathingly of "Prussian Provincialism," and warningly on "The New Teutonic Psychology." With devastating frankness he diagnoses the irony of "The Ironic Iron Crosses," and an-

swers convincingly the question, "Does War Change Human Nature?" As was to be expected, prophecy is also lodged in his pen, and in "The Awakening" and "The Great Reconstruction" we get glimpses of the future. And the constructive consistency of this volume is so satisfying. It has its own clear point of view. Its contents, though dealing with subjects as diverse as Anglo-American Unity and The Rag-Time Rage, are all of a piece. Taken as a whole these penetrative essays achieve their aim, and give a clear and acute picture of the internal atmosphere of the political, social, and spiritual changes taking place in the stress and agony of the war.

The charge of too much interpretation and too little criticism may be laid against this consideration of Francis Grierson and his work. But the exegetical method has been purposely adopted, for since exegesis is far more personal than criticism it serves better to disengage from an author's literary output the personality lurking in the background. And Grierson's books have that precious quality of personality to a superlative degree. He is a modern Montaigne, writing always within the bounds of his own temperament and with the objective authority of one who has thought things out for himself. His mind is of the generating order rather than the creative. He is creative in his memorable expressions and in the transmittance of temperamental impression rather than new thought. This is why one must view him exegetically. Moreover, if I recommend him without compromise it is in the hope of adding still further to the empire of one who regards literature as an addition to life.



Potted Prejudices

By WARWICK CHIPMAN

I HAVE applied this title to the sayings of a friend of mine, much given to epigram and irony. He was a great student of the masters in those styles, and cherished many a choice example, always increasing his store. I remember how he would quote from Herodotus the tale of Leander swimming across the Hellespont to Hero and back again, and how he prized its conclusion:—"So they say who tell the tale, but if you ask me, I should say that he went in a boat."

Or he would take from Clarendon the picture of the presbyters around the sick-bed of Cromwell, telling God Almighty what great things the patient had done for Him, and how much more need God still had of his services. From old Thomas Fuller he quoted still more largely, as, for example, that "quirking" comment: "Such is the charity of the Jesuits that they never owe any man any ill-will, making present payment thereof." And you may be sure that Heinrich Heine, that Prometheus of all wit, was to him an inexhaustible tonic in a world of compromise and cant.

His own adventures of the tongue were brief and mainly double-edged. They were gaunt and spare and never showy. Paradox he despised, defining it as platitude standing on its head. He had, indeed, a passion for defining. He called it putting salt on birds' tails. He despaired of ever touching the bird. The best of definitions, he thought, was after all nothing but a prejudice. Perhaps it was the more informing just on that account. He shook his head over the attempts of scientists to concoct definitions so durable that they would force their meaning upon some curious man from Mars who might one day visit the ruins of this alien world. Take, for instance, this of the Standard Metre: "A piece of metal whose length, at 0° centigrade is 1,553,164 times the wave length of the red line of the spectrum of cadmium, when the latter is observed in dry air at a temperature of 15° on the ordinary hydrogen scale at a pressure of 664 millimetres of mercury at 0° centigrade."

What would the Martian know of centigrade, of mercury, of the ordinary hydrogen scale? Prejudice and all, or perhaps because of the prejudice, he, if a psychologist, might get more meaning from my friend's definition of the

Metrie System as a damnable contrivance to turn Anglo-Saxondom into a collection of ciphers.

You perceive that my friend has a bit of a temper and a certain bias against science. It leads him to say of

A GUINEA-PIG—That it is a small laboratory pet, supposed to react like a tiger to experiments that are never made in the jungle:

and to gibe at

AN EXPERIMENT—As an attempt to know nature by means that nature does not know:

He has wearied of the facile conclusions upon heredity drawn by those whose chief occupation is to promote bigamy among sweetpeas, and has had the temerity to remark, apropos of

MENDEL'S LAW—That barring bees, and given a sufficient number of generations; you can generally find what you are looking for:

He is even more captious in describing

EUGENICS—As pessimism doing its best; or how to improve everybody when you think that nobody can be improved:

My friend had at one time some small experience of law. Perhaps he was waiting an unconscionable while for the distribution of an inheritance, which will account for this somewhat acid definition of

AN EXECUTOR—As one who is always in Europe:

He must, too, have been involved in a trial itself, for he remarks that

AN EXPERT WITNESS—Is one whom it costs a considerable sum to contradict:

It was his boast that in his short day, he had done a useful amount of public service, for he sums up

A COMMITTEE As talk; baulk; walk:

There ran through many of his remarks a gentle irony of scepticism, as when he says of

OMNIPOTENCE—That it is the power to avoid the final test of one's limitations.

It is in a somewhat sterner mood that he calls

A HYPOCRITE—One whose preaching is superior to my practice.

Apparently he means *qui accuse, s'excuse*. In a similar spirit he used to confess, with some beating of the breast, that

A BORE—Is anybody who prevents from being a bore.

His outward life was plain and strict, as befitted so universal a critic; but a due regard for others as well as his sense of humour kept him from extremes.

SACKCLOTH—He said, is a rough material likely to scratch more backs than the wearer's. And so he avoided it.

Indeed, for all his practice, emotionally he leaned towards Epicureanism. Therefore, he praised happiness as more than you need to have for what you do not need to do.

But he could never have been a sybarite. His uncomfortable sense of responsibility was too strong. When asked, for instance, of Women's Rights, he sternly answered, "Men's Duties." Freedom to him was something given rather than something got. He knew his Kant, and rang the changes on that magnificent motto:—"Act so that the maxim of thy spirit may be capable of being a universal law."

He used this as the test of all actions. Crimes, he said accordingly, are what nobody could commit if everybody committed them.

I should tell you, if you have not already guessed it, that he was a bachelor; perhaps, indeed, too critical to be tamed to domestic uses.

"**MARRIAGES**"—He once remarked, "are made in Heaven. I will wait till I get there."

And again—"If the grande passion is always a solo, who wants the duets?"

Perhaps there was a special reason for his unattached condition.

CONSTANCY—I have heard him aver, is an authorized impertinence.

Was this bitterness, or only a playful perversion of logic? as thus:—"An authorized constancy is not impertinent. An unauthorized constancy must be impertinent." Was this a divided heart, or only, as the logicians say, an undistributed middle?

And yet there must have been some susceptibility in him, or he would never have paid his homage to beauty as—the presence of an exceptional quantity of something that is not there. And you may be quite sure that there was a flame somewhere down in him, for it was he who said of

TRAGEDY—That it was the indifference to one's indifference.

This is the word of one who would rather persist than stand aloof. He put it more aptly, "It is only the ineffectual angel that never sings his wings."

I would not have you think my friend a cynic. He had indeed laughed at cynicism as "Adam's appetit's first collar," and defined it as "a criticism of life by one who has not lived." He has said of

DEMOCRACY—That it was government of the vulgar, by the vulgar, for the vulgar.

WISDOM—That it was the knowledge of how to rearrange the past, or what to do when you can no longer do it:

HOPE—That it is Faith with her clothes stolen:

Yet he had a sound belief of his own, which entitled him to declare of

PRAGMATISM—That it is a broad creed that is quite satisfactory to those only whose creed is still broader:

It was, in fact, his very sense of irony that made him endlessly impatient of so raw and futile a thing as cynicism; and this sense of irony was not restricted to comment. He found the world itself saturated with irony. He saw again and again in operation a merciless logic of contrariness that almost overawed him as he bowed before its master-pieces. He was unmoved when noting that the Gods make instruments of our pleasant vices wherewith to scourge us. For him the play was far more pointed when he perceived that men may be betrayed by what is fine within. The thing that might have been, frustrated by the effort to attain it; the fulfillment of half a hope murdering the hope itself; his armour stifling the warrior; his devotion defeating the lover; the heart of the priest made ashes by the heat of his prayer;—these for him were the dramas the Gods could attend when all the sad wit of men had been reduced to silence.

And when he asked himself by what mood men should meet these bitter humours, the very irony he summoned up was a confession of bafflement. Resignation, he answered, is a dose that fits us for more of the same. The meek inherit the earth—and like worms can never be rid of that dusty inheritance.

And yet, and over all, he was an optimist. The last thing I ever heard him say, was the paraphrase of history as "looking at a star in a well." This implied a certain confidence in humanity as much as in the Heavens. A month later the war splashed like a stone into his well, and he went out to die for his star.

Revery of a Bookish Librarian

By GEORGE H. LOCKE

IT is a sign of youth to desire knowledge, to long to know of the great world, to identify oneself with adventure and to project oneself into other existences. Some people retain that youthful spirit, and, even to what is external old age, preserve that freshness of view, that many sidedness of interest and that enthusiasm which is so attractive to all their friends. They have a background in life, a mental background, that is so varied and adaptable as to accommodate itself and seem in some degree suitable to almost every scene or experience of daily life.

I suppose there is no one without a mental background, and there are probably no two persons with exactly the same mental background. I wish that some artists could realize this truth. Our mental backgrounds are conditioned by our experiences in life, and therefore are ever changing. We sometimes speak of the mental background as our "education," and too often this is looked upon as a state instead of a process. We are being changed in our attitude or being influenced by every thing we meet. Therefore, we can understand those who claim that our environment is all important in our lives.

If that environment is unpleasant or monotonous—and sometimes these terms are interchangeable—we long for a life and experiences which take us away from our surroundings. These we find in the association of people whose experiences have been collected by some one who has given them form and proportion so that we can share that life and enjoy it with them. This may take the form of a drama with actors upon a stage, or it may be pictured in book form. In either case it is successfully done when without effort or awkwardness we mingle freely with our new acquaintances. We are not interested—indeed we cannot be—in a picture of life all the details of which are familiar to us; nor again in a picture of life in which none of the details are familiar. Just as in a company we need some familiar acquaintances to make the company congenial, but we wish also to meet some different persons, to make some new acquaintances, so that the experience will bring pleasure. This occurs to me when I hear people say that they wonder why Canadians do not read more Canadian books, and in-

deed they go so far as to say that they think a novel about Toronto would be of intense interest. I can think of nothing which to me would likely be duller.

I read that I may enlarge my acquaintance, and I have this great advantage in using books for this enlargement. I have the pleasure of choosing the persons with whom I can associate. The people who live in books are just as real and many times vastly more interesting than the people who live in our cities or towns and whose oral production is the sign of their existence.

Then again those whom one meets every day are the shadows of the universal types with whom one is acquainted in the great chronicles of life in the books. I often see Pecksniff on King Street, Micawber on Victoria Street, Jingle drops into the Club sometimes, the Baxters of the immortal "Seventeen" live near me and I often see Leacock's Dean Drone on Avenue Road.

In other words, I read that I may understand life better and make friendships—that most desirable of all earthly things. Friends are the greatest asset in the world—if you don't use them—and the friends in books are not usable but merely enjoyable and inspiring. And when two of us meet who have read the same book with pleasure we take a keen delight in talking of "our mutual friends" for they are his as well as mine, and often he and I understand each other better because of our mutual friends.

Indeed, we who are older and getting older ought to read, I suppose, like boys and girls who believe in the reality of the characters described, who live the lives of those characters, especially those who *do* something, conquer somebody or something, and who dislike so much the disillusionment indulged in by some older person who takes the joy out of life by saying that "it is only a story and never happened."

The practical question back of all this is the lack of opportunity with so many to become acquainted with these desirable persons. In many places there are but few books, and in many other places there are no persons to introduce us to these desirable and interesting books. The loneliest place in the world is a big city. One reason is that there are so many

possibilities for pleasure if one could only be introduced to one or two, and thus effect an entrance. Even so in the big world of books where each year we have so many books desiring to be received into good book society where there will be immortality. Some few are desirable, many more are too ordinary to be of more than passing interest, and still others are only flashy imitations.

A public library is the great world of books where only the vicious and needlessly vulgar are excluded. The ordinary rubs shoulders with the "high-brow" and one is sure in such a cosmopolitan crowd to find some of his friends. It may have the defect of its virtues, however, in that its organization has so far found difficulty in doing more than merely furnishing the place where one may meet the people in the books. The ideal, which would be reached quicker if the financial means were provided, is that there be a mediator or introducer between the visitor or newcomer and the "inhabitants" of the shelves. The reviewer in the old time journals used to do something towards that end, but he is almost extinct. Certainly his imitator in our daily press is but a forty-ninth cousin so far as intellectual relationship is concerned, and he smacks too often of the business and the advertising pages.

My greatest pleasure is to introduce some person of my acquaintance to some of my "book-fellows," and when I find a chap, say like Archibald Marshall, who takes me away from my surroundings and introduces me to a lot of charming people in a different environment, I cannot rest until I tell some person of the pleasant company in which I spent last evening. He says, "What were they like?" and I tell him just enough to interest him and not enough to satisfy him.

I recognize that some persons would not be at home in their company, and therefore I must exercise discretion. Not long ago I met two men, one of whom asked me if I had read anything very interesting lately. I recommended a book which contained characters which I thought would interest him. Not long afterwards I met his companion, and he upbraided me with poor judgment, for he had procured the book I had recommended, and had found it deadly dull. My answer was that I was not at all surprised. If he would recall the circumstances, he would remember that I had not recommended the book to him, but to his companion.

I am supposed to know something of circu-

lation of books, as the Chief Librarian of the largest library system in our country, and more and more I am convinced that there are thousands of persons longing to break into book-fellowship, but there are not those who can and will introduce them; so that they will enjoy the society. I try it every year with some special author, and so far with very gratifying results.

Out of the Storm

FIERCE threatenings stand in the sky to-night,

Fear uncouth in the sky—
Garner O morn thy sovran light
For my love's sleep!

Waters of drowning beat on my brain,
Flung sheer out of the sky—
Soft as the hum of a fairy rain .
Soothe my love's sleep!

Sweep the clouds out of the sky, dread wind,
Dead weight out of the sky—
With hushed feet thread the lanes star-lined
Of my love's sleep

Sword of God! hast reft me of sight
Flashing dire from the sky?
Strike if thou must with merciful might
Through my love's sleep!

All the night's wrath have I watched and live,
Deepening wrath in the sky—
Age-loved Night! some mother-touch give
To my love's sleep!

At last a wan light, a tremor of death,
Fainting flush in the sky—
Die away painless, fluttering breath,
In my love's sleep!

Believe it is hope that is born, mad brain—
God's face dim in the sky!
Break O dawn! with aureoled pain
Arch my love's sleep!

By day it seems such a little thing—
Night and a haunted sky;
But Death or Life it bore on its wing
To my love's sleep.

Clio in Canada, 1918

By W. S. WALLACE

HISTORICAL studies in Canada have always been vigorous. Canadians have taken an interest in their country's past that has been in some respects exceptional. Since the outbreak of the Great War, however, this interest has somewhat waned. The all-absorbing demands of the present, the enlistment in the army of some of the younger historians, the high cost of printing and paper—all these have combined to produce a slump in the output of Canadian historical literature. During 1918 this slump has been especially marked. It is significant that during 1918 the Champlain Society, which for many years now has issued annually one or two volumes of first-class importance for Canadian history, has ceased publication for the time being; and even the veteran "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," which has attained its twenty-first birthday, has contented itself this year with issuing merely an index of previous volumes.

The year, however, has not been barren. In the sphere of politics and government, Mr. Edward Porritt has published his "Evolution of the Dominion of Canada." An aftermath of the harvest of books published in 1917, celebrating the fiftieth year of Confederation, has appeared in the Abbé Groulx's "*La Confédération Canadienne*," and in Mr. Gosnell's "Fifty Years of Confederation," a collection of newspaper sketches. Two books of a narrower appeal are Professor W. P. M. Kennedy's "Documents of the Canadian Constitution," and Professor Lefroy's "A Short Treatise on Canadian Constitutional Law," which contains an admirable historical introduction by Professor Kennedy. In the field of general history, a book of considerable importance is the Rev. R. G. MacBeth's "The Romance of Western Canada"; and two books of unusual interest just issued are Professor George M. Wrong's "The Conquest of New France," and Professor W. B. Munro's "Crusaders of New France." Unfortunately, these last two books are published in a series of fifty volumes, entitled "The Chronicles of America," published by the Yale University Press, and cannot be procured except in the set. Lastly, there are the books about the war. The third volume of "Canada in Flanders," which has been written by Major Charles G. D. Roberts, is now published; a most informing pamphlet, entitled "Canada's War Effort, 1914-1918," has been issued by the Director of Public Information at Ottawa; and a rapidly growing list of books embodying the experiences of returned Canadian soldiers, repatriated prisoners, and war correspondents has seen the light. These books are the raw material of history; but perhaps they do not fall strictly within the sphere of this survey.

The most important of these books is perhaps Mr. Porritt's "Evolution of the Dominion of

Canada,"* more on account of the possibilities latent in it than on account of what it actually achieves. It is not an easy book to review, because one cannot be quite certain of the goal which the author has set before him. If his aim was to write a handbook of Canadian Government, he has included in his pages much more than was necessary, if indeed books like Lord Bryce's "The American Commonwealth" or President Lowell's "The Government of England" may be taken as criteria. A good deal of the book, for instance, is taken up with a historical sketch of Canadian development. If, on the other hand, Mr. Porritt's object was to write a review of Canadian constitutional history, his arrow has fallen short of the mark. With him, Canadian constitutional history begins, for some occult reason, at 1783. He ignores those years pregnant with fate which followed the conquest of Canada by the British; and he omits all mention of the French period, though a knowledge of that period is necessary to a proper understanding of the Province of Quebec. One is uncertain, too, whether the book was intended for popular use, or for the use of students. If it was intended for the man on the street, Mr. Porritt might well have omitted the foot-notes with which his pages are encumbered; if it was intended for the student, his references should have been, not to secondary authorities, but to the sources of Canadian history. This feature of his work is indeed a serious blemish. When one finds him leaning on secondary authorities like Miss Weaver's "A Canadian History" or the books published in the popular "Chronicles of Canada" series, one begins to have doubts about his method of writing history. The day is past when tertiary authorities are deserving of respect.

Mr. Porritt is not thoroughly familiar with Canadian history. It may be doubted whether Macaulay's schoolboy exists in Canadian schools to-day; but if he did, he at any rate would know better than to credit Mackenzie and Papineau, as Mr. Porritt does (p. 93), with having advocated responsible government in Canada before 1837. This error, however, is pardonable beside the statements that "military rule" existed in Canada from 1763 to 1774 (p. 66), and that Prince Edward Island and British Columbia "came under the terms of the British North America Act" (p. 211). These are "howlers" worthy of being included in a schoolmaster's collection. And yet, despite these and many other mistakes, the book is not without a distinct value. The chapters dealing with the government of Canada will not be read by any Canadian, no matter how learned in the law and

*"Evolution of the Dominion of Canada: Its Government and Its Politics." By Edward Porritt, New York: World Book Company. 1918. Pp. xix, 540.

custom of the constitution without interest and profit. It often happens that an outside observer will see things in a better perspective than those inside. Mr. Porritt is an Englishman living in the United States, and the unusual angle from which he writes gives his sketch of Canadian political institutions a freshness and vividness not found certainly in Sir John Bourne's "How Canada is Governed" or in Miss Agnes Laut's "The Canadian Commonwealth," the only other two books which attempt to cover the same ground. If Mr. Porritt had confined himself to the present, and had left the past severely alone, his book would have been on a different plane.

The books on Confederation by the Abbé Groulx and by Mr. Gosnell contain nothing new, and do not require more than mention. Nor does Professor Kennedy's "Documents of the Canadian Constitution"* need an extended notice. It is intended primarily for students of Canadian constitutional history, to whom it should be a boon, owing to the fact that other source-books of Canadian constitutional history are out of print. From the standpoint of the layman, it is a pity that Professor Kennedy has not included in his book a greater number of documents illustrating the history of the period since 1867. The book then would have had great value as a work of reference. But in selecting documents for a source-book of this sort, it is probable that no two people would agree completely; and it would be ungracious not to confess that Professor Kennedy has carried out a very necessary and admirable task in a way that leaves few loopholes for criticism.

"The Romance of Western Canada"† is a book intended to be read by him who runs. It is a plain, unvarnished, but interesting account of the history of the Canadian West. As Sir John Willison points out in his "Foreword," it is vital that the people of Eastern Canada should know the history of the West; and the book should be a source of profit to them, as well as to the people of the West, for whom it was doubtless primarily written. It is a story that is not lacking in picturesque elements. The adventures of the early explorers and fur-traders, the struggle between the Hudson's Bay men and the Nor'westers, the founding of the visionary Selkirk colony on the Red River, the Riel rebellions, even the mushroom-like growth of the West within the last generation—all these are instinct with drama and romance. Canadians do not perhaps always realize how fortunate they are in the possession of a history second to none in those qualities which go to the making of a striking and picturesque narrative.

For writing the history of the West, Mr. MacBeth has unusual qualifications. A son of the Red River colony, he has lived through much

that he describes. His book has therefore something of the character of that of an eye-witness. Pen-portraits of important figures in western history, such as Riel and Schultz, Norquay and Greenway, drawn from life, give his pages original value. At the same time he has not neglected the printed materials already available for the history of the West. His pages are not indeed burdened, as are those of Mr. Porritt, with foot-notes and bibliographical references; but every paragraph betrays a long and familiar knowledge of his subject. In a book which purports to survey the history of the whole West, it may perhaps be objected that Mr. MacBeth has devoted undue space to the history of the Red River colony, the importance of which in western history may easily be exaggerated. But this is natural and pardonable in a son of the colony. In view of the cursory character of some parts of the book, one might wish that Mr. MacBeth had limited himself to those passages in western history of which he has had personal knowledge; but in that case we should have lost the advantages of having a general survey. And without doubt the advantages of having a popular history of Western Canada written to some extent at first hand, with the vivid and veracious accent which such a character gives it, are not to be despised, especially when it is written also with the rare charity and impartiality which Mr. MacBeth everywhere displays. To the general reader "The Romance of Western Canada" may be commended without reserve; and even the professional historian will not find it without value.

Detailed reference to the books on New France by Professor Wrong and Professor Munro may well be omitted here until the entire series of "The Chronicles of America" is published, when Professor Skelton's "The Canadian Dominion," to be included in the same series, may also be reviewed. The general character of these books may be indicated by saying that they are similar in type to "The Chronicles of Canada" published several years ago. They aim at telling the story, in a manner at once popular and scholarly, of some one phase of North American history.

In the third volume of "Canada in Flanders"* Lord Beaverbrook has handed over his pen to Major Charles G. D. Roberts. Major Roberts tells the story of the Canadian Corps from the arrival of the Fourth Canadian Division in France in August, 1916, to the end of the fighting on the Somme in the late autumn of that year. During this period Major Roberts was himself with the Canadian Corps; and he has thus been able to draw, not only on the splendid collection of historical material which the Canadian Record Office has been making, but also on his personal observation. The book suffers, as do its predecessors, from the obvious limitations under which it has been written; indeed, the remarkable thing is that it has been possible to write it at all. Canada is the only

*"Documents of the Canadian Constitution, 1759-1915." Selected and Edited by W. P. M. Kennedy. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1918. Pp. xxxii, 707.

†"The Romance of Western Canada," by R. G. MacBeth. Toronto: William Briggs, 1918. Pp. xii, 309. \$1.50.

*"Canada in Flanders." Volume III. By Major Charles G. D. Roberts. With a Preface by Lord Beaverbrook. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton, 1918. Pp. xiv, 144.

country which has attempted, during the actual progress of hostilities, to publish an official account of the fighting in which her troops have been engaged. There must be an interesting story behind the publication of these books, when one considers the rigorous censorship which has elsewhere wrapped the details of the war in obscurity.

Major Roberts' volume is a distinct improvement on its predecessors. There is in it none of that fulsome flattery of prominent officers and politicians which marred the first volume of "Canada in Flanders." As might be expected, the book is written in fine nervous English. The style is, if anything, a trifle reserved; though here and there Major Roberts opens out into a purple passage, such as that describing the appearance of one of the "Tanks" at Courcellette, which deserves to become classic.

Human details abound. The fickle fortunes of war are well illustrated in the story of the raid which nearly miscarried because "the bugler who was to have sounded the signal to retire fell into an exceedingly muddy and unsavoury shell-hole and lost his bugle." One can see that bugler in the mind's eye. One likes, too, the story about the Canadian soldier, covered with Somme mud and soaked with Somme rain, who, when challenged by a sentry's "Halt. Who goes there?" grunted, "Submarine U 13." When one remembers how much there must have been that Major Roberts would have liked to say, but has not been able to say, his volume begins to assume the character of a *tour de force*.

Such are the chief contributions which the year 1918 has made to Canadian history. It is not perhaps a notable list; but in war time we must be content with small mercies.

A Desirable Compromise

MELODY scarcely allowed,
Discords the whole of the way,
Such is "Good Music" to-day,
Dull, and precipitous-browed.

Sentiment, pathos gone wrong,
Soft as the brain of a sheep,
Pretty, and vulgar—and cheap.
This is the Popular Song.

Why are composers to-day
Sloppy, or dry as a prune?
Oh, for a Schubert-y tune
Set in a Modernist way!

J. E. Middleton.

For War Doubts

Life is a little section square,
Cut from a picture vast and rare.
If we could see the whole design
We would not change a single line.

—W. D. Lighthall.

Canadian Publishers and War Propaganda

By HUGH S. EAYRS

ONE often hears the "man in the street," that vague and elfin maker of pronouncements, declare, with an injured air, that America has shown her knowledge of the value and effect of war propaganda, but that Canada has lagged far behind. Every possible force towards the securing of a national will to trounce Germany has been harnessed by the directors of propaganda in the United States, our informant goes on. Moving pictures, periodicals, transportation, theatre, pulpit, daily press,—those in control of these have set their hand and seal to a definite and direct course heading propaganda-wards—down there. In Canada, alas and alack—and here the injured one shakes his head as he visualizes his country going to the demnition bow-wows—we do not know the art of propaganda: we do not recognize its tremendous worth: we do not gauge its importance as a weapon in our national armory, and so on.

Canadian publishers of books, however, beg to be excused from taking the count. They don't agree. They think that so far as propaganda along effectual lines is concerned they have done their bit. An examination of the facts seems to substantiate their contention.

In over four years of war Canadian publishers have distributed probably at least one thousand different war books, all of which have had sales varying from one hundred only to twenty-five, thirty and forty thousand—old books and new books, wise books and foolish books, books intimately connected with and bearing on the Great War and books that had no possible relation whatsoever. In fact, anything that mentioned war, this war or any war, was a war book. As Canada was in the war, Canadian publishers followed suit. For Fall and Spring and Fall and Spring and Fall, bringing us to the end of 1916, war books had their innings. The public tired: it was the weariness that comes from over-feeding. But shortly America was to join the Allies, and Canadian publishers, to oblige their American connections, urged a renewal of the diet of war books. American publishers sold war books by the hundred thousand—they had just entered the war. Canadian houses counted themselves fortunate, in most cases, to sell them by the thousand. The reason is patent. They had done their part as propagandists at a time when propaganda counted, and though their work in this cause did not cease till the war was over, the part that remained was not so vital in importance. The prime need was men: it is conceivable that a

potential aid to their securing and drumming-up was the sale of a certain few books, and particularly in the early months of the war.

War-time book publishing which has contributed to propaganda effort may be divided into six main classes,

1. Books detailing the argument for the Great War.
2. Books of adventure and experience.
3. Books which were concerned to discover the Allies to the World.
4. Books reflecting personal emotion.
5. Books depicting the humorous side of war.
6. Books developing the national attitude to Peace and Reconstruction.

In the first of these classes come books like Sir Edward Cook's "Why the Empire is at War"; "Germany and the Next War" by Bernhardt; Grave's "Secrets of the German War Office" (since much discredited but invaluable propaganda in its way). These two or three are each types of large numbers of titles which, in 1915, the Canadian public read with avidity. The succinct, simple and complete statement of Sir Edward Cook as to British war aims, printed in both French and English, was propaganda of a very real kind indeed. The bragadoccio quality of Bernhardt's book inspired the reader to a personal share in the task of settling forever all that kind of talk.

In the second class, books of adventure and experience, there have been books touching on every phase of the war. The books of "Taffrail" and "Bartimeus" in their way are epics of the splendid part the British Navy was playing, particularly in the opening months. "My First Year of the War," Frederick Palmer's book, which had an amazing popularity, could not but stir the souls of men and impel them to some sort of effort. "Kitchener's Mob" by James Norman Hall told yet another story of the brave and gallant gentlemen who saved France and also England at the Battle of the Marne. Empey, a brutish looking sergeant, thrilled fifty thousand Canadian readers by his "Over the Top," a book that tore the heart out of the personal experience of the common soldier in the trench. Indisputably his book made many men make the decision that resulted in the donning of khaki. "Private Peat" was more ladylike in his treatment of the same theme, but he counted his readers in Canada by the tens of thousands. George Pearson's "Escape of a Princess Pat"—one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing in these many

years—immortalised those first Canadians in the war.

Books in this class, of course, are more numerous than in any other. There was excuse for most; reason for some, and all had the effect of harping on the one theme: that those they told of were doing their bit. The inferred interrogation was "What about you?" Certainly in the very fact of publishing such books Canadian publishers were indisputably doing propaganda work that counted.

Of books which attempted to clear up evident errors in the minds of neutrals—notably the United States before its entry—as to the reason for the Allies being at war, their part in the work and their way of bearing and doing their part, there were not enough.

An outstanding example of this class was H. G. Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," probably the sincerest bit of work that Wells ever did. "Mr. Britling," I venture to think, discovered England and the English to America. It dwelt alike on their drawbacks, their foibles, their blunders, and their magnificent and wholehearted effort. It might have been written by an outsider who is commonly supposed to see most of the game, so shrewd, so meticulously truthful, so character-faithful was it. "Christine," by Alice Cholmondeley, was another book whose propaganda value along this same line was immense. It showed the Englishwoman for what she was against the background of the German mind and character. Margaret Sherwood's "Worn Doorstep," "A Hill-top on the Marne" by Mildred Aldrich, and a few others all contributed to this end. It is important to remember that fiction played its part. "Changing Winds," by St. John Ervine, from the point of view of the character analysis, it contained, possibly belongs in the second class of which I have spoken. But it was indirectly the means of telling the truth about the Irish and the English in war time, and as such belongs in this third class. So does Mary Sinclair's "The Tree of Heaven," one of the greatest novels of our time; we shall see it as such when we get away from these stressful days.

This class could not be disposed of without mention of Ian Hay's invaluable propagandist book "Getting Together." Its author saw that the United States misunderstood the attitude of England and the English. He set to work and wrote a book which had an appreciable effect towards the end of sweeping away this misunderstanding.

There are many other books which helped along this line of discovering the purpose and aim of the early Allies, notably Britain. Canada needed and therefore heeded such books.

In the fourth class, books of verse had an important place. The poignancy of Rupert Brooke's poetry, in view of his death, touched the world. John McCrae's "In Flanders Field" rang through two hemispheres. Bernard Trotter, in his "Canadian Twilight" and other

poems, verse of exceptional merit, and Alan Seeger in his poetry, notably "I have a rendezvous with Death," stirred readers in their respective countries to a sense of the high calling of which these sang so strikingly. Along another line Harold Begbie's verse "Fighting Lines" and, much more lately, Douglas Durkin's "The Fighting Men of Canada," sang glory of the rank and file in stirring fashion. In prose Henri Barbusse, whose "Le Feu" had an extraordinary sale, made us aware of the very filth and smell of warfare as the French *poilu* knew it. The book had its place as propaganda. This class contained perhaps the most effective propagandist books of any, since they appealed to the intellect. They were for the men of thinking mind. They dealt not so much with the actualities of warfare as with the thoughts and impulses and emotions of those making war, individually each in his own corner of the world battlefield.

Empey in "Over the Top" may be said—if a vulgarity is permitted—to have "got them going." But the soldier-poets laid bare their inmost thoughts; their message was for the students and thinkers.

Very valuable propaganda indeed has been Bairnsfather's work, as a cartoonist, now published in five books. It was necessary that the lighter side of war be seen. There is a comical and humorous viewpoint as the soldier and sailor know, and Bairnsfather's drawings and Edward Streeter's "Dere Mabel" did their part in emphasising it. Books in this class are few, but in putting them out publishers achieved results as propagandists.

The fifth class is important and daily growing more so. To it belong such titles as Mr. Wells's "In the Fourth Year of the War," perhaps the sanest pronouncement on the attitude of the people composing the Allied nations towards Peace. Theodore Marburg's "League of Nations" books and Mr. Dillon's "Eclipse of Russia" are two among many scores of publications discussing post-war problems. The future will bring many more, one ventures to think, as it is bound to bring a good deal of matter referring to the place in the sun, which the new Germany is to be permitted to hold.

It should be said, in conclusion, that the propaganda work done by Canadian publishers has not been entirely haphazard. There has been plan and method in the decision to accept or refuse the average war book, and in the decision the fact of usefulness or uselessness from a propaganda standpoint has undoubtedly been a factor. The publishers might have paraphrased the saying of the old singer as to the relative value of hymns and laws and cried: "Let us make the reading of the people, we care not what makes the laws." They have treated their calling in these war years as a serious one and a high, and without their efforts the light of propaganda could not have shone to half the purpose it has shone.

H. G. Wells Again Incandescent

By J. A. DALE

THE fiction of to-day is turning its attention very gravely to education. Some of the most remarkable of recent novels set out to reveal the building-up (or undermining) of character and mind, in reaction to the swiftly changing circumstances of the last few years. A whole school of brilliant writers have vividly portrayed the growing pains of modern youth, undergoing the process of education in institutions less responsive than they to change. Never has there been an age so documented as this, so consciously and voluminously recorded, thanks largely to the writers of fiction. The future historian of our time will find some of his most living material in the records of sharp and subtle changes of atmosphere, in that most sensitive medium, the mind of youth.

Here is a subject made for Mr. Wells. And now, too, is the moment suited to his genius when young and old (both ideas and people) are suddenly halted as by a sentry on the way they were carelessly treading. Of course many (people and ideas) will slink by; but Mr. Wells has both the determination and the skill to make us face the facts as he very earnestly sees them. This goes to the root of Mr. Wells' success in this remarkable book. The panorama of society leaves a photographic, biographic, record on his mind. His observation is so alert and his memory so crowded that, without his immense energy, his store of experience would be a mere welter—at best an inexhaustible fund of anecdote. I have used the word "genius" of this book, "Joan and Peter." The justification could not be better said than in the famous passage of Coleridge: "To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar . . . that is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents." Mr. Wells' observation is as fresh, as restless, as completely absorbed and as easily distracted, as a child's. But with all this apparent incontinence of interest, there is the scientist's sense of the immanence of great principles in little things; and there is (though to a less extent) the artist's sense of their relevance to his composition. And behind all is a resolute, persistent, passionate ardour for the welfare of humanity.

Judged simply as a story, the plot marches firmly and clearly throughout, without any of those violent unnatural expedients which Mr. Dixon Scott (in the case of "Marriage") justly called "artless." It is full of interest and excitement, with many a deft and happy touch. Some of its episodes are masterly; such

as Peter's flying, Joan's dancing, and the scenes in which Wilmington and Joan bring Peter to his senses. Indeed in the personal relations to which the ordinary novel would confine its attention, the central characters form a moving study, much of it done without obvious ulterior motive, and with an extremely sensitive sympathy. Joan is a true heroine, drawn with insight and tenderness and strength, and in the working out of her relation to Peter Mr. Wells has dealt successfully with a difficult psychological problem in very concrete terms. Many of the minor characters are drawn with zest and skill, with the author's old wealth of resource in satire, comedy and farce. Mr. Wells makes little further addition here to his series of studies in sex pathology; his deep and practised sensitiveness to the sexual under and over tones stands him in better stead. He has drawn with clean justice and reverence a normal woman in her relations to men, in Dolly and Joan; while the distaste of Oswald and Joan and Wilmington for mere vicious indulgence sets the whole matter in a more wholesome perspective, the benefit of which it is obvious that Mr. Wells himself shares.

Mr. Wells then gives us full measure in his story. Its epic scale is due to the fact, that the influences moulding the lives of his characters are realised as moulding the fate of society, especially of England, and the British Empire. This gives him his chance for frank pamphleteering which is bound to be very annoying to many of his readers, and intolerable to some. Like his own Oswald he turns a fierce red eye (the effect is greatly enhanced by its being *one eye!* on his contemporaries. Probably there is no reader who will not find some source of irritation in these tirades; but it is the critic's business (and the wise reader's advantage) to keep his temper and arrive at a sound judgment. The novel is an improvisation, much of it masterly in the extreme, and unerring in literary skill; but sometimes careless, and more often incompletely worked out. Even for Mr. Wells' swiftly moving thought and instantaneous visualisation, the actual amount of time spent in writing this too long novel has been too short, and the success of his workmanship follows the variations of his mastery over the particular material in hand. Much of this belongs to the atmosphere of what Mr. Dixon Scott called "societies for scolding Society," in which Mr. Wells, like Mr. Shaw, was brought up.

Much more essential, however, is what I am tempted to call, the modesty of Mr. Wells. He is of course a radical in type: take this known fact, and the present book, as data. He takes as his angle of vision a clearly defined

character with a verifiable set of opinions, and tries it out against the actualities. Oswald, by his education in the Navy and in Africa, and by his mutilation in the heroic deed which gained him the V.C., is set apart from the ordinary influences which mould the minds of people brought up (like the class to which he belongs) in a fixed circle of conventions. Still further removed by long absence and all-absorbing work, he returns to look at English society, at once with detachment and with a passionately clear ideal of the imperial destiny. The situation immediately becomes concrete. He is not a mere critical spectator. He has to provide, within the resources of English society and education for his wards Joan and Peter—an education which shall prepare them for their share in the imperial heritage of privilege and responsibility. This is the central theme. By the accidents of orphanage and birth Joan and Peter are similarly cut off, and their isolation is admirably depicted. It would be hard to find more excellent and appealing studies of childhood, in its inarticulateness and helplessness, yet in the imaginative completeness of its world; all the fascinating interplay of dependence and independence. Having thus set his characters he leaves them to puzzle it out in the complex situations of their environment—puzzle it out as so many of heroes have done, as Mr. Wells has done himself, through a long career of thinking aloud in the hearing of the public.

It would certainly be a paradox to say that Mr. Wells is not positive. But it is as certainly true that his fundamental quality is scientific—the testing out of hypotheses, a never defeated, if generally baffled, research. Oswald and Peter will follow their own experience and character in attempting to work out the puzzles of life, and Mr. Wells will give them every chance to arrive at their different conclusions. Even Peter's Old Experimenter is only one phase of Mr. Wells' very experimental God—this time, an image made less in the likeness of man than a symbol of the whole process by which all life adapts itself without ceasing, to environments only dimly understood, and only capriciously friendly. It is a tribute both to Mr. Wells' science and his art that the problems over which he and his characters are exercised are left unsolved; for they are the deepest of problems, and he leaves intact their final quality, that their solution is beyond us. Not that he is without clues, both in his science which has taught him what is known about the biological processes, and in his intense faith in the power of knowledge and trained goodwill. Mr. Wells has in some of his work shown a weakness for prophecy; perhaps the modesty I note here is a recent acquisition. But even in dealing with his main

theme, education, of which he does know a great deal, he rejects the easy way of a premature solution. It would take far too long to follow Oswald and his wards on their educational pilgrimage, but those who are anxious about educational problems (they must be callous whom the war has not shaken into anxiety) will find them of absorbing interest. The criticism is bitter and destructive; but what are the enemies? The mere list shows how fundamentally constructive the criticism must be. All his batteries are trained on stupidity, self-deception, cant, intolerance, ignorance, prejudice. If he attacks the schools, it is because he sees in some of them these very qualities, fraught with disaster past, present and future, being fostered in the very institutions which should destroy them. He blazes at the thought of the lost time, the lost power for good, the fumbling incompetence; "the generations going to waste, like rapids." He knows that man at his best can stop it; but he knows, too, that we have as yet only "the faintest idea of the possibilities and responsibilities of education."

The general fogginess about what education can and ought to do, and by what means—the debate carried on in vague, slippery terms, any attempt to elucidate which leads to exasperation—all this is well done. But it is only right to add that educational opinion and practice is moving, and that some of Mr. Wells' school pictures already look old-fashioned. For the purpose of this novel he has in mind exclusively the training of those who are destined to belong to the "directing classes"—the natural point of view of his Oswald. Even within these limits he can not convey a complete idea of English education. The English way leaves so much to personal initiative, that the discontents and aspirations, becoming rapidly more articulate during the last fifteen years, have bred a promising freedom and variety. Neither are there any men more worthy to be called guardians than the best type of English public-schoolmaster, nor any more fruitful nurseries than the old universities. One of the world's great undeveloped sources of "wealth" is the bringing of this personal inspiration to the character building, not of the happy few, but of every one with the capacity of response. Then the business of the commonwealth will be done with more humanity and better workmanship—with fewer of the mistakes which depress and anger not Mr. Wells only, and with more of the steadfast purpose and trained knowledge which has gone into man's scientific achievements. That is the hope that lies deep in Mr. Wells' thought and gives it its extraordinary incandescence, ("Joan and Peter," by H. G. Wells, Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.75.)

"Drums Afar," by J. M. Gibbon

BY his second novel, bearing the resounding title "Drums Afar," Mr. John Murray Gibbon definitely establishes himself as the most important novelist domiciled in Canada. This is a much less sweeping statement than might appear at first sight, for Canada does not happen at present to be the abiding-place of any great number of novel-writers whose importance extends beyond the narrow limits of the cradle-bars of the infantile Canadian Novel. Mr. Gibbon is not a Canadian, is not trying to write the Canadian Novel, and is in no wise circumscribed by the cradle-bars. Although living in our midst, he writes books which belong, by all the indications of style and contents, to the new Younger School of English fiction—and to a Scottish branch of it; and to discuss him in relation to Canada is merely to evade the difficult task of placing him in relation to the other rising young novelists of Great Britain. We must be thankful (to Providence and the Canadian Pacific Railway) that we have him in our midst, and that he is more and more devoting his art to Canadian subject-matter; but it would be absurd to claim him as a Canadian author or to assert that his books are the product of a Canadian environment. It is scarcely likely, even should he live here for the rest of his life, that he will ever be one of the parents of the Canadian Novel. He may, however, be one of the obstetricians assisting at its birth; for he is certainly helping Canadian writers to see the pictorial qualities and dramatic values of much of the current life of our country which they have been grossly neglecting in their ill-advised hunt for true Canadian romance in the lonely wastes of the hinterland or the vague and shadowy days of the past. "Drums Afar" makes the present-day life of Montreal a part subject (not the whole subject, but quite an important part) of a very vivid and very romantic narrative, and puts the Windsor Hotel into current literature (perhaps into permanent literature—who knows?) by staging in one of its luxurious suites a very poignant and tremendously human love-quarrel between an Oxford graduate and the daughter of a Chicago millionaire. It is typical of our lack of confidence in our own "atmosphere" that no Canadian writer (even if one of them could have written this scene as well as Mr. Gibbon) would have dreamed of staging it in such a place.

Novels concerning love and marriage between an English youth and an American girl have been plentiful enough in recent years, but none of them, we believe, has devoted quite so much skill and care to the portrayal of what the two parties, and their respective families and entourages, really think about the other country and its institutions and manners. The real theme of "Drums Afar" is the growth of understanding between England and the United

States; and Canada plays her part chiefly as a mediator in the process of mutual revelation. The Americans understand Canada in spite of her being British, and are thereby helped to a better understanding of the British themselves; the Britisher begins by scorning Canada (Mr. Gibbon refrains from giving us details of the behavior of noisy Canadians in England prior to 1914, which gave rise to this scorn, but leaves room for a horrible suspicion that some of our Rhodes Scholars were in part responsible) and ends by learning from Canada his own weaknesses and acquiring a conception of Anglo-Saxondom which he could not have obtained from any number of years in Oxford. The result is a development of mutual sympathy and understanding which is genuinely typical of the process which has been going on in all three countries ever since the war began to knead them together.

The chief defect of the novel is one which is common also to "Hearts and Faces," the author's earlier work, and to not a few of the younger English novelists. It is an excessive pre-occupation with external detail. Time and again Mr. Gibbon forgets all about his characters in the joy of telling us all about some new place to which he has taken them. His information is illimitable. If it were not for the loss to the art of fiction, we should be strongly tempted to nominate him as successor to that Herr Baedeker who is now, we fear, permanently dismissed from his post of chief guide-book-writer to the English-speaking traveller. He can give you the effect produced by a great mountain at sunrise, the ensemble of a famous restaurant, the decoration of Mrs. Van Schuyler's tea-room at Newport, the furniture of a Goettingen boarding-house, the noise of the Chicago Pit, each in twenty lines of crisp staccato sentences. At a conservative calculation, his hero and heroine in this novel travel between twenty and thirty thousand miles during the action, and the important part is that the reader has to go with them. As a result, he is too busy studying the scenery to learn much about the character of his companions, and they never have time to stop and reveal themselves fully.

For all that, Madeline Raymond, the Chicago girl with the lovely voice and the picturesque vocabulary, is drawn in sufficient relief to be a highly desirable, if not absolutely a loveable character, and as soon as she begins to take shape, which is not until nearly half-way through the volume, the story becomes much more gripping than when it was concerned merely with the university experiences, the European travels and the calf-love affairs of the comparatively shadowy Charles Fitzmorris. Owing to Mr. Gibbon's method, we know all about what Charles wears, and what he reads, and how he decorates his rooms, and what he thinks (or rather what he says he thinks—much

of the dialogue is merely a snappy exchange of opinions on all sorts of current topics), but we do not know much about what he is, beyond that he is a very decent sort of Oxford man with rather more than the usual enterprise and accessibility to new ideas, and that we are quite pleased when he manages to win such a charming prize as Madeline—and wish he would not Oxfordise quite so solemnly as he does after his first “passionate kisses.”

“I believe I’m still a savage,” she whispered, as she drew back panting for breath.

As for Charles, he said:

“I believe I would like you better as a savage than as a civilized sophisticated Chicago girl. It is this raw primal nature that has bridged the ocean and the three hundred years between us. My God, how beautiful you are!”

It is really wonderful how Oxford men can carry on psychological analysis in the most trying circumstances.

There are a number of excellent minor characters, though the plot flickers so rapidly and constantly that we seldom get a chance to contemplate them carefully. Madeline’s father is a good example of the best type of American business man. There is no villain, if we except the German Empire and a Cockney adver-

tisement writer, who perpetrates the following highly quotable dithyramb:

Bunn’s Blue Pills came to the modern children of Israel like manna in the oasis. They are like Mecca to the Arab steed and sweep like the Assyrian upon the fold of intestinal troubles. Like Orion and the Pleiades, Bunn’s Blue Pills float above our dark and troublous life, lighting our way to the carefree digestion of the cassowary, in whose spacious stomach a stone becomes as soft and succulent as Turkish Delight. The discovery of the United States by Christopher Columbus was nothing as to this world-upheaving discovery by Professor Bunn, who stands like Moses upon a peak in Darien, holding his rod over the promised land of impregnable digestions.

One notable service, both to Canada and the world at large, which “Drums Afar” is likely to perform is the introducing to a larger public of the exquisite folk-songs of Old French Canada, which Mr. Gibbon’s hero and heroine perform in Pierrot style at Henley in the days before the war. For that matter, we cannot conceive of anybody reading this book without accumulating some few additional scraps of knowledge about the world and its peoples from the author’s astounding storehouse. But is there any authority for clipping the last syllable of the lady’s name in “Marianne s’en va-t-au moulin,” as Mr. Gibbon insists on doing? (S. B. Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50 net.)

Fisheries of the North Sea

THERE is a noticeable dearth of literature in book form on the commercial fisheries of the world. Writings on the subject are numerous, but mostly in government blue books, and small pamphlets are they found, and usually in technical language not understood by the layman. “The Fisheries of the North Sea,” by Neal Green, is a welcome addition to piscatorial bibliography. The writer shows a distinct grasp of the subject and an unusual knowledge of the fisheries of Scandinavia, France, Germany, Russia, Canada and the United States. It is a little book, but its chapters are well balanced and show evidences of some clear thinking. Mr. Green gives a light and comprehensive sketch of the history and the natural advantages of the North Sea fisheries, and, while dealing particularly with that prolific fish-producing area, he introduces several interesting features on fish migrations, methods of fishing, value of catches in other waters.

The principle back of the book is the need for greater development of the North Sea

fisheries after the war. He complains of the lack of interest in the fisheries on the part of the public and their apathy to the importance and economy of fish as a food. A note of warning is sounded as to continental competition in the exploitation of the North Sea fisheries after peace is declared, and he advises British fishermen to be prepared to maintain supremacy in an industry which means much to Britain in export trade and in the manning of naval and merchant ships.

All that Mr. Neal says can be applied to Canada in the development of our own fisheries, and we heartily recommend this book to Canadians—not only those directly interested in the fishing industry, but also those thoughtful citizens who are now studying ways and means for the economic development of our natural resources as a medium for paying our debts and adding to the wealth of the Dominion. (Methuen & Co., London, 4s. 6d. net.)

F. William Wallace.

Some Recent Canadian Verse

By J. A. DALE

- Norwood, Robert W.: "The Modernists." McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.25.
 Redpath, Beatrice: "Drawn Shutters." Gundy, Toronto, \$1.25.
 Aikins, Carroll: "Poems." Sherman, French & Co., Boston, 85c.
 Middleton, Jesse Edgar: "Sea Dogs and Men at Arms." McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50.
 Gordon, Alfred: "Vimy Ridge and New Poems." J. M. Dent & Son, Toronto, \$1.25.

MR. NORWOOD'S new volume, "The Modernists," has an unusually interesting plan. His Modernists are people who were "modern" in their day, who saw through and beyond the current conventions, discerning the religion of the future. Through their lips he aims to show the vital quality of religion in the historic development of man, from the primitive savage to the modern scientist. His method is to take a series of historic characters and make them reveal their inmost heresies in dramatic monologue, in the Browning manner. It is a grandiose scheme, and one to stir the imagination. Mr. Norwood works it out with the fervid enthusiasm of his emotional temper, entering with eager warmth into the imaginary thoughts of his characters, in order to show how they foreshadow or illuminate or re-interpret the figure of Christ. It is indeed a wonderful pageant of history that is conjured up by the mere list of his pioneers—beginning with the nameless Prometheus of the cave-men, and leading, through Pharaoh Akhenaton, Pharaoh's daughter, Moses, Naaman, the Prophet of Chebar, Socrates, Vashti, Balthazar (one of the Magi), the wife of Pilate, doubting Thomas, Mary, Paul, Porphyry, Dante, Joan of Arc, Bruno, and across a considerable gap to Darwin.

The ambitious scale of Mr. Norwood's venture draws special attention to his style, and this is not evenly equal to his zeal. The verse, while easy and abundant, lacks too often the distinction that comes from the self-control of the artist. Real felicities, though there are many of them, are more rare than they should be considering Mr. Norwood's fund of imagery and sense of music. If he tries (like Keats) to "surprise by a fine excess," he lacks as yet that craftsmanship which alone can put excess to good artistic use, and so produce the surprise that is followed by satisfaction. For plastic, as is the material of poetry, it needs a firm and clean handling to give that air of finality which distinguishes the best art. Mr. Norwood challenges a high standard. Browning himself achieved a robust control of a riotous imagination and immense knowledge, to an extent unusual with him, in "Cleon" and "Karshish"—masterly studies which must inevitably be recalled. Two more modern poems of the same kind have

recently shown the same wealth of imagery, but in other respects present an interesting contrast: Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's "Sale of St. Thomas" (in the Georgian Poetry Book, 1911-12), and Mr. Vautier Golding's "Miriam" (in the University Magazine). The former is pictorial and unconcerned with prophecy—a vivid recreation of the doubting apostle face to face with his life-work, alone, at the beginning of his journey to India. The latter is an interpretation of the mind of the mother of Jesus—a most thoughtful piece of work, as sober and masterly in execution as it is glowing and picturesque in imagination.

Mr. Norwood's epilogue is a very inadequate "Voice of the Twentieth Century." It is not altogether Mr. Norwood's fault if without the help of emotional stimulus and a picturesque dramatic setting, our unhappy century makes but a ragged appearance in the gorgeous procession, and is a laggard in spite of the poet's lash. When he can no longer interpret, without contradiction the first stammerings of prophecies now safely fulfilled, his facile imagery forsakes him. It is as though on a bleak day a door had blown open in Mr. Norwood's heated apartment, or an uncorked bottle of soda-water appeared from his cellar of heady wine.

With Mrs. Redpath's volume "Drawn Shutters," we turn to an art of carefully recognised limitations, done well within the writer's powers, and done consistently well. It suggests at once the sister art of the brush. Her colour scheme is admirably set by the title poem, and so is the range of moods it paints; it is gray and shadowed, with cool greens and silvers, whose dominance is emphasised by the intruding splash of sunlit red. Even in "Full Noon" the heat and colour preclude movement and almost stifle life, while they deepen the harmony of the prevailing grays.

Her most persistent thoughts are of sleep and weariness and death, of inert rebellion, and longing for a vague escape, and vain backward brooding upon tragedy—tragedy not recalled in piercing detail, but in a narcotic day-dream; and the lines move listlessly in keeping with the thought. Some of her happiest effects are of actual day-dreams; for example, "The Dancer" calls up a delightful interpretation of motion and sound in terms of picture. Her characters are dreamers; such as her gentle "Sailor," who had never been out of town, but lived in his dreams of the sea, (so unlike those of Mr. W. H. Davies' captivating but prevaricating seaman!). And the spirit to which she gives most poignant and intimate expression is that of the "Dead Soul" so hopelessly unfledged that it will never have the strength to rise from the earth. Mrs. Redpath gives evidence, as in "Earth Love," of

a less passive attraction to the earth than sheer inability to leave it: will she not open her drawn shutters and interpret her world in the light of day? But meanwhile she has made a real harmony of her little room in the gallery of art.

Mr. Aikins wins respect at once by his Dedication, which shows a sober dignity of thought and music, not unworthy of its reminiscence of some of Wordsworth's best loved lines. This impression is confirmed. The little volume is pleasant reading, varied in mood and versification; but always full of charm, the expression of a real lyrical gift. The range is not wide and the scale is small; but the touch is both sure and light. Mr. Aikins' taste is fine and delicate, and his thought rings true.

With Mr. Middleton's volume we turn sharply to the events of war. Many of these lyrics sing of heroic and pitiful things, written while the news was fresh. They are set in a background of memories of the old "seadogs and men-at-arms" whose spirit lives on in those upon whom their task has fallen today. These unpretentious verses breathe a manly patriotism, which finds expression in many robust forms. Mr. Middleton is one of the many saddened men who see their ideals violated and their boys lost in their defence, while they are themselves rejected from the service and relegated to less clear and simple duties. But this succession of courageous lyrics which has appeared from time to time in the *Toronto Daily News* is part of his "bit." His readers do not forget that, even if its poetic quality be slight,

The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed.

The title of Mr. Alfred Gordon's new volume sets a theme of abiding glory, to which his tribute of song is a thoughtful study of Canada under her new experience of military fame. He shows her turning, in the midst of exultation, to the old Motherland sobered, a long familiarity with successful war and its responsibilities to unboastful silence. In this poem, and in "Spring 1916," there is a simple strength of thought and workmanship, that augurs a greater permanence than can be expected of most war-verse. These

two have something of the quality which distinguishes Wordsworth's war poetry, and is rare so far in the poetry of today—the combination of deep feeling and restraint, the absence of merely literary or pictorial adornment, the concentration on things missed by more facile writers, and the remoteness from ephemeral accidentals. The same quality is shown in "Not Made with Hands," which is not, however, a war poem.

There is a strongly contrasted group of war-ballads celebrating such stirring incidents as the silence of forty British prisoners before Byng's attack at Cambrai, or the return of a riddled aeroplane with its pilot dead. A third group consists of short and searching studies of less obvious soldier types—"The Coward," "The Conscientious Objector," "The Conscript": the man who goes to fight to escape suicide, and the man who goes because he is haunted by the eyes of "Fallen Comrades." The lament for "John McCrae" takes the poppy theme and makes a finely contrasted picture from Swinburne. Of the other poems, which display considerable versatility, one calls for special mention—"The Little Son of the Prophet." The crisis in which the prophet reveals his mind is of great interest and strongly handled. After fulfilling his long and hard preparation in the wilderness, he has done his mission of denunciation, and the fresh fire of the Lord's message has died down. He has long-looked for one to take up his mantle when the time comes, and his choice has fallen on a lad whom he loves. But the boy disappoints his hopes, and proves unequal to the heavy burden of prophecy. This opens the deeper issue of the conflict between the desires of the human heart and the life of ascetic dedication—with the final cleaving doubt of the validity of the revelation of God's will. The situation is convincingly personal and historic: its power lies in its being also universal. It is a type of a crisis constantly recurrent in the relation of elder and younger. Technically it is a good example of Mr. Gordon's art at its best—the combination already noted of deep feeling and austere workmanship.



George Iles' "Canadian Stories"

IN one of his essays, Bacon sagely remarks, "The mixture of a lie doth ever lend zest to appetite." It may be in response to some such unconscious impulse that so many travellers along certain well-defined paths in the world of books turn for "zest" into the easy, wandering by-paths of frictions—even though it may be harsh to apply to fiction the "short and ugly" name of lie. It has been said, moreover, that every newspaperman in North America is secretly writing a play. Why is it not as reasonable to suppose that every writer who has not yet attempted it, privately cherishes the ambition to try his hand at that most elusive medium, the short story?

It is hard to imagine the appetite of George Iles requiring zest. No man has preserved his enthusiasms more fresh and buoyant than he. Possessed of that leisure which in so many cases is fatal to all sustained effort, he has never fallen victim to futility or mere dilettantism in either his interests or his writings. Spending the major portion of each year in New York and the rest in Montreal, he knows an incredibly large number of the people best worth knowing in both places. Some day perhaps he will take time to write a volume of reminiscences which will be very well worth reading.

It was perhaps to his intimate friendship with Mark Twain and to more than a passing acquaintanceship with Robert Louis Stevenson that he owed his final inspiration to write. From his earliest boyhood the story of the work of the world's greatest inventors had always interested him. An early and long-sustained friendship with Thomas A. Edison gave him much of the personal interest for the two books which made his reputation as a writer on scientific studies, "Flame, Electricity and the Camera" and "Inventors at Work," both now out of print. These were followed by "Great American Inventors," with admirable sketches of Fulton, Whitney, Blanchard, Morse, Goodyear, Ericsson, Mergenthaler and several others.

What is a man with these leanings doing among the short story writers? one asks. Perhaps this slender little book of tales marks the definite transition of interest in a ripe intelligence from things to men. These "Canadian Stories"

are all studies of men rather than chronicles of events, examples of the queer evolutions of that queerest of all created things, the human mind. They will have unusual interest for the Montrealers who remember their city as it was from forty years to half a century ago, for their background is in nearly every case the Montreal of that period. How many of the characters which pass across the pages under fictitious names may be recognized by those who remember those days it would be hard and perhaps a bit dangerous to say.

Mr. Iles is not one to dally with the well-established and easily recognized artifices of the professional teller of tales. Part of the charm of these little stories is what lies hidden between the lines. Here and there there is a bit of the real Montreal of other days, as in "Who Killed John Burbank?" here and there a whimsical tribute to the changeability of human nature as in "Slight Repairs." "As Others See Us" is perhaps the most original and best told of the stories.

Following these there is a reprinted lecture delivered last year at Hackley School on "Choosing Books," slightly autobiographical and very practical, a real guide for one taking the short-cut of the five foot shelf. There is an excellent but too short list of "books to be read" with it.

Then, by way of good measure, as it were, there are a few pages of epigrams, some of which may be given as samples:

Hope is faith stretching out its hands in the dark.

An art is a handicraft in flower.

A superstition is a premature explanation that has outstayed its time.

If there were no cowards there would be no bullies.

Righteous indignation may be spleen in disguise.

Men will never disappoint us if we observe two rules, (1) to find out what they are, and (2) to expect them to be just that.

A man may be called generous who suffers from mere pecuniary incontinence.

Many an old library is not a quarry but a graveyard. Its inscriptions tell us only of the dead.

My son, honour thy father and thy mother by improving upon their example.

Altogether Mr. Iles' first venture into the field of fiction has been a happy one. It is to be hoped it will not be his last. (The Witness Press, Montreal, \$1.)



The Distinction of Hergeshemier

DISTINCTION," in novels, as in whiskies, is the result of a subtle blending of many qualities, some of them too delicate and elusive for classification. It has not hitherto been a characteristic mark of any class of American fiction. Strength, audacity, industry, observation, sentiment, sympathy, invention, mechanical skill—all of these in turns, and sometimes all of them at once, have been exhibited by the American novel often enough; but they have left it measurably below the level of the corresponding English product, in the opinion of those who judge literary values with a discriminating palate, by reason chiefly of the lack of this one quality or blend of qualities called distinction. Not one of them hitherto has imparted the feeling that it was the product of a mind at once delicate and dexterous, both in the matter of its thought and in the manner of its expression. Just as certain men and certain women produce, at an instant's glance or in a few words of conversation, the effect of "race," of "family," of a distinction which goes further back than anything that the individual himself can have achieved by his own actions or experiences, so there are certain writers who give one the same satisfying feeling after fifty pages of their writing (and never cancel it by a lapse into commonness); and such writers have been rare in American imaginative literature since it cut itself loose from its English ancestry. Joseph Hergesheimer, who now has three important books to his credit, is one of them. He is a very recent addition to American literature, and one for which Americans should be thankful. American critics have compared him with several English writers of "distinction," but only with one American—Hawthorne.

"The Three Black Pennys" (Penny is a proper name, and the compositor and proof-reader will therefore please refrain from correcting this plural into Pennies or Pence), the latest Hergesheimer novel, is thoroughly and intensely American, unless we are to take the rash and unjustified course of declaring that distinction is an un-American quality. It

deals with American life over a period of one hundred and fifty years, with the development of an American family, with American social conditions; and it does so with an insider's knowledge and sympathy. It cannot be wholly a coincidence that both in its form—that of three mating episodes in successive generations of the same family,—and in its milieu—that of a family of great ironworkers,—it agrees absolutely with the famous English play "Milestones"; but it certainly owes nothing to that play except a suggestion. It is not the operations of the parental and family influences which interest Mr. Hergesheimer, as they did Messrs. Bennett and Knoblauch; his characters are too powerful to be much governed by such influences, and the three stories are clean-cut depictions of strong individuality, chiefly shown in the workings of the sex instinct—told by a man who writes about sex with the absolute detachment of the artist and not with the pornographic over-emphasis of our leading magazine contributors, nor the slightly shamefaced glance-and-run methods of the more honest American realists.

The reader who has access to a bookstore need not take our word for the qualities of the Hergesheimer work. They stand out as notably in the style, the writing, as in the conception. Let him pick up a copy of "The Three Black Pennys" and peruse the opening page, beginning: "A twilight like blue dust sifted into the shallow fold of the thickly wooded hills." If that page does not give him acute satisfaction, he need not bother any further; the book is not for him. A reader who is not accessible to distinction in language will not be truly devout before distinction in character-drawing and philosophy. . . . The wrapper informs us that Mr. Hergesheimer is Pennsylvania Dutch of many generations standing, and that he is thirty-seven years old, and that there are not "interesting details" in his life—which is quite the most interesting thing that it could tell us. (S. B. Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50 net.)

Fist Fights In Far B. C.

THAT large school of fiction-readers who are thrilled by the vivid description of a good fist fight will find plenty of this form of entertainment in "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," by Robert Watson, who has studied Jeffrey Farnol to some purpose. It is the story of an Englishman's experiences while keeping a country store in a remote lumbering district in British Columbia, and some of the incidents are good literary material. Such, for instance, is the story of the dour old Scotsman, Andrew Clark, who has said no word to his wife for ten years on account of a vow that he would never speak to her again if she did something in disobedience to his orders, and

who is eventually brought to reason by being penned up in the chicken-house for many days without feed; his breakdown, when he calls for his wife and confesses that the ten years have been years of torture for himself, is very beautiful human material, simply told. The handling of the main story is amateurish, and it seems unnecessary that the hard-fighting hero should have to become eventually the Earl of Brammerton and his lady-love of the backwoods turn out to be Lady Rosemary Granton. Mr. Watson is to be congratulated on his title, which is eminently calculated to make Mr. Farnol jealous. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto, \$1.50 net.)

Willow, the Wisp, and the Way of the Wilds

ARCHIE P. McKishnie (one pauses to reflect how totally different a brand of literature he would undoubtedly have produced had he elected to sign himself with the indoors appellation of Archibald) is by virtue of inheritance and long practice the foremost of our lumber limit litterateurs, the most accomplished of our furnishers of fishing-camp fiction. There is, apparently, an inexhaustible demand for novels about the "smell o' the woods an' the call o' the birds," and the "clear-fringed shores" of the "placid lake" with their "rush-lined shallows," and big, muscular, open-air men to whom the stars "sing out in the hushed night with a melody atune with the eternal chord upon which hung all the harmony" of their respective worlds. There is a whole Dominion full (for the most part) of city-dwellers, convinced that human nature only finds its real, all-round development in the vast primeval loneliness of the forest—but not by any means prepared to seek their own development there and abandon the delights of the movie-show and the departmental store; and these have an unconquerable yearning to read about "the big, simple law of the forest, which reads, "'Everythin' pays sooner or later,'" and which they therefore conceive to be something totally different from any law current in Toronto, Montreal, New York or Petrograd. Mr. McKishnie feeds their yearning with much skill and with a real knowledge of the woods and solitudes over which he thus sentimentalises (a knowledge which must at times make him blush to sentimentalise so), and a growing knack of contriving a workable plot. "Willow, the Wisp" (the title raises the old question whether an author has a right to name or nickname his characters with a sole view to inflicting a pun upon his readers) is at least Mr. McKishnie's

third novel, and in all respects except that of originality of literary style it is a decided advance on its predecessors. The vagueness of characterization which made it difficult to keep up an interest in the personages of the former books is still present, but in the case of the eponymous heroine of the new one the mists of the northern lakes occasionally part sufficiently to enable her to take some sort of form and beauty, albeit a form highly reminiscent of the various "Girls" of various geographical sub-divisions of the United States who have given their names to many recent American novels and their wind-blown hair and abbreviated

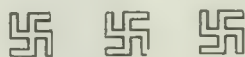
skirts to the illustrators of the same. About his new hero, also, Mr. McKishnie has hung an ingenious aura of romance by making him a sort of natural-born animal tamer, who plays with bears and foxes as other men with cats and dogs, and who is saved from an impending relapse into his old-time drug habit by the affectionate solicitousness of a huge and ferocious female lynx. A regular modern Daniel! When a man like this gets into a complicated love affair and a feud with lawless neighbours at the same time, one naturally wants to know how he is going to come out of it, and so one reads to the end of a novel which seems at times a trifle over-burdened with descriptions of sunsets and purple mountains

and tamaracks and forest-ringed lakes.

The end is all that the most sentimental reader could wish for; the good are happy and mated, the bad are punished and hated. But then have we not that good old "law of the forest" to ensure just that retributive justice which, in our less primitive cities, and other places where the forest has been chopped down, so often misses its mark? (Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.35.)



Archie P. McKishnie.



Twentieth Century Librarianship

By Mary J. L. BLACK

IT is a long step from the scholarly musty old gentleman one has so often seen pictured as guarding the library, wrapped up in his books, without an eye or thought to the outside world, to the alert business-like personage one now sees moving quickly around the streets, meeting the world in their offices and factories, coming in constant contact with commercial life, and who introduces himself as the city librarian. This new type may be scholarly and have a wide book knowledge, but to him books are only a means to an end, and so he realizes that this constant contact with the work-a-day world is necessary in order that he can learn their book needs, and put the enormous mass of printed material at their disposal. To him, there is little virtue in having a book on the shelf unless there is also a reader at hand to enjoy and use it, and so to him, there is more joy and glee in finding a reader than even in getting possession of a fine and rare edition. If this modern were asked to enumerate the qualifications necessary for successful librarianship, he would surely put the spirit of service and knowledge of people even before a knowledge of books and all three would precede an acquaintance with library technique and business training. The interested public, however, soon recognize that the last mentioned qualification exists also, and that their librarian is not a sentimental and altruistic missionary indulging in works of supererogation, but rather a sane and practical member of society who desires to create a need for his service in the public life, that will carry his calling far beyond the class of the sinecure. With this object in view, the modern public library has developed with all its reference facilities of books and periodicals, newspaper clippings, and trade bibliographies to which everyone has the easiest possible access. That the public library is an institution instituted for the purpose of catering only to a special class or group of classes is a fallacy from which it is very hard to get away, the whole history of the movement conducing to that misconception. Our musty old friend begrudged allowing even students to use his books, but his prejudices were at last overcome. Following his regime came the library of our childhood which was an institution for mechanics as well as students. Since then the children have come to their own, but often at the expense of these former groups, and following the recognition of the children's needs has come an appreciation of the claims of young people. It is only, however, since our business-like librarian has taken charge, that the thought has come to us, that the public library is not specifically a students' library, or a mechanics, or even a children's, but a citizens' library, and that unless it reaches directly as well as indirectly every class of citizen in

the community, it is not fulfilling its normal function.

This idea presents a problem much greater than anything with which our librarian has ever been confronted before, and it is one that can only be solved approximately during the present generation. In the days to come, when the children growing up will have all been taught in the schools how to read, and in the public libraries what to read, the problem of the librarian in his relationship to the adult members of the community will be greatly simplified. By then, everyone will have been trained to recognize in the public library, the natural laboratory, where all workers in the community will turn for inspiration and new ideas, or for means for developing those ideas which already have come to them through their practical experience. Then, that antagonism, which though often unnoticed, is nevertheless most general between the practical man of experience, and the book taught man, will have disappeared, for by then, we will have all learned that book information is of no value if not put into use, and that personal endeavor is but slightly to one's credit, unless the worker knows from books as well as from personal experience that



MISS MARY J. L. BLACK,
Librarian, Fort William, Ont.

he is getting the best results in the easiest and quickest way. Then, the librarian will be able to stand, equipped with his books and his knowledge of them, and wait for the public to come when occasion requires, but much that makes twentieth century librarianship interesting will have passed away. How tame his life will be, when the man about town turns to the public library for his literary needs as naturally as to his club for his social requirements, and when even the trained student realizes that there is a world of bibliographies of bibliography with which he could not personally hope to be acquainted, but which is available at the public library. Probably other fields of activity will open themselves to him, but in the meantime we congratulate ourselves that our duty lies in these days of development when the fight is still keen, and when the citizen at large is turning with a wondering eye to the hitherto unappreciated treasure trove of printed matter in the city's public library.

A Working Library of Pulp and Paper Literature

SOME time ago the committee on Technical Education of the Technical Section of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association were asked to suggest a list of books and periodicals that would serve as the foundation for a working library in a pulp or paper mill reading room or the town library of a mill town. It was decided that such a list should include some general subjects besides strictly pulp and paper material because of the diversity of work necessary in such a mill. Consequently, the following list is suggested. It can be extended if desired, especially along scientific lines.

Pulp and Paper.

- Chapters on Papermaking, Beadle.
- The Manufacture of Paper, Sindall.
- Technology of Papermaking, Sindall.
- Wood Pulp and Its Uses, Cross, Bevan & Sindall.
- Practical Papermaking, Clapperton.
- Text Book on Papermaking, Cross and Bevan.
- Dyeing of Paper Pulp, Erfurt.
- Papermaker's Pocketbook, Beveridge.
- Paper Mill Chemist, Stevens.
- Chemistry of Papermaking, Griffin & Little. (Out of print.)
- Treatment of Paper for Special Purposes, Andes.

General.

- General Chemistry, as McPherson & Henderson.
- General Physics, as Carhart & Chute.
- American Machinists Handbook, Colvin & Stanley.
- Steam Power Plant Engineering, Gebhardt.
- American Electrician's Handbook, Terrell Croft.
- Engineer's Handbook, as Kent or Trautwine.

Periodicals.

- Paper, New York.
- Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada, Montreal.
- Power, New York.
- Engineering News-Record, New York.
- Canadian Chemical Journal, Toronto.
- Canadian Forestry Journal, Ottawa.
- Industrial Management, New York.

Library Notes

THE Board of Management of the Windsor Public Library have in their selection of a librarian to succeed the late Miss Frances E. McCrae shown a wisdom not always displayed by public bodies. When a librarian was to be appointed, instead of regarding the office as a plum for some retired school-teacher or other untrained and inexperienced local aspirant, the Board set out in search of a person who possessed the necessary qualifications. The development of library work in the province fortunately gives now a fairly wide field of choice. The appointment finally came to Miss Agnes I. Lancefield, of the Toronto Public Library staff, who for several years has had charge of the Riverdale Library, one of the strongest branches in the Toronto system. Miss Lancefield is a daughter of the late Richard T. Lancefield, who for some years was Chief Librarian of the Hamilton Public Library. She will bring to the responsible position to which she has been appointed, not only an enviable record of achievement, but a capability, an enthusiasm and strong personal qualities which promise high success in her work. The day has passed when a person who "just loves reading" and is "awfully fond of books" can hope to pass on these qualifications. As a component part of our educational system the Public Library demands the service of highly-trained intellects, united with attractive personal qualities and inspired with a strong public spirit to make it a force in the upbuilding processes of the community.

IN the trinity of cities of Ontario (Toronto, Ottawa and Hamilton) where the growth of population has brought them under the clause of the Public Libraries Act which provides for the appropriation of only one-fourth of a mill on the dollar of assessment, the question of salary increases has become at once a live issue and an embarrassing problem. The extraordinary increase in the cost of living—nearly double what it was at the beginning of the war—has made the present schedule of salaries altogether inadequate, and the income unfortunately has not grown in anything like proportion to the development of the work, so that Boards which gladly would advance the salaries find themselves without the funds to do so. The remedy lies obviously in the raising of the library rate for such cities, and this is being pressed urgently upon the authorities in Queen's Park. That something will be done to give relief at the approaching meeting of the Legislature may be taken for granted.

THE Library Training School for the Province of Ontario, conducted under the supervision of Mr. W. O. Carson, Inspector of Public Libraries, is now in progress in the Art Room of the Toronto Reference Library. Twenty-five students registered this year, coming from various parts of the Province, and one from as remote an outside point as Halifax. Instruction in the several branches of library work is being given by heads of departments of the Toronto and London Libraries. A series of lectures by specialists, dealing with various lines of intellectual activity, has been a useful feature of the course. The school is intended only for those who already have entered library work, enabling them to acquire a wider grasp of the work than they would be likely to gain in the course of their regular duties. Incidentally a result is a supply of trained librarians, from whom to choose when important positions are to be filled. The entire expense, including the railway fares of the students, is borne by the Government.

THE Western University, London, has had the good fortune to become the permanent repository of the remarkable collection of books gathered during his life time by Mr. J. Davis Barnett, of Stratford. This well-known library contains one of the most notable collections of Shakespearean works in existence, and also one of the largest and best collections of Canadiana. Under the terms of the bequest, Mr. Barnett will have charge of the library, a guarantee of its service to the public being all that could be wished. The collection embraces more than 40,000 volumes.

The Library and the Soldier

THE free library is distinctly a new world institution. No country of the Old world has opened up branches and democratized the use of books and reading rooms for circulation and research purposes as have the United States and Canada.

At the moment the American Library Association is included in the important societies clubbing together for a great war chest campaign for funds. The other societies are the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare and the Salvation Army

When the United States entered the war, its government granted the A.L.A. one million dollars. Their slogan was one million dollars for one million books for one million soldiers. And with that first money they built camp buildings to house their books, and a place where the new magazines could be found, and where questions could be answered all day long. Then as the boys went overseas, the books went along also. One hundred and thirty-nine hospitals have been supplied from that fund, and

130 naval stations have books as well as 232 ships. This time they ask for \$3,500,000 as their share of the fifteen millions to be raised. Their plans for the future are of even larger scope.

Now in a quiet way Ontario has not done badly in this matter of good books for our men. The Board of Education has been allowed to spend handsome sums buying books for the army camps. The Inspector of Libraries has been allowed to purchase generously of books for the Y.M.C.A. camps.

In the Province of Quebec the McGill Alumnae association has catalogued a library of 5,000 volumes, and placed it in the Drummond Street home for soldiers in Montreal. They have also libraries in the two large hospitals. But the Westmount Library has given a more personal attention to the boys who have gone from that municipality. The staff of that library have, without any outside help, sent steadily parcel after parcel of good novels to the boys in France, and in every case they have had the most grateful letters in reply. The librarian has always been careful to choose books she knew each particular boy liked. For instance, she recalled that one boy would read naught but western tales, Zane Grey, Cullum and Curwood. Another had a leaning toward Oppenheim and Mystery. A third insisted on historical romance, where the hero wears a cape and a slouch hat, and says, "I prithee Sirrah," whatever that means.

Perhaps the best missionary work in Montreal has been done by the librarian of the Y.M.C.A. Library on Drummond Street, where, with small means and a very small salary she has given much personal interest to the soldiers who from time to time come to her desk.

Let's Pretend

I name my brothers in a prayer,
Who are upon the sea,
Lynn, with brown and tumbled hair,
Lloyd and Deak, the three.
O the days we whittled boats
And sailed them on the sea.

The sea was running past our door,
A mountain brook and clear,
And little bays we scooped and shaped
To keep our fleets from fear.
Each bay we manned; each ship we named,
And launched it with a cheer.

O little whittled boat that went
So slowly round the bend,
O happy days of make-believe
When will this anguish end?
Tears in my eyes? I am not now
So good to "Let's Pretend."

—Mary Carolyn Davies, "The Drums in Our Street."

Weeding Out the War Books

IN the mind of the reviewer upon whose desk books upon the war have, during the last four years, been piled almost literally by the ton, the appearance of another of the same category evokes as a rule but a passing interest. As a matter of fact out of every hundred "war books" which have appeared, about ninety-six merit nothing more than a speedy oblivion, to which they are doomed. The war has been so enormous, so complex and so tremendous in its reaction upon every human emotion that very few writers who have had real experience upon the firing step or with the guns have been able to catch and fix more than an isolated and sometimes quite unimportant phase of it. Far, far too many war books have been merely conscientious bits of second-class newspaper reporting or, worse even than this, so obviously a striving after a literary style, so heavily patched with purple as to be of little permanent value.

"The Real Front" (Arthur Hunt Chute), falls happily between these two extremes. Captain Chute saw the Balkan campaigns as a war correspondent and had, in consequence, both a journalistic training in observation and a sort of basis of comparison, however, inadequate, to begin with. In addition to these advantages he has a very distinct literary style.

The result is a book which is quite notably above the ordinary, a sufficiently well connected account of the formation of the first Canadian contingent, from Valcartier through Salisbury Plain—"the bitterest fight we ever fought," as Captain Chute describes that unfortunate period of training—right to the firing step before the first battle of Ypres, together with a series of independent sketches and impressions.

"War in the first line trenches today is less glorious than a slaughter house in Chicago," says Captain Chute. So far as material glories are concerned he is no doubt right—there is little of the bugle-blowing, sabre-waving "glory" about it such as we have, probably quite erroneously, been accustomed to associate with the warfare of another day. But was war, even then, so glorious? If we were asked to pick out an incident of war as typically glorious many of us would no doubt select the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. And yet Captain Chute reports a conversation with one of the survivors of the great feat and the aged man carried "out of the valley of death" impressions of something the very reverse of glorious. As a matter of fact warfare probably never has been glorious to the men engaged in it. But in the more genuine glory, in the glory of courage in the face of death at its most hideous, of endurance under such tests as man has never known before, of unselfishness when every instinct urged the reverse, of idealism, of gentleness, of chivalry to a foe lost apparently to every impulse of humanity, of utter consecration

of every faculty to the common task—in such glory Captain Chute has, thank God, not found this war to be lacking.

I quote just one of many quotable sketches of modern warfare. It concerns a brigade headquarters during heavy action:

Inside the chateau the thick walls muffled every noise, the sound of the guns seemed far away, and the cry of the stricken men could not be heard.

When the storm began I was afraid that the chateau would soon be about our heads, but the calm of the brigadier gave me faith in the invulnerability of the walls. The great, dark, panelled room was wrapped in gloom. The brigadier sat in a chair beside the window, the adjutant sat at a 'phone, almost obscured.

As I gazed at the face of the brigadier that tornado of battle without seemed in another world. His long, lean frame was sunken deep in his chair. In the twilight all his minor features were lost, but a bold, high forehead, a pallid countenance and eyes as black as the night itself, were clearly discerned. The red and gold of his insignia gave the one relieving touch of color. Looking upon him, sitting there so sombre and aloof in the gloom of the chateau, I seemed to be regarding a portrait by Rubens of some old Flemish master.

Outside, the shell-swept dip of the road and the hunted figures reminded one of battle. But in the room with the brigadier there dwelt the calm of vesper. Once during the early afternoon a shell came crashing through the upper stories of the chateau. I was all atremble. But the brigadier, with whom I was conversing at the moment, merely raised his eyebrows and with cold indifference inquired: "That's pretty close, my boy. Go on, my boy, go on. Don't let that interrupt you."

Now and again a sudden ring of the 'phone told of a frantic cry from the trenches or the guns. Often the adjutant breathed with excitement as he told portentous news. Sometimes there was a pause as the chief glanced at a map of pondered dispositions. But his imperturbable calm was unbroken and always in that quite low-spoken voice he gave his answer.

Many a time thereafter, when I had been far forward in the midst of battle, there came with a steady peace the picture of that brigadier. Two weeks later our line was suddenly pierced by the foe. Consternation reigned in the trenches. During those awful moments of suspense, while I sat in battalion headquarters telegraphing to our guns, there flashed before me in the shadow the memory of that serene and steadfast face. In a moment of such importance for us the memory of the brigadier seemed transcendental, as the thought of God Himself. — (Harpers, New York.)

In the high-pressure output of war books which has marked the year 1918, a very pleasant and informing volume by a Canadian officer has failed to receive the attention which it merits. This is "A Surgeon in Arms," by Robert J. Manion, who served as a captain in a medical unit accompanying the Canadian Corps in some of its finest work at Vimy Ridge and elsewhere, received the Military Cross, and is today, as representative for Fort William and Port Arthur, one of the most useful members of the new House of Commons. It is a simple and straightforward account of the experiences of a man who was obviously equally at home among the headquarters officers and the privates, the Oxford undergraduates of the British officers'

ness and the most wildly Western of the Canadians, and found much human substance in all of them. He had an interesting adventure with the Prince of Wales in territory which was far from being "safe," he collected an immense number of really good messroom anecdotes, he made some keen and scientific observation of the behaviour of men in difficult situations and of the effects of shell-shock—and he is completely silent as to the act of gallantry which secured him his own decoration. Most of the officers who figure in his anecdotal collection

are thinly disguised by initials and dashes, but the military reader will have little difficulty in placing them. Part of the charm of the discursive narrative may be due to a strain of Irish blood in the author. Surely nobody but an Irishman would have told us, concerning a fine Red Indian soldier from Canada, that but for the tinge of his skin "one would take him what he is—a well-informed, educated North American." (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50.)

The Education of the New Canadian

By HOWARD T. FALK

—A Ruthenian mother lay dying. She asked to see "Meester Teacher." He came; she took his hand, and, with tears streaming down her toil-hardened face, in broken English she said, "Meester Teacher, you good, you like my Mary, my John—me want them go school learn English—me go away—good bye—me see you after." And then she died, but not before she had seen into the soul of a true Canadian, whose heart was as large as the prairies.

—I was at a concert in a little rural school, where the children, all non-English, were reciting; I noticed a tall young man sobbing bitterly. I asked him why. In broken English he told me that he had been denied the privilege of learning English in a public school. He had been the victim of a tolerance which permitted a parochial school where English was seldom taught.

At random I have selected two out of many charming incidents related in J. T. M. Anderson's "The Education of the New Canadian." One wonders whether the realization of the value of education ever stirs the soul of the humble English-speaking Canadian mothers as it did these "foreigners."

The first 142 pages of Mr. Anderson's painstaking effort to arouse interest in this very serious problem have little of human interest and their appeal will be chiefly to the student; in them he has given us an excellent digest of the 1911 census returns as they concern the immigrant, and by the aid of well selected passages from more extensive writings, such as Dr. Emily Balch's "Our Slavic Fellow Citizens," has given as a pen portrait of the Old Land home conditions of our immigrant population. Bi-lingualism, multi-lingualism and mono-non-English-lingualism, as instanced by the Mennonites, are discussed with a courage and conviction which comes from a first-hand knowledge, obtained by actual experience, of the dangers they involve.

Chapter VIII., devoted to the methods of teaching English, must convince any impartial reader that the direct method is the one and only method for the children of New-Canadians, and incidentally it affords an excellent

proof of the futility of attempting to teach foreign languages to English children as we still do for the most part.

It is not until Mr. Anderson tells the story of Marion Bruce, the department store sales girl, who through selling ribbons and other trifles to illiterate foreign girls, caught the inspiration which made her an ideal teacher, if a somewhat unorthodox one—it is not until then that he convinces us that his interest in his subject is soul-deep and not merely academic. Therefore I would recommend that the reader start at Chapter IX., convinced that it will result in his reading the book from cover to cover.

The problem of finding the right type of teacher would be solved if Mr. Anderson's book could be read by all the young women in our stores and offices, for I am convinced there are many potential Marion Bruces amongst them.

When on January the first, 1918, an "adequate knowledge" of English or French became a pre-requisite to the granting of Canadian or Imperial citizenship, it automatically imposed upon our Provincial Governments the responsibility of establishing Adult Night Schools, and Mr. Anderson rightly looks to such schools as the surest way to prevent the debauchery of a foreign electorate.

To those of us who have seen the New-Canadian in our larger cities, Mr. Anderson's book leaves much to be discussed, for he treats his subject almost solely from the rural standpoint; the Canadianizing of the city children of our New-Canadians is a problem in itself, and Mr. Anderson wisely limits his discussion to the field for which his position as School Inspector under the Saskatchewan Government eminently fits him.

The book should be widely read in the four western provinces by all who lay claim to be really interested in this vast problem of assimilation, and no Canadian, wherever he lives, can claim to know his country unless he already knows much of what Mr. Anderson gives in such palatable form. (J. M. Dent & Son, Toronto, \$2.50.)

Mining Books

IT is generally recognized that when the war is over and the manufacturing of munitions ceases, Canada must develop her natural resources more rapidly and more efficiently. We have great mineral deposits that are known, and these must be developed and mined by the best known methods. We have also large unprospected areas in which mineral deposits probably occur, and the deposits must be found. Books that convey information that will help the prospector or the mine operator have therefore a great field for usefulness.

Mining being one of Canada's basic industries and the development of our natural resources being of the utmost national importance, we naturally expect to find the Dominion and Provincial Governments taking a prominent part in the dissemination of useful information concerning minerals, mines and methods of treating ores.

At Ottawa we have a Department of Mines for the purpose of gathering information, making investigations, and advising the public, and particularly those interesting themselves in mining, of the results of the work. The varied publications of the Department of Mines include many important treatises as well as reports of progress. Those provinces which have control of their mineral resources have similar organizations; Ontario, British Columbia, Quebec and Nova Scotia mines departments issue annual reports on mining. The Department of the Interior which controls the mineral resources of the Yukon, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, has recently published an attractive volume on gold mining in the Yukon. One of the most valuable treatises recently published in Canada is the report of the Ontario Nickel Commission, which covers in a masterly way the nickel industry.

Aside from Government publications there are a few books on minerals and mining published in Canada. Some years ago Copp, Clark & Co. published a little book by Dr. W. G. Miller, Provincial Geologist of Ontario, entitled "Minerals and How They Occur." Most of the mining and metallurgical books used in Canada are published in the United States. We will review some of the more recent ones in these columns later.

In 1914, shortly after the beginning of the war, and in recognition of the great need for concise information concerning our mineral resources, the Mines Publishing Co., publishers of the Canadian Mining Journal, undertook the publication of the "Canadian Mining Manual." Three editions have been published, and a fourth is now in preparation. This new edition will be ready in December.

In this new edition of the Canadian Mining Manual is to be found information concerning all minerals and metals produced in Canada, and all mining and metallurgical companies

operating in Canada. Two chief objects aimed at are to present in concise form matter of interest to persons connected with the industry and to attract attention to the opportunities for development of our mineral resources. The volume is exceptionally well illustrated with colored plates, half-tones and line cuts. A large number of mineral specimens are shown in natural size and color, these plates including some of the best reproductions of ore that have ever been printed. Numerous maps show in what parts of Canada known mineral areas are situated. Detail maps show some of the most active mining districts. Photographs of plants and the men in charge of mining and metallurgical works are numerous. The volume is attractively bound in cloth. The page is large, 8" x 11", to permit the use of the colored plates and maps and to allow illustrations to be run closely to their text.

This edition being published about the end of the year, it has been possible to give a preliminary summary of progress during 1918. The recently published official records for the year 1917 are also summarized. Some of the important developments during 1918 are then briefly referred to.

In the section of the book devoted to mine products an attempt has been made to present some useful information concerning the character, use and occurrence of each mineral. The minerals are treated in alphabetical order, and the amount of space given to them varies. Owing to the great demand recently for information concerning certain minerals and metals, special attention is given to "war minerals," such as magnesite, fluorite, pyrite, molybdenite, etc.

If the mineral is produced in considerable quantity, there is given information concerning nature and composition of the mineral, places of occurrence in Canada, methods of mining and treating the ore, selling prices during 1918 and uses. If the production is very large, or of special importance, as in the case of coal in Nova Scotia, Alberta and British Columbia; gold, silver and nickel in Ontario; asbestos, chromite, magnesite and molybdenite in Quebec; copper, lead and zinc in British Columbia, several pages are devoted to the industry.

A second large section of the book is devoted to mining and metallurgical companies operating in Canada. In each case is given the office address and the location of the property and the name of the manager. In most cases capitalization, names of directors, officers, nature of operations, recent financial statement and record of production during the last year are given. The companies are treated in alphabetical order.

Another feature of the book is a list of the companies classified according to product. ("Canadian Mining Manual, 1918," edited by Reginald E. Hore, Mines Publishing Company, Toronto, \$5.)

A Novel of Hate for Hatred

THESE have of late years been those amongst us who have sought to erect hatred into one of the cardinal virtues—hatred of individuals, hatred of a nation, not the impersonal and eminently righteous hatred which loathes the sin while leaving it to God to judge the sinner. It has been surmised that "Q" (Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch) wrote his latest novel, "Foe-Farrell," with the express intention of combatting this new gospel of implacability; and it is true that in the epilogue to his masterly study of the psychological effects of hatred upon both subject and object he does make an immediate application to "this blasted war." Says Major Sir Roderick Otway, who has told the tale in a series of quiet evenings, to his fellow-officers in their common dug-out: "As I see it, the more you beat Fritz by becoming like him, the more he has won." And it is true also that a perusal of this tale, and a careful scrutiny (such as the perusal will inevitably suggest) of the lives of men and women whom we ourselves personally know, who have allowed the motive of hatred to become active and predominant in their lives, will bring forcibly before us the deterioration of character which hatred brings about. This is one strong reason why "Foe-Farrell" may be commended to those who are in search of a good novel for a Christmas gift. It is a book whose influence cannot fail to be for the betterment of the spirit. Another reason is that "Q" is one of the few authors of the present day who, having a very enthralling tale to tell, can still be trusted to preserve the niceties of a just literary style amid all the excitement. And the third reason is that "Foe-Farrell" is precisely an enthralling tale.

Foe is the hater and Farrell the hated. In the beginning the right is absolutely, incontestably, on the side of Foe. While his wound is fresh he would be justified (since we do not ask for cool judgment and self-restraint from

men who are in exquisite suffering) in almost any form of attack against his base and cowardly opponent. But it is a law of nature that Time must heal all things, and that that which Time cannot heal is not fit for life; and Foe refuses to be healed. He has money and leisure, and he sets himself to the deliberate task of making existence intolerable for Farrell. He converts his hatred into an art, playing with exquisite skill upon all the weakest nerves of Farrell's system, and when Farrell, through the unselfish love of a woman, is on the point of rising to the utmost of his capabilities and making himself and his life worth while, Foe intervenes and hurls him down to the depths. Finally, by an act of calculated baseness of which the pre-hatred Foe would have been utterly incapable, he abandons Farrell alone upon a desert island (the story of the shipwreck and of the drifting boats with the survivors is one of the finest things that "Q" has ever written), and thus surrenders all the moral advantage which he ever had over his adversary. And as the character of Foe deteriorates under the influence of the hatred-virus, so the character of Farrell, partly as the result of his unjustified persecution, gradually strengthens in some respects, and the ultimate catastrophe is precipitated by an act of singular generosity on his part, which maddens the now obsessed Foe to the point of actual murder.

We do not believe that this tale was set going in Sir Arthur's mind by any propagandist motive. It is too good a tale for that, told with too much zest and too racy an interest, not in its moral, but in its matter. Hatred is always a profoundly interesting subject to the psychologist, and there is plenty of it even in times of peace. An author like Sir Arthur does not write his important novels as if they were pamphlets or tracts for the times, which is no reason why they should not be timely. (Macmillan, Toronto. \$1.50)

Notre Dame de Montreal

I enter those great doors,
 And all around me is so dim and still,
 I fear to tread the floors
 Lest my own footsteps in the treading will
 Cry out my presence there;
 And, for I feel so small in that great place,
 I do not even dare
 To look about me, but would fain efface
 Myself in some back pew,
 And see the kneeling figures at their prayer,
 And candles, lit anew;
 The smell of incense in the shadow'd air;
 The straggling light of day;
 The saints that look down calmly from the
 wall;
 And more than I can say—
 The nameless Silence that is over all.

Margaret Hilda Wise.

A New Birmingham

SOME people, when they go out for a walk, like a companion who will take them by the most direct possible route to the place where they want to go. Others like a companion who is not sure that they want to go anywhere, and who will take them wandering all round the adjacent country and dilate upon the beauties of the wayside flowers, the architecture of the houses, the culinary practices of the inhabitants as revealed by chimney-smokes, and kitchen-door aromas. Taste in story-tellers varies in much the same way. Those who like the divagatory method like "George A. Birmingham," and there is no denying the Irish charm of his comments by the way. Canon Hannay is a "natural born" story-teller, and can weave a plot—enough of a plot to carry his gentle meandering narrative—upon any foundation of circumstances that may be given him; so it is not surprising to find him romancing mildly and pleasantly about the war. "The Island Mystery" is not particularly good literature, certainly not comparable with its author's best work, such as "Spanish Gold" or that exquisitely whimsical yet gently satirical play, "General John Regan"; but it will while an hour very ingratiatingly, and will leave a few enlightening reflections in the reader's mind. It deals with an American pacifist millionaire, his daughter Daisy, who wants to be a real queen, an Irish M.P., with a keen eye for 20 p.c. commissions, King Konrad Karl of Megalia, a villain in the person of von Moll of the Kaiser's secret service, and a hero in the person of Captain Phillips, of the British Merchant Marine. These disport themselves upon an island which the American millionaire buys from Konrad Karl in order that his daughter may have something to be queen of, and the action takes place in and near August, 1914. Enough said. One is left with the feeling that Mr. Oppenheim could have done something like this much better, and that Canon Hannay could have done something much better, but quite different. This in spite of the fact that there are many pages bearing the authentic Hannay touch of humor, which Mr. Oppenheim could not begin to approach in a lifetime, and that Konrad Karl's passion for twisting the English idiom is genuinely and exquisitely ludicrous. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50).

A Vancouver Novel

IF the amateur novelists and poets of British Columbia (who appear to be somewhat numerous) had one-half as much of technical skill as they have of enthusiasm for the beauties of their glorious Province, they would be a formidable band of artists. But high romantic beauty in a landscape is a positive danger to those inexperienced writers who attempt to portray that beauty or to suggest that

romance in verse or tale. Familiar themselves with the aesthetic effect of the place where their imagined comedy or tragedy occurs, they think that that effect can be conveyed to the ordinary reader by a few place names and a few conventional adjectives. English Bay, Vancouver, is beyond all doubt the world's ideal spot for love-making in a canoe; but the reader who has not seen it will hardly imagine it from Robert Allison Hood's description of its charms at sundown:

The shimmering tints of crimson and violet and yellow and gold; the opalescent splendors as the sun lance gradually dies away, the dark blues and purples of the hills outlined against the sky; the flickering lights of the fishing boats away out near the horizon; and then, landward, the beach full of people, and behind, the town all cheery with its street lamps and its countless gleaming windows.

All of these things are common to several thousand other bays on the world's surface, and strangely fail to evoke the characteristic quality of English Bay. Nor does the enumeration of such names as "Second Beach," "Ferguson Point," "Stanley Park," "Point Atkinson" do any more for us, though to the writer those terms are doubtless loaded with poetic significance, derived from his personal experiences. It is always the amateur in water-colors, who selects as subject the old family homestead where he or she was brought up, or the little island where they picnicked in summer and where love's young dream first shed its rosy light; thereby trying to make local sentiment do the work that should be done by art. The professional carefully selects his subject not for any adventitious romance which it may possess in his mind and his alone, but for its pure representable beauty, and sets himself to portray that beauty just as if he had never seen the place before and never made love or been made love to in the midst of it. To do that he needs technique, in literature just as much as in water-colors, and the above extract will show that Mr. Hood has not the technique. His novel is called "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester," and is as amateur in character-drawing and action as in description. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50).

Courage and Audacity?

WHETHER it was courage or audacity which led to the decision to offer to the Canadian and American public an English translation of the early novel, "*L'Enfer*," by the famous author of "Under Fire," is a question which must be decided by the reader after he has formed his opinion of the merits and sincerity of the book; it was certainly one or the other. This astonishing novel has had an immense vogue in France, owing in part to the unashamed nakedness of some of its episodes, but in part also to its undeniable and to some minds attractive philosophy. It should be added that a good many pages of the book

are utterly impossible of general publication in English, and are omitted without much indication to the English reader of what he may be missing. How far these ultra-frank portions of the narrative may be necessary to convey the full value of Henri Barbusse's philosophy, it is a little difficult to tell when one has read the French version before the English, as in the case of the present critic. Certainly the book is not one to be read in English by anybody who can possibly read it in French; but that has somewhat the air of a general statement which might be applied to all translations. "The Inferno" is the record, in autobiographic form, of two or three months spent by a neurotic, imaginative and analytical young Frenchman in a Paris lodging house where his room possesses a concealed hole in the wall which enables him to observe everything which goes on in the adjacent apartment. Such a device, capable of being used for a tale of the baldest animalism, is also capable of being used for the exposition of a picture of human life as it might be seen by a piece of furniture, or rather by a non-human spirit confined to a single spot and possessing but a single sense, that of sight, and beholding only the isolated event of a moment or of an hour, without any of the processes which lead up to and follow it. And so seen, life has a new aspect, an aspect which will be repugnant to most people, but which is undeniably interesting—an aspect of almost mechanical inevitability, of cruelty, of intense isolation of the human individual, of a meaningless and barbarous repetition of animal processes. The kinship with the philosophy of "Under Fire" is unmistakable, a philosophy of revolt against the compulsion which drives the spirit of man, capable of such soaring flights, through the dreary round of the necessities of the flesh. "He perceives," says Edward J. O'Brien, the translator, in a clever little Introduction, "that each man is an island of illimitable forces apart from his fellows, passionately eager to live his own life to the last degree of self-fulfilment, but continually thwarted by nature and by other men and women, until death interposes and sets the seal of oblivion upon all that he has dreamed and sought." Such a book is not to be hastily dismissed for going too far, nor its translation for not going far enough. (Mason, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Good to Walk the World With

Good to walk the world with,

Such a mate!

Good to love and live with,

Soon and late.

Good to take God's sending,

Though it be

But a by-path wending

To the sea.

Good to walk the path with,

Such a friend!

Good to sail the sea with,

At the end.

—Carroll Aikins, "Poems."

A Literary Elephant Piling Logs

THEODORE Dreiser, as an American writer has already remarked, does not do himself justice when he attempts to write short stories; but that is far from saying his short stories in the volume "Free, And Other Stories" are not worth reading. Perhaps they fail from the point of view of the people to whom short stories are a mere means of titulating their rather feeble consciousnesses in the intervals between working, eating, sleeping and exploring sex. They are not of the kind designed to whip the flagging interest of the tired servant girl; nor the paregoric to soothe minds that might otherwise discover their own vacuity. They are not outstanding good examples of the story-telling art. But they are acceptable and readable comments on life—and on Mr. Theodore Dreiser; especially Mr. Dreiser.

Dreiser—to paraphrase an American admirer of his—requires a large canvass. He is no painter of miniatures, though occasionally he does a bit of excellent character drawing in a short paragraph. He is obviously a German-American, with the German clumsiness, slowness, patience, and the American wistful sincerity and obsession with the things of sex. He works like an elephant piling logs, but the logs are interesting and well-piled. In the short story he is cramped for room. His sincerity will not allow him to use the short-cuts, the stagey devices, the "effective" arrangements of the brilliant short-story writer. He spurns invention and stalks solemnly ahead with his record of truth as he sees it.

These short stories reveal Dreiser in the same way that an intellectual's attempt at small talk in a parlour usually reveals the intellectual. His style is not musical. His construction is not neat, but there remain a certain shrewd but kindly insight into human motives and a certain dogged sincerity in recording them. Only occasionally he forgets to remain detached from his stories. He is more a student, awed a bit by the procession of life as he sees it, than an artist. That other modern American, Hergesheimer, is more the artist. Dreiser's hand is a bit thumby. He sometimes forgets that there are people in the world who have outlived the distressing manifestations of early sex impulses. But Dreiser is sincere, shrewd and able in his big round way, and no mean figure in the little world of real American letters.

It might be said of him that he is apparently probing always for what is universal, not what is exceptional. In this book of short stories, for example, there are not individualities such as a Dickens presents. Dreiser scorns the novel, the melodramatic and is arrested only by some new and glowing symbol of the human, the constant, the universal. Sometimes he holds up as universal something not so at all. The first story "Free," fails on that account. "McEwen of the Slave-makers" is merely an

experiment. "But "The Second Choice," "Nigger Jeff," "The Lost Phoebe," and "Old Rogaim and His Theresa"—these ring true. "The Lost Phoebe" and "Old Rogaim and His Theresa" have a nicely restrained tenderness that places them in a high class. "A Story of Stories" is the best newspaper tale the present writer has read—but that leaves it far below the other just mentioned. "Will You Walk into my Parlor," is interesting, but not exceptional. The stories toward the back are, even for Dreiser, dull; he has not articulated his idea. But Dreiser himself is too unusual among American writers to be condemned for a dull moment or two. It is good to read an American who never tries to be brilliant, who is just a patient, wise and honest draftsman of life as he sees it. (Musson, Toronto, \$1.50.)

A Canadian's Beautiful Book

IT is not often that a Canadian author enjoys the privilege of seeing his work produced in such exquisite printed form as that in which the Bodley Head (in Canada, S. B. Gundy) has embodied "Canadian Wonder Tales," by Cyrus Macmillan. The score or more of rich color illustrations by George Sheringham, one of the English painters who are most deft in designing for modern color-reproduction processes, would alone engage the attention of the seeker after fine bookcraft, even without the special Canadian interest of the subject-matter and the Foreword by Sir William Peterson, K.C.M.G. The latter document reveals the fact, which will be no news to many Montrealers, and to students of Canadian folklore generally, that Captain Macmillan, the author of this volume, is a soldier-student, who interrupted his teaching work in Montreal to go overseas with one of the McGill Batteries, and who completed the transcription and arrangement of the Tales in the intervals between periods of artillery activity "Somewhere in France." The author's method, says Principal Peterson, resembles that of the Brothers Grimm. He has taken down from the lips of living people "a series of stories which obviously contain many elements that have been handed down by oral tradition from some far-off past." Most of them are animal stories, in which the fox, the bear, the beaver and the eagle speak with human tongues and exhibit many human qualities. Some contain mythical explanations of the origin of natural phenomena, such as the Northern Lights. The book is designed primarily to interest children; but even they, we should have supposed, would have appreciated some hint of the sources of the respective stories, which appear on the surface to be partly Indian (of many different tribes), partly Eskimo, and partly primitive French-Canadian, but are not accompanied by any information which would enable us to distinguish one class from the other. Possibly Captain Macmillan proceeds on the theory that if Canadian children are nourished

upon the substance of Canadian folklore in their early youth, they will develop an interest in its origins and significance when they reach mature years, but this theory should not have prevented him from giving some slight historical explanation even in the present volume, which we conceive is one that will be treasured and referred to for many years by such children as have the freshness of mind to appreciate it.

The tales are narrated with wonderful simplicity and directness, and without the faintest suspicion of moralising or didacticness—precisely, in fact, as the primitive narrators who have handed on the oral tradition would tell them in their own wigwams or cabins or igloos. Mr. Sheringham's illustrations, while highly decorative and full of technical skill, contain no attempt at realistic local color, but considering the nature and purpose of the book we are not disposed to make that a subject of reproach. His style is wonderfully delicate and refined, and those who wish their children to form their earliest conception of the primitive inhabitants of Canada in a thoroughly poetic atmosphere—an atmosphere of mists and stars and aurora shot through with magic and wonderment—cannot do better than to place in their hands this collection of Wonder Tales. (S. B. Gundy, Toronto.)

For Children Over Thirty

FOR children who have graduated from the class in Aubrey Beardsley and taken their first lessons in Van Gogh, we know of no better volume for the succeeding stage of their instruction than "The Rhyme Garden," by Marguerite Buller Allan, a well known artist and poet of Montreal. That few children reach this stage of taste-development before the age of thirty in no wise affects the issue. Mrs. Allan's volume conveys in some mysterious manner the impression of being intended for children, but nowhere does she suggest that it is intended for young children—say those under thirty. We tried it on one young man of nine and found him extremely contemptuous, but this proves nothing save the spread of Philistinism among the rising generation. Some children of over thirty may feel a certain hesitancy about purchasing "The Rhyme Garden," for their own enjoyment, on account of its obvious lack of solemnity of purpose; to all such we would recommend that they buy it as a Christmas present for some juvenile child in the household, and then surreptitiously abstract it while the juvenile is occupied with some more exciting gift. It is ten to one that the juvenile will not miss it, and a hundred to one that the donor will be overjoyed to get it back. Mrs. Allan's wildly exuberant extravagances of color and line—familiar to a good many Canadians from her exhibit in recent art shows—are a delight to the sophisticated eye, and her verse is thoroughly in keeping with their fantastic play-

fulness. There are eight color plates and a large number of black-and-white decorations in the text. The flavor of the verses is better given by a sample than by any amount of description:

THE SCARECROW.

The scarecrow watched the moon come up
And laughed both long and loud,
The timid, disconcerted moon,
Sank back behind a cloud.

And when the morning sun shone out,
The scarecrow mocked the sun,
He laughed so much the ears of wheat,
Joined gaily in his fun.

"The splendid sun and stately moon,
Why do you jeer at these,
Whose beauty every poet sings?"
I asked him. "Tell me, please."

The scarecrow in a softened mood
Wept very bitterly.
He said, "I have to laugh at them,
Or they would laugh at me."

The same idea is repeated in another form in the verses entitled: "The Disagreeable Bulldog," which tell us how the bulldog mocked at the half-shaved poodle, and "cared not in the least" when that sensitive animal grieved and wept:

He just continued mocking him;
You never would have guessed
How much he envied in his heart,
The way the poodle dressed!

Is it too much to conjecture that these allegories contain the artistic profession of faith of Mrs. Buller Allan, and her fellow innovators at recent Canadian picture-shows? Is she notifying the Philistines that they cannot laugh at her, according to the rules of the game, because she and her art have first laughed at them? (S. B. Gundy, Toronto).

Fighting France

AMONG the propaganda volumes of the year 1918 (whose book lists on this continent have been largely made up of volumes issued with the primary intent of advancing the sympathy and understanding between different nations of the anti-Teutonic alliance, and especially between the United States and her various colleagues), there are few with more claim to a permanent place in literature than "Fighting France," by Stephane Lauzanne, lieutenant in the French Army, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, editor-in-chief of *Le Matin*, and this year a member of the French Mission to the United States. M. Lauzanne, though a journalist by profession, is also an artist in language; the two things are less incompatible in France than in most English-speaking countries. He does not, however, write in English, and the translation of the present volume, by John L. B. Williams, a former fellow of Princeton, shows occasional traces of undue hurry, such as the meaningless literalism: "articles (of the

Hague Convention) which . . . offer a prodigious interest to actuality." Generally speaking, however, the perfect clarity and simplicity of M. Lauzanne's writings shows clearly enough through the translation.

Part of the book is devoted to an exposition of France's war aims, and is of the highest interest at the moment when this review is being written. M. Lauzanne dwells upon some of the difficulties surrounding the project of the League of Nations, and shows how many sentimentalists have overlooked one absolute prerequisite which the President laid down forcibly enough. This is the condition embodied in President Wilson's statement that "no autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within a partnership of nations or observe its covenants." A Germany still militaristic is, to M. Lauzanne, a Germany with whom no League is possible. And he proposes that the Allies use their economic power to break down Germany's militarism if Germany does not break it down herself. Let the Allies say to Germany, he suggests: "As long as you have a military and naval budget of four hundred millions of dollars, we regret that we shall be unable to sell you wool and copper. We regret that we shall be unable to buy anything from you. But, if you reduce this budget by half, we are willing to give you one million metric quintals of wool and 125,000 tons of copper." And so on, increasing the permitted volume of trade with every reduction in the German war machine. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50).

Lt.-Col. L. G. Desjardins' book entitled "L'Angleterre, le Canada et la Grande Guerre," which rapidly passed through two editions in the original French, has now been translated into English under the title of "England, Canada and the Great War." It is an able statement of the views of that considerable element of the French-Canadian population which heartily supports the action of Canada in going into the war to the limit of its powers and resources, and while its author's chief object in writing the original version was to set before his French-speaking countrymen a more correct view of the international situation than that which had been most noisily brought to their attention by a section of their press (a function which was evidently fulfilled with some success), the present translation will be of value for the purpose of showing English-speaking readers the point of view of a pro-war "Canadien." The translation, unfortunately, is far from being idiomatic, and does not do justice to Colonel Desjardins' style. In substance the book is, by the very nature of its origin, negative and critical rather than constructive—a corrective of Bourassism rather than an all-round exposition of Canadianism. At the beginning of this year there was occasion for such a negative, and corrective work, but the need can scarcely be permanent.

The Cow Puncher

ROBERT J. C. Stead stands out somewhat from among the younger generation of resident Canadian novelists, in spite of being as much addicted as any of them to the Wild West locales so favoured by our American cinematograph friends, owing to a certain unmistakeable sincerity of literary purpose. Whether this sincerity is any great assistance for the production of a frankly melodramatic frontier novel is open to some doubt, but it will certainly be of value when Mr. Stead takes to the portrayal of more normal and more accurately observed Canadian life. At present he creates the impression of a man who is rather reluctantly and warily grinding the handle of a well-worn American patent novel-producer, guaranteed to turn out a readable story upon the insertion of the proper ingredients, but needing for its best effects the masterful grip of a Jack London or a Rex Beach. Mr. Stead has both the advantage and the disadvantage of knowing his Canadian West very well indeed as it is to-day. This makes it easy for him to give a life-like and sincere picture of the normal, every-day, routine events which make up most of the life even of a Westerner at this advanced date in "Canada's Century," but difficult for him to daub his canvas convincingly with the very thick and juicy "romantic" colours demanded by the patron of the true Wild West novel and movie-show. In some respects, therefore, "The Cow Puncher," Mr. Stead's third and latest novel, falls between two stools. It is both the best and the worst thing one can say about it, that it would make up well into a moving-picture scenario.

Mr. Stead's recipe as employed in this novel may be told in a few words. First catch a ranch-hand, young, first-class horseman, innocent of the wiles of the world, and endowed with a fine vocabulary of Western slang and an inability to comprehend any other language. Then bring on a pretty young woman who has accident in car, necessitating her staying at the ranch to tend father with broken leg. Mix well and leave to simmer until youthful rancher has glimpses of the higher life. Hero breaks into newspaper reporting, passes thence into real estate in the good old days before tax sales filled whole pages of the western papers—and makes his pile. Re-enter pretty girl of first chapter who, however, gets involved—oh, quite innocently—with hero's partner, the bad man of the novel. Hero begins to find out that real estate millions have their drawbacks and has qualms of conscience. The war then becomes a factor, and brings to an end the usual current of cross-purposes between hero and heroine which is necessary for the novelist's objects; for the war performs the same function as in

John Murray Gibbon's novel of bringing the pair to a better understanding of one another's higher natures, and the hero enlists,



ROBERT J. C. STEAD,
Author of "The Cow Puncher."

marries the heroine, and sends her back from England to grow wheat on the old ranch for the Empire's needs. The conclusion is well told, but it is too good and too sincere a conclusion to seem fitting at the end of a tale in which the mechanical appliances of the literary journeyman of melodrama—the frequent gunplay, the unmitigated villain, the deep dark plot, the secret war between the "interests," the frequent accident and the long arm of coincidence—have been so assiduously employed. It is a conclusion worthy of a bigger conception—worthy perhaps of the bigger novel which Mr. Stead is even now preparing to write. This is how it is told, and it is a good sample of the style of our Western novelist-poet: "And so, in that little white-washed home, where the brown hills rise around and the placid mountains look down from the distance, and a tongue of spruce trees beyond the stream stands sentinel against the open prairie, she is carrying on, not in despondency and bitterness, but in service and hope. And so her sisters, all this world over, must carry on, until their sweetness and their sacrifice shall fill up and flood over all the valleys of hate . . . And if you should chance that way, and if you should win the confidence of young Three-year-old, he may stand for you and say, with his voice filled with the honor and glory and the pride of it, 'My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcelette.'" (Musson, Toronto, \$1.50.)

The Canadian Annual Review

IN one particular point of bookishness Canadians can afford to hold their heads high in the presence of almost any other national—useful word, that— one of the few really desirable vocables added to the English language, or at least to the commonly accepted part of the English language, as a result of the war. We have an annual review of our own Canadian affairs, which is notably superior in completeness, selectiveness, arrangement and convenience to that of any other country. It is true that the range of affairs to be reviewed is narrower in Canada than in such a country as the United States or Great Britain; but nevertheless it is no inconsiderable achievement to bring all the important business even of Canada within the scope of a 950-page volume as effectively as does Mr. Castell Hopkins in "The Canadian Annual Review (1917)", just issued from the press of the Canadian Annual Review, Limited (\$6). As almost all Canadian book-buyers and library-users are familiar with the scope and usefulness of this publication it is not necessary to enlarge upon it; but for those few who are not thus familiar we would merely say that there is practically nothing which has been done or said, in any way affecting Canada, in the twentieth century, which is not to be found duly recorded in the seventeen volumes of this unique publication. That a good many of the things thus recorded, especially at election times, are things which we would willingly let perish, does not affect the value of the book; they will not perish, whatever we may wish concerning them, and when by the ef-

flux of time we arrive at a sufficient distance from them we may derive profit and edification even from the record of our own errors.



J. CASTELL HOPKINS,
Author of the Canadian Annual Review.

A Door That Leads Nowhere

ALAN Sullivan's book, "The Inner Door," is not a good book. Only the fact that Sullivan is a Canadian, lives in Toronto, and has told a number of good Esquimaux stories in his volume "The Passing of Ool-i-but," makes it even necessary to say so. The upstanding and unpardonable sin of this last work of Sullivan's is its insincerity. The author has no real sympathy with any theme in his book except the sex theme. That, in itself, might pass if it were not so clear that the pretentious pretended "study" of labor problems in a Canadian factory has obviously been dragged in to offset the sex theme and to give the book the appearance of having an intellectual appeal which it hasn't. Sullivan tells a low-life love story, passing well. His pen warms up when dealing with the alarms of waking adolescence. Even at that it goes a bit mad and traces such absurdities in this new

book as "His throat grew stiff and parched. The girl was terrifically potent and from her pured the ever-amazing appeal of her child-bearing sisterhood—" Ho-hum!

But if this author would stick to self-conscious love-makings and the pathological symptoms of aboriginal passion—his heroes' minds never seem illumined in these exalted and exhausting periods—he would hold at least one audience. Student of sociology or economics he is not. In attempting such things he betrays laziness in observation, lack of sympathy or real insight into the hearts of the struggling poor—and succeeds only in making one feel that he is faking clumsily.

Toronto may indeed be dull, but not so powerful a soporific as Mr. Sullivan dispenses when he attempts to describe any phase of its life. "Ool-i-but" was not so very bad. The plots were good to begin with. But "The Inner Door" is distressing. (Gundy, Toronto, \$1.35.)

Canada's First Publishing House

A HISTORY AND AN APPRECIATION

By E. J. MOORE

WHEN Egerton Ryerson, at a Methodist Conference in Ancaster, Wentworth County, Ontario, in 1829, persuaded a number of his brother preachers that a denominational newspaper was advisable and induced them to subscribe for stock in the new institution at \$20 each, he and they surely had little idea that less than a century afterward the publishing business then inaugurated would grow to have a turnover of approximately a million dollars a year, and would be housed in one of the finest and largest publishing homes on the continent. And yet, this is identically what has occurred.

With the money subscribed by his brethren and himself, Ryerson rode to New York on horseback shortly afterward, purchased type and presses, and on November 21 of the same year the first number of *The Christian Guardian* was issued. This was the direct beginning of Canada's pioneer publishing house. It apparently became early evident that the institution was to fill a large place. A resolution of the Conference the following year provided for the change in *The Christian Guardian* from quarto to folio form, "making it the largest paper published in the province except the *Kingston Chronicle*." The expenses were announced as being over \$60 a week! We are not told whether this included the editor's salary, but the encouraging statement was made that if the amounts due—over \$2,000—were paid up, all claims would be met.

The book-selling and book-publishing departments of the business came along naturally in the ordinary course of events, with the development of business in the province. It was found, for instance, that *The Guardian* office was a

convenient place in which the preachers and members of the Church might secure what books they wished, and consequently a stock of Bibles, hymn books, and a limited number of such theological and religious volumes as were then likely to be in demand, was provided.

Apparently the amounts due were paid up. In any event *The Guardian* prospered, largely, perhaps, owing to the fact that its editor, Ryerson, believed it his duty to devote a good deal of time and space to the reporting of political news. Through this, the journal soon became

one of the influential organs of the Dominion.

Prosperity along financial lines was apparently also in evidence, for before the passing of many years, the accrued profits of the business made possible the repayment of amounts originally subscribed by the preachers, and around this hinges a notable fact, namely, that Canada's largest publishing house has actually no capital stock! As then, the same policy has been followed since. Accrued profits have been put into the business from year to year, and this has led, as noted above, to the establishment of one of the finest manufacturing and publishing plants in America.



REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, D.D.
The Venerable Book Steward.

As time went on, the scope of the House was naturally enlarged. It became evident, after a little time, that it was a poor policy to allow machinery which was used for the printing of *The Guardian* and other periodicals which were subsequently established to stand idle. Consequently, the directors of the business began to do commercial work as printers and manufacturers. With the concurrence of the church, this policy has been maintained until now the printing plant, comprising some twenty linotype machines and some twenty-four cylinder

presses, is kept occupied turning out the twenty-three periodicals and the numerous books issued by the house, as well as the work of other church departments, and in the way suggested above, as commercial printers.

When the demand for out-and-out Canadian books began to materialize, it was very natural that the Methodist Book and Publishing House, with the requisite plant and equipment, should be interested. Various difficulties in the way of cheap importations, high-priced paper and other conditions, which still, by the way, largely prevail, made the situation a somewhat troublesome one to face. However, the House has always had a most strong interest in matters Canadian, and at that time, as ever since, all possible encouragement was given to Canadian authors and Canadian books. Along in the eighties, this matter of book publication had grown to the extent of warranting a special department, and E. S. Caswell, now secretary of the Public Library Board in Toronto, was brought from his position in the shipping department, and given charge of this work.

Our early Canadiana owes a good deal to the encouragement of the House, which to a large extent believed in producing Canadian books, even if at times, the probability for large commercial returns did not seem to be bright. A page might be taken in listing books such, for instance, as Mrs. Traill's "Pearls and Pebbles," "Studies in Plant Life," "Canadian Wild Flowers," Campbell's "Dread Voyage," and others of the type which now stand as classics in our

libraries. Naturally, a good many of the books issued in those days, as since, were volumes of local history and biography, and in these we have presented to us the foundations not only of Canadian history, but of our succeeding arts and letters.

Later still, as the book-selling end of the business continued to develop, a separate department was established to look after the sales to the retail booksellers, and the institution thus became one of the earliest wholesale or jobbing houses in Canada. Naturally, it was not possible to carry this on solely with local productions, and in consequence importations from Great Britain and the United States were also utilized.

When one gets this far in outlining the activities of the business, the query usually arises as to what becomes of the profits of an institution conducted on such an unusual basis, and thereby hangs an interesting story. The Methodist Book and Publishing House, of course, is the property of the Methodist Church. Just to what branch of the Church it belongs, or in what way it is owned, is somewhat of a moot question, and one for which the answer has never definitely been called. However, soon after the institution got on its feet financially, a proportionate amount was set aside from the profits every year to a fund which is used for the support of the worn-out Methodist preachers, their wives and children. No individual has ever received a penny directly from the profits of the business, and what profits have

been made have been regularly and continuously divided as already suggested, one portion going to the upbuilding and maintenance of the business, and the other to this "Superannuation Fund," as it is called, for the aid of the Methodist preachers.

Another question which frequently crops up is, "How is the business conducted? Who is responsible for it?"

While the business is practically run as any other, by a board of directors and a manager, these officials are not by any means denoted as such in the annals of the institution. At the General Conference of the Methodist Church, which meets quadrennially, the board of directors



ITS HOME.

The Methodist Book and Publishing House, corner Queen and John streets, Toronto.

or a "Book Committee" which is responsible for the management of the institution for the succeeding four years, is elected. At the same time a "Book Steward," really the managing director, is elected, who is more directly responsible. The Book Committee meets annually, with a semi-annual executive session, supervising the policy of the Book steward, as does any other similar body in other business.

Quite as familiarly known, perhaps even more so, than the name "Methodist Book and Publishing House," is the name "Briggs." Thirty-six years ago, the Rev. William Briggs, who had made a name for himself in pastorates in the most important churches in Canada, was elected Book Steward. And so practically have his efforts and his policies in conducting the business appealed to his brother preachers and the members of the church generally, that he is still in office, although his resignation, to take effect next summer, has been handed in to the Annual Conference, and was regretfully accepted. Under Dr. Briggs, the business has developed into the large place in Canadian business affairs it now occupies, and largely under his guidance, the publication side of the business as devoted to books has been developed. It may safely be said that it was largely through Dr. Briggs' interest in things Canadian that many of the Canadian classics referred to above were published, and had he not assumed this interest, it is altogether probable that dozens of such volumes would never have seen the light.

The combination of preacher and business man is said by many to be somewhat anomalous, but from foundations which were well and truly laid in his boyhood days in a business house in England, the present Book Steward has developed an executive ability which has placed him on a par with the heads of the largest business institutions of the Dominion. A fact which should be interesting to readers of the *Canadian Bookman* is that Dr. Briggs still maintains his strong interest in publication matters, so much so that he very closely supervises, and quite occasionally writes himself, letters to authors regarding prospective books. Dr. Briggs believes primarily in close attention to detail business and in providing the very best of service to customers. One of the interesting features in the daily procedure of the Institution is what has been familiarly dubbed "Parade." To explain this point it must be known that the head of the House himself goes over everything but the detail matters of the morning mail, and

the remainder is then distributed to the heads of the departments, at this brief morning gathering in his office. If anyone has been remiss in his duties, or it appears that an injustice has been done any customer, the opportunity is taken of impressing the situation quite strongly at the time. Another remarkable fact, perhaps, is that Dr. Briggs is at his desk almost without exception on every working day of the year. For a man of his years, his health is exceedingly good, and it is very infrequently that he cannot be found at his own office on the third floor of the building at Queen and John streets, Toronto, ready to look after any matter of policy, or to meet any members of the church. Most heads of businesses of this size are somewhat closely protected in their offices. Dr. Briggs is democratic in seeing almost anyone who wants to approach him. It is not an unusual sight to see the chair at his right, which has just been vacated by the General Superintendent of the Church, or by some high dignitary of some other denomination, occupied by a girl in her teens

from the institution's bindery. The same spirit of democracy is carried largely through the plant. One of the social features of the institution is the cafeteria, where the four or five hundred employees are served with noon-day luncheon at cost. In similar places in most businesses, a separate room is set aside for the heads of the departments and the president. Not so here. Almost any day, the Book Steward may be seen in

the Book Room's cafeteria eating his luncheon while in conversation with an office boy, or with the driver of one of the firm's delivery rigs.

Those who know Dr. Briggs and the success which has attended his efforts in the institution, attribute a good deal of this latter to his ability for picking men, and with this goes a belief in promotion. An instance was given where a subordinate was brought down to take the head of a newly-established department. The same policy has been followed throughout the institution until now, with perhaps one or two exceptions, the several departments are directed by managers who came in as boys, who have grown up with it, and have made their places as they came along. When, for any reason, a vacancy occurs, the first thought in the Book Steward's mind is the possibility of filling the place by the promotion of someone who has been filling a less important position previously, and in most cases it must be said that his judgment is exceedingly good.

This may certify that the Bearer, Rev. Egerton Ryerson is appointed Agent for procuring a printing Establishment for the Toronto Conference, and he is hereby commended to the Christian conference of all, on whom he may have occasion to call for advice and assistance for the above purpose

William Case
Superintendent

Ancaster W. Comstock
Sep 14. 1824

Wm Richardson Secy

THE BOOK ROOM "CHARTER."

Facsimile of a letter which provided for the founding of the Methodist Book and Publishing House.

Rather a notable feature in Canadian Publication circles was the completion and the placing on the market last October, of the "New Methodist Hymn Book," a compilation which has since taken a very large place in the worship of the denomination in Canada. This, it should be noted, was the first Hymn Book of any denomination for which the type was set, and the actual printing and binding done *in toto*, in Canada. The books of the other denominations have been printed in England, and imported, the "publication" in such cases being

distribution and sale only.

What the future may bring for Canada's pioneer publishing house is something that cannot well be even imagined now. With the post-war growth of business and population in the Dominion, there is no doubt but that a consequent growth in the institution will follow. It seems probable that within the next few years material additions may be necessary to the already vast home depicted in the accompanying engraving.

Books on Metallurgy: "De Re Metallica"

METALLURGY is one of the oldest of the arts; a knowledge of its mysteries was highly prized in olden days, and its practice has been shrouded in secrecy even in modern times. The manager of many a metallurgical works would refuse admittance to visitors for fear of disclosing some secret on which the technical and financial success of the industry was supposed to depend. Under these conditions metallurgical literature was limited, although important works were written, and advances were slow. In recent years a more liberal spirit has been observed; nowadays, it is generally recognized that a plant from which visitors are excluded is probably behind the times, and as a result of the freer exchange of knowledge and ideas the art and science of metallurgy are making rapid progress.

Under these conditions metallurgical literature is world-wide in scope and distribution. Processes that are limited in use to a particular country or district are becoming fewer and of less importance, and metallurgists in any country can keep in touch with the advances in the science and practice of their art in all parts of the habitable world. It will be clear, then, that there is scarcely such a thing as English metallurgy, Scotch metallurgy, Canadian metallurgy; although we sometimes speak of American metallurgy, having in mind the fact that on this continent smelting methods have been undertaken on a larger scale and with a freedom from precedent that was unknown in the past in European countries. Books on metallurgy, when written in English, are usually published in London or New York, and authors who may happen to be located in Canada have their works published in one of these places. Technical books of this kind involve much work in writing and considerable expense in printing and publishing, the reading public in Canada is small, and, in consequence, Canadian publishers are unable to handle such books. A work of any importance, on a subject of such wide-spread interest, must be brought out by publishers having world-wide affiliations, and the only limiting circumstance is the survival of dif-

ferent languages, which still makes it necessary to translate English books into French, Spanish, German and other languages, while metallurgical works in those tongues are translated into English. We may almost regret the medieval custom of writing in Latin so that all scholars would understand.

Although it will be impossible to observe a chronological order in dealing with works on metallurgy, it seems fitting to place in this introductory article a notice of the first book of any importance dealing with the subject of metallurgy. "De Re Metallica"—written in Latin by Georgius Agricola early in the sixteenth century and published in 1556—has at last been worthily translated into English by Herbert Clark Hoover and Lou Henry Hoover, and was published in a de luxe edition in 1912. The noble part which Mr. Hoover has played in the present war adds interest to the labour of love which occupied him and his wife for about five years.

Georgius Agricola (Georg Bauer) was born at Glauchau in Saxony in 1494, about the beginning of the revival of learning, and his writings, although to us they seem archaic and somewhat obscure, mark a great advance when compared with contemporary writings on the subject. One of the features of "De Re Metallica" is the large number of wood-cuts, which have been reproduced, faithfully, in the translation. The following extracts will indicate the character of the work, which covers the subject of mining, ore-dressing, assaying, smelting and refining of metals as known at that time.

The preface is addressed:

To the most illustrious and most mighty dukes of Saxony, Landgraves of Thuringia, Margraves of Meissen, Imperial Overlords of Saxony, Burgraves of Altenberg and Magdeburg, Counts of Brena, Lords of Pleissnerland, To **Maurice**, Grand Marshall and Elector of the Holy Roman Empire and to his brother **Augustus**.

In it he states:

Without doubt, none of the arts is older than agriculture, but that of the metals is not less ancient; in fact they are at least equal and coeval, for no mortal man ever tilled a field without imple-

ments. In truth, in all the works of agriculture, as in the other arts, implements are used which are made from metals, or which could not be made without the use of metals; for this reason the metals are of the greatest necessity to man.

With reference to the alchemists he writes:

These masters teach their disciples that the base metals, when smelted, are broken up; also they teach the methods by which they reduce them to the primary parts and remove whatever is superfluous in them, and by supplying what is wanted make out of them the precious metals—that is, gold and silver—all of which they carry out in a crucible. Whether they can do these things or not I cannot decide; but, seeing that so many writers assure us with all earnestness that they have reached that goal for which they aimed, it would seem that faith might be placed in them; yet also seeing that we do not read of any of them ever having become rich by this art, I should say the matter is dubious.

In Book I he writes:

Many persons hold the opinion that the metal industries are fortuitous and that the occupation is one of sordid toil, and altogether a kind of business requiring not so much skill as labour. But as for myself, when I reflect carefully upon its special points one by one, it appears to be far otherwise."

He also argues against the prevailing belief that it is wicked to have or obtain metals:

In the first place then, those who speak ill of the metals and refuse to make use of them, do not see that they accuse and condemn as wicked the Creator Himself, when they assert that He fashioned some things vainly and without good cause, and thus they regard Him as the Author of evils, which opinion is certainly not worthy of pious and sensible men. In the next place, the earth does not conceal metals in her depths because she does not wish that men should dig them out, but because provident and sagacious Nature has appointed for each thing its place."

With respect to the divining rod he writes:

There are many great contentions between miners concerning the forked twig, for some say that it is of the greatest use in discovering veins, and others deny it. Some of those who manipulate and use the twig, first cut a fork from a hazel bush with a knife, for this bush they consider more efficacious than any other for revealing the veins, especially if the hazel bush grows above a vein. . . . Since this matter remains in dispute and causes much dissention amongst miners, I consider it ought to be examined in its own merits. . . . The Ancients, by means of the divining rod, not only procured those things necessary for a livelihood or for luxury, but they were also able to alter the forms of things by it; as when the magicians changed the rods of the Egyptians into serpents, as the writings of the Hebrews relate; and as in Homer, Minerva with a divining rod turned the aged Ulysses suddenly into a youth, and then restored him back again to old age. . . . Therefore it seems that the divining rod passed to the mines from its impure origin with the magicians. Then when good men shrank with horror from the incantations and rejected them, the twig was retained by the unsophisticated common miners, and in searching for new veins some traces of these ancient usages remain.

Although doubtful about the divining rod, Agricola believed in subterranean demons:

In some of our mines, however, though in very few, there are other pernicious pests. These are demons of ferocious aspect, about which I have spoken in my book "De Animantibus Subterraneis." Demons of this kind are expelled and put to flight by prayer and fasting. Some of these evils, as well as certain other things, are the reason why pits are occasion-

ally abandoned. But the first and principal cause is that they do not yield metal.

His instructions to assayers read correctly at the present time:

It is necessary that the assayer who is testing ore or metals should be prepared and instructed in all things necessary in assaying, and that he should close the doors of the room in which the assay furnace stands, lest anyone coming at an inopportune moment might disturb his thoughts when they are intent on the work. It is also necessary for him to place his balances in a case, so that when he weighs the little buttons of metal the scales may not be agitated by a draught of air.

I may add in full his instructions for assaying an ore of gold, to show how closely they resemble our modern methods:

Mix one part of this ore, when it has been roasted, crushed and washed, with three parts of some powder compound which melts ore, and six parts of lead. Put the charge into the triangular crucible, place it in the iron hoop to which the double bellows reaches, and heat first in a slow fire, and afterward gradually in a fiercer fire, till it melts and flows like water. If the ore does not melt, add to it a little more of these fluxes, mixed with an equal portion of yellow litharge, and stir it with a hot iron rod until it all melts. Then take the crucible out of the hoop, shake off the button when it has cooled, and when it has been cleansed, melt first in the scorifier and afterward in the cupel. Finally, rub the gold which has settled in the bottom of the cupel, after it has been taken out and cooled, on the touchstone, in order to find out what proportion of silver it contains.

Book IX. on the smelting of ores begins as follows:—

Since I have written on the varied work of preparing the ores, I will now write of the various methods of smelting them. Although those who burn, roast and calcine the ore, take from it something which is mixed or combined with the metals; and those who crush it with stamps take away much; and those who wash, screen and sort it, take away still more; yet they cannot remove all which conceals the metal from the eye and renders it crude and unformed. Wherefore smelting is necessary, for by this means earths, solidified juices, and stones are separated from the metals so that they obtain their proper colour and become pure, and may be of great use to mankind in many ways. When the ore is smelted, those things which were mixed with the metal before it was melted are driven forth, because the metal is perfected by fire in this manner.

The following is a description of the smelting of a complex ore containing gold, silver, copper and lead:

After a quarter of an hour, when the lead which the assistant has placed in the forehearth is melted, the master opens the tap-hole of the furnace with a tapping bar. . . . The slag first flows from the furnace into the forehearth, and in it are stones mixed with metal or with the metal adhering to them partly altered, the slag also containing earth and solidified juices. After this the material from the melted pyrites flows out, and then the molten lead contained in the forehearth absorbs the gold and silver. When that which has run out has stood for some time in the forehearth, in order to be able to separate one from the other, the master first either skims off the slags with the hooked bar or else lifts them off with an iron fork; the slags, as they are very light, float on the top. He next draws off the cakes of melted pyrites, which as they are of medium weight hold the middle place; he leaves in the forehearth the alloy of gold or silver with the lead, for these being the heaviest, sink to the bottom.

With regard to iron smelting the author writes:—

Very good iron ore is smelted in a furnace almost like the cupellation furnace. The hearth is three and a half feet high, and five feet long and wide; in the centre of it is a crucible a foot deep and one and a half feet wide, but it may be deeper or shallower, wider or narrower, according to whether more or less ore is to be made into iron. A certain quantity of iron ore is given to the master, out of which he may smelt either much or little iron. He being about to expend his skill and labour on this matter, first throws charcoal into the crucible, and sprinkles over it an iron shovel-ful of crushed iron ore mixed with unslaked lime. Then he repeatedly throws on charcoal and sprinkles it with ore, and continues this until he has slowly built up a heap; it melts when the charcoal has been kindled and the fire violently stimulated by the blast of the bellows, which are

skillfully fixed in a pipe. He is able to complete this work sometimes in eight hours, sometimes in ten, and again sometimes in twelve. In order that the heat of the fire should not burn his face, he covers it entirely with a cap, in which, however, there are holes through which he may see and breathe.

This work, as translated by Hoover, contains in addition to the translation, an enormous number of explanatory foot notes by the translator; it contains more than 600 pages, 9 inches by 13 inches, and is bound in vellum. It was published for the Translators by the Mining Magazine, London.

Alfred Stansfield.

McGill University,
November, 1918.

Labour and Capital After the War

By HOWARD T. FALK

PEACE is with us once again, the world, we are told, has been made safe for Democracy . . . and, is any one going to add, Industrial Autoocracy? It is not uncommon to hear these days some little god in the kingdom of Industrial Autoocracy deerying against the Bolshevik element in Canada, and this book has only strengthened my desire to say each time: "Look and see whether the conditions which produced the Bolshevik element in Russia have any counterpart in Canada." Professor S. J. Chapman's symposium on "Labour and Capital after the War" (was there any significance in his reversion of the order in which we usually see these two associated in the daily press?) includes amongst its contributors men and women whose right to express an opinion will be unquestioned, for they have earned it by close contact with the problem and the experience of many years.

The village of Port Sunlight on the banks of the Mersey has done as much to make William Lever famous as has the soap that carries the same name. Lord Leverhulme, as he is now, would probably be the first to admit that his interest in the welfare of his employes and his business success have been in the relation of cause and effect. This Commercial Baron writes: "Our manufacturers have been progressive in the adoption of machinery, plant and mechanical utilities, but have been singularly indifferent to the human element in productive enterprise,—the human element has been ignored and human needs have been neglected"; and later:

It is merely so much pompous nonsense to talk of reconciling Capital and Labor. The days for "reconciling" Capital and Labour as ordinarily understood—if every such days existed, which I doubt—have vanished in the smoke of war. To-day's programme must go much deeper than mere attempts to prevent strikes and disputes; it must include the placing of employer and employee on the footing of equal opportunities, and of sharing the profits of

trade and commerce between all the three elements necessary for production, viz., Capital, Management and Labour. The tool user must become joint owner of the tools he wields. . . . Labour demands, and justly demands, the best conditions of living, and sufficient leisure; not for loafing, but for the attainment of a higher standard of education and refinement, combined with opportunity for healthful recreation.

When an Industrial Baron in England, which knows what war is as we do not in Canada, speaks in this strain, then the industrial magnates of Canada may listen with more patience to Mr. R. H. Tawney, the wounded Soldier Scholar, the Student of Humanity, who has seen the Whitechapel laborer from the intimate perspective of a resident of Toynbee Hall and also as a fellow Tommy in the trenches.

To single out any one of a dozen passages in Mr. Tawney's all too short thirty-five pages seems invidious, but the kernel of the truth seems to be expressed in these words in which he sums up his plans for social reconstruction:

The details of the transformation may be complex, but the principle is simple. It is that instead of the workers being used by the owners of capital with the object of producing profits for its owners, capital should be used by the workers with the object of producing services for the community.

His closing paragraph is this:

It is possible that the pathetic instinct to demand payment for privileges, as though it were a kind of service, will re-emerge jaunty and un-repentant out of the sea of blood and tears in which it has been temporarily submerged, and that in a world where not a few have given all, there may still be classes and individuals whose ideal is not to give but to take. Such claims, if they are made, may be regarded with pity, but without apprehension. Men who have endured the rigour of war in order to make the world safe for democracy, will find ways of overcoming the social forces and institutions which threaten that cause in time of peace.

Mr. F. Dudley Docker and Sir Hugh Bell contributes articles which are of especial in-

terest to employers, while Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., and others, will appeal chiefly to the employee; the Bishop of Birmingham, out of courtesy, I suppose, was given the first chapter, which deals with "Social and Moral Unrest," but when he talked of "the immoral rest (inactivity) of the man or woman living and working under unsatisfactory conditions who makes no effort to better them, who, as he himself says, "has had her mental and physical vitality lowered until she is hardly a sentient being." I wondered whether he would call the apathy of the average clergyman to these same conditions "immoral rest" or "opportune inactivity."

A summary of the work of the standing

committee on Plans and Propaganda of the Canadian National Reconstruction groups has just reached me. It makes frequent reference to the symposium under review, which fact will, I hope, induce many Canadians to read it; for unless we have learnt our lesson from this war, we shall find that the end of one war is but the prelude to another. The workers have fought in France and Flanders for freedom for us all; must they return to fight, as Mr. Tawney terms it, a commercial *Macht-Politik*, which is the social counterpart of the temper over which we have just been victorious? ("Labour and Capital After the War," a symposium edited by Prof. S. J. Chapman. Dent, Toronto, \$2.)

A Lesson for Canadian Cities

By W. D. LIGHTHALL

AMERICAN Cities: Their Methods of Business," by Arthur Benson Gilbert, M.A., is a strong and clear-headed volume on city economics which should be read by all thinking business men, although written by an ex-professor. The author announces that his ideas are chiefly due to the influence of the celebrated Tom Johnson, the late mayor of Cleveland, "the first man in the United States to grasp clearly the principles by which cities must be promoted." "The Johnson principles that made Cleveland the best city in his time in the United States must," he says, "soon receive universal recognition." According to him the foundations of an ideal city will be found in long-sighted scientific business management, after which will follow the artistic and cultural excellences; merely "honest" government fails because of stupidity, and ordinary "business man's government" is too short-sighted and superficial. Competition today is so keen, between cities as well as business firms, that even well endowed and well-situated communities must fail as against those where system and efficiency are thoroughly adopted, and it is necessary to save every leak and develop every advantage to the full.

Therefore the city's first object should be to furnish special advantages (differentials) to its business. To do so it must favor production—rather than ownership, and make its

first care the prosperity of the working classes, like the Germans. "Cities live by their business life with the outside world, and on this foundation build religion, culture and morals." Hence all wastes must be avoided: the ward system, graft, monopolies, debauchery, bad housing, private-owned waterfronts, poor terminal facilities. The old system of mayor and council must give way to the Manager plan of government, complete and exact surveys must be drawn up and applied, the city must acquire and operate its chief public utilities so as to deliver good services at cost. All these points are strongly and intelligently discussed in a manner appealing to business men. The author regrets that business classes often oppose some of these improvements because they have not thought them out. At the same time perhaps he does not sufficiently allow for peculiarly composed communities like polyglot Montreal, nor for the necessity of effort at the same time by other elements than those of business, such as the churches and settlement workers. And have not the German communities over emphasized materialistic ideals of progress? Nevertheless, it is true that our responsible business men have not as a whole properly backed up those who work for reforms nor grasped the full injury done to themselves by bad civic conditions and mismanagement. (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Making Farmers Into "Big Business"

By W. LOCHHEAD

WHILE it is generally acknowledged that the Grain Growers' Associations have done great service for the wheat farmers of the prairie provinces during the last twelve or fifteen years in their fight for right against the might of certain organized interests, few persons outside of those who are intimately connected with the Associations are acquainted with the details of the work.

The full story of the co-operative efforts of the farmers has now been told for the first time by Mr. Hopkins Moorhouse in "Deep Furrows" in a way that will appeal to the imagination of most readers. In these days of United Farmers' Associations, Mr. Moorhouse's book should be of great interest to the farmers of Eastern Canada, for it points out clearly that success in the west was only attained by the loyal co-operation of all the members and the fortunate selection of leaders.

To the economist "Deep Furrows" will be of interest as it describes the stages of development of the grain growers association, from the formation of the first local association to the amalgamation of the Grain Growers' Company of Manitoba with the Alberta Farmers' Co-operative Elevator Company into the United Grain Growers Limited. This united company is the world's greatest farmers' co-operative enterprise. It has more than 35,000 shareholders, assets of six millions, and a turnover last year of one hundred millions. It operates nearly 500 grain elevators, 250 floor warehouses, 200 coal sheds, two implement warehouses, a large timber mill, and a large timber tract.

The conditions that made co-operative action necessary on the part of the farmers are fully discussed. They complained of excessive dockage charges and unfair weight at the elevators, and of the monopoly enjoyed by the elevator owners in the purchase of grain whereby the prices were kept excessively low. The Royal Commission that investigated the matter in 1899-1900 found the farmers' grievances justified, and the Manitoba Grain Act of 1900 was an effort to remedy matters; but the elevator owners continued their old methods, hedging behind the railway company, which did not furnish enough cars to carry away the grain from the warehouses and elevators as stipulated in the Act.

In the fall of 1901 the farmers were called together at Indian Head by W. R. Motherwell and Peter Dayman for the purpose of taking action against the elevator owners and the railway. At this meeting the Territorial Grain Growers' Association was formed, and in 1902 it took legal action against the C. P. R. and won.

The ruling spirit among the farmers for the next few years was E. A. Partridge of Sintaluta. He was sent to Winnipeg to report on the methods of grading wheat, but he had not been long in his position before he saw the necessity of the farmers themselves marketing their wheat if they were ever to get satisfactory returns. Accordingly he called meetings throughout the province and brought the plan to the attention of the wheat growers. The response was cold at many places, but finally in 1906 the Association bought a seat in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and began to do business on its own account in the consignment of grain. It met at first with strong competition from organized interests, especially from the grain dealers of the Exchange. Thus, when the Association declared a plan of a patronage dividend the Grain Exchange took away its seat, on the ground that the dividends contrary to the rules of the Exchange. Such action threatened the existence of the Association, so it appealed to the Manitoba Government to have the seat restored. The Government threatened to revoke the charter of the Exchange if it refused to recognize the farmers, who at the same time withdrew their plan of patronage dividend.

Instead, therefore, of paying dividends, the company built up a powerful reserve fund, which it used to extend its scope of operations. In spite of opposition, however, the organization prospered, becoming the largest factor in the handling of grain in the Winnipeg Exchange.

Such, in brief, is the history of the Grain Growers' Company as told in "Deep Furrows." Of the many dramatic incidents in the struggle of the farmers for their fair and just rights, described to the writer in forceful language, the most outstanding were the troubles with the railway and the banks, the government control of the elevators, the founding of the Grain Growers' Guide, under the editorship first of E. A. Partridge and later of Roderick McKenzie, the federal control of the terminal elevators, the exposure of "Observer," and some of the experiences with foreign shipments of grain.

"Deep Furrows" brings out in relief the names of those farmers who bore the heavy part of the exacting and responsible task, not only of organizing and directing the company but of overcoming the great opposition that continually faced it. Such men as W. R. Motherwell, Peter Dayman, J. W. Scallion, J. A. McHarg, E. A. Partridge, John Miller, John Sibbold, John Kennedy, E. A. Fream and T. A. Crerar get due credit for their fine services. The most surprising feature of the struggle in

many respects was the adaptability shown by the leaders to meet the critical situations as they arose. Plain farmers became captains of finance and organization.

It must be remembered, however, that "Deep Furrows" is written from the standpoint of the Grain Growers. Perhaps some of the criticisms of the actions of the C. P. R. and

certain banks would be mellowed if the companies concerned were allowed to make explanations on the whole. Mr. Moorhouse has done his task well, and "Deep Furrows" deserves a wide sale on account of its intrinsic historical value and as a contribution to the literature of economics. From a literary point of view it would lose none of its effectiveness if the Foreword were omitted.

Recent Publications on Agricultural Subjects

THE field of agriculture is so large and varied that it is very difficult to keep readers fully informed as to the contents of the many excellent books that appear from time to time. These books may be roughly classified into two groups: (1) the more or less technical for the students of agricultural colleges, and (2) the popular or semi-scientific for schools and the general reader. The first group contains a longer list than the second. Publishers, as a rule, are alert and send out at intervals both lists and reviews of new books, but these reach booksellers mainly. Some Departments of Agriculture in the U. S. and Canada publish lists of recent additions prepared by their librarians, which sometimes find their way into the hands of librarians in cities and the larger towns and no doubt serve a useful purpose. Dr. D. J. Stevenson, of the Ontario Agricultural College, has recently prepared a bulletin giving a list of books on Agriculture and Household Science with brief notes on their contents and character. This compilation will be widely distributed through Ontario, and will make a useful guide for librarians.

Brief mention, however, is made in this bulletin of books, dealing with two of the most recently organized departments of agricultural study, namely, Agricultural Economics and Rural Sociology. The literature on these subjects is already quite extensive, and the war has accentuated its production. For some time it has been recognized by agricultural leaders that farming deals with other matters than the production of crops and live stock. It has also to do with the marketing of farm products and the up-building and maintenance of a satisfactory rural life in which the farmer and his family may find expression for the highest ideals of citizenship. Hence the development of Agricultural Economics and Rural Sociology, but as new subjects the principles have not yet been fully formulated.

In connection with the new Rural Life Movement of the past decade, the Church has taken a deep interest and the results of many valuable studies of rural problems have been published in book form. The more important recent publications are:

"The Rural Church Movement," by E. L. Earp. The Methodist Book Co.

"Recreation and the Church," by H. W. Gates. The University of Chicago Press.

"Using the Resources of the Country Church," by E. R. Groves. The Association Press, N.Y.

"The Country Church," by Gill and Pinchot. The Macmillan Co.

"The Country Church and the Rural Problem," by K. L. Butterfield. The University of Chicago Press.

From the general sociological viewpoint, the following publications are most valuable, and should be in most public libraries:

"The Rural Life Problem in the United States," by Sir Horace Plunkett. The Macmillan Co.

"Report of the Country Life Commission, United States," Sturgis and Walton.

"The Challenge of the Country," by W. Fiske. The Associated Press, New York.

"Introduction to Rural Sociology," by P. L. Vogt. Appletons.

"The Sociology of Rural Life," Publ. of the Am. Soc. Soc. Vol. XI. University of Chicago Press.

"Rural Life in Canada," by J. MacDougall. The Westminster Co.

"The Holy Earth," by L. H. Bailey. Scribners.

"The Evolution of a Country Community," by W. H. Wilson. The Pilgrim Press.

In the field of Agricultural Economics the following publications are valuable and suggestive, as they discuss the various problems quite fully:—

"Farm Management," by G. F. Warren. The Macmillan Co.

"Chapters in Rural Progress," by K. L. Butterfield. Univ. Chicago Press.

"Agricultural Economics," by E. G. Nourse. Univ. Chicago Press.

"Selected Readings in Rural Economics," by T. N. Carver. Ginn and Co.

"Rural Credits," by M. T. Herrick.

"Rural Reconstruction in Ireland." Smith, Gordon and Staples.

"Co-operation in Agriculture," G. H. Powell. The Macmillan Co.

"Deep Furrows," by H. Moorhouse. G. H. McLeod, Ltd.

"This Way Out of Chaos"

By O. D. SKELTON

- Shortt, Adam**, "Early Economic Effects of the War Upon Canada." Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Oxford University Press, London, New York and Toronto. 1918. Pp. xvi., 32.
- Henderson, Arthur**, "The Aims of Labour." McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto. 1918. Pp. 128. \$.50.
- "The Elements of Reconstruction." Introduction by Viscount Milner. Nisbet and Co., London. 1917. Pp. 120. One Shilling, net.
- Hichens, W. L.**, "Some Problems of Modern Industry." Nisbet and Co., London. 1918. Pp. 61. Sixpence, net.
- Macara, Sir Charles W.**, "Social and Industrial Reform, 1918." Sherratt and Hughes, Manchester. 5 shillings.
- Furniss, H. S. (editor)**, "The Industrial Outlook." Chatto and Windus, London, 1917. Pp., 402. 5 shillings.
- Gardner, Lucy (editor)**, "The Hope for Society." G. Bell and Sons, London. 1917. Pp. 236. 4s 6d.
- Dawson, W. H. (editor)**, "After War Problems." George Allen and Unwin, London. Pp. 366. Six shillings.
- Carter, Huntley (editor)**, "Industrial Reconstruction." E. P. Dutton, New York. Pp. 295. \$1.50.

A REVIEW confined to Canadian economic or social publications of the past few months would be almost as brief as the chapter on snakes in the standard treatise on Ireland. There have been practically none. Whatever is responsible, the overshadowing war, the lack of trained writers, the scattered Canadian reading public, our habit of letting English and United States writers do our thinking for us, or what not, the fact remains that aside from periodical publications few distinctly Canadian contributions are appearing in this field. Some of much promise, such as Mackenzie King's "Industry and Humanity" are announced for early publication, and there are other signs that a state of affairs which does little credit to Canada will soon be changed for the better.

The outstanding Canadian economic work of the past few months is doubtless Dr. Adam Shortt's monograph for the Carnegie Endowment, "Early Economic Effects of the War upon Canada." Dr. Shortt begins by an admirable survey of economic conditions in Canada on the eve of the war. Nowhere is a better analysis available of the feverish speculative activities which marked the years when men and capital were pouring into the country. He then traces clearly and concisely the effect of the war on industry, employment, and foreign trade. If the other countries which the Carnegie Endowment intends to survey are as competently handled, the world will have a thorough and scientific review of one of the most important phases of the great war.

In default of other economic studies by Canadians, it may be of use to note very briefly some of the more important contributions

which are being made across the water to the literature of reconstruction.

"Reconstruction" is in danger of becoming as worn a counter as "camouflage." Yet the word stands for a great and pressing reality. The war has given not only new angles but new urgency to every social and economic issue, and has created a revolutionary temper which is prepared to overhaul every institution that does not measure up to the new standards of efficiency and social justice. The results of wars are often a very different thing from the objects aimed at by either side in the conflict, and there are already many signs that social revolution will hold the world's stage to the exclusion of most of the issues primarily involved in the war. Only by the most careful study of the great questions which have been thrust upon us can we avert chaos and disaster.

From very nearly the beginning of the war many individuals and groups in Great Britain have been planning the rebuilding that must some day be attempted. The books noted below, in which they present their conclusions, are of a very high general level of ability and insight. They differ widely in emphasis and viewpoint, but all are serious and distinctive contributions. Of course, their conclusions are not to be applied with change to our conditions. Only second to the folly of ignoring what other countries have to suggest to us, is the folly of trying to apply their policies or programmes to what may be essentially different conditions.

In "The Aims of Labour," Arthur Henderson, Secretary of the British Labour party, offers what may be essentially different conditions. The two famous pronouncements of the party on social reconstruction and on foreign policy, which are printed as appendices to his book. These statements of Labour policy have been widely circulated on both sides of the Atlantic, and merit the closest possible study. Whether one agrees with their conclusions or not, there is no room for question that they are the ablest and most comprehensive and coherent platform ever put forward by any political party. The Memorandum on War Aims, in its insistence on the establishment of some international authority to determine and ensure justice, in its recognition of the importance of the economic factor in world affairs, and in its detailed suggestions for reconciling nationalist claims with the need of economic unity, presents a programme which has the support of progressive opinion the world over. There will be more difference of opinion on the economic policy set forth. The four principles of National Minimums, of Democratic Control of Industry, of Democratic Finance and the Appropriation of Surplus Wealth for the Common Good, will meet wide approval. It by no means follows that the nationalization of practically all in-

dustries is the best way, or a way at all, to secure democratic control. The Fabian writers or inspirers of the programme stand exactly where they did twenty-five years ago, and seem utterly impervious to the newer ideas, whether of syndicalism, of guild socialism or of partnership on the Whitley basis. It certainly is surprising to see the Labour party so ready to endorse Mr. Sydney Webb's identification of democracy with bureaucracy. Nonetheless, both the programmes of the party and Mr. Henderson's moderate and lucid comments demand attention.

From another quarter there comes a little book, "The Elements of Reconstruction," fathered by no name but godfathered by Lord Milner in a pregnant introduction, which makes it clear that sweeping changes have advocates at both ends of society. The main thesis of the authors of this study, which is admirably concise, is that combination of industry on a very large scale is essential if England is to hold her place in trade, and is indispensable as a basis for the application of scientific research to industry. Instead of a tariff on agricultural products, they urge national purchase through one office of all food requirements, paying home producers more than foreign. They strongly advocate proportional representation and also occupational representation, that is, the election of members representing Army and Navy" rather than such places as "Scotch Minerals or English Textiles or the Hampstead or Croydon, "whose inhabitants have scarcely anything in common except a postal address." Just how the two reforms could be worked out together, is not made clear. As might be expected in a book having Lord Milner's blessing, the authors are eager to save the Empire by ample doses of that good old nostrum, Imperial Federation. As to education they urge the claims of history, philosophy and the social science, in university work, as against either an exclusively classical or an exclusively scientific curriculum.

Still more significant of the altered attitude of the employing class is the Watts lecture on "Some Problems of Modern Industry," by W. L. Hichens, Chairman of Channel, Laird & Co., Mr. Hichens, as might have been expected, emphasizes the necessity of increasing output, utilizing new methods and machinery, standardizing machines, developing cheap and centralized power, abolishing strikers, removing restrictions placed by trades unions on output, and organizing common selling agencies for each industry. More novel is his insistence that industry must be considered a national service, and that in consequence profits must be limited, labour controlled by the state, a measure of partnership in the control of industry set up (subject to the right of the senior partner to fire the junior partner, as every manager must be left free to select his own employees, a shorter work day made obligatory, and provision made for a yearly holiday on full pay for every worker.

In "Social and Industrial Reform," another distinguished employer, Sir Charles W. Macara, presents the programme of those employers who

see that *laissez faire* and industrial autoeracy have had their day, but are not prepared to abolish the wage system at the behest of socialist or syndicalist. He wishes to see the "capital diluted with as much humanism as possible." Strong unions of workmen and employers, industrial councils to work out a real partnership, increased output and high wages, industrial arbitration, international free trade—these are the principles of this orthodox but progressive leader of England's greatest industry, the cotton manufacturing industry of Lancashire.

In "The Industrial Outlook," edited by H. S. Furniss, the views of a group of writers, chiefly instructors in the provincial universities, are given. H. Clay summarizes very clearly the present status of wage-earners, G. W. Daniels brings together some common-places on employers and property. J. R. Taylor gives a succinct historical review of labour organization in England. A. W. Ashby gives an excellent analysis of English agriculture on the technical, labour and business sides. T. E. Gregory discusses the changes necessary in the banking system, especially in increased gold reserve, longer trade credits, and the linking up of post office savings and the co-operative banks. W. H. Pringle outlines a scheme of state finance on free trade lines, and in a very acute analysis of the relation of the state to industry gives reasons for doubting whether the state is to become so all-dominant as many hope and many fear. Altogether, a well-informed, coherent survey, containing no startling suggestions but full of meat.

Another symposium, "The Hope for Society," edited by Miss Lucy Gardner, is more sweeping in its scope and also more sketchy. The Bishop of Oxford emphasizes the part the family must play in reconstruction. J. A. Hobson, as usual, is pessimistic about the revival of a new industrial feudalism. Clutton Brock voices the claims of art to a larger consideration, and J. St. G. Heath emphasizes the need of developing a social conscience in the use of income. Miss Bondfield deals with the position of women in industry, while Mrs. Pethwick Lawrence discusses the wider aspects of the woman's movement. C. Turner and Roden Buxton present the conservative and the radical view respectively as to the future reorganization of agriculture. Philip Kerr, editor of the Round Table, gives a moderate statement of the case for imperial federation, while Mr. Ernest Barker has some wise words on sex and class readjustments. Sir Hugh Bell presents the employer's view as to trade union regulations and Dr. A. J. Carlyle the trade union view. The essays are all well written and all suggestive, though hardly full enough to cover their fields adequately.

In "After War Problems," edited by W. H. Dawson, many of the some questions are given fuller treatment. The first essay, written by the Earl of Cromer just before his death, discusses the subject of imperial federation from the standpoint of an experienced imperial pro-consul: in common with most English writers on this subject, Lord Cromer seems blissfully unaware that the Dominions at present control

most matters which come under the head of foreign affairs, and do not need to seek representation in an imperial parliament to get a share of such control. Lord Haldane gives a weighty and very helpful survey of the educational field. Sir H. H. Johnson deals with proposals to restrict the immigration or naturalization of aliens in the light of England's history. Dr. Garnett, Professor Chapman, G. H. Roberts, the Labour member, and Sir Benjamin Browne present different angles of the question of the relation of the state, the employer and the workman. The Bishop of Exeter gives the Cecil family view as to the rehabilitation of rural life. H. R. Aldridge deals informally with housing and James Kerr with National Health. Professor Marshall makes a very thorough and well-balanced analysis of public finance problems, and a half dozen other writers contribute their quotas to a solid and workmanlike book.

Of a different type is the symposium edited by Huntly Carter, entitled "Industrial Recon-

struction." The book contains the answers made by some sixty representative Englishmen to a series of questions as to the industrial situation after the war, submitted by the editor. As is inevitable in so varied a group of contributors, the discussion is uneven and a bit bewildering. The conciseness of the answers made, and the unity of theme, however, make it possible with a little care to get a very good idea of practically all the programmes being put forward for industrial reconstruction. The contributions of the National Guildsmen group, including G. D. Cole, W. Mellor and M. B. Reekitt, will probably be found most novel by the majority of readers, but the whole book is extremely stimulating in suggesting new angles of approach.

Doubtless before another quarter rolls by, Canadian and United States writers will have begun to make their contributions to the same general theme. Our English cousins have set a high standard of achievement in these pioneer writings.

How Autocracy Slew Itself

BY superimposing the very dramatic and topical title "Suicide of Monarchy" upon a volume which was apparently intended originally to sail under the non-committal flag of "Russian Diplomat," the publishers of Baron Eugene de Schelking's highly interesting collection of personalia on the royal families of Continental Europe have probably succeeded in catching the public ear to good purpose. The new title is not unjustified. Mr. de Schelking (he seems to have abandoned his Russian dignity when he settled in Canada) has a very intimate knowledge of precisely those weaknesses of the kingly caste in Europe which plunged the world into the recent catastrophe and ensured the disappearance of both king and caste from so large a portion of the earth's surface. There is not in his pages any great amount of the "secret memoirs" style of information which will perhaps be looked for by some on the strength of the book's title. He refrains from descriptions of the bathing habits of Rasputin, and even discredits the idea that the conquests of that unclean person reached into the highest circles of Russian society. He suspends judgment concerning even the Eulenburg scandal, which most court gossips accept as sufficiently proven, and altogether exhibits a most praiseworthy attitude towards the accusation which are so easily made concerning those who have lost the power to defend themselves.

His portraits of the crowned heads of pre-war Europe are lifelike and drawn at short range, but do not profess to the intimacies of

a valet or even a dentist. To serious students of recent history, the most valuable part of the book will be that which deals with the occupants of the various important diplomatic posts in Europe during the last few years. Mr. de Schelking's knowledge of these personages is extensive, and his judgment acute, and he writes with the remarkable freedom of one who realizes that his past career is totally closed, and that he must make a new life for himself in a new world. Mr. de Schelking has been residing for a considerable time in Vancouver, where he has entirely recast this volume in collaboration with L. W. Makovski, an experienced traveller and journalist whose articles on the war and the political situation in Europe have been one of the features of the Vancouver Daily Province, and who contributes a clever preface. "I know no book," says Mr. Makovski, not without justice, "which gives a better proof of the value of democracy than this one. Not because it deals with democratic principles, but because it exposes the weaknesses of autocratic government." And one lays down the volume convinced that, bad as it may be for statesmen to be compelled to consult the caprices of a universal-suffrage electorate (and it is only in a mistaken and exaggerated form of democracy that those caprices become dangerous), it is infinitely worse that they should have to maintain themselves in power by pandering to the follies and selfishness of vain and vicious autocrats. (Macmillan, Toronto, \$2).

Among the Booksellers

IT is impossible to converse for five minutes with any of the leading booksellers of Canada without perceiving how greatly enhanced a sense of the importance and public serviceability of the book business has been developed as a result of conditions during the world war. The best booksellers in Canada have always regarded themselves as educationists, leaders of the public taste; but they have never had so many proofs of their power, and of the good uses to which it can be put, as they have had since the making of public opinion became a matter of general concern owing to the war.

"The book trade has gained considerable prestige during the war," said Mr. Harry Burton, of Foster Brown Company, Limited, to the *Canadian Bookman*. "It has been declared by the governments, both of England and of the United States to be an essential industry. It has been used repeatedly by the various governments for the distribution of propagandist literature, and recognized as a powerful socialising agent.

"Literature, from a bookseller's point of view, has passed through four distinct stages since 1914. The first stage was the enquiry into the cause and origin of the war, and is well represented by the demand for such works as Bernhardt's 'Germany and the Next War,' Cramb's 'Germany and England,' Wister's 'Pentecost of Calamity,' Oliver's 'Ordeal by Battle,' the official government papers and the Oxford pamphlets.

"The second stage was the public interest in descriptions of the fighting by war correspondents, and produced Boyd Cable's 'Between the Lines,' Palmer's 'My First Year of the War,' Philip Gibbs' 'Soul of War,' and Donald Hankeys' 'Student in Arms.'

"Third came the personal narrative period, during which soldiers wrote of their experience at the front. The most successful narra-

tives were 'Over the Top,' 'Private Peat,' and 'Kitchener's Mob.'

"The final stage brings us to the present time, and finds the novel again the most popular book. Although the most successful novels of the war, 'Sonia,' by Stephen McKenna, 'Changing Winds,' by St. John Irvine, and 'Mr. Britling,' do not rightly belong to the later period, they are still in active demand."

Mr. William Tyrrell, of Toronto, points out that not only is fiction the commanding commodity in the book market at the present moment, but that the present winter is unique in bookselling records owing to the absence of any outstanding book of biography, reminiscence, history or criticism. There are a number of excellent minor works in several of these categories, but nothing comparable with, for example, the Morley "Recollections." Usually there are at least two or three works of this calibre in a winter, works which every real reader feels obliged to make an acquaintance with. The present anomalous situation is probably due to the uncertainty as to the future (of peace and war) which prevailed during the summer when publishers were laying their plans, and to the paper and labour shortage in Great Britain, which is the source of most publications of the kind. Mr. Tyrrell noted a revival in the demand, in Toronto, for Lord Charnwood's "Lincoln," but this was due to the local accident of the distinguished author's visit to the Canadian Club of that city. War books are still in large demand in Toronto, and there is a growing supply of, and interest in, books dealing with the problems of reconstruction, but the literature of this class is in a tentative state, and has not apparently produced any permanent masterpieces. The new interest in poetry, especially in the form of anthologies, was cited by Mr. Tyrrell as an evidence of the broadening of popular taste.

Canadian Anglican Leaders

"Leaders of the Canadian Church," a collection of biographical sketches of ten departed bishops of the Church of England in Canada, proceeding from as many pens but all edited by Canon Bertal Heeney, is obviously intended purely for circulation within the membership of that communion, since the term "Canadian Church" is used in an esoteric sense which would not be accepted by any other body. It is an interesting but very uneven compilation, ranging from the brief and finely critical and historical study of Bishop Strachan by the Reference Librarian of the Winnipeg Public Library to the somewhat verbose and excessively affectionate tributes to recently departed dig-

nitaries by personal friends. At a time when the whole question of the episcopate of the Church of England in Canada—of its selection, its position, its authority and its personal prestige—is up for serious consideration, such a volume, however, far from perfection, must serve a useful purpose. (Musson, Toronto,

Persons desiring to form their own opinion on the military abilities of Foch have about thirty books of biography or impressions by his friends and others, his own work on Warfare, and literally hundreds of magazine articles to select from. It is evident that the public is by no means tired of the subject of military tactics.

Norman Duncan's Last Word

THE late Norman Duncan, whose two posthumous volumes, "Harbour Tales Down North" and "Battles Royal Down North" have just been published in Canada by Thomas Allen, was probably the most accomplished and technically finished teller of tales that Canada has ever produced. The short stories reprinted in these two volumes are striking examples of what can be done with the flimsiest materials by an assured art and an intense concentration on the one effect desired. The craftsmanship here exhibited entitles the writer to be admitted, for comparison at any rate, into the most select company of the masters of the short story, not on this continent alone, not in English alone, but in any language. To young Canadians seeking to learn how to write we commend an earnest perusal of these two volumes of tales, not because they are the greatest examples available, but because they are undeniably great in respect of their art, and noble in their conception, and because the man who wrote them was a Brantford boy, a Toronto University graduate, a worker for a time on Canadian newspapers, and because (as the biographical note in the volumes informs us) he never, though he spent most of his adult life in the United States, abandoned his citizenship in the Dominion. An admirable portrait is included in each book. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.35 each).

Who's Who In America

The tenth volume of "Who's Who in America," for the years 1918 and 1919, has been issued by A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago, (price six dollars). It contains 22,968 sketches, of which 3,191 sketches have not appeared in previous issues. While remarkably complete in covering of names of Americans who are in any sense in the public eye, this work is strictly selective in that particular nobody who is not entitled to serve men of public interest is admitted to its columns. Persons who have been in the public eye by virtue solely of some official position, and who have since retired from that position are mentioned, who merely with bare reference to the previous volume in their biography may be found. "Who's Who in America," does not make any special effort to cover the Canadian field, but it is astonishing to note what a large number of these prominent Americans have their birthplace in the Dominion of Canada. And absolutely priceless feature of the Bookman, which we had not remembered noticing in any similar publication is a geographical index by which all the entitled persons living in any particular city or town of the United States can be found grouped under the name of their place of residence.

Hughes' Unpardonable Sin

Let Mr. Theodore Roosevelt stick to politics. When he says Rupert Hughes' "The Unpardonable Sin" is a "very, very strong book"—and he does say so on the cover—he apparently means "strong" in the sense that perfumes and meats may have the quality. The book is more than strong: it is high. Of course as propaganda intended to rouse the sentimental American into Hun-hating it is perhaps effective. That may be why Roosevelt liked it. But as literature, even as entertainment—open the door!

Once upon a time Rupert Hughes did some fairish things about New York shop-girls, but he has made himself a mere peddler of thrills for maiden intelligences that wallow in morbid sex stuff under the pretence of facing the truth about life. The Bryce report needed no dressing up. Surely respectable matrons of forty with grown daughters don't have to bear children to the German army, in order that American sewing circles may be moved to condemn the German cause. Mr. Hughes places himself in the unenviable position of a man who, merely because it may have been true, tells an unpardonable story to decent company.

The Crack In The Bell

Primed as one has been from one's cradle with the notion that Philadelphia is slow, one receives something of a shock at the impetuous rush of Mr. Peter Clark Macfarlane's latest novel, "The Crack in the Bell," which deals with the iniquition of Philadelphia politics, until they are revolutionized in two short years by a vigorous young amateur reformer yclept Jerry Archer. Perhaps it is needless to say that Jerry has red hair. Modern fiction so unvaryingly presents either a hero or heroine with red hair, that one begins to feel that much-maligned color for tresses has at last come into its own. Be that as it may, one wishes Mr. Macfarlane wouldn't go quite so fast. For instance, between pages 137 and 444, he forgets the name of the heroine's favorite aunt, and changes her from Stella to Letitia without even a "by your leave." It must have taken Mr. Macfarlane at least three hours, even at his rate of speed, with his trusty typewriter, to turn out that much fiction. So he may be forgiven for his forgetfulness, but it is rather hard on the "gentle reader"—mixes one up so. And also, in his flair for speed, he, in at least two instances, refers to someone's "flare" for a subject. "The Crack in the Bell" is an eminently readable tale of love and politics, which will give two or three hours of good entertainment. Quite the best chapters are those in which Jerry makes an ingenious application of the "Liberty Bond" idea to his private business.

Notes of the Newest Books

Canfield, Dorothy. "Home Fires in France." A sympathetic account, by one of America's most charming and individual novelists, of the work of the French people—old men, old and young women, and children—who kept the home fires burning in France during the four years, and of some Americans who helped. Told in brief sketches, with vividness and restraint—both qualities needed by the tragic horror of some of the subjects. (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.)

"Centurion": "Gentlemen at Arms." Twenty short tales of experience at the front, written by a British officer who "makes no claims . . . to be considered a writer of fiction," but has acquired a wide reputation for his skill in recording the actions, words and thoughts of British soldiers in action. Several of the tales are wonderful tributes to the faith and nobility that sustain such men in the hour of deepest trial. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.40.)

Cholmondeley, Mary: "Under One Roof." An autobiographical study of family life in an English country personage forty years ago, by the sympathetic author of "Red Pottage." A wonderful group of portraits, the most wonderful of the lot being "Ninny," the family nurse, who was sixty years in service, used to give costly presents to the children, and left \$10,000 at her death, and who was "in the best sense a lady, well-bred . . . refined, dignified. I have never seen her shy, or abashed or forward in manner." (Dent, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Dawson, Lt. Coningsby: "Out to Win." This is "the story of America in France," written by the well-known literary man and son of the Rev. W. J. Dawson. It is propagandist in tone, intended largely to promote a better understanding between English and Americans. (Gundy, Toronto, \$1.25.)

Doyle, Sir A. Conan: "The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1916." The third volume of this able author's History of the War is given almost entirely to the Battle of the Somme, with a single subsequent chapter on the Battle of the Ancre. It has passed through three censorships, and all personal names save casualties or High Command have been eliminated; but it is the first publication to give the exact identity of the units engaged. These regimental references are very fully indexed, and 32 of the references are to specific Canadian troops. The maps are admirable. (Musson, Toronto.)

Durkin, Douglas Leader: "The Fighting Men of Canada." A volume of spirited verse, sufficiently regular in rhyme and rhythm and sufficiently obvious in intent to have a good chance of popularity. Mr. Service should be proud of Mr. Durkin, who evidently comes also from the West, and probably from British

Columbia. (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto, \$1.00.)

Ely, Richard T.: "The World War and Leadership in a Democracy." A new volume in the Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology, a series edited by Professor Ely himself. A brilliant contrasting of German and American mentality, by one of America's foremost thinkers, in which is developed very clearly the thesis that the great need of democracy in America (to which we add Canada) is the institution of leadership—the power of selecting, training, following and eventually replacing leaders—the exact opposite of demagoguery. The book is short, but contains suggestive hints on how Leadership may be developed, education being, of course, the chief factor. (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.50).

Flatt, W. D.: "The Making of a Man." Dedicated to the twenty-eight boys in the author's Sunday School Class at Port Nelson, Ont. The story of a pioneer from the Orkney Islands, who came to Canada in the 'fifties. Should interest boys and give them a more vivid sense of the beginnings of modern Canada. (Briggs, Toronto.)

Henderson, Rt. Hon. Arthur: "The Aims of Labour." A statement of the policy of the Henderson party, in a handy papercovered pamphlet of 128 pages. "Never," says "The Public," "have the privileged classes been addressed in terms so peremptory and unmistakable, and in language so well adapted to their understanding." (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.)

Irwin, Will: "A Reporter at Armageddon." Because he is not ashamed of being a reporter, Will Irwin is able to do good stuff about even so big an assignment as Armageddon. His picturesque narratives are still very readable in spite of the war being over. (Goodchild, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Kemmerer, Edwin Walter: "The A B C of the Federal Reserve System." A detailed but (even to the amateur) intelligible study of the effect of the introduction of the Federal Reserve System in American banking, by Princeton's Professor of Economics and Finance. The Act itself as amended, with an exhaustive index, and several other related financial documents, is appended. (Princeton University Press, Princeton, N.J., \$1.50.)

Kennedy, G. A. Studdert: "Rough Rhymes of a Padre." Sincere, original and vigorous verse, expressive of the new attitude towards God resulting from the war, by a fighting parson known among his men as "Woodbine Willie." A worthwhile example of the new war verse. (Musson, Toronto, \$1.00.)

le Goffic, Charles: "General Foch at the Marne." A translation by Luey Menzies of the French work entitled "Les Marais de St. Gond," dealing with the six days' fighting

which succeeded the arrest of the German advance in September, 1914, and saved the world from Teutonization. A fine story, told by a military expert with literary vividness. (Dent, Toronto.)

Lewisohn, Ludwig: "The Poets of Modern France." Readers interested in the development of modern verse, but unable for lack of French to consult the anthologies of France itself, will find value in these remarkably happy and tasteful renderings by an Ohio State University professor, but the fact remains that the more modern poetry becomes the less can it be translated. The translations are preceded by an interesting essay on the sources of the New Poetry and the principles and methods embodied in it. Mr. Lewisohn is quite wonderfully sympathetic. (Dent, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Lowell, Amy: "Can Grande's Castle." The very latest in "polyphonic prose," which is poetry, but is typeset prose-wise, and includes "rhyme, assonance, alliteration and return." The preface is a highly interesting statement of purpose and method. As to the four "poems," opinion will be divided. That they possess in places the prose merit of eloquence none will deny. But — is this method applicable to a "poem" 50 pages long? (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Mackenzie, Compton: "Sylvia Scarlett." Another volume of the wildly fantastic adventures which Mr. Mackenzie, by dint of extreme rapidity of narration and extreme vivacity of characterization manages to make plausible even to critical readers. It might just as well have been called "Carnival the Second." One does not recollect ever meeting any French-English actresses quite so impetuously irresponsible as Sylvia, but one wishes one could. No other English author could make a perfectly good joke about a lavatory, as Mr. Mackenzie does, except perhaps George Moore, and if he made it it would not be a joke.

Marcosson, Isaac F.: "The Business of War." A popular explanation of all that side of the operations of an army in the field which is not included in actual fighting—supplies, transportation, salvage, storage, accounting. With a closing chapter eulogizing "Northcliffe—Insurgent." Written for the American public, but dealing with the British army. (Dent, Toronto, \$1.50.)

McGillicuddy, Owen E.: "The Little Marshal and Other Poems." Some 40 pages of unassuming verse—half-a-dozen war poems and the remainder devoted to the joys of domesticity. Occasionally, as in "Comfort," Mr. McGillicuddy catches the really universal note of a true and unaffected simplicity. Usually he is off after something much more ambitious, and sometimes he tries to be simple and fails to be more than commonplace. (F. D. Goodchild, Toronto.)

Moorhouse, Hopkins: "Deep Furrows." The romantic history of the Grain Growers' movement in Western Canada, told in full detail with distinct propagandist motive, by a skilful writer of fiction, and economics. It touches some controversial matters, and will not meet with universal agreement, but it is worth reading by anybody interested in the future of Canada. (McLeod, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Pollard, Harold: "Aero Engines, Magnetos and Carburetors." A very neat pocket volume, with lucid descriptions and plenty of diagrams. Just the thing for the beginner in aviation. The author is with the Air Service in Toronto. (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.25.)

Strunsky, Simeon: "Little Journeys Towards Paris, 1914-1918: A Guide Book for Confirmed Tourists by W. Hohenzollern." Route I. is "From Liege to Paris by Way of the Marne, the Was, and the Ain't." There are twelve others, and some side excursions. Mr. Strunsky has worked hard on a thin idea. (Goodchild, Toronto, 75c.)

Strunsky, Simeon: "Professor Latimer's Progress." If this is America's "Mr. Britling," as has been claimed by some, the difference between literary England and literary America is vividly exemplified. It is the difference between a great and carefully laboured canvass and a rather frivolous sketch. We do not think the Strunsky book deserves so high a parallel. It is more in the line of an A. C. Benson ramble without the Benson culture. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, \$1.40.)

Tarkington, Booth: "The Magnificent Ambersons." Another of Mr. Tarkington's wonderfully understanding studies of the American juvenile; quite serious this time, with reflections upon the mis-education of the gilded youth of the "best families," but very amusing for all that, with its pictures of social life in an American small city. (Briggs, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Thomas, Hartley Munro (R.A.F.): "Songs of an Airman and Other Poems." With an Introduction by S. W. Dyke, D.Sc., LL.D., Principal of Queen's Theological College, Kingston, Ont. Comparing the dates appended to some of these poems and those given in Principal Dyke's sketch, we find that many were written at the age of 16. The wisdom of publishing them is open to question. In the aviation poems, which are naturally later, there is evidence of considerable technical improvement and a fine sincerity of feeling. With proper self-criticism and a due amount of labour this writer, who undoubtedly has something to say, will give us verse to be reckoned with. Already, in "The Somme" and in parts of "The First Who Came," he touches achievement. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.)

Canadian Bookman



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A Quarterly devoted to Literature, the Library and the Printed Book.

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EDITORIAL OFFICE, B. 30 BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, MONTREAL

THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN is published quarterly by the Industrial & Educational Press Limited, at the Garden City Press, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q.

J. J. HARPELL, President and Managing Director

A. S. CHRISTIE, Eastern Manager,
B 30 Board of Trade Building, Montreal

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CANADIAN BOOKMAN

APRIL, 1919

Standards of Criticism

Are you going to have various standards of criticism—for European, American, Canadian, Ontario, Montreal, productions? And how are your readers going to tell which standard you are applying to ———, for instance?—Extract from a letter of a sympathetic friend of the Canadian Bookman.

FOR the heartening of trembling authors, the enlightenment of inquisitive readers, the clarification of our own principles even to our own mind, let us hasten to declare, irrevocably in black and white, in this our second issue, that we are indeed going to have various standards of criticism, and that we can imagine no utility or vitality or reasonableness in a criticism which has only one standard and seeks to apply it indiscriminately to all artistic works.

But let us also state, as clearly as may be, how those various standards are to be applied. The selection will not depend upon the place in which the author resides. We know of no reason why an inhabitant of Bobcaygeon should be encouraged to produce literature which would be censured if turned out by a citizen of Winnipeg, nor why we should speak kindly of a work by a Haligonian when we should condemn that same work if executed by a Bostonian or an Aberdonian. That is not the idea at all. It is by what the writer is trying to do that we propose to judge him, not by where he strives to do it. In this sense every man's work contains its own yard-stick, every book is the metewand of its own success or failure. The ease or difficulty of the task which the author has set himself, the amount of assistance which he has received from his literary predecessors, these are considerations which must be borne in mind by the critic who is endeavouring to form a just judgment of any work of art. And they are of particular importance in judging an art which, like the literature of Canada, is avowedly in a pioneer stage of its existence.

When a Canadian writer endeavors to express something of what he has honestly seen and diligently studied in the social or psychological or natural phenomena of Canada, we propose to extend to him all the encouragement that we can. He is essaying a task which is very difficult, because it is very new. We shall not hold it up against him that he does not make his novel, if it be a novel, as interesting to the uni-

versal English-speaking mind as those of Thomas Hardy or Henry James or Hugh Walpole or Galsworthy. We do not, in the present state of the population, wealth and intellectual development of this country, expect to find men with the literary skill and practiced craftsmanship of those writers, engaged in the production of Canadian literature any more than we expect to find artists like Brangwyn, Zorn, Zuloaga, Orpen or John contributing to Canadian portraiture or landscape. Even if we had such men amongst us — and the law of mathematical chance is against it, to say nothing of the more important laws of environment and economic inducement—they would not be able to carry a purely Canadian art as far as Galsworthy or Orpen can carry their respective British arts, because they would have to pick it up at a much more primitive stage of development. An artist obtains both his materials and his method by inheritance from his predecessors; even if the use he makes of his inheritance is to react from it most violently, it is still an inheritance imparting a characteristic quality and direction to his art.

Almost the first beginnings of the task of expressing Canadians to themselves in literature and the arts, and of expressing the world in terms of a Canadian viewpoint, still remain to be essayed. There is hardly anything for an artist to inherit. Not only have we done little to express ourselves; we have scarcely become conscious of our own existence as a people different from other people, and acquired thereby the *desire* for self-expression. Yet to-day we have that consciousness and that desire, and it is the first object of the *Canadian Bookman* to stimulate them both, and to encourage the artistic effort necessary to fulfil that desire. When, therefore, we find Canadian writers trying to express Canada to Canadians, and the world in terms of the Canadian mind, we propose to remember constantly the difficulty of the task which they have set themselves, the reluctance of a material so little handled in the past, the absence of tradition, literary association, the "background" afforded by the receding monuments of departed generations. We shall not ask a Robert Stead to exhibit the glamour of a Stevenson, nor complain because a novel about London, Ont., lacks the historic richness of background of one laid in London, England.

If, on the other hand, our Canadian writer elects to turn out the kind of stuff that could just as well be written in New York or Montana or Clapham or Montmartre—if he throws his Canadianism overboard altogether, or uses it merely to give splashes of strictly commercial "local color" to tales which have no essential Canadian qualities—if he writes Montana melodramas and labels them Alberta, or Chicago social-problem stuff and dates it Winnipeg—and half of our ablest writers, with their eye on the bigger American market, are doing precisely this thing—if he does anything like this he ceases to be entitled to any respect as a pioneer of Canadian literature, or as having any relation to Canadian literature at all, but that of a deserter. It is not the business of Canadian literature to hew the wood of instruction or draw the water of entertainment for any other people whatsoever. There are some good American novelists and some good English (and Irish) poets dwelling in Canada and voting at Canadian elections, but they are not Canadian novelists or poets, and they will receive no more consideration, and very little more interest, from the *Canadian Bookman* than if they dwelt in the lands to which they address their writings.

Let it not be supposed that we deny to a Canadian writer the right to look for an audience outside of Canada. What we ask is that he seek *first* to express himself as a Canadian for Canadians. If he does that successfully—and he can never do it successfully unless he tries to do it—the rest will be added unto him. The first work of literature of Canadian origin to catch the ear of Europe and America (it is not yet a century old), was written without a thought of its ever being read beyond the circle of the subscribers to Joseph Howe's Halifax newspaper; and it was that very fact, with the sincerity and simplicity and directness that it involved, which made it capable of attracting the world's attention. If Judge Haliburton had deliberately set himself to write a book for the American and English public when he wrote "The Clockmaker," he would indubitably have failed. The author who writes for the audience that he knows and belongs to has some chance of achieving a larger one; the author who deliberately writes for a public about which he knows nothing except the kind of thing that they are accustomed to read, will never get an audience for himself at all, for he cannot be anything more than an imitator. Canadians writing like Americans or Englishmen will never produce a Canadian, or any, literature.

Free Trade in Debasing Literature

THE idea appears to be firmly rooted in the Canadian mind that the dissemination of any kind of periodical publication (Bolsheviki propaganda of course excluded) is a thing in itself desirable, and in no wise to be interfered with or discouraged by authority. With that idea in mind we have for generations carried newspapers in His Majesty's Canadian mails at a rate immensely below their proportionate share in the cost of the postal service, and we have until recent years been fairly generous also to weeklies and magazines. With that idea equally dominant, we have excluded all classes of periodical printed matter from the otherwise universal range of our protective tariff, and have invited the weeklies and magazines of the United States and of any other country to enter freely and make this land their happy hunting-ground; and those of the United States have accepted the invitation with alacrity.

It might be worth while to consider what were the circumstances and conditions which enabled this idea to take root in a country otherwise so wedded to the protectionist doctrine and the policy of discouraging the efforts of foreigners to sell us their products. What, for instance, was the character of the typical periodical or magazine at the time when we decided that periodicals must be given free access to Canada, and registered that decision among the list of things that we should not have to bother with again? Was it anything like the average American magazine of to-day? And if there are differences, are they such as to affect the validity of our old-time decision,—to make it uncertain that, if we had the whole question up for consideration and settlement afresh to-day, we should decide for free and undiscouraged admission with anything like the same positiveness?

It is difficult to say exactly at what date the idea of the extreme desirability of a free circulation of printed periodicals of non-Canadian origin became imbedded in the Canadian mind. It was certainly not there after the war of 1812, when the chief concern of the most influential Canadians was lest the poison of republicanism should leak through the borders and destroy the loyalty of the colonies to Great Britain. It probably entered at about the same time, and progressed with much the same speed, as the idea of Responsible Government—as a part of the great mid-nineteenth century movement towards freedom both of thought and of action. At any rate it was sufficiently established by

1876 to ensure that the free admission of printed periodicals should be continued without a question when the admission of practically every other kind of manufactured product was made as difficult as possible in order to afford an opportunity to Canadians to manufacture it at home.

What, at this time, was the character of the periodical literature which was thus invited to enter Canada from outside? The great bulk of it (excluding newspapers, which are not concerned in the present discussion) consisted of copies of some half-dozen great American magazines. Most of them are still in existence and retain many of the characteristics of dignity, sincerity, artistic purpose and ability (and a slight sleepiness) which they then possessed; but instead of being the monopolists of the bookseller's magazine tables they are an insignificant minority, snowed up under a vast mass of "Ginger Jars," "Snappy Stories," "Parisiennes" and "Spicy Specimens." They sold for twenty-five cents and upwards and made no effort to cater to the illiterate or semi-literate classes; and the present writer can well remember emitting a wail of horror in the college weekly of his undergraduate days at the degradation which he conceived was being brought by the new ten-cent Munsey's upon the honored name of "magazine." Degradation, forsooth! In those days of the 'nineties—and how much more in the 'sixties and 'seventies!—it was impossible for anyone to dream of the degradation which was to be inflicted upon magazine-dom in the twentieth century by a horde of literary panders who now control the numerically largest, if not the most important and most influential part of magazine circulation in the United States and Canada.

Fiction was by no means the sole interest of the magazine in the time when Canadians decided that magazines must be allowed into this country without let. Such fiction as they did contain was serious and important; the majority of the "classic" novels of the Victorian period passed through one or other of the great American magazines in serial form. But there were many other elements of solid cultural value: science, the arts, travel, literature, religion, sociology, all were treated with knowledge and sincerity, yet in a democratic and semi-popular way which made their articles much more valuable in a country like Canada than the toplofty utterances of the "reviews" which flourished in England and Scotland. There could, in fact, be no question as to the cultural value of the magazine as it existed between 1850 and

1900, nor as to the desirability of its free circulation in Canada.

Today the situation is completely reversed. The great bulk of the "literature" which comes into this country in periodical form is not only useless, it is destructive—as a narcotic is destructive to the mental energies of the taker, if not as a vice is destructive to his morals. And it is time that this change in the utility, the cultural value, of the average printed periodical was taken into consideration by the people of Canada. There is no reason why this country should put itself to any loss, or forego any possible revenue, in order to permit "Snappy Stories" and "Spicy Specimens" to circulate freely in our midst. We are not proposing a censorship. We do not suggest that any customs official, or anybody else, be authorised to distinguish for us between those magazines which we should read and those which we should not. We are merely asking that the average present-day non-Canadian magazine, its character and utility, be taken into consideration when the question of the treatment of non-Canadian magazines is up for settlement; and that if it be found that the average non-Canadian magazine in Canada is a pernicious and anti-Canadian nuisance, as we firmly believe it to be, Canada should then give up the sacrifices which she has made to promote the circulation of foreign magazines—sacrifices which she has made owing to a conception of their utility which is hopelessly out of date.

What are these sacrifices? A very considerable revenue might be derived from a tax on imported periodicals, or on the advertising contained in imported periodicals, or on both; and a protection might thus be afforded to the magazine industry in Canada, which at present derives no benefit whatever from the protective tariff and suffers heavily from it in the increased cost of everything employed in magazine manufacture. We are sacrificing both the revenue and the magazine industry. Is it said that such a tax would hit the Century as much as the Ginger Jar, the Atlantic Monthly as much as the Police Gazette? Well, what if it did? Most of those who read the Century could afford the tax, and love their Century enough to pay it; and we might in time get an Atlantic Monthly and a Century of our own—we have just as good rights to the ocean and just as much interest in the century. Is it said that it would be a tax on knowledge? Why, we already tax every inch of printed knowledge that comes into the country, unless it happens to be in periodical form.

The Deluge of American Magazines in Canada

Everybody admits that it exists, most of us deplore it, and here
are four totally different views about how to deal
(or not to deal) with it, by a Librarian, a Pub-
lisher, a Litterateur and an Imperialist.

Let All Continue to
Come Freely, Says
Arthur L. Phelps

THE problem is important. At this very moment, beside the rusty, fat bellied coal stove at our cross roads grocery, with his feet up and his pipe aglow, sits, I warrant, our local store keeper rapt in the pages of the "Popular." It is the hour of deep ease after dinner in the country; only the rare disturber will be driving the roads and clicking the door latch; it is the hour of the "Popular." I have seen a truck load of these same "Populars" dumped off into the pavement's grey maw on a misty morning in Toronto, the very flame and riot of their covers indicating their mission to bring light and colour to the drab Ontarians. I have stood at the magazine table in our departmental stores and watched the magazines being pushed about and lifted and glanced into and purchased by these same Ontarians. What variety of name, of appeal, of style, on that table! What delightful diversity! What magnificent flamings and delicate glowings! What dignity, vulgarity, reticence, abandon! The Twentieth Century on a saletable! The pulse of obscene splendour and the sedative of spinster propriety. "Snappy Stories" and the "Atlantic"!

Can we do without all this? Can we do without any part of it? If we wish to do without any part of it, how are we to accomplish our wish? How are we to discriminate amid the infinite variety of this vivid, silent invasion, what members debar, what members admit, and for what reasons? And who are "we," anyway?

The magazines come in. They vivify and revivify us throughout the months. What shall we do with them?

Let them all continue to come. Because: (1) Their infinite variety is a stimulus that is on the whole good for morality and national feeling and national literary industry. (2) No discrimination, however exercised, could achieve a good, sufficient to offset the evils of restriction; and discrimination, once admitted as a principle, would likely be disastrous as a practice.

(1) Wise men have argued that the only real morality is built up out of the inhibitions of individual experience. Then, if the frivolity and cheapness of American magazines is affecting Canadian life, Canadian life, out of contact with the menace, will have to develop its own antitoxins. It is doubtful if mere protection from exposure will ever achieve a healthy immunity that can be called national morality. Better let the Canadians who are going to have their mental measles and chicken-pox and "flu" from generation to generation, get it over on the exposure America so freely offers. There will always be such persons. If "Live Stories" isn't available to infect them they will wait and watch until "Jack Canuck" or some other Canadian publication develops the particular germ that will do the trick. This is an admission, of course, that "Live Stories" may be just as necessary to our national morality, as, say, "The Century." I really imagine it could be proven that this infection isn't a very bad thing at all, that, unless the patient is marked for dissolution any way, most of the cases run through "Snappy" and "Live Stories" up to the "Blue Book," the "Popular," "McClures," "Cosmopolitan," even to "Everybody's," "Scribners" and the "Canadian," that is, from disease to comparative health.

All this indiscriminate invasion does not menace Canadian national feeling. Nobody

ever became an American from reading the "Red Book," or "The Literary Digest." Even the "Saturday Evening Post," though it does know how to create readers, doesn't make Americans.

Our own literary industry cannot be finally bettered by the exclusion of American or English or any publications. Our own literary industry is being stimulated by the very influx of such. Slowly there is being created a reading public with an increasing amount of sophisticated appetite and decent taste. As long as national feeling does not decline, and it is not declining, the public remains ready to welcome Canadian work, even to choose it from the American offering, other things being nearly equal. Other things, up to the present, have not been nearly equal. Canadian work has had great fundamental qualities, but it has lacked in cosmopolitan finish and urbanity and the flair of sophistication, just those qualities which acquaintance with the infinite variety of the foreign magazine world will develop. This then: The American invasion will create appetite and taste. It will nourish in us the qualities, being little and young and provincial, we need. It will make us ready to recognise and welcome our own beginnings wherever our writers emerge offering us a Canadian subject matter in an artistic setting. It will help our own magazines by preparing for them a public capable of being critical.

(2) One need not say much about the difficulties of discrimination. In the first place, where would discrimination begin and where end, and who should discriminate? Neither a good and sober Methodist politician of unquestioned denominational antecedents nor a McGill humorist would avail, to refer to only two of our prominent citizens. A humorist's discriminations would be as dangerous as a Methodist's and both far more dangerous to morality than the present *laissez faire*. A Methodist is far too certain and a humorist far too uncertain for morality. I would distrust a Bureau of Discrimination altogether. I believe we have no citizen moral enough or possessed of sufficient insight into the principles of national well-being to be head of such a Bureau. Certainly the editor of "Jack Canuck" would not do, nor any professor or poet, nor the Minister of Education, nor any politician, nor any member of the clergy. Some simple citizen in some remote section of the countryside might be discovered with the requisite amount of unspoiled instinct; but the corset and underwear advertisements in "The

Ladies Home Journal" and H. L. Mencken's column in "The Smart Set" would probably even then play upon his simplicity and elude his exclusions; he would mistake the one for natural phenomena and the other for wisdom. I should personally be afraid of a censor because, even if he were no worse kind of a man, he might exclude "The Little Review," the "Liberator" and "Popular Mechanics" without which trio I couldn't know what Ezra Pound is up to next, or the number of lynchings that occur weekly in the U.S., or how to mend my Ford car. I admit that Ezra Pound is queer and the lynchings are horrible and the Ford makeshifts abominable, but then, who is there among us who does not cherish his queerness, his horrors and his abominations, learning thereby the preciousness of life?

In a word, nobody's instincts are unspoiled enough for this business of discrimination, even though we admit such a thing to be theoretically desirable. Certain philosophizings to the contrary, nobody is God, not even J-hn M-c-N-ght-n. So let us diddle on without setting any one up among us to usurp the functions of Deity. We have done enough of that already and made a wreck of our morality. God will take care of us, even of the Canadian publishers, in this matter of magazine reading material, about which we are not sure. Some of it is certainly good. Some of it is certainly bad. Who of us knows which from which? Let both grow together until the harvest. The harvest is the end of the world.

Have a Propaganda
For Our Literature, says
Mary J. L. Black

IN considering the question of the use and abuse of American periodicals one wishes to avoid anything that looks like insularity, but the fact remains that there are grave dangers to our national spirit through the too extensive use of American periodicals, to the exclusion of our own. This statement is true, even if only applied to those excellent magazines of which any American may well be proud, for these magazines are edited by Americans for Americans, and often with the deliberate purpose of encouraging a love of and pride in their country. This is most commend-

able so far as they are concerned, but it is an entirely different matter when we, as Canadians, allow this same literature to vitiate our national spirit. Loyalty to one's country, just as to one's friend, is based on knowledge, respect and pride, and if our citizens get their reading largely from an American source, how can we expect them to get this intellectual, ethical and civic relationship necessary to produce the Canadian spirit. Surely when one considers how limited is our field of Canadian periodical literature, and how difficult to procure, and how abundant and inexpensive is that of the American publishers, it is not surprising that our loyalty is lukewarm, and our interest atrophied.

The difficulty in developing a periodical literature of our own is not entirely due to smallness of population, or lack of material, or to the slowness of the trade in encouraging the sale of such, but rather, to a lack of desire on the part of the people themselves to read exclusive Canadian publications. If one can find a reason for this lack, one has got a long way in finding the solution to our problem.

To my mind, the first reason is the lack of adequate training in our schools in Canadian history and biography and natural resources. What opportunity has the average Canadian to know anything about the picturesque days and peoples of early Canada or the equally interesting romance associated with our economic and geographic development? None. Could anything be more barren than the ordinary Canadian history text-book? Is it surprising that the average child looks upon his lessons in Canadian history as an unmitigated bore, believing them to be lacking in everything that makes the old world history romantic and charming? With this lack of knowledge how can they be expected to have respect or pride, love, or loyalty? Surely, it would not be a difficult matter to write a child's history of Canada, that would give them all the life and activity and romance that they could possibly desire! This must be the first thing done, and put as a text book into all our schools, and accompanying this new text book must come a reform in the methods of teaching the subject. I would like to see a scholarly and poetic specialist in each school to handle the history and literature, for only such a person can give the necessary historic background, without which deference for one's flag and national anthem, and an appreciation of the joy and responsibilities of citizenship, can never develop.

Concurrently with this movement, the Government should subsidize a certain number of men of letters, conditionally on their remaining in Canada, and doing their share in building up, through literature, a Canadian spirit. It should be one of the duties of these men to produce suitable magazines to meet the needs of the various sections of the country, using Canadian brains whenever possible, but never hesitating to bring in outside talent if necessary. These magazines, whether they be of a general character or those dealing with special lines of interest, should all possess one aim, namely to widen one's vision of Canadian history, literature, national resources, and future possibilities. They should in every way encourage Canadian writers and subjects, so that the multitude of Canadians who have been driven out of the country to seek their fortunes in foreign lands will gladly return to help in this mighty work. Of course, such a scheme would cost money. Why shouldn't it? Money is spent on other forms of propaganda, why not on this, if in the end, Canadians were taught to know their country, to take pride in it, and to rejoice in serving it?

Then, and not till then, the periodical question will be largely solved, for we would have no market for the cheap and often injurious reading that is now pouring into our country, and the field for even the better type would be largely reduced when our public are shown that, excepting in those subjects that are entirely dissociated from Canadian interests, the Canadian publisher can supply all his magazine needs.

Tariff to Protect
Native Literature,
Says Castell Hopkins

I DO not know of any greater influence in the formation of national lines of thought than the flooding of this country with alien literature, ideals, principles and polity. The combination of a mass of American journals—cheap, popular, and in many cases lacking in morals or high development of thought—with a press which receives practically the whole of its news about Britain as the head of the Empire, about other countries of the Empire, and

about foreign nations which are the friends and Allies of Great Britain, through Americans writing in London for the consumption of Americans in the United States, cannot but train the youth of our country along American lines and in a totally foreign view-point of Great Britain.

What, after all, do we, and especially the youth of our country, learn from this Americanization of the sources of all popular knowledge, except the fact that the United States of America dominates the world in culture of a certain type, in swiftness of thought and rapidity of action, in capacity for raising armies and building navies, while Great Britain is sleeping or dazed? What do we learn from it except that American civilization, power, progress, are greater than those which we inherit and share in from Britain? What do we learn except a continually greater sense of the greatness of the United States?

Such poisoning of the wells of political thought cannot fail, in due time, to make our people non-British, if not actually anti-British. I do hope that your Symposium will do good in awakening public thought to the vast issues involved in the training of our people along the lines naturally taught by a foreign nation to its own people. After all, we are eight millions to one hundred millions, and the steady pressure of United States thought and United States views of British life, power, naval supremacy and expansion must influence us in directions absolutely inimical to our destiny as British nations in a great British Empire.

How this difficulty can be adjusted depends, in my opinion, first on the granting of a considerable subsidy by the Government to Canadian Press Agencies in London, so as to remove from our despatches the American atmosphere with which American writers in London would naturally surround despatches intended for Americans in the United States and utilized by our newspapers in Canada as being infinitely less expensive than direct Canadian despatches. In the second place the matter of magazines depends upon whether the Government will consent to put a duty on these products and thus encourage native literary work and native publication. It might be mentioned in passing, also, that these American magazines are full of every kind of advertisement calculated to draw people away from patronizing Canadian manufacturers and Canadian products.

Tax The Advertising Pages, Suggests Frank Wise of Macmillans'

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

PERHAPS I am the last person who should be asked for an expression on the American Magazine Invasion since I never read them. Long ago I found even my poor, simple mind revolted at the "bosh" served up in the lordly dishes—the chromatic colored covers—which assail one at the news-stands and on the trains.

I take it that you accept, as I do, Harper's, Scribner's and the Century as legitimate, and worthy of consideration as literature, also the Atlantic and the like, but what of the nasty, suggestive picture-covered allurements which are displayed for our seduction on street corners, tobacco-shops and trains? "Ginger Tales," with an unclad female with golden eyes and ginger hair on the cover, "Snappy Stories" with another young person displaying all the snaps on her scanty underclothing, and the various "Hot Stuffs" and other abominations that evidently possess the magic password to get them past the censor sentry at the border?

Is it not possible also that the movie is responsible for much of this worse than rubbish? Here again I must plead ignorance, since I never go to a movie, but judging from the suggestive posters which one passes outside these picture "palaces," I should guess that the habitu  of the average film house has his mind, or that part of his anatomy residing under his hair, well attuned to appreciate the various "Gingers," "Snaps," and "Hot Stuffs" which he is able to read on Sundays when the film ceases from reeling and Lesbia is at rest.

This suggests that the churches have good reason for insisting on this Sunday closing. The Commandments and their public recital are surely the special province of the churches, and it is perhaps only natural that they should be jealous of the film which fakes a picture of the Creation and then takes the Commandments and illustrates them suitably, specializing on these, let us say, from the sixth to the last, with extra emphasis on the sixth and seventh.

To translate, freely, my opening quotation—"I fear the Yanks when they come offering gay-colored magazines."

Canadian Poets of the Great War

By W. D. LIGHTHALL

I MUST be pardoned for the far from original remark that a period of intense national exaltation is usually followed by a period of intense literary activity. The Augustan Age, the Medicean, the Isabellan, the Elizabethan, the Louis XIV, the Victorian—are they not common examples? Sometimes local difficulties have prevented the sequence, such as in the United States after the Revolution, and in Canada after the migration of the Loyalists—though in the end these movements have produced profound effects in thought and expression; for even if the “Great American novel,” and the Great Canadian one, be still missing, the traditions of Independence and of United Empire have both been vastly fruitful. It is fair to prognosticate an intense literary activity in Canada, as well as elsewhere, in the near future, resulting from the Great War, and it is well to scrutinize the straws in the wind even now, because that literary activity will not be merely a bookish matter, but a voice issuing out of our people’s deepest soul.

What took place after that much less stirring, although momentous event, Confederation? Momentous, for Confederation made us a nation. By the way, it is amusing to hear every now and then that So-and-so “made Canada a nation.” The feat has been attributed to at least a dozen different gentlemen by their admirers on fanciful grounds, from time to time; and to the C.P.R., and the McKinley tariff. But regarding even the superior claim of the Fathers of Confederation, had as many as two of them any real idea of the effects of what they were doing, beyond the solution of the old Provincial deadlock? Was it not only after the deed was done that the true scope of it began to dawn on our people?

The word “nation” itself is one used in too many senses, and needs some standardization by the British Academic Committee, or, in a suggestive way, by some such literary body as The Royal Society of Canada. At any rate a word used in so many confusing senses as “The Five Nations” for the Iroquois tribes; “la nation canadienne” for the French-Canadian race, in Lord Durham’s Report, and its French sources; “le parti national” for the old Mer-

cier Race Party in Quebec; “the British nation” for the people of the British Isles, and also for the British Imperial stock; “the Scotch nation”, “the Irish nation,” for two dialectic British provinces represented in the Parliament of the United Kingdom; “the Imperial nation” for the British peoples at large, and “the Canadian nation” for that part of it municipally organized in Canada:—a word used in such a jumble of significations requires definition for any particular context. When therefore I say “Confederation made us a nation,” what is meant by the word is, *a people brought together as a working political organism within a certain territory*. This by no means implies a sovereign state: Canada’s nationhood is still a statehood in the United States of Britain, and perhaps sooner than we expect may, as part of the British Commonwealth, be combined with a different and larger quality still, of membership in the Federation of the World. Our ultimate nationality is humanity. I confess to have long had a hope of a larger Union between the British Empire, France and the United States. Anyway, Confederation lifted us out of the pettiness of provincialism. It brought us a territory larger than Europe to work in, and a wondrous ideal of what that new Europe might become for our seers to sing of.

Thus arose the Confederation School of Canadian poets. Why the prose writers lagged behind is another story. The compact and spirited message of lyric verse is doubtless the main secret of its influence in an age averse to long compositions and diluted thought. As the first anthologist of the Confederation poets, I had the privilege of intimate acquaintance with the principal men and women of the school and preserve their letters as valued treasures. Among them were John Reade (now the delightful Dean of the guild), Archibald Lampman, Charles George Douglas Roberts, Bliss Carman, Charles Mair, Frederick George Scott, Hunter Duvar, William Wilfred Campbell, Dr. William Henry Drummond, Duncan Campbell Scott, John E. Logan, George Murray, George Martin, William McLennan, “Seranus,” Ethelwyn Wetherald, Agnes Maule Machar, Pauline Johnson and Isabella Valancy Crawford. These appeared practically together like a flight of song-

birds from the South in April, wafted in by some mighty wind of the spirit. The birthdates of most of them are within a few years of each other, not far from 1860. Roberts had the greatest promise. The new and spontaneous patriotic outburst of his:

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed
Who stand'st among the nations now

evoked an immediate emotional response throughout the Dominion:

But thou, my Country, dream not thou.
Wake and behold how night is done!
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!

and again, his "Ode for the Canadian Confederacy," beginning:

Awake! my country, the hour is great with
change.

If the song of each of the poets of Confederation is analyzed we find in it the note of a new freedom and mastery—a cry which had been lacking before, of relief from the small provincial outlook, and a devotion to the beauty of this most beautiful of all lands. Archibald Lampman, for instance, seems at first sight to deal in themes and measures far away from national outlook. What have his titles, "Aleyone," "The Favorites of Pan," or, "The Story of an Affinity," to do with Canada? Or "The Frogs"—those "quaint uncouth dreamers, voices high and strange?"—by which he told me he really intended the tree-toads! But in that exquisite poem, what a picture of the charm of his country!

And ever as ye piped, on every tree,
The great buds swelled; among the pensive
woods
The spirits of first flowers awoke and flung
From their buried faces the close-fitting
hoods,
And listened to your piping till they fell,
The frail spring-beauty with her perfumed
bell,
The windflower, and the spotted adder-tongue.

After all, in his most distant excursions, he was working at the enrichment of Canadian life. In "Freedom," he turns to the Laurentians; painting in clear, firm tones the new wide land:

Up to the hills, where the winds restore us,
Clearing our eyes to the beauty before us;
Earth with the glory of life on her breast,
Earth with the gleam of her cities and streams.

Lampman's amplest expression of his lovely and attractive soul, for all who knew him loved him deeply—is his "Land of Pallas," that noble picture of the ideal country:

A land where Beauty dwelt supreme; and Right,
the donor
Of peaceful days, a land of equal gifts and
deeds,
Of limitless fair fields, and plenty had with
honor;
A land of kindly tillage and untroubled
meads.

A land of lovely speech, where every tone was
fashioned
By generations of emotion, high and sweet;
Of thought and deed and bearing lofty and im-
passioned;
A land of golden calm, grave forms and fret-
less feet.

There were no castes of rich or poor, of slave
or master,
Where all were brothers and the curse of gold
was dead;
But all that wise fair race to kindlier ends and
vaster
Moved on together with the same majestic
tread.

That "land of golden calm" was the ideal Canada, the new vision of the community to be, to which his full heart yearned, and to which he gave prophetic utterance.

Every one of the Confederation School instinctively contributed his share to the edifice, some more directly than others. Some were the landscape artists of our verse, some the historical composers, others the mystics, others refined musicians in the art of words. None composed with more Celtic passion of patriotism than the late William Wilfred Campbell. Of him one could always feel that he was the thoroughgoing poet, his own first convert to his message, untamed in soul, unapologetic for art, the incarnation of noble earnestness, a despiser of ignoble things and ignoble men:

Earth's dream of poetry will never die.

Wrong cannot kill it. Man's material scheme
May scorn its uses, worship baser hope
Of life's high purpose, build about the world
A brazen rampart: through it all will come
The iron moan of life's unresting sea;
And through its floors, as filtered blooms of
dawn,
Those flowers of dream will spring, eternal,
sweet.

'Tis the name that the world repeats.

Till the last great freedom is found,
 And the last great truth is taught,
 Till the last great deed is done,
 And the last great battle is fought,
 Till the last great fighter is slain in the last
 great fight,
 And the warwolf is dead in his den,
 England, breeder of hope and valor and might,
 Iron mother of men.

The Confederation School indeed expressed something which was at the root of the chivalrous conduct of our young Canadians in the Great War. They both expressed and inspired it.

It would be very easy to trace the elements of the common task in the product of others of the school. I shall quote a brief distinctive note from two of its eminent members.

Frederick George Scott wrote the following inscription for the Soldiers' Monument at Quebec:

Not by the power of Commerce, Art or Pen
 Shall our great Empire stand, nor has it
 stood,
 But by the noble deeds of noble men,
 Heroic lives and heroes' outpoured blood.

And from Duncan Campbell Scott may be chosen the exquisite sonnet:

OTTAWA.

Before Dawn.

The stars are stars of morn; a keen wind
 wakes
 The birches on the slope; the distant hills,
 Rise in the vacant North; the Chaudière fills
 The calm with its hushed roar; the river takes
 An unquiet rest, and a bird stirs, and shakes
 The morn with music; a snatch of singing
 thrills
 From the river; and the air clings and chills.

Fair in the South; fair as a shrine that makes
 The wonder of a dream, imperious towers,
 Pierce and possess the sky, guarding the halls,
 Where our young strength is welded strenuously;

While in the East the Star of morning dowers
 The land with a large tremulous light, that falls
 A pledge and presage of our destiny.

The Great War is vastly more stirring as an era than Confederation was. We are passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and many of our sons have crossed the dark river itself and disappeared into the night. Fierce tests are forging men and will turn into our home life a stern and determined army, hating shams, not afraid of true revolutions, and accustomed to ideals, although singularly silent about them. Momentous views and pro-

found feelings have already begun to find some utterance here as well as in other allied lands. By examining the body of scattered verse from Canadian pens, we may hope to construct a dim picture of our coming poetic generation. Never mind the form. The mass must be regarded in the same light as those absorbing wash-and-pencil drawings, which come from the front, whose interest lies in their transcript character—transcripts of hourly trial and danger; of incidents of battle; of sad and tragic partings with the dying brave; of regimental losses in the charge; of heroic merriment under the miseries and privations of the winter dugout, the cold, the flooded trenches and the Flanders mud.

Naturally, several of the surviving Confederation Poets overlap the nascent After-War School by treating of such themes. Frederick George Scott has served at the front as chaplain since 1914, has lost one son killed in action and has seen another part with an eye by a German bullet. Out of the fulness of his heart he has composed several of our finest poems on the war. Charles G. D. Roberts, who also holds a commission at the front, Duncan Campbell Scott, Wilfred Campbell, Mrs. Harrison ("Seranus"), Mrs. Isabella Ecclestone Mackay, and Miss Machar, have all contributed to the expression of war life. And Robert W. Service—who might be called a belated member of the Confederation School, because of his creation of the poetic Yukon—and Theodore Goodridge Roberts, brother of C. G. D., are doing good work in France. All these writers of pre-war attainment are giving our war verse some of its first forms and part of its lines of impulse. By reason of their previous experience, they promptly seize some of its characteristics. Yet it is a question whether they do or do not have, in their previous training, a disadvantage as well as an advantage over the new writers who will be wholly inspired by the new era.

The Great War period itself must be regarded as a new starting point, the foundation of the After-War literary edifice.

What then do we find in this Great War period, now evidently shaped with considerable distinctness? Is it not the following qualities:

1. Dreadful experiences.
2. Supreme heroism.
3. Ideals of fidelity—Chivalry, honor, patriotism to Canada, Empire, and humanity.
4. Hatred of Wrong.

From these have resulted self-confidence, intensity of convictions, directness of view, dignity and new outlook,—strong elements of impulse

which are certain to lead to constructive action in the near future, and that action will, when it arrives at maturity in our national affairs, necessarily flow along the lines of those experiences, ideals and impulses.

Canon Scott, the heroic chaplain, always in the thick of danger and adored by the men, gives the following, among his "Poems written at the Front":

THE SILENT TOAST.

They stand with reverent faces,
And their merriment give o'er,
As they drink the toast to the unseen host,
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment,
In the midst of the feast and song,
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet,
And the brilliant lights around,
But they charge again on the hideous plain
When the shell-bursts rip the ground.

Or they creep at night, like panthers,
Through the waste of No Man's Land,
Their hearts afire with a wild desire
And death on every hand;

And out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with rain,
Some face comes back from the fiery track
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's
And the bonds that are forged by death
Now grip the soul with a strange control
And speak what no man saith;

The vision dies off in the stillness,
Once more the tables shine,
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall
Are lit with a light divine.
Vimy Ridge, April, 1917.

In "Requiescant" he sees the same "unseen host."

In lonely watches night by night,
Great visions burst upon my sight,
For down the stretches of the sky,
The hosts of dead go marching by.

Strange ghostly banners o'er them float,
Strange bugles sound an awful note;
And all their faces and their eyes
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

Robert W. Service, the "Red Cross Man," (who lost his brother, Lieutenant Albert Service, killed in action in 1916) has sought his subject with a sure instinct:

OVER THE PARAPET.

All day long when the shells sail over,
I stand at the sandbags and take my chance;
But at night, at night, I'm a reckless rover,
And over the parapet gleams Romance.
Romance! Romance! How I've dreamed it,
writing
Dreary old records of money and mart,
Me with my head chock full of fighting,
And the blood of vikings to thrill my heart!

But little I thought that my time was coming,
Sudden and splendid, supreme and soon;
And here I am with the bullets humming,
As I crawl and I curse the light of the moon;
Out alone, for adventure thirsting!
Out in mysterious No Man's Land!
Prone with the dead when a star shell bursting,
Flares on the horrors on every hand.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts gives us such stanzas as this:

A CANADIAN DAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1916.

Steady they come, as those who had come in the
morning,
Unshaken they passed where the bursting
barrage was set;
They passed their victorious comrades; they
passed to their goal—
The machine-gunned houses and gardens of
Courcelette.

Into and through it, they flamed like fire
through stubble;
With death before them, behind them, and
swift in the air;
They struck stark fear to the hearts of the
craven foemen;
With bomb and steel they dug the Boche from
his lair.

September the Fifteenth. That was a day of
glory,
With blood, with life, they captured the fort-
ress town;
While far away, in the dear land they died for,
In frosty coverts the red leaves fluttered
down.

Others of the older writers, who have not been at the front, have also been stirred by phases of the struggle. Duncan Campbell Scott has seen the vision of the aviator's soul in his Miltonic "Lines on a Canadian Aviator who died for his Country in France."

But Death, who has learned to fly,
Still matchless when his work is to be done,
Met thee between the armies and the sun;
Thy speck of shadow faltered in the sky;
Then thy dead engine and thy broken wings
Drooped through the arc and passed in fire;
A wreath of smoke,—a breathless exhalation;
But ere that came, a vision sealed thine eyes,

Lulling thy senses with oblivion;
 And from its sliding station in the skies
 Thy dauntless soul upward in circles soared
 To the sublime and purest radiance whence it
 sprang.

Robert Stanley Weir's "Treason" gives vigorous voice to the intense anger at traitors:

TREASON.

To.....

Because when your own Mother had sore need;
 Because you knew it well and would not heed;
 Because, though ruffians from the raging Rhine
 Assailed with roar her very door;
 You said Her quarrel is not mine.
 Because of this:
 Yours shall forever be a name to hiss!

Because not only have you failed to fight,
 At Armageddon 'gainst all Devil's might;
 But held your brothers back when they would
 go,
 Blinding their eyes with dastard lies
 So that they went not up against the foe;
 Because of this;
 Yours shall forever be a name to hiss.

From Samuel Mathewson Baylis, author of the volumes "Camp and Lamp," and "At the Sign of the Beaver," come good fighting lines:

THOROUGHbred.

All unafraid, as sire the seed,
 Indomitable, undismayed,
 Fronts the ringed teeth of mongrel breed
 All unafraid.

If few the greater honor paid!—
 Adown the years our Henry's creed
 Still fires high souls in arms arrayed.

Though eyes be dim and torn hearts bleed,
 On! still unshaken, firmly stayed,
 They greatly rise to greater need.
 All unafraid!

It would be invidious and inopportune to attempt a list of the others who have written well.

But the deepest interest lies in that often formless mass of new utterance which is welling up day by day hot from the lifesprings of the new generation. The famous lines of Lt.-Col. John McCrae, who lately died of pneumonia at the McGill Hospital, Boulogne, are inseparable from the Great War.

One of these dead in Flanders' fields, Lieutenant Bernard Freeman Trotter, who was killed by a high explosive shell on May 7th, 1917, wrote passages of lofty feeling. He exclaims while detained by ill-health from enlisting:

O God, the blood of Outram in these veins
 Cries shame upon the doom that dams it there
 In useless impotence, while the red torrent runs
 In glorious spate for Liberty and Right.
 O to have died that day at Langemark!
 In one fierce moment to have paid it all!
 The debt of Life to Earth and Hell and Heaven.
 To have perished nobly in a noble cause,
 Untarnished, unpolluted, undismayed,
 By the dark world's corruption; to have passed,
 A flaming beacon light to gods and men,
 For in the years to come it shall be told
 How these laid down their lives not for their
 homes,
 Their orchards, fields, and cities; they were
 driven
 To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power;
 Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the
 sea,
 To save a stricken people from its foe
 They died for justice. Justice owes them this;
 That what they died for, be not overthrown.

And again:—

O happy dead, who sleep embalmed in glory,
 Safe from corruption, purified by fire!
 We shall grow old and tainted with the rotten
 Effluvia of the peace we fought to win;
 But you have conquered Time, and sleep forever,
 Like gods with a white halo on your brows;
 Your souls our lodestars, your death-crowned
 endeavour
 The spur that holds the nations to their vows.

These words, written in France in April, 1917, were the last he wrote before he himself "conquered Time, and slept forever."

The verses from Lt. Peregrine Acland's poem "The Reveille of Romance" which I am about to quote show the spirit of high resolve and the imaginative outlook which actuated those who sprang to arms at the first call. This spirit upheld many throughout the stress of the campaigns. The author, who wrote the lines at sea on his way to the front, proved himself a fine soldier, received the Military Cross, was promoted to the rank of Major and was severely wounded.

Regret no more the age of arms,
 Nor sigh, "Romance is dead."
 Out of life's dull and dreary maze
 Romance has raised her head.

From East and West and South and North
 The hosts are crowding still;
 The long rails hum as troop-trains come
 By valley, plain and hill;

And whence came yearly argosies
 Laden with silks and corn,

Vast fleets of countless armed men
O'er the broad seas are borne.

Though warriors fall like frosted leaves
Before November winds,
They only lose what all must lose,
But find what none else finds.

Their bodies lie beside the way,
In trench, by barricade,
Discarded by the titan Will
That shatters what it made.

Poor empty sheaths, they mark the course
Of spirits bold as young;
Whatever checked that fiery charge
As dust to dust was flung.

For terrible it is to slay
And bitter to be slain,
But joy it is to crown the soul
In its heroic reign.

And better far to make or mar,
Godlike, but for a day,
Than pace the sluggard's slavish round
In life-long, mean decay.

Who sighs, then, for the Golden Age?
Romance has raised her head,
And in the sad and sombre days
Walks proudly o'er your dead.

The women have contributed largely. Mrs. Annie Bethune Macdougald speaks the gift of the mothers:

WAR DEBT.

Some pay the tax in riven gold,
But we in blood and tears,
Heart throbs, lone vigils, and passionate tend-
ance through the years;
First bending low to cull the drifting smile of
sleeping innocence incarnate
Then level, eye to eye, with love's divining
glance,
Would read the riddle of the dawning man in-
nate;
Held hostage still by roguish straight-limbed
youth
And then with lifted eyes do we behold the
flower
Of manly strength stand up above us

And then, with miser fingers, we con the hoard-
ed treasure of the years
And wonder, even as Mary, all human, all
divine;
That all such fair investment of fine gold,
Should buy us but a crown of glistening, bitter
tears.

'Tis thus we women pay.

Miss Helen Coleman, in her volume entitled "Marching Men War Verses" has thoughts of

AUTUMN, 1917.

Are there young hearts in France recalling
These dream-filled, blue Canadian days,
When gold and scarlet flames are falling
From beech and maple set ablaze?

Pluck they again the pale wild aster
The bending plume of golden-rod?
And do their exiled hearts beat faster,
Roaming in thought their native sod;

Dream they of Canada, crowned and golden,
Flushed with her autumn diadem.
In years to come, when time is olden,
Canada's dream shall be of them;

Shall be of them who gave for others,
The ardor of their radiant years;
Your name in Canada's heart, my brothers,
Shall be remembered long with tears.

Some of these poets have been inspired to verse for the first time in their lives. Miss Esther Kerry, a young lady of a well-known and gifted family of Montreal, who served in England as a V.A.D. nurse, wrote one day in London these happy lines:

HE IS A CANADIAN.

He is a Canadian—I wonder has he stood
In some thick forest, on a mountain slope,
Silent beneath a pine.
And looking out across a valley seen
Nothing but bristling tree trunks far below
And storm-scarred grey mountains
Whose snow-caps
Rise to a sun-swept blue.

He is a Canadian—I wonder has he stood
On some still morning by a tiny lake
And watched the water ripple on the beach,—
One little clearing
In the mighty woods—
And known that he is first to breathe that air
Not weighted by a thousand lives and thoughts,
But rare and pure,
A breathing straight from God.

Oh, Canada, of bigness, beauty, strength,
Whom we thy wondering children know as
ne'er before
In exile's retrospect of glorious hours,
We love thee with a love we never felt till now,
A love not all our own, a heritage
From those who to thy shores no more return.
Their love of thee, unconscious, pent,
Which drove them forth, they knew not why
And urged them on
All glad for thee to die.
In this great love may we be consecrate

And made a nation new,
Strong as thy mountains,
Generous as thy plains,
Pure as thy winters,
And with depths unknown
As all thy forest lakes—
Still pools of peace.

And a lovely lament is the elegy "A Cry from the Canadian Hills" by Lillian Leveridge of Carrying Place, Ont., over her young brother Frank, who died of wounds in France:

Laddie, little laddie, come with me over the hills,
Where blossom the white May lilies and the dogwood and daffodils;
For the spirit of spring is calling to our spirits that love to roam;
Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus ablousing for me and you;
And cherry and bilberry blossoms and hawthorn as white as foam;
We'll carry them all to mother, laddie, over the hills of home;

Brother, little brother, your childhood is passing by,
And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in your thoughtful eye.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea,
A call to the best and bravest in the land of liberty,
To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the weak that fall;
Whistle a song as you go, laddie, to answer your country's call.

Brother, soldier brother, the spring has come back again;
But her voice from the windy hilltops is calling your name in vain;
For never shall we together, mid the birds and the blossoms roam,
Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home;

Laddie, Laddie, Laddie! How dim is the sunshine grown;
As Mother and I together speak softly in tender tone,
And the lips that quiver and falter have ever a single theme,
As we list for your dear lost whistle, laddie, over the hills of dream.

Some new Western men have written well. Robert J. C. Stead, of Calgary, has given notable verses on "Kitchener," among others in

his volume "Kitchener and Other Poems." This dirge strikes the chord of Empire:

KITCHENER.

Weep, waves of England. Nobler clay
Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
The wild waves weep with us today
Who mourn a nation's master mind.

We hoped an honored age for him,
And ashes laid with England's great,
And rapturous music, and the dim
Deep hush that veils our Tomb of State.

But this is better. Let him sleep
Where sleep the men who made us free,
For England's heart is in the deep
And England's glory is the sea;

One only vow above his bier—
One only oath beside his bed—
We swear our flag shall shield him here
Until the sea gives up its dead:

Leap, waves of England. Boastful be.
And fling defiance in the blast
For earth is envious of the Sea,
Which shelters England's dead at last.

Hyman Edelstein, a young Jew of Montreal, introduces one of the strangest notes of the incredible contest, when he voices the gratitude of Canadian Israel regarding the Restoration of Palestine,—the re-wedding of the Holy Land to the Chosen People,—in which indeed a number of our young Canadian soldiers took part:

ZION IS FREE!

From Lebanon comes a shout of glee,
And Carmel echoes long.

And Jordan sings with a newfound rhyme
And the valleys ring with the mingled chime,
As the trees whirl in a rustling dance,
Over the strange divine romance:
Shulamith and her lost are met—
Zion and Judah are lovers yet!

What saith the Jordan to the sea?
And thou, Old Kishon, what aileth thee?
Why run the rivers with hurrying gait?
And what the tidings they relate
To the fields that can no longer wait,
And the woods that with wild joy vibrate?—

O it is the 'Earth of Israel' singing,
Which feels the tread of her children's feet,
And it is the shout of the strong hills ringing
Which thus their ancient tenant greet:
Zion is free! Zion is free!
My children, my children, come back to me!

Yielding to the urgings of friends, I take the anthologist's privilege of inserting some lines of my own:

THE GALAHADS.

Yet faint above the din, on ether borne,
 A clear voice rang the ancient battle cries:
 "Freedom and honor! truth and chivalry!
 St. George, defend thy pledges unto death!
 St. George, defend the weak, and save the
 world!"

And all true sons of Britain felt it vain
 To live, unless as British knights of old,

Then lo! with reverence and pride we saw
 The knights of old appear,—Sir Galahads,
 None purer, none more brave. They had been
 known

Till then but as the schoolboys of the camps,
 Carefree and merry, warming elder blood
 By pranks of diving, reckless climbing feats
 Up sheerest precipices. Trackless wilds
 Knew them as tenters. The shy beaver heard
 Their paddles unafraid. Widely they ranged
 The peaks and dales uncharted, seeking risks
 For love of danger and the jest with Death.

Yesterday they were children. Scarcely yet
 Knew we they needed less our tender care,
 Until some grave look or some manly deed
 Warned us the soul was ripe. We pondered then.

So came the world's great need and Honor's call,
 And silent, modest, up they rose to serve,—
 Then in our wonder we beheld them men
 And saw the Knights of Arthur's Table stand
 Before us in their sacred panoply.
 Little they said and naught delayed their go-
 ing,

Farewells to launch, canoe, fair lake and range,
 A tender word to mother, and forth they fared,
 As thousands like them fared from lake and
 stream,

Crusaders of the Grail. Rude knights were
 some
 But knightly all: God loves all faithful men.

Galahads of the camps! For this you learnt
 The fearless life and strenuous company
 Of the wild North, contempt of hurt and cold,
 Joy of unmeasured contest, wit to meet
 Emergency, deft skill and steady nerve.
 What seemed but sport was training, and the
 best

Was inner,—loyal will and heart humane.
 And in your battles you remembered oft
 The mountains of the Land of Manitou.

Some shall return with honor, henceforth called
 The heroes of the world. But where are those
 Who never shall return?

Alas! to earthly eyes they sleep afar
 In fields of glory famed to end of time.
 Yet ever shall they clothe these leafy hills
 With visions of the noblest deeds of men
 And hold before Canadian youths to come
 The quest eternal of the Holy Grail.

Having now taken a survey, more or less in-
 complete, of our war verse, we may try to meas-
 ure its place and divine its future. In what
 qualities does it differ from the large and well-
 developed body of war poetry of the rest of the
 English speaking world? Two interesting com-
 parisons are easily made. One is with the An-
 thology called "Poems of Today" in which
 some of the best things of the recent English
 poets regarding the war are collected: the other
 is with the "Poems and Songs of the South
 African War" brought together by the late Dr.
 J. D. Borthwick (who was somewhat over lib-
 eral in his inclusions). The great South Afri-
 can contest looks today almost an excursion by
 the side of monstrous Armageddon, and the out-
 put of verse it occasioned might be contained in
 a leaflet. Yet on reflection, its national and
 even literary impulse was not negligible, and
 had a much larger result than is generally sup-
 posed. And it had a definite and close rela-
 tion to, and influence upon, our part in Arma-
 geddon.

In technique, only a small part of our poetry
 of the present war compares with the product of
 such British writers as Kipling, Binyon, Mase-
 field, Rupert Brooke, Henry Newbolt. And
 in volume, it is of course but a little stream.
 Perhaps in both these respects—technique and
 volume—it may equal the work of the poets of
 the United States. But in three aspects it is
 unexcelled: no other verse is more bathed in
 the blood and agony of bitter struggle: none
 speaks from a soul of more uncompelled and
 undiluted chivalry; and none other proceeds
 specifically from our Canadian point of view,
 and so to speak courses directly in our national
 veins. It has indeed a notable relation to the
 whole present and subsequent revolution which
 the war is bringing, and is to bring, into the life
 of nations. All over the world these common
 impulses are taking form, and all humanity will
 surely aim at closer links of fraternity, mercy,
 justice and liberty and the attempt to establish
 a better world.

It is bound up, too, with the incoming tide of
 vital changes in the British Commonwealth. We
 have made it clear that the Empire is a living
 family, that all its people are our brethren, all
 its territory our country, its greatness our pride,
 its unity our concern, its organization one of
 our tasks, its future one of our grandest hopes.
 Those who have dreamed the British Common-
 wealth would fall apart have proved as foolish
 as those who proclaimed that chivalry is a myth.

The office of our war verse will be to apply the deep lessons of the struggle to the making of a better Canada as well as a more secure Empire. Racial passions, appetites for domination, ignorance, cowardice, materialistic ideals, will receive strong shocks from the forces of the new crusade; and the next generation will see many resultant changes in Canadian affairs. Few ideals are ever perfectly successful here below. But just as certainly, they form an enriching alloy when poured into the baser metal of the world: and just as certainly the world is advanced by each, to some extent. The law of conservation of moral energy is as valid and exact as the law of conservation of physical energy. None is ever lost. Whoever does a heroic deed, whoever enshrines it in a lyric line, have both achieved something immortal and eternal in their influence. The poets of Confederation had and will have a profound though noiseless influence. So will the War School. And as the war is a greater, wider, nobler event for us than Confederation, its influence will be so much the stronger.

But are those who have already written on the War the whole of our War School of Canadian poets? Are they not rather the precursors? In Pisgah view, I think I descry the real school as yet to come. The Confederation Poets came chiefly after Confederation. The War School will, I believe, appear chiefly after the war. Young men and women of genius—some

probably returned from the contest—will celebrate its glorious deeds, will drink deep inspiration from that brilliant band of heroes who are already beginning to render our circles illustrious with their presence, develop the depths of feeling, the stirring calls to action, the picturesque adventures, the world-wide range of interests, the passion for true living, the insistent calls for a better people, for improved institutions, for a more dignified civilization, worthy of the new, hardwon tradition of Canadian valor, which is to go down to our children and children's children.

This is our Homeric Age. There never will be a greater fight. There never will be a vaster battlefield. There never will be richer experiences, more terrible shadows, more tragic trials, more glorious courage, more splendid triumphs, a higher tide of Empire, a worthier cause to live and die for.

The art of song cannot hurriedly attain to fit celebration of this epic period. The poets may perhaps not yet be born who shall invent utterances that shall be truly worthy of the innumerable heroic achievements, the Galahadic dedications to the supreme sacrifice, the wonderful idealism of the whole crusade. The story is too grand to be forgotten. It will sound the trumpet of the breast until it finds and calls out our supreme minstrel to supremely chant our Idylls of the Heroes.

Literary Convention

By J. E. MIDDLETON

I MET a sweet, alluring maid
 In furbelows of fair brocade.
 "O come," I said, "enchanted queen,
 Be my Romantic Heroine.

"Ah, tempt me not," she answered low.
 "To Editors I dare not go,
 For each of them, or small or great,
 Demands my birth certificate."

"And then he cries—I tell you true—
 'A heroine?—at thirty-two?'
 Discredited your Art would be
 Because of ancient, doddering me."

Free Verse and the Parthenon

By RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

ABOUT the beginning of the Nineteenth Century Pugin proclaimed certain ideals in architecture regarding honesty of treatment and directness in design. The ideals were preached again by John Ruskin in the fifties, and in the seventies came to some practical realization in the work of William Morris and the school of "Arts and Crafts." They have so strong a resemblance to Ezra Pound's principles for poetry as to encourage some comparison both of the principles themselves and of their results.

Ezra Pound says, to quote from the *Canadian Bookman*, "There must be no book-words, no periphrases, no inversions . . . no *clichés*, set phrases, no inversions, no straddled adjectives." His ideals are:—

- (1) Direct treatment.
- (2) Use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation. Use no superfluous word, no adjective which does not reveal something, avoid abstractions.
- (3) As regards rhythm, compose in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome. The rhythm must correspond exactly to the shade of emotion to be expressed.

These principles seem truisms, necessary to all good prose and not in the slightest peculiar to poetry, but their application has led Ezra Pound to "free verse."

The architectural principles of the "Arts and Crafts" school are, in corresponding order:—

- (1) Structural treatment. The structure is the architecture.
- (2) Use no ornament that does not contribute to the effect and avoid all meaningless, merely archaeological and common-place ornament.
- (3) A building must correspond exactly in structure and in emotional feeling with its purpose. Its architecture must not conceal that purpose.

These principles are as unexceptionable as the former, yet, though they were proclaimed a century ago, they have not yet revolutionised architecture. They have produced some very charming results in domestic architecture, in furniture and in similar arts, but the monumental building still relies upon old forms.

Of course, the two arts are ruled by different conditions. The poet can write what he likes and publication is not necessary to his art.

The architect can only design a building if somebody wants it. A mere paper design is only an embryo; actual building is necessary to develop the design. The difficulty for the architect is not to formulate principles—that was done a century ago—but to practice them.

One school has proclaimed that structure is all in all. If we construct honestly, ignoring mere adhesive ornament, the result will be a truthful expression and therefore beautiful, for "truth is beauty." We must hide nothing, ignore nothing and add nothing. Thus the brick



A CORNER OF THE PARTHENON.

factory building is the "free verse" of architecture. And very like some "free verse" it is. Yet this school has it triumphs. The battleship is constructed on just these principles and, artistically, is an expression of grim power. The Forth Bridge is pure structure and is beautiful.

Quite apart from the client's prejudice, there is difficulty in building a city on these lines. A city hall, well planned and honestly built, of

sound yellow brick—and nothing else—would not be satisfactory. Even the most insurgent rebel would acknowledge that the old-fashioned *clichés* of architecture, the “orders,” the columns and pediments, do add something. They may be poor things, they might be improved upon, but they are better than nothing, and it is very hard to replace them. The Corinthian capital took about four centuries to design and it is difficult to produce a new one on the spur of the moment.

So let us look at the *cliché*, the well-worn phrase. Architecture is full of it. The whole apparatus of the “orders,” the historic “styles,” the crockets and pinnacles and tracery



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

Nave Looking East, Showing the Effect of Unbroken Continuation of the Rhythm.

windows, what are they all but *clichés*. We may try to keep them fresh, to use them honestly and only where necessary, but, at bottom they are old forms re-used and, so far, even great artists have not found it possible to dispense with them.

But has literature—good literature—always done without the *cliché*. Homer uses it freely. “Glaukopis Athene,” “dios Odysseus,” “Ton d’apameibomenos prosephe.” Homer is in fact full of early journalese. Even the Bible uses well worn phrases—“Verily, verily I say

unto you”—and gains power thereby. The “Phrase” has a power. Used in its place it produces an effect which could not otherwise be produced. It is a justifiable tool, though it may be abused.

But these are problems of all good writing and do not go to the root of poetry. We must come to the more important problems of form and rhythm. Should poetry have a regular form and a continuous rhythm or should form and rhythm vary with the changing thought and emotion of the poem? In architecture we distinguish two ideals.

The Parthenon, the perfect classic building, is complete in form. It cannot be added to, nor can one stone be taken away without destroying the artistic unity of the design. The simple rectangle of columns is bounded below by the steps, above by the cornice. The roof and eaves are unbroken by spire, tower or pinnacle. The form is single and complete. Built by Greek builders ten centuries later, the church of Santa Sophia at Constantinople is artistically a unit. It is more complex than the Parthenon, but it is still an indivisible unit in design. Roman art is dominated by the same spirit. The greatest of all Roman buildings is the Pantheon. It is a unit in design. No part can be taken away; architecturally there are no parts to take. No part can be added, there is no room for an addition, and today it stands as it was built save for decoration.

The Northern Cathedral is different. We may, and our ancestors occasionally did, pull down the western front, add a few bays and build a new façade. We may add a choir, aisles, chapels, cloisters, chantries, in what profusion we wish. The building will be artistically improved, for its beauty is in diversity.

This tendency seems to be stronger as we move from South to North. The French Cathedral has more unity than the English, though less than the Parthenon.

It is more than a coincidence that this is also the case in poetry. The strictest form of poetry, the sonnet, is Italian; the looser forms, like the ballad, are northern. Classic poetry is controlled by syllables, English by accents. Perhaps we may even venture upon a definition of those much abused terms “classic” and “romantic.” Classic is the formal art of the south, loving perfection and unity, romantic is the looser art of the north, loving richness and diversity. Who shall say that either is the better?

Now as to rhythm. All good architecture is rhythmic. Monumental architecture is intense-

ly and regularly so, and the irregular rhythms are only to be found in domestic and in un-monumental work.

The rhythms of a cathedral nave are easily analysed in, say, Lincoln. Dominant is the steady slow beat of the nave arches, soaring to a great pause at the crossing, then subsiding to the steady beat, beat, beat of the choir. Above is the doubled beat of the triforium, two beats to each beat of the nave, then a pause whilst we pass the vaulting pier, then again two beats. Beat, beat—pause—beat, beat—pause. Above this again is the complicated rhythm of clerestory window and vault alternating in



WELLS CATHEDRAL.

Nave Looking East, Showing the Effect of a Sudden Interruption of the Rhythm.

window—vault bay—window, often very complex but dominated by the steady bass accompaniment of the nave arcade. As in simple music, the ornamentation, the rich melody, is above, the rhythmic accompaniment is below. The significant ornaments, the painted stories of saints, the armorial bearings of patrons, are all high up and are ruled in form by the simple regular measure of the structure. St. Paul may be more important than St. Peter, his window is just the same size.

The rhythm of the Parthenon is very similar, but simpler and more exact. Below is the

steady even beat of the columns, above is the doubled beat of the triglyphs and metopes, two accents to each column bay, above that again the quadruple beat of the mutules all bound in at the top by the single arrhythmic line of the cornice. Here, too, the rich and significant ornament is not at the base, but high up on the building in the metopes and pediments. It is controlled by the spacing of the columns and the form of the building. The wars of the Lapiths and the Centaurs have to accommodate themselves to the squares of the metopes; Athena must be born in a triangle. This strict limitation of artistic form is good and right, nor could we imagine it otherwise.

Just as correct metre will not make a fine poem, so regular rhythm will not make a fine building. When, in the enthusiasm of the Greek revival, copies of the Parthenon appeared from Edinburgh to Nashville (Tenn.), they were all complete failures. The subject matter, the strictly tied ornament, could not be reproduced. The delicacies of curve and refinement underlying the regular columniation were overlooked and without these the copy was lifeless. These copies are in architecture what Pope's "Iliad" is in poetry; they are a good deal too correct. But they were not wrong because they were rhythmic, they were wrong because they were, firstly, uninteresting, and secondly, in the wrong place.

In keeping with the simplicity of all Greek thought, the Parthenon has only one rhythmic form, and is a poem in a single metre, varied with the most exquisite skill without ever breaking the beat. Our English cathedrals have many metres, each suited to its purpose. The rhythms differ in nave and aisles and chapels, but in each part the rhythm is consistent and unbroken. A cathedral is a poem of many varying stanzas.

We all know the charm of the irregular rhythm, the picturesque farm group in which each piece expresses its own thought. The comfortable house, slightly formal in its door and windows, the great barn, the low irregular lines of outbuildings, and perhaps the sudden soaring of a windmill or a watertower. It is often very beautiful, with the beauty of natural landscape. We may indeed ask: Is not the love of landscape in art, with its irregular rhythms, another Northern manifestation on a par with the informal poetry of the North? Certainly the modern school of landscape painting arose in England and the great landscape painters are northern. Southern and classic art is interested

in persons more than in nature, in form more than in color.

Ezra Pound does not care for the beat of the metronome. Let him listen to the beatings of his own heart and he will find that he is a human metronome. A very slight variation in his own rhythm and he would write poetry no more. It is little wonder then that so much great art is metronomic. But should the thought

vary with each line? Rhyme has no doubt often suggested thought. How often has the desire for irregular rhythm led to irregular thought? Is not rhythm, regular rhythm, the very essence of poetry? No monotonous tum-tumming or perfect scansion, but the steady and sustained beat which dominates and unifies the ornament. In architecture certainly a regular rhythmic form has been found necessary to the greatest art.

Little Grey Mother

By J. M. GIBBON

LITTLE Grey Mother!*
 So they have named her,
 No one has tamed her,
 No one has shamed her—
 Grey in her glory,
 Grey in her story
 Of sea-fight and foray,
 Grey yet so sweet.
 Is there another
 Lighter of feet
 Than the Little Grey Mother?

Little Grey Mother!
 Sweeter her flush is
 Than the rose blushes
 On the briar bushes;
 Scent of the heather,
 Mist of sea-weather
 Mingle together
 Close in her hair,
 Is there another
 One half so fair
 As the Little Grey Mother?

Little Grey Mother!
 Sweet though her face is,
 Sorrow its traces
 Scatters in places,
 Grey hairs and furrows,
 Traces of arrows
 Barbed with tomorrows
 Shot at her heart.
 Was there another
 Gay counterpart
 Of the Little Grey Mother?

Little Grey Mother!
 Mother of freemen,
 Mother of seamen,
 Fine and fair women!
 Out of her highlands,
 Lowlands and islands,

Marshes and drylands
 Issues her brood.
 Is there another
 Redder of blood
 Than the Little Grey Mother?

Little Grey Mother!
 Kin to the seagull,
 Yet never eagle
 Held heart more regal.
 All that have sought her
 Blood on seawater
 Rue they have fought her,
 Home as they roll.
 Is there another
 Stouter of soul
 Than the Little Grey Mother?

Little Grey Mother!
 Straight as her hedges,
 Staunch as her pledges,
 Honour her wages,
 Faith her high altar—
 None that could halt or
 Force her to falter,
 True to the end.
 Is there another
 Faithfuller friend
 Than the Little Grey Mother?

Little Grey Mother!
 Grey in her glory,
 Grey in her story
 Of sea-fight and foray—
 Who would her splendour
 Lightly surrender?
 Who but defend her,
 True Paladin?
 Is there another
 Worthier Queen
 Than the Little Grey Mother?

*"Little Grey Mother" is a title employed in British Columbia to designate the Mother Country—England.

Some Canadian Illustrators

By ST. GEORGE BURGOYNE

ARTICLE II.

FOUR months of peace have followed four years of war, and illustrators in Canada face improved prospects. While Mars was dictator and every force was concentrated to fill the requirements of his regime, Art marked time, save in a branch which promises to play an important part during the period of reconstruction—the poster. While Canada overseas, through the War Memorials, gave employment to many British painters, so at home the Dominion Government by poster competitions gave illustrators a chance to employ their talents. The Victory Loan campaigns in large measure depended on publicity, both press and billboard, and this occasion revealed a talent in this direction hitherto unsuspected. Canadian bill-boards in the past have been things of utility, but not of aesthetic delight, save when some particularly artistic theatrical bills have had their one-week life. With the Victory Loans the billboards glowed with color and effective designs. Those who are promoting campaigns for post-war work are also appreciating the necessity of posters in bringing their claims and needs to the notice of the public. The War Savings Stamp poster by Frank Nicolet, who won the last Victory Loan poster prize, on that occasion utilizing the sentimental appeal of the late Lieut.-Col. John McCrae's poem "In Flanders Fields," is an effective work. It seems a pity that these posters, in common with much that is striking in commercial advertising, have no place on the sheet for the signatures of the artists. This is in marked contrast to the practice in England and on the Continent, where, by giving what is only the designer's due, a group of poster artists has

been developed. This realization of the value of the poster in making appeals to the "man in the street" promises another avenue of endeavor to Canadian illustrators, for which work several are eminently qualified.

These posters in a national cause are an effective reply to that argument so often advanced—that where the striking and novel is required one has to go to the United States for it. It must be admitted that thus far we have not produced any illustrator who is the creator

of a type; we have no Gibson, Christy, Flagg or Boileau "girls," nor can we point to a draughtsman of Rackham's calibre, whose grotesques are so effective. The "Kewpie" is an American product, and so is the "Brownie," though its creator, Palmer Cox, was born in Canada. But in evolving a type of this latter order we have working among us today Dudley Ward.

This artist, a Torontonian by residence, besides his illustrations of a miscellaneous character is best known by his whimsical pictures of the "Dingbats," — fantastic gnome-like figures. Mr. Ward, who for the past nine years has resided in Canada,



A "Dingbat" Drawing by Dudley Ward.

was born in Staffordshire, England, and commenced his art career at the age of fourteen. He studied under Tom Browne, and at South Kensington, Amsterdam and Brussels. Recognition did not come without a struggle, and he made his entry into the illustrated periodical world through the pages of the English comic paper "Ally Sloper." He created a Prehistoric Sloper which enjoyed some popularity until the artist responsible for the drawing of the title character on the front page of the paper objected to Mr. Ward's drawing Ally in any shape or form. Undaunted, Mr. Ward created

the "Dingbats," which jumped into instant favor. In *Everywoman's World*, Toronto, appears his creation the "Jollikens," a phase of his art work which he regards as his hobby. His work has appeared in "Ally Sloper" and most of the English humorous magazines, and in the *Sketch*, *Illustrated London News*, and *Bystander*. In Canada he has contributed to *Maclean's*, the *Courier*, *Canada Weekly*, the Christmas issues of the *Toronto Globe*, and *Everywoman's World*.

An artist who has done much illustrating since his return from England, where he was engaged in Canadian War Records work, is Chas. W. Simpson, A.R.C.A. Better known as a painter and etcher, Mr. Simpson has, with a modest and artistic "S," signed colored covers and booklet designs of excellence. His experience overseas he is now turning to good account in illustrating stories for *The Veteran*. Mr. Simpson was born in Montreal and studied under Mr. William Brymner, C.M.G., R.C.A., past president of the Royal Canadian Academy, and E. Dyonnet, R.C.A.,



Illustration to "The Rhyme Garden," Marguerite Buller Allan.

—Courtesy John Lane.

and later in New York, at the Students' Art League under a Canadian master, George B. Bridgen. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy in November 1913. Works by this artist have been purchased by the Advisory Arts Council for the Canadian National Gallery at Ottawa.

W. T. Topham, who saw active service as a Gunner with the 1st Siege Battery, and has used material gathered at the front for paintings which have been shown at exhibitions at the Art Association of Montreal, and the Royal Canadian Academy, has done illustrative work of a general character. He has contributed *England*, and *Town and Country* and *The Veteran*, Montreal, had a striking cover by him—a Canadian soldier on the top of a ridge, the flash of a bursting shell forming a Maple leaf. Mr. Topham was born in England, and studied at the Derby School of Art and under L. L. Goldie, an English watercolorist.

He also spent six months—1908-09—at the Secessionist schools in Berlin. He came to Canada about nine years ago. Recently the Canadian War Memorials purchased fifty sketches of a military nature, either done by him at the front or from jottings made while in khaki.

Canada has ground for legitimate pride in her illustrators, and that the list is not longer is due to the, comparatively speaking, limited opportunities. There will be additions to their ranks when this Dominion takes its place as a publishing centre—when the presses are printing the original works of native writers, and are less occupied with Canadian editions of products from overseas. Without a canvass it is a safe assumption that writers and artists in Canada have pride in this Dominion and, all being equal, would rather have their work given its premiere here. Many in both branches, however, have made connections across the border where aggressive publicity and circulation measures, and old established organization, promise the quickest success, and this is not the age when writer, artist, or actor would rather, on patriotic grounds, starve in Canada than eat regularly in the United States.

The next few years will probably see an increase in the number of weekly and monthly publications, and the illustrators who contribute to them will not be faced with the problems with which the designers had to wrestle twenty years ago. The development of process printing has gone forward, and the artist can now submit designs in color which can be reproduced with all the touch and character of the original drawing. Designers working in Canada today will recall the almost scandalized attitude of publishers when a drawing in two primary colors was submitted—the cost was counted almost prohibitive. In that day, too, the zinc etching was most favored on economical grounds—its easy production and its certainty to give satisfactory results on even the poorest paper being the decisive arguments for it. That day is passing, and the artist can now devote himself to designs and pictures without being harassed by what the engraver and printer cannot do.

The future of the illustrator and designer has seldom been more promising than it is today.

The consideration of the Canadian illustrators in the United States might suggest that the Open Sesame is "Hamilton." Arthur William Brown, B. Cory Kilvert, Arthur Crisp, Arthur Heming (as respects his early training), all hail from Hamilton. Jay Hambidge was born at Simeoe, Ont., Palmer Cox, of "Brownie" fame, boasts Granby, Que., as his birthplace, Norman Price was born at Brampton, Ont., Philip Boileau was a native of Quebec, John Conacher, a Scotsman by birth, settled when young in Toronto, H. J. Mowat is a native of the Maritime Provinces. There are probably other Canadians doing illustrative work in the United States, but the few mentioned have established themselves and are, or have been, regular contributors to the best periodicals.

Jay Hambidge for many years contributed to *The Century*, *McClure's*, *Colliers* and *Harper's*. Born in Simcoe, Ont., he received his art education at the Art Students' League, and under William M. Chase, New York. He now gives his attention to lecturing and writing on the philosophical aspects of Art, and on theories of design. He is a member of the Society of Illustrators, New York, and of the Graphic Arts Club, Toronto.

Arthur Heming is at present living in Canada, but his chief illustrative work has appeared in American publications. He was born in Paris, Ont., and received his early art training at the Hamilton Art School, where he subsequently became a teacher, and continued his study at the Art Students' League, New York, and in London. He was first employed as an illustrator on the staff of the *Dominion Illustrated* and afterwards, as a free lance, did a large amount of illustrating of a miscellaneous character. He was sent by Messrs. Harper to accompany Casper Whitney to the barren grounds of Canada as illustrator. He is fond of the out-of-doors, and, in quest of artistic material, has patrolled with the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and travelled by pack train in the Rocky Mountains. Travel has interested him, and it has been immaterial what means were employed. Incidentally he has covered 550 miles by raft, 1,100 by dog team, 1,700 on snowshoes and 3,300 by canoe.

This experience has furnished him with a wealth of material, and he has published articles and illustrations in the leading Canadian, English, French, German and American publications. He is the author of a novel, "Spirit Lake," and is a member of the Society of Illustrators, New York. His work possesses a distinct Canadian individuality. An example of his recent illustrating work appeared in the last issue of the *Canadian Bookman*.

John Conacher is one of the best pen draughtsmen in the United States, and his work has appeared in *Life*, *Punch*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's* and *Judge* among other publications. It is sound in technique, full of character, and his style is akin to the best English work. Mr. Conacher was born at St. Andrews, Scotland, and was brought to Canada when eight years old. He studied drawing under William Cruickshank, at the old Ontario Society of Art school in Tor-

onto, and joined the Art Staff of the *New York Herald* twenty years of age. Mr. Charles W. Jeffreys was a confrere at that time on the same journal. Later he worked for the Frank A. Munsey publications, and afterwards did illustrations for Harper and Brothers. The work that appeals to

him most is the original drawings which he contributes to *Life* and *Judge*.

Norman Price was born in Brampton, Ont., and studied art in the Ontario School of Art.

This was followed by practical work for the Grip Company. Later he went with some kindred spirits to England on a cattle boat, and in London the little band formed a business which they called the Carleton Studios and did a wide variety of art work. Messrs. Jack of Edinburgh then commissioned Mr. Price to illustrate "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare"—twenty picture in color, one of which was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

In 1909 he went to Paris and studied at Julian's, under Jean Paul Laurens and Richard Miller, an American painter, whose pictures hang in the leading galleries on the Continent, and in the United States. On his return to London he illustrated a "Children's Tennyson," and also did many colored illustrations for the following series: "Days with Wagner," "Chopin," "Mendelssohn," "Christmas Bells," "A Legend of Jerusalem," "The Joy of the Lord,"

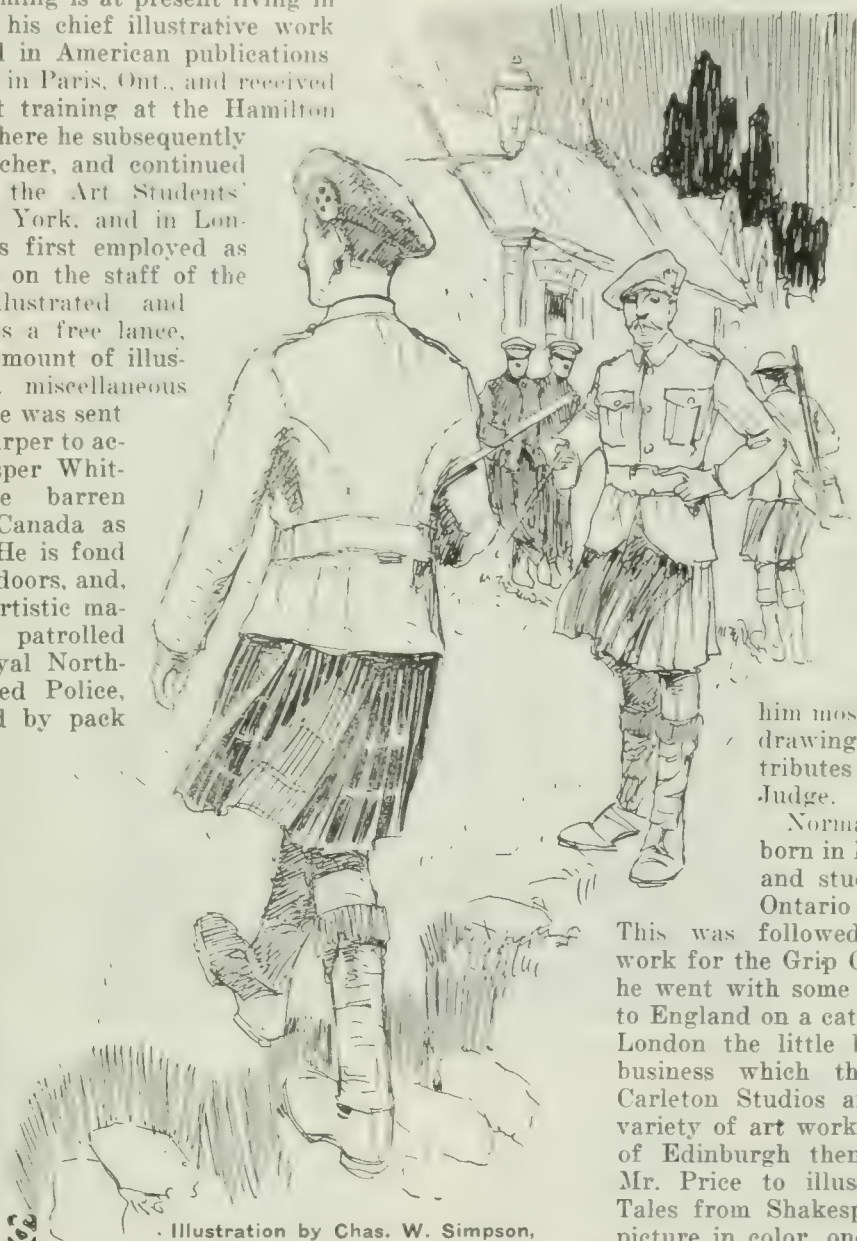


Illustration by Chas. W. Simpson,
—By courtesy of "The Veteran."

"Scott," "Mrs. Browning," "Kingsley," and many colored paper covers for books. In 1911 he went to the United States and in 1913 started free lance work. He has done illustrations for the Century, the American Magazine, covers and drawings for St. Nicholas, Harper's Magazine, Harper's Bazaar, Red Cross Magazine, and The Canadian Home Journal. The Century Company has published the following books with his illustrations: "The Derelict," and "The Second Fiddle," by Phylis Botome, and "The Return of the Soldier," by Rebecca West. His best known commercial work is his Victrola advertisements.

Of the younger men, the work of Arthur William Brown has met with especial favor. He is at the moment the most prominent Canadian illustrator in the United States. He is apparently a prolific worker and his illustrations appear in the Saturday Evening Post, and of late in Scribner's. He was born in Hamilton in 1881, and in 1901 went to New York, where he studied at the Art Students' League for one year. He works now for practically every well-known magazine in the country except those owned by Hearst. He did the drawings for "Seventeen" by Booth Tarkington, and he also did effective illustrations for Tarkington's later story, "The Magnificent Ambersons," which was reviewed in the last issue of the Canadian Bookman. He is a member of the Committee on Public Information. This Division makes all the posters and drawings for the United States Government, Red Cross, and other war activities.

B. Cory Kilvert, author of "The Kite Book" and of "Kilverts' Kids," is a native of Hamilton and studied at the Art Students' League, New York. Incidentally he won a cash prize of \$500 for the best humorous drawing in the largest calendar competition ever held in the United States, and a cash prize of \$250 was also awarded him for the best illustration of a familiar quotation. He specializes in the drawing of

children, and his work has appeared in the leading American and Canadian publications. He has also drawn cartoons for the New York Evening World and other dailies.

Arthur Crisp, a Hamiltonian, has devoted his talent to a phase of art which is not strictly illustration. Some very good covers for magazines have been designed by him, but they were more in the nature of decorative studies than of illustrations. His talent for effective composition has been employed in painting and mural decoration, to which he is now giving his whole attention. His work is represented in the Canadian National Gallery at Ottawa.

The late Philip Boileau, whose "girls" on the covers of the Saturday Evening Post appealed to those who sought the pretty when "heads" were all the rage, was a native of Quebec, and received his art education in Italy.

Palmer Cox, although a naturalized American, was born at Granby, Que., in 1840. He followed rail-roading and contracting in California in early life and contributed articles to publications in that State. He went to New York in 1875 and took up writing and illustrating for children's magazines. He is the creator of the "Brownie People," and the Brownie books.

H. J. Mowat has done much excellent work in

Scribner's during the last four or five years. He is now overseas doing work for the Canadian War Records Office, after serving for some time with the Canadian Artillery at the front.

While the war may have had an adverse effect on painting as such, it brought the governments of the world to a realization of the importance of the artist in the community and gave many an opportunity to show their power as propagandists.

The newspaper cartoon, outside the scope of this article, long recognized as a powerful weapon, was, during the war, ably supported by the poster, showcard, and painting.

These lessons learned will not be forgotten.



Illustration by Thurston Topham.

—By courtesy of "The Veteran."

First Aid to Songsmiths

By J. A. McNEIL

MEMBERS of the Poets' Union have long had the assistance of rhyming dictionaries, but no corresponding provision has been made for the writers of popular songs. This compilation of verse terminations favored by acknowledged masters of various schools of American songwriters for the past seven decades, with their periods of popularity approximately indicated, is offered in the confident belief that their employment will enable the aspiring lyricist of the masses to re-create not only the form but the spirit of any particular school.

The Stephen Foster or negro minstrel song. 1845-1865.

banjo	hoecake	Sambo		
Black Joe	canebrake	tambo		
canoe	clambone	hambone		
home gal	shore	honey cry		
roam Sal	more	money die		
come youall	poor	funny shoofly		

The lugubrious ballad of the lost love. 1860-1875.

valley	heaven	dale	remember
Hallie	forgiven	vale	September ⁽²⁾
dally	oblivion	pale	November ⁽³⁾
Nellie	eleven ⁽¹⁾	wail	December ⁽⁴⁾

The sweetly pretty song. 1870-1880.

gleaming	river	roses
dreaming	quiver	posies
beaming	forgive her	dozes
leaning	never ⁽⁵⁾	loses

The Irish song, love or comic. 1875-1885.

Killarney	mavourneen	avick, lick
Blarney	colleen	shtick, pick
Kearney	green ⁽⁶⁾	brick, Mick
Barney	seen ⁽⁷⁾	kick, etc., ad lib.

The sedimental ballad. 1885-1900.

mazy	moon	dawn	dear
Daisy	spoon	morn	tear
crazy	bloom	forlorn	hair
easy	June	ton	fear

The tough boy and girl song. 1894-1898.

Bowery	spieler	pearl
flowery	Delia	girl
showery	heeler	whirl
how're yer	steal her	squirrel ⁽⁸⁾

The cake-walk or ragtime coon song. 1898-1910.

lady	Tennessee	cake
baby	levee	shake
maybe	Mississippi	date
shady	fricassee	sake

The Indian and cowboy song. 1903-1907.

Wanna	Navajo	maid
goner	Idaho	cave
fonder	wahoo	braided
honor	Antonio ⁽⁹⁾	shade

The Turkey trot or tango tune. 1910-1916.

doing it	dance	oh you kid
make a hit	chance	never did
sling your feet	prance	lift the lid
throw a fit	pants	watch us skid
honey bug	baby doll	melody
bunny hug	let me fall	holy gee

The near Hawaiian song. 1914-1917.

hula hula	beach	ukelele
peculiar	peach	gaily
fool yuh	each	O'Haley
hickey bula	which	shillelagh

The great American war ballad. 1917-1919.

banner	son, sun	glory
Indiana	won, done,	story
grandeur	sun, gone	gory
standard	Hun, run	before me

The Great American post-war song (1919-?):

beauty	gob	nurse
duty	job	worse
cootie	Schwab	hearse
treat 'em rough	shimmie, shimmie	
eat 'em tough	gimme, gimme	
beat 'em 'nuff	Jimmie, Jimmie	
	ou, la, la,	
	comme çï, comme ça	
	hello, paw.	

(1) Number of years since she died. (2) They met.

(3) They parted. (4) She died of grief.

(5) Always preceded by "forget her."

(6) Preceded by "isle of." (7) Preceded by "iver."

(8) This may be pronounced so as to give a perfect ear-rhyme.

(9) Preceded by "San."

On the Deterioration of Literary Style After Death

By B. K. SANDWELL

ONE of the most interesting, though also most distressing, features of that particular variety of the future life exhibited by Dr. A. D. Watson of Toronto in his book, "The Twentieth Plane"—but one to which the author himself appears singularly blind—is the astounding deterioration which the faculties of verbal expression undergo after a period of residence in the monotonously pink atmosphere of the latest substitute for heaven. After a careful perusal of the 1918 utterances of Victor Hugo, Shelley, Shakespeare, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Meredith and a score of others whose work when on earth won them high distinction as masters of style, I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that there is something either in the pink light of the upper strata of astral society, or in the habit of wearing an aura instead of a top-hat, or in the nervous strain of being continually on the hop to answer the call of the latest ouija board—or perhaps in all combined—which exerts a paralysing effect upon the sense of word-values and the power of rhythmic utterance.

I believe this observation of mine to be new, and to be important. It has often been pointed out that the inhabitants of the astral strata, so far as they have deigned to communicate with us, have proved to be sadly lacking in any ideas which could be of utility (I do not mean merely practical, but artistic, spiritual, social, moral) upon this planet; and to this it has been answered, plausibly enough, that under totally different conditions from ours, ideas may have totally different values—that our commonplace may be the Twentieth Plane's highest wisdom, and vice versa. But the principles of expression in English and the values of English words and phrases can hardly vary even among departed spirits so long as they communicate in English and retain a lively interest in English literature—and Dr. Watson's astral visitants were so keen about English literature that they were constantly asking him to read them his latest poems and those of sundry other Toronto versifiers, and exhibited the liveliest admiration thereof. Thus I am driven to the conclusion that the absolutely inartistic character of the

language used by Shakespeare and Wordsworth in Dr. Watson's parlor in Toronto last year was due to an unconscious but serious deterioration of the language faculty. Nor is this unreasonable, when we consider that the uses of language in these upper strata are evidently much curtailed. Thus for example, when Dorothy Wordsworth wants a new chair in her bedroom she does not go to a furniture dealer and describe the kind of chair she wants to have, nor even to the lumber-yard and describe the kind of wood she wants to make it of, and the quantity that it will need; she merely "thinks a chair," evolving it out of her inner consciousness, a process in which no word is necessary; and this is doubtless typical of the simplification of life and the elimination of talk in the spheres above—though it is to be noted that lectures, on a sort of mutual-improvement-society basis, are frequent and well-attended.

I have said "unconscious deterioration," because as a matter of fact all of the eminent literary deceased who visited Dr. Watson's circle seem to have been rather pleased than otherwise with their latest achievements as talkers, orators and writers. They are all still engaged in the production of works of literature, and very proud indeed of what they are producing. In fact I should be inclined to fear that as a result of the Watsonian communication-line the firm of McClelland and Stewart might become the outputters of a vast mass of posthumous Shakespeare, Shelley, Wordsworth, Dante, Samuel Johnson and Goethe, of very inferior quality, were it not for the serious obstacle of the impossibility of remitting royalties to the Twentieth Plane and the still more serious obstacle of the impossibility of collecting guarantees from the same place. Victor Hugo, for example, is convinced that the language employed by these astral personages, which he calls "ideographic," is similar in kind to the more vividly pictorial of his own earthly descriptive passages, only much better. He tells the Watsonians to look up his description of a storm at sea in "Ninety-three," "because one who wishes to become conversant with the ideographic picture style of writing should study it." Now, according to

Dr. Watson, the "ideographic picture style of writing" is what the Planers use to convey ideas to present-day Toronto, but I cannot imagine anything more unlike the majestic accumulation of logical and clearly-related similes which constitutes a typical paragraph of the earthly Hugo, than the strings of vague, rambling, colorless and inane comparisons which come down from the Twentieth Plane.

Here, for example, is one of the finest passages in all the earthly Hugo. Dr. Watson, with fatal ill-judgment, actually quotes it in full in this book, within a few pages of the Twentieth Plane Hugo's unspeakable balderdash, as an earthly example of "astral" style (but in justice to the doctor, let it be said that the astral Walter Pater put him up to it). Bear in mind that this, superb as it is, is a translation, with but half the sonority and rhythmic beat of the original:

There are men, oceans in reality. These waves; this ebb and flow; this terrible go and come; this noise of every gust; these lights and shadows; these vegetations belonging to the gulf; this democracy of clouds in full hurricane; these eagles in the foam; these wonderful gatherings of clouds reflected in one knows not what mysterious crowd by millions of luminous specks, heads confused with the innumerable; those grand errant lightnings which seem to watch; these huge sobs; these monsters glimpsed at; this roaring disturbing these nights of darkness; these furies, these frenzies, these tempests, these rocks, these shipwrecks, these fleets crushing each other, these human thunders mixed with divine thunders; this blood in the abyss; then these graces, these sweetnesses, these fêtes, these gay white veils; these fishing-boats, these songs in the uproar, these splendid ports, this smoke of the earth, these towns on the horizon, this deep blue of water and sky, this useful sharpness; this bitterness which renders the universe wholesome, this rough salt without which all would putrefy, these angers and assuagings, this whole in one, this unexpected in the immutable, this vast marvel of monotony inexhaustibly varied, this level after that earthquake, these hells and these paradises of immensity eternally agitated, this infinite, this unfathomable,—all this can exist in one spirit; and then this spirit is called genius; and you have Aeschylus, you have Isaiah, you have Juvenal, you have Dante, you have Michael Angelo, you have Shakespeare; and looking at these minds is the same thing as to look at the ocean.

Has the sublimity, the illimitability, of genius ever been more majestically portrayed? And now, hear how this man talks—this man who

could describe genius when he was on earth because he was genius—hear how he talks after only a third of a century in the pink twilight of the realms above. (The questions are by a member of the Watsonian group, the answers are by the astral Hugo:

(What is the highest purpose in Literature.)

To reveal to view truth not touched to life, but latent in the soul.

(Is not all Art but a varied manifestation of the divine?)

Certainly. The artist but translates it into the language of prose or poetry.

(Who is the greatest French dramatist?)

Moliere and Corneille. In poetry, Racine is very great. Not so high as a dramatist. In prose, Balzac and Dumas are great men.

(How about LeSage?)

He tried with dabs to write. See?

(Next to yourself, who is the greatest French poet?)

I am next to another. Put it that way. I rank all the French school as greater than myself.

(Who is the greatest?)

I do not care to say. Not now. Some others are here.

Once I came to the vision screen to see your group. You and all in your room now were as faithful as Hebrews in their temple, but two I could name were like the mist of a jungle.

(Should we not be great enough to overcome the evil influences emanating from such personalities?)

You were, hence I came to-night.

Land of the tricolor, the lily, and French valor, I often come again in sight of Paris and see France rise from the phoenix-ashes of war to the strains of the Marseillaise, marching out of the mist of tears to light.

(Do you remember the French Revolution?)

Thomas is here. He has written in his "French Revolution" the sum and substance of that epic time. That book is the soul of those drama-moments of history, and will supply the details. I will say this, however, that book should be reviewed as a historical impress of action rather than as the work of an earth historian.

It may be objected, and with some force, that Hugo was bothered and put out of his stride by the preposterous questionings of what sounds like an undergraduate "culture" society in a rural theological college. But this is not true of all the astralites who conversed with the Watsonians. George Meredith, for example, who used in his earthly day to be a fairly careful writer, took up his stand at the "instrument" and "transmitted" the following, which he

clearly claims to be a well-thought-out lesson in the art of description:

George Meredith is here. My loving earth souls, I deem it a very great joy to make you as happy as I am, so let us speak of things which, when thought out, will be of value . . .

There is a philosophy on the earth called Pragmatism. I will define for you Utilitarianism, Joyism, Pragmatism.

(1) Pragmatism is the performance of a work of love done into tangible form because the doer believed material substance was the end of things of value.

(2) Utilitarianism makes that which will be useful.

(3) Joyism realizes that Pragmatism, Utilitarianism, and the Ideal are in combination, knows that the only true joy is that which one soul feels when looking into the eyes of another soul.

Nearly all earth plane writers describe principally the things a character does. Now great literature speaks of the things a character is capable of doing. All of the five senses will be used by the characters; that is, all will be intensely human. Realize that there are other senses beyond the five. Your great character will always use these in a given crisis. Great characters do not in great crises do the so-called normal thing.

A great writer writes as much with his vision as with his education.

I will use an example. The scene is a garden. We will say it is the garden of Shelley's sensitive plant. Vision it now in simple language. What would you consider the most important thing to describe in prose in that garden?

(Oh, I suppose, individual flowers, atmosphere, lights and shadows, breezes and birds, physical effects, abstract qualities, heart memories, etc.)

Here are my notes:

A path of barrenness. A lonely woman walking in that path. She feels that the world is cruel and without beauty. The moon rises full and clear. The woman, walking aimlessly into the garden, passes a rustic gate, her thoughts bowed down with grief. The air still. Silence profound as death. The woman hears a strange whispering. This wakens her mind to a little alertness. She opens her eyes, and sees she is alone. She says to herself, is this talking in a Garden where there are no people? It is almost a breezeless night. She wonders. Soon the silvery orb of soft mellow glory shows to her the varied and almost unearthly bed of beautiful flowers. She realizes that her soul is so still that she hears the language of the flowers—the love and sympathy of each to the others. Then the perfume bathes her aching temples. She feels the perfect flower-repose, and so vision, order, truth and beauty are angels which tell God's purpose to her soul.

This is roughly what I wrote of such a garden. Should not all nature become accessory to all humans?

It may be all right to write about gardens in that style on the Twentieth Plane, but I can imagine what his publishers and his friends and his critics would have said if he had turned out anything like that while on the same earth on which he wrote, say, the "Diversion Played on a Penny Whistle" in "Richard Feverel," or the paragraphs on the Triumph of the Identical in "Shagpat." The kindest phrase would have been "senile decay."

Shelley is one of the worst of the lot. He was, even on earth, probably the last poet to whom any sane persons would think of going for a definition of poetry or a set of instructions on how to make it. But on the Twentieth Plane they are terrifically keen on definitions—or they think that definitions are the one thing needed to save this bewildered world of ours. They handed out dozens of them to the Watsonian circle, which literally "ate them up." Shelley, without even waiting for an invitation, sailed up to the "instrument," announced himself (in language of much the same sort as P. T. Barnum would have used to announce him if the poet had consented to do a lecture tour in the States), and poured forth the following:

Greetings, Dear Friends.

Bathed in the effulgence of a mutual love, in the pale pink lovelight, I kiss the soul of all. Of course you know 'tis I, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and so will proceed to the elucidation of the essentials of the poet's art.

Poetry is the expression, through emotion, imagination, rhythm, and light—the light of words—of big thoughts, great ideas, cosmic inspiration, the soul on fire with intensity. And it is opportune to say that in the stirring times of the fifth plane, poetry is the herald of revolt, for, mark you, I said when on your sphere of action, "Poets blow the bugles to battle, they are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

The philosophy of poetry is this: The poet, as Macaulay said, is like an artist; He paints with words what the artist paints with colours. The first thing to realize in writing great poetry, is the mood; second, spontaneity. Mood while not artificial, can always be governed by external objects. A red rose, a pink light, an overture on the harpsichord or the violin, will make a divine mood.

The reception chamber in which imagination dwells is close to intellect and soul, and these three triune faculties can, if regulated, catch the inspiration of spontaneity, even though the flash of color, thought, form and purpose, comes

with the speed of lightning. My Indian Serenade, read to-night, was the effort of one great deep breath of spontaneous thought. It clothed itself in garments beautiful without effort. It was a golden glory-piece caught in the basket of my mind. It was a child of the spontaneous, an offspring of the eternal. It lives, palpitates with joy, and is a thing of sublimity.

There is something about that phrase, "golden glory-piece caught in the basket of my mind" that is the very essence of astral literary style—and the very negation of all that ever passed for style, clarity or intelligence here upon earth. If this is the utterance of a great writer, then Mary Baker Eddy is the greatest among us, and Shakespeare the least.

Wordsworth contributed to Dr. Watson's compilation a carefully-executed description of an astral oil-portrait. If anybody had told Wordsworth that he was going to write like this after he died, he would have prayed for extinction. I am in some doubt as to who is supposed to have executed the portrait in question, and after reading the description several times, I am utterly unable to form any mental vision of the picture. Perhaps the readers of the *Canadian Bookman* may have better luck:

Nestling as quiet as she is in the group of earth astral bodies painted here by Titian and Rembrandt, on an easel of red gold ore construction, is to be seen the glory-painting of Rembrandt's art, as he dreamed of a girl, sweet, gentle, and the soul of things pensive.

The canvas is pure white, and the background reveals a sky as if each cloud were the tear-drop of an angel. In the foreground, one sees half-revealed flowers, a fountain of astral crystal waters, and a lone palm tree.

The girl herself is seated on a bench near the sea. Her arm is on the back of the place she reclines on. It is long and sculptured to a state of perfection which would have been an inspiration to Angelo. The slightly stooping shoulders are delicately rounded in art curves like the curves of a swallow in flight. The hair is brown, as if Nature had taken the brown of apples, russet in their dress, and adorned the head of a maiden. The cheeks have a delicate pink, as if a blush had been caught when the maiden dreamed things of her heart,—secrets of him she loves. In the eyes slightly shaded one can see the outlook-soul all lit with education, strength of character, and the delicate touch of the artist of life, whose discrimination in taste is almost perfect.

The atmosphere around all is one of pensive, deep-dreaming love, and, in a sentence, one sees in this astral painting, the fresh, innocent maid, worthy to have walked in Eden, when mortals were so close to the divine.

But beyond a doubt the saddest case of literary deterioration is that of Shakespeare. He has been up there longer than the rest, and is "very much higher," and presumably more rarefied. His extraordinary power of vivid figuration has completely disappeared: he is reduced to the most rankly commonplace and shopworn comparisons, such as are chopped out of the writings of any cub reporter by any intelligent city editor. He is—but what's the use? Listen to him:

Now, the hour-glass spills much sand, so I will in subdued light, speak as the immortal urges me.

As courses time through all the valleys of the life of man, as the chariot dashed around the amphitheatre of old Rome, as the almost perfect youths of Greece entered into the games, let us with courage and noble emotion enter the amphitheatre of great thought.

Genius is that power which enables a man to do absolutely without effort what other men can not do with the most intense labor and struggle. Genius is always spontaneous, as rapid as light, as free as a bird in the transports of a bird's pure life. . . . Genius can not be explained. It can be illustrated; it cannot be demonstrated, because only the God of the Universe knows what genius is, and genius never tells

Nearly all geniuses entered your world amid the surroundings of the crude and the humble.

. . . The crude and the humble things of your environment are most in harmony with the great laws that sweep as do the fingers of the harpist the chords of a golden harp. . .

Is this, think you, the kind of conversation which made Beaumont write that unparalleled testimonial:

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have
 been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

Or is it not rather the kind of utterance described by Shakespeare himself:

It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

To anybody who is tempted to think that these communications proceed from a Wordsworth, a Shelley, a Hugo or a Shakespeare who still retains the powers of intellect which made him a master of literary style when upon this earth, I can only recommend the perusal, side-by-side with these ineffable ineptitudes of meandering minds, of some typically brilliant piece of earth-writing by the same personage.

Free Verse

(Dedicated to J. M. Gibbon)

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

The Editor of the *Canadian Bookman*.

Sir:—I have no meanly entertained desire to discredit Mr. J. M. Gibbon's finely conceived and admirably executed article in the first number of the *Canadian Bookman*, but really I feel that certain results of its influence should be brought to the attention of those who were responsible for its publication. I was so interested in the consideration shown those who are the devotees or near-devotees of the stripped Muse (not even erinolines! but then, of course, how lovely is the nude!) that after reading the article I at once sat down to see what could be done about it. The enclosed free verses are the result. May I add, the direct result? The article was read; the verses were written. This statement of fact makes it obvious that there is no familiarity or warmth of family attachment or anything of that sort involved in the dedication of the verses to Mr. Gibbon. He is their godfather and responsible for their begetting, that is all. And you, Sir, with your Editorial Committee share that responsibility. I anticipate for your editorial sanctum a great influx of free verse from all parts of the country. Yours, etc.,

Arthur L. Phelps.

LAMENT OVER A DEMOCRACY.

TIS not to be wondered at, is it,
That the politicians,
Who know something,
Should forego their knowledge
When they talk to the people,
When the people are ignorant
And like it.

REVIEW OF "THE TWENTIETH PLANE."

WHEN "A.D.",
Albert Durrant Watson, M.D.,
—M.D. is after the name,
A.D. before it,—
Got his ear in the Infinite,
Did we laugh, did we cry,
When we read the denouement?
We smirked and reviewed it.
Then, "To Hell with the Infinite!"
And slap home to supper,
—Maybe poker and supper!

But Watson believes it.
He was there with the steno.

PLAIN LIVING.

I HAVE eaten a piece of hard cheese
in the moonlight
And thought more of life and love and the here-
after
Than when I sat with purple cushions
In Morris chairs,
Or tapped a cigarette on the mantel
In the warmth of a fire.

HUMPH!

SHE had worked in munitions;
And developed.
"Children?" she said,
"Why sure!
But you'll have to raise them!"
When I argued:
"Well, I'll give a year to them
Intensely;
Three children, three years, say;
Intense years.
Then you do the rest;
With the help of the State
'Twill be easy;
Your turn again.
We women
Will watch you."

ADJECTIVES.

Being a Review of Certain Books.

ADJECTIVES!" yearned the manager.
"Adjectives!" shrieked the hireling
advertiser.
"Adjectives, adjectives, adjectives!" groaned
the printer.

For the House had decided to print it,
The cover, the shape had been chosen,
The colour, the width of the margins.
It remained but to startle* the presses.
The cheque had been duly submitted,
And duly accepted.

But adjectives, adjectives, adjectives!
'Twas adjectives that they wanted.
Else how could they camouflage
Nothing? How deceive for awhile
The Public?

*Should be "start up."

The Real Reason for Un-Bookishness in Canada

By "PROFESSOR'S WIFE"

I HAVE been much interested in reading the first number of the *Canadian Bookman*, to which I wish all success, and with the aims of which mere woman will sympathise. Particularly was I interested in the symposium on "The Need of more Bookishness in Canada," and in the varied and excellent reasons put forward for the too little "bookishness" which we all deplore. I read Sir William Peterson's words: "What is the use of teaching children the mechanical art of reading if we fail to instil in their minds a genuine appetite for good books?" and Bishop Bidwell's statement that the English boy who attended his classes came from a home where there had been some atmosphere of culture, or where, at any rate, books and book-talk were common, whereas the Canadian boy generally was practical, knew about guns, engines, sailing-boats, canoes and so forth, but had clearly not lived among books, and could not pick up an allusion even to the best-known figures of Scott or Dickens. I read right through the articles till I came to Principal Hutton's, with his paragraph upon wifely jealousy and the spouse's alleged impatience with a scholar's library. (Till one read it, one had thought always of "Margot Tennant" as one whose brain might even have the brilliancy which many deny to the lawyerly, scholarly mind of her good mid-Victorian husband.) But nowhere does it seem to me has anyone touched on what I consider to be the real reason of the lack of bookishness in Canada.

In John Murray Gibbon's "Drums Afar" there is this sentence: "If we had educated our women to be better companions for their children, the children would have grown up likely to be better citizens. The reason why progress is so slow is that only one half of the human race has taken part in the work." It is a common axiom: "Get the mother, and you get the new generation." And my contention is that if the English boy is more bookish than his Canadian brother, it is because his *mother* has been a reading woman. Professor Ernest Scott makes a plea for "more of the *habit* of read-

ing," and is it not the *mother* who seeks to form the habits of her child when it is young? So it seems to me that the question which has to be tackled is: "Why do the Women of Canada not read more?"

Sir Robert Falconer writes that his experience leads him to believe that there are more women than men in Canada who are good readers. He gives as a reason that "possibly they have more time, though that is doubtful, when household duties are so manifold and constant; I rather think the women *make* more time." Woman is naturally a book-lover. She has not the distractions that men have of club and business life; and when she has some well-earned leisure what more restful than to take up the good book so close to her hand and find companionship and stimulation and distraction from her drudgery. But in this stirring new country, where home-helpers are so hard to find, just at the time when she should have most leisure to mould the minds of her young children, just at the very time when she should for their sakes be keeping her own brain fresh and untired, the mother is hardest worked of them all. She is so occupied in caring for the bodies of her family, in giving them food to eat and clothes to wear, that she has not much time to care for their impressionable young minds.

There is a time-honored custom which I should like to see more widely adopted by every mother; the last hour of their short day is "children's hour," and the mother hurries home from whatsoever engagement she has had so as not to disappoint the little ones, who all day long in Nurseryland have looked forward to the hour when gathered round their mother's knee they will fight the Gorgons with Perseus, or open the box of troubles with Pandora, or fly over many lands and see many strange things on the wings of Pegasus. They sing the beloved Nursery Rhymes, and at Christmas time their voices are lifted in the quaint old English carols; and all the time there is being awakened in them a love of beauty, of poetry or rhythm, of music, and of romance which will be their heritage to the end of their days. Every child

is born into the world with that most blessed gift of imagination, and woe be to the parent who, instead of cherishing and fostering it, suffers it to be stifled in the prose of life.

It seems to me that the men of Canada have to see to it: first, that their women have more time; and second, that they are supplied with more literature. It is quite possible that the jealousy which Principal Hutton noticed comes from the fact that so often where woman is most cumbered and busy with "the little things that someone after all must do," indulgent man, smoking in his sanctum, must not be disturbed, while he refreshes his brain from the books and magazines she so longs to read herself.

But granted that the New World woman has not the time of her more leisured Old World sister for the very big book, she might keep *au courant* with the progress of the world's thought, had she even the opportunity of reading the magazines of the month.

It is the boast of one of the first universities of Canada (and may be of each for aught I know!) that the staff have a reading-room which is supplied with all the best American and English magazines. At a given date, true, the professors are permitted to carry an old number home, and by the time the world may have nearly turned upside down in this very breathless age in which we live, the professor's wife may have a chance to skim its pages. Similarly

in the University Clubs and other clubs of which I am cognisant; where, in the women's quarters, is it possible to sit and enjoy any of the literature that is piled in stacks in the members' reading-room? Unfortunately, too, man having read and enjoyed his magazine thinks that now it would be waste and folly to buy it, and so not only are his women debarred from reading it at the club, but they are also debarred from seeing it in their own home. As a remedy for this I would suggest that a reading-room should be made in the universities for the wives of the staff, and in clubs for the wives of the members, where after a given date they would be able to see the monthly magazines before they are carried to the respective homes. If both parents had a mutual interest in the problems with which our age is teeming, and of which women may be oblivious for lack of the opportunity of hearing of them, if both parents had the true love of good literature which unfortunately will die for lack of nutrition, the conversation at home might be one of the most stimulating and educational assets of youth.

It will be a pity if the *Canadian Bookman* shares the fate of many other magazines and is read only by the men of this country. I contend that it should be read by every woman in Canada, if the rising generation is to profit by that literary home-atmosphere which will be the first step towards creating true "bookishness" in this land.

Wasted Nights

By ELSIE A. GIDLOW

ALL those silent, mystieried midnights
That passed us by;
Those slender, silver, scarcely world-born hours
That we let die!
No wonder the moon, that pale soul of sadness,
Smiled from her sky.

I have almost wept to see them
All dying so,
Draped in their shrouds of stars, like virgin maidens.
Pale, pale as snow;
Wept tears for them slipping away, unknowing,
From us who know.

I have cried for all their beauty
That scarcely seemed
Nature's beauty, so fine it was, so finished
It subtly gleamed.
Yet—those nights might have been far less dear
Than those I dreamed.

What Is Poetry?—A Synthesis of Modern Criticism

By ALFRED GORDON

THE most critical answer to the question, "What is poetry?" has been made by Benedetto Croce, in his "Aesthetic." It acts therefore as the best cement for a discussion in which the mass of material is so great, that only the most precise language (especially in limited space) can prevent confusion; and without more ado I give a *resumé* of it:

Human knowledge has two forms: it is either intuitive knowledge or logical knowledge; knowledge obtained through the intellect; knowledge of the individual or knowledge of the universal; of individual things or of the relations between them: it is, in fact, productive either of images or concepts . . . those concepts which are found mingled and fused with the intuitions are no longer concepts, insofar as they really are mingled and fused, for they have lost all independence and autonomy. They have been concepts, but they have now become simple elements of intuition. . . . Every true intuition or representation is, also, *expression*. That which does not objectify itself is not intuition or representation, but sensation and naturality. . . . *Intuitive activity possesses intuitions to the extent that it expresses them.* . . . How can we possess a true intuition of a geometrical figure, unless we possess so accurate an image of it as to be able to trace it immediately upon paper? . . . The principal reason which makes our theme appear paradoxical as we maintain it, is the illusion or prejudice that we possess a more complete intuition than we really do. . . . People believe that anyone could have imagined a Madonna of Raphael, but that Raphael was Raphael, owing to his technical ability in putting the Madonna on canvass, nothing could be more false. . . . The painter is a painter, because he sees what others only feel or catch a glimpse of, but do not see. . . . They are brought back to reality, when they are obliged to cross the Bridge of Asses of expression. . . . To have an intuition is to express. It is nothing else (nothing more, but nothing less) than *to express*. The intuition and expression together of a poet are verbal. Some say: "Let us admit that art is intuition, but intuition is not always art: artistic intuition is of a distinct species differing from intuition in general by something *more*." But no one has ever been able to indicate of what this something more consists. As science adds and sub-

stitutes other concepts larger and more comprehensive for those that are poor and limited, yet its method does not differ from that by which is formed the smallest universal in the brain of the humblest of men, so what is generally called art, by *antonomasia* (analogy), collects intuitions that are wider and more complex than those which we generally experience, but these intuitions are always of sensations and impressions . . . the whole difference, then, is quantitative, and as such, indifferent to philosophy. . . . The cult and superstition of the genius has arisen from this quantitative difference having been taken as a difference of quality. . . . Those who claim unconsciousness as the chief quality of an artistic genius, hurl him from an eminence far above humanity to a position far below it. Intuitive or artistic genius, like every form of human activity, is always conscious; otherwise it would be blind mechanism. . . . Does the aesthetic fact consist of content alone, or of form alone, or of both together? . . . In the aesthetic fact, the aesthetic activity is not added to the fact of the impressions, but these latter are formed and elaborated by it. The impressions reappear as it were in expression, like water put into a filter, which reappears the same and yet different on the other side. The aesthetic fact, therefore, is form, and nothing but form . . . (therefore) *there is no passage* between the quality the quality of the content and that of the form. . . . It has sometimes been thought that the content, in order to be aesthetic, that is to say, transformable into form, should possess some determinate or determinable quality. But were that so, then form and content, expression and impression, would be the same thing.

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 Lafcadio Hearn—"Appreciations of Poetry," Dodd, Mead.
 Professor Saintsbury—"A History of English Prose," MacMillan.

It is true that the content is that which is convertible into form, but it has no determinable qualities until this transformation takes place. . . . Expression has its point of departure in the impressions . . . (but) it will be (argued) that expression is sometimes based on other expressions . . . not in the least . . . he who conceives a tragedy puts into a crucible a great quantity, so to say, of impressions: the expressions themselves, conceived on other occasions, are fused together with the new in a single mass . . . the old expressions must descend again to the level of impressions, in order to be synthetized into a new single expression. . . . When we take "content" as equal to "concept" it is most true, not only that art does not consist of content, but also that *it has no content.* . . . In the same way the



ALFRED GORDON.

distinction between *poetry and prose* cannot be justified save in that of art and science. . . . The relation between intuitive knowledge or expression, and intellectual knowledge or concept, between art and science, poetry and prose, cannot be otherwise defined than by saying that it is one of *double degree*. The first degree is the expression, the second the concept: the first can exist without the second, but the second cannot exist without the first. There exists poetry without prose, but not prose without poetry (e.g. the *arrangement* of a book on science). Expression, indeed, is the first affirmation of human activity. Poetry is "the *maternal language* (italics mine) of the human race." . . . It is customary to dis-

tinguish the internal from the external work of art; the terminology is infelicitous, for the work of art (the aesthetic work) is always *internal*; and that which is called *external* is no longer a work of art. . . . Others distinguish between *aesthetic* and *artistic* fact, meaning by the second the external or practical stage, which may and generally does follow the first. But in this case, it is simply a case of linguistic usage, doubtless permissible, although perhaps not opportune. . . . For the same reasons the search for the *end of art* is ridiculous, when it is understood of art as art. . . . to fix an end is to choose . . . to choose is to will: to will this and not to will that: and this and that must be before us, they must be expressed. Practice follows, it does not precede theory; expression is free inspiration. The true artist, in fact finds himself big with his theme, he knows not how; he feels the moment of birth drawing near, but he cannot will it or not will it. . . . If born Anacreon, he were to wish to sing of Atreus and of Alcides, his lyre would warn him of his mistake, echoing only of Venus and of Love, notwithstanding his efforts to the contrary. . . . The impossibility of choice of content completes the theorem of the *independence of art*, and is also the only legitimate meaning of the expression: *art for art's sake.* . . . The saying: *the style is the man* is either altogether void, as when it is understood that the man is the style, in so far as he is style, that is to say, the man, but only so far as he is an expression of activity; or it is erroneous, when the attempt is made to deduce from what a man has seen and expressed, that which he has done and willed, inferring thereby that there is a *necessary* (italics mine) link between knowing and willing. . . . *Sincerity* imposed upon the artist as a duty . . . arises from an equivocation . . . (the artist) deceives no one, since he gives form to what is already in his mind . . . (if) by sincerity is meant fullness and truth of expression, . . . it is clear that this second sense has nothing to do with the ethical concept. . . . Art is thus independent of science, as it is of the useful and the moral. . . . Let it not be feared that thus may be justified art that is frivolous or cold, since that which is truly frivolous or cold is so because it has not been raised to expression. . . . We do not ask of an artist instruction as to real facts and thoughts, nor that he should astonish us with the richness of his imagination, but that he should have a *personality*, in contact with which the soul of the hearer or spectator may be heated. A personality of any sort is asked for in this case; its moral significance is excluded . . . but it must be a soul . . . art criticism would seem to consist altogether in determining if there be a personality in the work of art, and of what sort. . . . (Croce here goes on to say that the personality here meant is not empirical and volitional, but spontaneous and ideal.) . . . Thus it is without doubt that if pure intuition (and pure expression, which is the

same thing) are indispensable in the work of art, the personality of the artist is equally indispensable. If . . . the *classic* moment of perfect representation or expression be necessary for the work of art, the *romantic* moment of feeling is not less necessary. . . . If the first or representative moment be *epic*, and the second, which is . . . passionate and personal, be formed *lyric* . . . then art must be at once epic and lyric . . . but if the essence of art be merely theoretic—and it is *intuibility*—can it, on the other hand, be practical, that is to say personality and *passionality*? (or *vice versa*). . . . Here we find, on the one hand things intuible lying dead and soulless; on the other, the artist's feeling and personality. The artist is then supposed to put himself into things, by an act of magic, to make them live and palpitate, love and adore. But if we start with the *distinction*, we can never again reach *unity*: the distinction requires an intellectual act, and what the intellect has divided, intellect or reason alone, not art or imagination, can reunite and synthesize. . . . We must recognize, either that the duality must be destroyed and proved illusory, or that we must proceed to a more ample conception of art, in which that of pure intuibility would remain merely secondary or particular. And to destroy and prove it illusory must consist in showing that here too form is content, and that pure intuition is *itself* lyricism. Now, the truth is precisely this: *pure intuition is essentially lyricism*.

Pure intuition, then, since it does not produce concepts, must represent the will in its manifestations, that is to say, it can represent nothing but *states of the soul*. And states of the soul are passionality, feeling, personality, which are found in every art and determine its lyrical character. Where this is absent, art is absent, *precisely because pure intuition is absent*. . . . Thus the origin of language, that is, its true nature, has several times been placed in *interjection*. . . . If this deduction of lyricism from the intimate essence of pure intuition do not appear very easily acceptable, the reason is to be sought in two very deep-rooted prejudices . . . The first concerns the nature of the *imagination*, and its likenesses to and differences from *fancy*. . . . Not only does a new and bizarre combination of images, which is vulgarly called *invention*, not constitute the artist, but *ne fait rien à l'affaire*, as Alceste remarked with reference to the length of time expended upon writing a sonnet. Great artists have often preferred to treat groups of images, which have already been many times used as material for works of art. The novelty of these new works has been solely that of art or form, that is to say, of the new *accent* which they have known how to give to the old material, of the new way in which they have *felt* and therefore *intuified* it, thus creating *new images* upon the old ones. . . . If we form an arbitrary image of any sort . . . would this

not be . . . a pure intuition? . . . Certainly not . . . it is a product of *chance* . . . and chance is external to the world of thought and contemplation . . . from this we learn that an image, which is not the expression of a state of the soul, is not an image, since it is without any theoretical value, and therefore it cannot be an obstacle to the identification of lyricism and intuition. But the other prejudice is more difficult to eradicate . . . if art be intuition, would it therefore be any intuition that one might have of a *physical* object, appertaining to *external nature*? . . . Without doubt, the perception of a physical object, as such, does not constitute an artistic fact; but precisely for the reason that it is not a pure intuition, but a judgment of perception, and implies the application of an abstract concept . . . and with this reflexion and perception we find ourselves outside the domain of pure intuition. We could have a pure perception of a physical object in one way only; that is to say, if physical or external nature were a metaphysical reality, a truly real reality, and not, as it is, a construction or abstraction of the intellect. If such were the case, man would have an immediate intuition, in his first theoretic moment, both of himself and of external nature, of the spiritual and of the physical, in an equal degree. This represents the dualistic hypothesis. But just as dualism is incapable of providing a coherent system of philosophy, so it is incapable of providing a coherent system of Aesthetic. . . . Art on its side tacitly protests against metaphysical dualism. It does so, because, being the most immediate form of knowledge, it is in contact with activity, not with passivity; with interiority, not exteriority; with spirit, not with matter, and never with a double order of reality.

Such, in brief, is Croce's "Aesthetic," a work which I believe to be as fundamental to poetry as the "Principia" to physics, or "The Origin of Species" to biology. I have no doubt destroyed my own article in presenting this *resumé*, yet I may boast that to have written a *resumé* at all of a work already immensely compressed is no small feat, and one which, in consideration of its utility, would of itself be valuable. If hereafter I dwell in a reflected glory, I am content that it is a glory.

The root of any difficulty in understanding this work, is that the complexity of contemporary art, in contrast to primitive art, creates the illusion of a *qualitative* difference. Thus, at first sight, it appears that Croce contradicts himself when he says in the "Aesthetic" that "the distinction between *poetry and prose* cannot be justified, save in that of art and science," and, even further, "It was seen in antiquity that such distinction could not be founded on external elements, such as rhyme and metre . . .

. . . that it was, on the contrary, altogether internal," while, in the "Philosophy of the Practical," he says:

Every poet knows that a poem is not created from an abstract plan, that the initial poetical image is not without *rhythm* and *verse* (italics mine), and that it does not need rhythm and verse applied to it afterwards. He knows that it is in reality a primitive intuition-expression, in which all is determined and nothing is determined, and what has already been intuited is already expressed, and what will afterwards be expressed will only be afterwards intuited.

This apparent antinomy arises from the fact that while *pure intuition is essentially lyricism*, it is quite possible to have *prosaic verse*. The *theoretic* statement in the "Aesthetic" is as justified as the *practical* statement in the "Philosophy of the Practical," and *vice versa*, and thus we may endorse Arthur Symons' "Introduction" to "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry," with its clear distinctions between *verse, prose, the poetic, the prosaic, poetry*. So safeguarded from a mechanical interpretation of form, Croce proceeds in the "Philosophy of the Practical":—

No poet creates his poem outside definite conditions of time and space, and even when he appears to be and is proclaimed "a soul of other times," he belongs to his own time. The historical situation is given to him. The world of his perceptions is such, with those men, those customs, those thoughts, those works of art. But when the new poem has appeared, there is in the world of reality (in the contemplation of reality) something that was not there before, which, although connected with the previous situation, yet is not identical with it, is indeed a new form, and therefore a new content, and so the revelation of a truth previously unknown. *So true is this, that in its turn the new poem conditions a spiritual and practical movement, becomes part of the situation given for future actions and future poems.* He is a true poet who feels himself at once bound to his predecessors and free, conservative and revolutionary, like Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, who receive into themselves centuries of history, of thought and of *poetry*, and add to those centuries something that is the present and will be the future. . . . The false poet, on the other hand, is now a blind follower of tradition and imitator, now a charlatanesque innovator, and if in the vacuity in which he labours he sometimes does produce a fragment of poetry, this only happens when he is made to look into himself and have a vision, be it great or small, of a world that arises. (Italics mine.)

Vers-librists and imagists, etc., will therefore derive little comfort, after all, from what at

first sight seems a charter for all imaginable license, as Irving Babbitt ("The New Laokoon") took it to be. The criticism is, indeed, anticipated in "The Aesthetic" where he speaks of that "which is vulgarly called *invention*."

The criticism, also by Irving Babbitt, that Croce neglects the so-called "higher intuitions," is not well-founded, for it is met in the passage I have just cited, and also where he says, "Those concepts which are found mingled and fused with the intuitions, are no longer concepts, in so far as they really are mingled and fused," and yet again, more specifically (in the "Aesthetic") :—

The savage has speech, intellect, religion and morality, in common with civilized man. The only difference lies in that civilized man penetrates and dominates a larger portion of the universe with his theoretic and practical activity. We cannot claim to be more spiritually alert than, for example, the age of Pericles; but no one can deny that we are richer than they—rich with their riches and with those of how many other peoples and generations besides our own?

Thus form arises from form not by mechanical addition, but (by intuitional elaboration; and content grows richer and richer accordingly as concepts cease to be concepts: so it is that, while a poet cannot write "to order," when he does write, he writes in an *orderly* manner; so it is that certain things in modern life seem out of place in a poem, because they drag with them a train of *scientific associations*,—Galsworthy's "The Silver Box," for example, is a sociological play, and we are accordingly distracted from the *artistic* enjoyment of it.

As I have lapsed for a moment into the common division of form and content, it may be opportune for me to put Croce's *thesis* in the simplest manner—that in art there is no such thing as a *synonym*, which is at once seen to be true.

The beauty of Croce's demonstration can best be appreciated by showing it in relation to other criticism, as, for example Coleridge's dictum that science and not prose is the true antithesis of poetry, the difference being however that Croce's work does not consist of flashes of insight, but is the steady light of truth not merely piercing, but illuminating the darkness.

Here is justified Theodore Watts-Dunton's famous definition of poetry, so far as it goes: "Absolute poetry is the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language." Watts-Dunton's peculiar, and not very well understood, qualifica-

tion, "concrete," is at once made clear for intuitions can only be of things. Watts Dunton's criticism of Matthew Arnold's phrase "criticism of life," to the effect that such criticism of life must, in poetry, be *implicit*, not *explicit*, is also made clear, which is important, as Worsfold in his "The Principles of Criticism" revives Matthew Arnold's criterion.

Herein is justified De Quincey's distinction between the literature of *knowledge* and of *power*; and herein is settled all that Wordsworth did say, or anyone else could say, concerning *poetic diction*, for a poetic diction (in the reprehensible sense of the phrase) is inconceivable with *pure intuition*. Here we find Shelley's "The Defence of Poetry" correctly appraised as "the most notable contribution (of its time), in English, containing profound but unsystematic views, as to the distinction between reason and imagination, prose and poetry, on primitive language, and on the poetic power of objectification."

It is as criticism has become more exact, however (I have had to mention Worsfold before his time), that the brilliance of Croce's performance is most evident, and it would be interesting to know whether Arthur Ransome had, or had not, read Croce before writing his essay, "Art for Life's Sake," from which I quote the following:

Recognising (1) that a work of art has a political, comparable to its moral influence, (2) that it always embodies knowledge, (3) that it is nothing if it does not wake in us the feeling that we are near the achievement of the beautiful—we wish to deny none of these facts, but to prevent any one of them being taken as the foundation of a criterion of art. We wish to set over them a criterion of art that shall include them all. Above technique, above opinion, above information, we set life, of the special kind that is here described, whose conscious vitality is to unconscious vitality what living is to existence . . . that man is the greatest artist who makes us the most profoundly conscious of life. Shakespeare is set above Herrick, who was a better technician, and Leonardo above Murillo, who painted more devotional subjects, on grounds with which men, neither as artists nor moralists, need quarrel.

There was (if I remember rightly) a dispute as to priority in the title of this article between Arthur Ransome and a French writer; if so, I must suspect that it was a quarrel between thieves! I hope, however, that I am mistaken, and that it fell to him to make the first clear statement in English upon the relation

between art and morals, that a poem *as a poem* can be neither moral nor immoral.

I have already alluded to Arthur Symonds' "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry," and especially the "Introduction" thereto. Except that it is not rigorously written, I would have chosen it instead of the "Aesthetic" as my prologue. There is here no question at all of indebtedness. He takes up the problem where Croce leaves it. Croce demonstrates the *intuitively lyrical* nature of poetry. At that he leaves it. It is only on turning to the "Philosophy of the Practical," that you there find *en passant* the apparent antinomy. Symonds on the very first page, by the mere terminology he there elaborates, solves the *practical* problem. Prose is at once seen to be the most fitting but not essential medium of the prosaic, as poetry is the most fitting but not essential medium of the poetic, thus:

The one safeguard for the poet is to say to himself: What I can write in prose I will not allow myself to write in verse, out of mere honour to my material. The further I can extend my prose, the further do I set the limits of verse. The region of poetry will thus always be the beyond, the ultimate, and with the least possible chance of any confusion of territory.

One has only to add to this, what Symonds perfectly well knows, that the poet says to himself nothing of the kind, *but just goes and does it*. The result of a poet doing violence to his intuition is seen in the work of Meredith. . . . but perhaps the perpetual complaint in the Letters, that he was forced to write novels because poetry did not pay, shows him no true lover of the Muse! However, to be serious again, neither Meredith nor Hardy, both poets and novelists, are under any illusion as to the fundamental difference between writing a novel and a poem, and we need not waste time, at this stage, on Worsfold's further contention that novels should be again called, as they once were, poems.

Sir Henry Newbolt, collecting his papers in "The English Review," under the title, "A New Study of English Poetry," is almost a Simon-pure disciple of Croce's. Croce is openly mentioned only in the chapter, "The Poet and his Audience," and it is to take issue with him—which is rather ungenerous, as he is the power behind the throne in passage after passage elsewhere,—yet the acknowledgment is more inadequate than ungenerous. The very figure of the crucible in which "the aesthetic and the intellectual materials are so effectually

reduced to one substance that the whole mass becomes one single though highly complex intuition" occurs in the chapter "The Approach to Shakespeare," and the chapter, "Poetry and Personality" is built up on Croce's statement concerning genius, the figure of the crucible, and this passage in the "Aesthetic" which follows it:

This also explains why it is customary to attribute to artists alike the maximum of sensibility or *passion*, and the maximum insensibility or Olympic *serenity*. Both qualifications agree, for they do not refer to the same object. The sensibility or passion relates to the rich material which the artist absorbs into his psychic organism; the insensibility or serenity to the form with which he subjugates and dominates the tumult of the feelings and of the passions.

So closely, indeed, does Sir Henry follow Croce, that, although he has dared to criticize the master in one respect, it would appear that he has deferred in another, even against his own poetic practice—such is the force of logic! . . . or is it that Sir Henry has not read the "Philosophy of the Practical"? For he essays a new definition of poetry:

Poetry is the expression in speech, more or less rhythmical, of the aesthetic activity of the human spirit, the creative activity by which the world is presented to our consciousness. Good poetry is not merely the expression of our intuitions, it is the masterly expression of rare, complex and difficult states of consciousness; and great poetry, the poetry which has power to stir many men and stir them deeply, is the expression of our consciousness of this world, tinged with man's universal longing for a world more perfect, nearer to the heart's desire.

You see! the language is quite Crocean! But before I note the defect of this definition, let me point out the exceeding beauty of that part of it relating to *great* poetry. Not in the vulgar sense, poetry is ideal. As Arthur Symons says, "There is no form of art which is not an attempt to capture life, to create life over again." But this also is not to be read in the vulgar sense. The latter would lead to the theory of art as *imitation*. The former would lead to worse still—the redeeming power of good intentions—but it is perhaps more true in art than anywhere else, that these pave the floors of Hell. The *ideal* in the strict sense, follows naturally from the theory of art as *intuition*, and the equivocations of the strict sense are duly dealt with by Croce.

But why that "more or less rhythmical"? I see the novel creeping in by the backdoor, and

surely enough it does! (p. 23). What is the reason for this diffidence over rhythm? Croce, as I have said, concerned in the "Aesthetic" with the theoretic only, finds no distinction between *prose and poetry*, except in art and science. Yet, in the "Philosophy of the Practical," he *implies* the natural corollary of the definition of *pure intuition as essentially lyricism*, the corollary which Symons makes *explicit*. The reason is, I think, the paralysing fear that just as some dry-as-dust critics of the poets of the romantic revival have since been made to look very foolish, so the critic who should set up bounds to-day may in like manner be confounded to-morrow. Yet, what "every poet knows" is surely not so indefinite? What does "every poet" do? "Every poet" employs rhythm of a regular and recurrent kind. When the *practice* of seven centuries of poetry, starred with the most diverse geniuses, can be shown to be reducible to a common denominator, it is a fair deduction that this is due not to any arbitrary decree, but to a vital principle, and that to enunciate it, is not to vie with the folly of Canute, but, on the contrary, is to discern the motion of the tides. Prosody is no more jurisprudence than is science.

The practice of "every poet" has been examined by Prof. Saintsbury, whose irrefragible conclusions I give:

Every modern English verse shows a *nisus* (an effort) towards being composed of feet of one, two or three syllables. The foot of one syllable is always, long, strong, stressed, accented, what-not. The foot of two syllables usually consists of one long and one short syllable, and though it is not essential that either should come first, the short precedes rather more commonly. The foot of three syllables never has more than one long syllable in it, and that syllable, save in the most exceptional rhythms, is always the first or the third. In modern poetry, by no means usually, but not seldom, it has no long syllable at all. The foot of one syllable is practically not found except in the first or last place of a line, at a strong caesura or break. The foot of two syllables and three syllables may, subject to the rules below, be found anywhere. . . . These feet of two and three syllables may be very freely substituted for each other. *There is a certain metrical norm which must not be confused by too frequent substitution.* (Italics mine.) In no case, or hardly any case, must such combinations be put together so that a juxtaposition of more than three short syllables results.

J. B. Mayor ("Chapters on English Metre") cites from Tennyson half a dozen lines which show that three unstressed syllables *can* come together:

Galloping | of hor | ses o | ver the grass | y
plain
Petulant | she spoke | and at | herself | she
laughed
Modulate | me soul | of min | eing mi | niery
Hammering | and clink | ing chat | tering
sto | ny names
Glorify | ing clown | and sat | yr whence |
they need
Timorous | ly and as | the lead | er of | the
herd.

But it will be at once seen that Prof. Saintsbury's "hardly any case" is quite justified. Even so, Prof. Saintsbury's *dictum*, that the metrical *norm* of the line must not be departed from, is observed in the most artful of these lines, the last, which scans: dactyl, anapaest, iamb, iamb, iamb—and the *norm* is seen to be iambic. They are all the studied effects of one who was ever more a craftsman than a seer.

That this the only rational way of analysing verse, and that unlimited substitutions, based on the musical analogy of crotchets, quavers, and semi-quavers, are absurd, may very easily be shown by writing two six-stress lines with totally different rhythms:

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed and
we roared a hurrah and so
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues
his way.

The most fitting comment on the "stress-system" is that Sidney Lanier's poetry is all explicable without it, for the reason that, whatever theories he held in his ratiocinative moments, he cast them aside in the moment of intuition; whilst Robert Bridges, writing his "The Feast of Bacchus" in a merely ratiocinative manner, has written something which could never be called poetry, and which is properly torn into shreds, piece by piece, by Mayor.

I should be wasting time to discuss the "syllabic-system," and so I record my agreement with Prof. Saintsbury that:

The foot-system, with equivalence and substitution allowed, neither neglects nor suppresses any part of the line in any case, but accounts fully for all parts. It applies to poetry only, and, to a large extent, explains the difference between good poetry and bad. It adjusts itself to the entire history of English verse, since the language took the turn which made it English in the full sense. It requires no metrical fictions, no suppression of syllables, no allowance of extra-metrical ones, no alteration in pronouncing, no conflict between accent and quantity. No period or kind of English poetry is pronounced wrong by it, though it may allow

that certain periods have exercised their rights and privileges more fully than others. In short, it takes the poetry as it is, and has been for seven hundred years at least: bars nothing: carves, cuts and corrects nothing; begs no questions; involves no make-believes; but accepts the facts, and makes out of them what, and what only, the facts will bear.

Emphasizing again that these are not legal enactments, but principles deduced from the practice of the poets, let me also emphasise that it is by them that we may, in Croce's words, most assuredly know both the "blind follower of tradition and imitator," and also the "charlatanesque innovator." And, if it be urged that I have only spoken of English poetry, I reply that, whatever be the language, its poetry will be distinguished from its prose by the same essential difference in rhythm. For example, many foolish things have been said about the Authorised Version of the Book of Job, and of the Psalms, in this connection, sometimes by those who ought at least to know that Hebrew poetry has laws just as "tyrannous" as those which govern English.

If, by his "more or less," Sir Henry Newbolt had meant the difference between "Piers Plowman," the "Canterbury Tales" and the "Prothalamion," between rudimentary and articulated rhythm, I should have no quarrel with him; but he clearly means that the poet of to-day may, without loss, forego his inheritance from the ages, and adopt an aesthetico-logical form—the novel. He forgets that the true poet of to-day does not say, "I will write a sonnet on 'that'." "That" comes to him as a sonnet. If he does say, "I will," the result is at once seen to be frigid. It is, as I have said, the complexity of modern poetry, which produces the illusion of a qualitative difference between a lyric by Burns or Blake, and "St. Agnes Eve."

It is the same complexity that leads to partial criteria, such as Matthew Arnold's. But the one condition that "isms" and "osophies" enter into poetry, is that they shall cease to be "isms" and "osophies." By this, poetry as the universal is also shown to be false. As a special criterion, it would lead to poets of the *Urge* being ascribed the greatest. The *universal* belongs to science. Poetry can only be universal by the range of things and ideas it can transmute in the flame of the imagination. In this sense, Shakespeare was a *universal* poet.

It will be superfluous for me to offer a definition of poetry on my own behalf. To do so,

would be only to cross the i's and dot the t's of all that the method of this synthesis implies.

If the spirit of it is to be summarised, I shall say that, in a word, all special pleading is foreign to true poetry, whether it be in Wordsworth's prefaces, or those of Amy Lowell or Edgar Lee Masters (who announces in his preface to "Towards The Gulf," that his object is to mirror the age and the country in which he lives—which Tennyson did far better by not taking thought about it). I should like to say that *all* the critics whom I have laid under tribute will repay the deepest respect and attention—even Mr. Worsfold, whom I only had to take exception to, because he made just this error of making *explicit* what should only be

implicit,—but Croce and Symons alone show a complete grasp of the question. The cornerstones of a sound critical method will be identity of *intuition* and *lyricism* (Croce), *poetry as distinct from prose as the natural form* (Symons, sound *prosody* (Prof. Saintsbury).

Rhyme is con discrezione.

Poetry is almost everything incidentally, but *essentially*, as Symons, the "end of poetry" is "to be poetry," or as Croce says, poetry is *lyric intuition*, or as I put it, *the poetic in verse*.

Lafacadio Hearn developed no formal theory of poetry, but the extraordinary taste, balance and discrimination displayed in his four books of criticism, might well have been based upon this implicit definition.

A Dream of Japanese Prints

By EDITH WHERRY

H IROSHIGE, Hokusai,
Hail to you, good fellows;
Bald-pate dreamers of the sky,
Silver storks and fish that fly,
Lakes and moons and maidens shy,
In old blues and yellows;

Dawn pink, gold and malachite.
"Floating World" illusions,
Water-falls in star-struck light,
Fuji Yama's fabled height,
Cherry petals falling white,
Old Japan's profusions;

Lines of immemorial grace,
Scented, magic pages,
Spring-frost dreams of airy lace,
Winter moon in chambered space,
Phantom calm of oval face,
Shinto gods and mages.

Sweetheart, would that you and I
Towards Tokio were wending,
You, a two-sword Samurai
Boldly sashed in fashion high,
I, a lotos-princess shy,
Upward glances sending.

The "Colyum" in Canada

By BEN DEACON

Illustrations by J. B. FITZMAURICE

IN contemporary annals the newspaper humorist is almost invariably presented in a false light.

He is pictured as an exceedingly morose and reticent person in intercourse with his fellow man, a person who is as dull as an old pewter mug in public, and who shines only when pounding of a typewriter or sharpening up a quip in the proof.

A Press Humorists' convention is commonly supposed to be every bit as cheerful as a meeting of the undertakers of a successful health resort. Whenever the paragraphers convene, some gay young genius on the reportorial staff of the local paper rushes to his Remington and hammers out a funny story about the funny men, letting the public into the secret. He repre-



"Daly's the fellow who writes all the funny stuff in the Evening Blare."

sents the gathering as very nearly as solemn as a Quaker Sabbath and as cheerless as the bankrupt court. He describes with a wonderful wealth of detail the appearance of the delegates, sitting around glaring mournfully at one another, and he always propounds the theory that they are all afraid to spring anything funny lest some other delegate may steal it.

This is the good old stock story about the press humorists. Like some of the war reports that emanated from Berlin, it contains a very small grain of truth. The press humorist is certainly not always blithe and gay. Among his fellows he is generally a merry soul, but in public—well, in public he is apt to be just a common ordinary citizen like the stockbroker, or the government clerk, or the milkman.

He is sometimes sad—very sad. If you had spent some nine hours in a newspaper office struggling with the cub reporter's grammar, trying to decipher indecipherable sheets of telegraphic despatches, squabbling with printers, getting yourself messed up with mucilage, translating the owner's political ambitions into innocent-looking editorial comment, losing your shears just when you want to clip something important, reading the proofs of the Sunday sermon, faking the thermometer readings, and doing a score or more of other journalistic chores, and you then sat down before a pile of blank paper with perfectly blank brain, and knew that you could not go home until you had worried out a column of bright and breezy paragraphs upon passing events—or if you did go home before finishing off the column, knew that you would have to spend the evening minding the baby with one hand and writing jokes with the other—well, wouldn't you feel sad?

The press humorist is very often reticent, but that is not because he fears that some one is going to steal his jokes. It is simply because he knows that if he is too communicative he will be expected to light up the proceedings with a few brilliant wheezes. And the average press humorist does not combust spontaneously. It is a difficult thing to be spontaneously humorous. It can be done, of course. George Ham can do it, but then he doesn't have to grind out a whole column of it every day, rain or shine.

The press humorist is generally of a retiring disposition. He has even been known to slink home by the by-ways and back alleys. If he is well known in the community he has to, not necessarily to dodge bill-collectors, but to avoid being waylaid by the individual who knows just how a humorous column should be conducted. This party has a habit of turning up at unexpected places.

"Say!" he exclaims, stopping the unfortunate paragrapher, "I have something good for your colyum."

Then, after fishing about in his pockets for a few minutes, he produces a clipping from "Tit-Bits" containing a jest that the late Joe Miller rejected as old stuff.

The press humorist may dodge the party with the clipping, but he has a hard time dodging the Enthusiastic Friend. The Enthusiastic Friend is generally a nice fellow who means well, but he is a thorn in the flesh nevertheless. He is liable to drift into the office without the slightest warning at any time. He always brings another party with him.

"Joe," he gurgles excitedly as he pushes his companion forward, "I want you to meet Mr. Daly Rimes. Daly's the fellow who writes all the funny stuff in the Evening Blare. Didja read that one he had in yesterday about the aldermen? That was a pippin! Howd'ja ever think of that one, Daly?"

Then he stands and gazes with fond expectancy upon the blushing paragrapher somewhat in the attitude of a man exhibiting a pup, which he has just taught a new trick. He is waiting for the paragrapher to perform. And if the luckless newspaper wight fails to come through with something which evokes a real hearty laugh from the party for whose benefit he is being exhibited, the Enthusiastic Friend will stab him with an expression of pained surprise, and on the face of the Enthusiastic Friend's friend will be written the verdict, "Punk show! Certainly not worth climbing all those stairs!"

The Enthusiastic Friend always adopts an air of proprietorship in regard to the paragrapher that is particularly annoying. He is a patron of Art, and he prides himself on it even though his patronage costs him nothing but his idle moments. He glimmers in a sort of reflected glory.

And yet the attitude of the Enthusiastic Friend always conveys the impression that, if he cared to bother with such things, he could turn out a much better "Colyum" than the paragrapher himself. He has never fabricated a jest or a jingle, or perpetrated an acute-angled remark in his life, but of course he knows very well that he could—it is merely a matter of sitting down at a rather untidy desk with a good supply of copy paper.

He is wrong. Turning out a column of paragraphs is a hard day's toil for any one man. It is not the actual amount of stuff that is turned out, but the amount of thought that the column of print implies. In the average carefully-wrought column you will find enough ideas to furnish material for two or three editorial pages. It is merely a matter of expanding them and infusing the combination of ponderous solemnity of phrase and light-hearted

inaccuracy of fact that is the hall-mark of the Canadian daily newspaper editorial. In fact, it has been said, perfectly truthfully said, that the newspaper paragraph is merely the editorial in its shortest possible form.

The editorial writer comments upon three or four subjects per day. The paragrapher must seek out fifteen to twenty subjects to comment upon, and he must deal with them in a manner that is going to tickle the reader's fancy. This is not a light task, particularly as financial conditions of the Canadian papers do not allow of the employment of paragraphers or column conductors, merely as such, practically all of them having to look after various other journalistic jobs as well. If you have any idea that the position is a sinecure, ask the first paragrapher you chance to meet and be en-



"Say! I have something good for your colyum."

lightened. Let me, in the role of Enthusiastic Friend, introduce you to a few of them.

Come, first, to the office of the Toronto News where we will find the owner of the magic initials "J.E.M." which appeared at the foot of the "On the Side" column for many years. He is Jesse Edgar Middleton, Grand High Priest of the Gentle Josh and president emeritus of the Royal Society of Colyum Hitters.

A few months ago the "On the Side" column disappeared from the editorial page of the News, Mr. Middleton having been forced to assume new editorial tasks which made the carrying on of the column an impossibility for the present. I believe "On the Side" will be back in the News soon, or Toronto will have more rioting. And personally I would not blame the News readers for taking the law into their hands should the column be withheld much longer.

We ascend a somewhat dingy flight of stairs to the second floor. As Enthusiastic Friend, we of course burst right into the room without knocking. Mr. Middleton is sitting at a large desk, much littered with papers. He looks up with a somewhat uncertain, uneasy air. Newton McConnell, who cartoons industriously in a corner of the same office, sizes us up over the top of his high-slanting drawing board. Both appear a trifle apprehensive. Evidently they fear the worst. Most likely we are going to produce a clipping from "Tit-Bits" and offer it as a contribution to "On the Side."

Mr. Middleton is inclined to look upon the would-be contributor with suspicion. He believes that it is perfectly legitimate for the editor of a humorous column to look a gift joke in the mouth. He once declared to me:



Before a pile of blank paper with a perfectly blank brain.

"I have noticed in colyuming that the contributors one does not want are plentiful, and the others like hens' dentistry for scarcity."

Despite, or perhaps (on second thought) because of this attitude, "On the Side" had a following of remarkably clever "contribs." Mr. Middleton organized "The Royal Society of Colyum Hitters," and a fellowship in the society involved a stiff matriculation test. Mr. Middleton was never so lavish with his honors as was the government.

The day that Middleton was born he took a good look at the world and saw that it was funny. His face wrinkled up into a cherubic smile and he gave a good-natured gurgle of delight. He thought: "No one can possibly take this place seriously; I bet I can have a lot of fun with it as soon as I become strong enough to pound a typewriter." That outlook upon the world he retains to the present day, and the

little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes beam out a reflection of that first smile. Middleton first saw the world through the windows of the Methodist parsonage at Pilkington township, Wellington county, Ontario. The Methodist parson is much on the move. He is supposed always to settle up, but he never can settle down. Therefore Middleton, as a boy, had opportunity of studying human nature in various places, and he always found it amusing. He studied other things at Strathroy Collegiate Institute and at the Dutton High School. His first real joke was at the expense of the writing fraternity. He went to Cleveland, Ohio, and became a proof reader. He continued that job on the Cleveland writers for three years, and then, escaping somehow with his life, he fled to Quebec City and went over to the other side. He became a writer. After passing his cubhood on the Quebec papers, he went to Toronto as musical critic of the Mail and Empire. In 1904 Sir John Willison gathered up an all-star staff for the News. Middleton was picked as Dramatic Editor. He moved to the News office and began to "do" the drama.

Then one day, when Middleton was still following the trail which led Bernard Shaw to publicity and pelf, the well-known and much-discussed tide within the affairs of men turned, and the initials "J.E.M." adorned a column.

Sir John Willison happened into the local room and asked all the men there assembled to write him a few paragraphs from time to time for use on the editorial page. Middleton forthwith did a dozen, and coopered up a little light verse as well. The next day he was a paragraphic permanency. None of the other men had done any. Middleton had unconsciously accepted the nomination.

"A great moral thesis might be written on this text," declares J.E.M., "something about seizing the passing hour."

And now, having met the mysterious "J.E.M.", perhaps you would like to ask him something about the labor involved in grinding out a daily column, or, as he might term it, a "perpendicular of persiflage," or "an obelisk of observation." Here is his answer, clipped from "On The Side":

If I get up at Six o'clock
 (I did that thing this morning)
 Disdaining the last forty winks
 And Sloth's inducements scorning,
 Then I can sit me down to write
 In silence and the kitchen
 (The very thing I'm doing now)
 Our Littachoor enrichin'.

If I remain abed till Seven
 (The deed sometimes is done)
 I cannot twang the lyre until
 The day's work is begun,
 Then interruptions come, and proofs,
 And papers I must read;
 The first fine flow'r of rhythmic thought
 (Alas!) has gone to seed.

But if I snored till Eight o'clock,
 My life were dull and grey,
 I would be laboring at rhymes
 Through all the weary day,
 And savage printers would appear
 Ere ever I could hide,
 All growling in their furious way:
 "WELL! Where is On The Side?"

Thus I reveal their savage tricks.
 Needs must, when printers drive,
 And therefore I arise at Six
 (Thank Heaven it isn't Five).

There is a smiling personality beaming out of J.E.M.'s column that is irresistible. He has an inimitable way of tickling the reader's fancy with quaint and unusual phrases, and he writes for all classes. He has a genius for rhyme and can knock together a verse on any conceivable subject at a moment's notice. But the jingle and the josh are not his only song as is evidenced by a volume of very fine patriotic verse recently published.

H. D. Carman, of the Toronto Star, does not undertake a full column every day, but nevertheless he does his daily bit to enliven this dull world. "A Little Bit of Everything" consists of from a quarter of a column to half a column of cheer and is one of the Star's brightest features. Mr. Carman generally waltz-masons on some topical subject and then runs a dozen or so pert and pertinent paragraphs, with now and then a bit of light verse sandwiched in somewhere.

"A Little Bit of Everything" was originated by H. F. Gadsby, who for some years now has been devoting his literary energies to brightening up the political life of the Capital. His articles are syndicated to newspapers throughout the Dominion. Mr. Gadsby is now one of Canada's leading humorists, but he began his career as a humble paragrapher. When he left the Toronto Star to 'write-up' Ottawa, and Ottawa's inhabitants, Mr. Carman became skipper of the "Bit of Everything" column.

Mr. Carman was born in Sarnia. That was so long ago that he has forgotten the details, he declares, but he does not believe the event was essentially different from millions of similar

events which have occurred in well regulated families, both before and since. He was—but let him tell it in his own way:

"I evolved from the printer's case to the desk after many vicissitudes, during which I grew up and acquired as little education as the teachers would let me off with. My humorous faculties—such as they are—lay dormant, I think, until I was 21, when I put up a joke on one of the girls, who didn't realize it until she found herself tied up to me for life. I have had the laugh on her ever since.

"My first experience in daily newspaper work was on the Sarnia Post. My career there was brilliant, so much so that the paper died and then I went to the then prosperous London Daily News. I remained until I saw that paper safely into the decline, and then joined the Toronto Daily Star staff, where they have let me stay ever since."

I asked Mr. Carman for his real, honest-to-goodness opinion of the paragrapher's trade.

"I have wholesome respect for the occupation," he declared. "I regard the paragraph as the neatest thing that was ever invented in the editorial line, inasmuch as the paragrapher has the privilege of driving the nail home with one brief, lusty swat, while the leader-writer has to hammer through half to a whole column of space to drive the same idea home. Life for many is a sad, stern grind from the cradle to the grave, and if I can bring even a faint fleeting smile to a careworn visage occasionally, I feel that I have done something worth while. I would rather cheer one sad heart for a minute than make a whole army weep for a week. I would rather write a good paragraph than a cheque—which wouldn't be any good anyway."

You will find "The Khan's Corner" every evening in the Toronto Telegram, but to find The Khan you will have to go to Rushdale Farm at Rockton, Ontario. He is none other than Robert Kirkland Kernighan, well known in literary circles as the author of "The Tattle-ton Papers," and several volumes of verse. At Rushdale Farm he was born in 1857, and at Rushdale Farm he lives today. But he has been away from the farm between times. He has had a long newspaper career, having been connected with the Hamilton Spectator, the old Winnipeg Sun, and several Toronto papers.

The Khan is not a paragrapher. His column has continuity. It is filled every day with a sort of meandering philosophy written in a delightfully quaint and humorous style. Besides being fascinating reading, it contains much good sound common sense.

The "breeziness" of the West is reflected in the "Colyums" of the three Winnipeg papers. All three serve political masters, and their editorial pages are therefore apt to be sometimes rather saddening, but the daily column devoted to original humor serves to take the curse off the editorial axe-grinding.

The Free Press Evening Bulletin, which is the evening edition of the Manitoba Free Press, serves up its daily menu of light reading matter under the title, "As You Like It." It is an apt title, for, judging by the popularity of the column, it is indeed pretty much as the paper's readers like it. David Bruce MacRae, the editor of "As You Like It," was born at Maxwell, in Glengarry county, Ontario, and therefore there is reasonable ground for suspicion that he is of Scotch descent. However, he completely refutes the slander about the Scotch and the sense of humor. His column makes light of passing events in a good-natured, mirth-provoking way that reveals not only a very keen sense of humor, but a very distinct understanding of human nature and its many frailties as well. Mr. MacRae is still a young man, but he has had extensive newspaper experience. He served on the Ottawa Journal and Peterboro Examiner as reporter and "desk" man for a number of years. In 1911 he went to the Winnipeg Free Press as reporter. His sense of humor asserted itself and very shortly after his arrival he was selected to give the ribs of the Free Press readers the paragraphic tickle in "As You Like It."

The Winnipeg Tribune's "Trumps" have been famous in the prairie metropolis for many years. "Tribune Trumps" were originated by Knox Magee, now editor of the Winnipeg Telegram. Mr. Magee was brought from Toronto, where he edited "Saturday Night," by Mr. Richardson, publisher of the Tribune, with the idea of putting "pep" into the paper. Mr. Magee put the desired "pep" into it in a number of ways, one of which was the launching of the "Tribune Trumps" column. That was quite a few years ago, and the "Trumps" which Mr. Magee wrote are now buried deep in the Tribune files. I have never seen any of them, but I imagine they did not lack ginger. This surmise is borne out by the word of some of the city's old-timers. (The old-timer, by the way, is one of the favorite products of the West.) They all agree that Mr. Magee said just exactly what he intended to say in good plain King's English. And they still quote some of his "Trumps" to this day.

The "Trumps" column for some years now has been under the direction of Mr. J. J. Moncrief, the present Managing Editor of the Tribune. When you meet Mr. Moncrief you get a good firm hand-clasp and a gentle, benign "Hello brother!" sort of smile. And the column is just like that. Mr. Moncrief does not write everything that finds its way into the column—I imagine he calls for volunteers from the local staff now and then—but everything he writes stands out by its cheery good-nature and bluff, hearty style. He deals chiefly in gentle joshes aimed at prominent citizens, most of them old-timers. Sometimes the joke is a private one, intelligible only to the writer and to the man at whom it is aimed. But, even though you may not understand it, there is always a cheeriness about the little paragraph that puts you in a mood to chuckle. Mr. Moncrief is the director of the oratorio society, and any day that the "Trumps" column does not contain a quip about the choir, or the choir's activities, you know that he is out of town.

The "Good Evening" column is one of the most popular features of the Telegram. It first appeared some four years ago and has had several editors and many contributors. Mr. Robert Purves is the present incumbent. Mr. Purves is the only man I know who is both publisher and paragrapher. He came to Canada from the Old Country some eight years ago and headed for the West. After various experiences he landed in Balcarries, Sask., where he purchased a paper. It was—well, it was merely a typical country weekly when he bought it. In a few weeks the subscribers began to sit up and take notice. In a few months he had stamped his personality upon it and made it talked about—and read. Then, when it became successful financially, Mr. Purves felt the call of the bright lights, and the movies of a big city. He left the weekly in charge of a partner and went to Winnipeg, joining the Telegram staff. The personality which he put into the country weekly now shines in the "Good Evening" column and makes it a part of Winnipeg's favorite literature.

A particular feature of the "Good Evening" column is "The Grouch." This fictitious misanthrope complains daily about some real or supposed public grievance. Through him, Mr. Purves hits off local conditions and events, and throws a searchlight of satire on the unnecessary ills that flesh is heir to. In spite of his disgruntled disposition, The Grouch is one of the most popular and most often quoted personages in Winnipeg.

Up to a few months ago the morning edition of the Free Press ran a column which had a big following of readers, particularly among the city's "intellectuals." It was called "Heliograms," and its eponymous conductor was Mr. W. J. Healy, now editor of the Grain Growers' Guide. In his column Mr. Healy aimed at a rather more literary style than is to be found in the average newspaper feature and, as a result, probably shot over the heads of a good many readers. The column contained much fine wit and some good verse, however, and will be missed by a great many of the paper's subscribers. In undertaking to guide the grain growers, Mr. Healy has not altogether put aside his sense of humor. He has done what might well be considered the impossible—introduced a vein of humor into the Grain Growers' Guide. A page of that publication is now devoted to Mr. Healy's version of "Pepys' Diary," a feature of the former "Heliogram" column in which Winnipeg events are dealt with as they might have appeared to the famous diarist.

One of the most interesting of Canadian parographers is to be found in Saskatoon, Sask., dealing out light-hearted and inconsequential remarks every day through the "Starbeams" columns of the Star. He is Harris Turner. Everybody in Saskatoon knows him; everybody likes him; nearly everybody reads his column. Mr. Turner is a native of Saskatoon and began his newspaper career on the old Phoenix of that city. After several years as a reporter on the Phoenix he went to the Star. When Mr. W. Scott Darling, the originator of the "Starbeams" column, left the paper to become publicity man for a big department store, Mr. Turner took over the column. That was about five years ago. When the Kaiser turned the faucet and allowed the stream of frightfulness suddenly to ooze through Belgium Mr. Turner gave up the business of joking to adopt the more serious business of helping to stop the German rush. He went overseas with a western battalion and was among those conspicuously present in several of the biggest of the war's early battles. At Ypres he was severely wounded, and when he was finally discharged from the hospital he knew that he was doomed to darkness for the remainder of his life. The loss of his sight had not the slightest effect upon his disposition. Cheery and smiling as of old, he returned to Saskatoon and again took up the editorship of "Starbeams."

Mr. Turner's column overflows with mirth. It takes many a rap at many a man, but always

in a sunny, smiling way. It is never cynical and never bitter. It is pure, good-natured fun. And it is a reflection of the man who writes it.

Out at the Pacific coast they seem to take life too seriously for the funny man to flourish. None of the papers runs a column of original humor, that phase of newspaper work in Vancouver and Victoria being attended to by the scissors method. There are several departments of light editorial comment, however, notably "The World's Window," in the Vancouver World, and "Street Corners" in the Vancouver Province. The latter is a column dealing chiefly with local affairs, sometimes seriously, sometimes in satirical vein, but always interestingly. It is presided over by Mr. Bernard McEvoy, one of the best known of Vancouver's newspaper men.

From the historical point of view one of the most interesting of newspaper columns is probably the Montreal Herald's "Sieve." It has not been notable for its siftings during the past few years—some one may have knocked a hole in it—but years ago it was one of the most famous newspaper features in the east.

"Through the Herald's Sieve" first dawned upon the readers of the Herald about 1896. It was begun by one Joseph Dillabough, and the strain was too much for him as he lasted two weeks. Murray Williams heard the clarion call for help, got out his trusty scissors and glue pot, and lasted ten years. The Sieve, although featured by the Herald with a double column heading on the front page, failed to attract any attention until the elections of the year 1896, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier downed Sir Charles Tupper. Day after day during the campaign, every paragraph in the Sieve was devoted to politics, and one of the features of the column was a daily parody on Sir Charles Tupper's speeches. Sir Charles was great on claims in those days, claims of what he had achieved and what he would do to Laurier. The Sieve said that he, Tupper, had told the people of the Maritime Provinces that he was the man who had originally fixed things so that the Atlantic Ocean would touch at Halifax.

In the early days of the Sieve the Canadian newspapers were strong on serious matter, and for a time the Sieve was the only out-standing humorous column in the country. Certainly for a time it kept the none-too-prosperous Herald on the map. All the matter in the Sieve was not original. Its maker never denied that the glue pot and scissors were among his most valu-

able assets. He claimed that, as he was Financial Editor, Commercial Editor and Baseball Editor of the Herald, the time at his disposal to knock the Sieve together was somewhat limited.

"I used to lift a good deal of stuff from the Chicago News," said Mr. Williams the other day, "and one day somebody on one of the other papers handed me a 15-inch shell right in the eye. The association of humorous writers was holding its annual convention somewhere or other and, picking up an opposition paper, I read a paragraph that ran like this: 'If the author of the Herald's Sieve goes to the convention, he will have to get in on a Chicago News ticket.' After that the glue pot and scissors went out of the window."

Mr. Williams commenced his newspaper career at the bottom of the journalistic ladder. His energy and ability soon forced recognition, and he gradually rose until he was the financial editor. There his farsightedness and his unerring judgment made him a factor in the market, and he was snapped up by the Montreal Star, where he remained for several years, until he joined the broker fraternity in the firm of O'Brien and Williams.

There are various ways of turning out a column, including the scissors and paste method which has been adopted by the majority of papers in Canada. There is one method which is not generally known, and I wish to cite it here for the benefit of any weary paragraphers who may chance to read this.

Mr. Marcel Bernard is the inventor of this method. He once edited a column of paragraphs for *Le Nationaliste* in the days of long ago—long before Henri Bourassa's *Nationaliste* was thought of. Mr. Bernard explained this easy system of columning to me the other day.

"I used to invite a bunch of my friends up to my rooms the evening before the column was due," he said. "Then I started a discussion on some interesting topic and every man was supposed to contribute a few bright remarks upon the subject. All I had to do was to sit back and pot down anything that seemed good enough for the column. I generally had a couple of dozen of beer, and the thing was a complete success. We had an enjoyable little gathering—and I had my column."

It sounds like a good idea, but there is one thing in the way of its present application.

Could sufficiently bright remarks be secured by serving two-per-cent?

A Canadian Spring Song

By ESTHER WILSON KERRY

WHAT do I miss in this English spring,
This tenderest, loveliest time,
When just to live's a miracle,
A song in sweetest rhyme?
Gone is the biting winter's grey
Swept away in a night;
Radiantly, softly spring creeps forth
Pale and green and bright.

What do I miss though the crocus bloom
And daffodils golden shine,
While budding leaves on lacy boughs
Seek the blue sky divine;
The copper beech gleams dusky red,
The grass is emerald foam?—
The sound of the waters flowing free
Down a hundred hills of home.

Murmuring, trickling, heavenly sweet,
The hidden streamlets run;
Or dashing down a hill-side brown
Their waters mock the sun.

The great still pools hold in their depths
The spring blue of the sky,
And gurgling, bubbling, sparkling gay,
Fresh streamlets hurry by.

What do I miss? To walk through the trees,
On mountain slopes, and hear
Mid fresh damp smell of earth and buds
The waters singing clear;
Or catch their sound when twilight soft
The woodland spaces fills,
That low ecstatic melody
Of countless running rills.

No sweet-voiced thrush, nor trilling lark
Comes ushering in our spring;
But God gave us a music too,
A wondrous, joyous thing;
And when the winter vanishes
Spring's never spring to me,
Unless I hear down all the hills
The waters tumbling free.

Reading Aloud in the Family

MORE than a generation ago the family circle was a recognized factor in social life. Publishers and entertainers bowed to its mandates. Later, ready money, cheap amusements, and the growth of special clubs and societies, threatened it. It is a happy sign, to-day, to see young and old drawing together again within its enclosure; to see art, music, sports, rare evenings at the theatre enjoyed by family groups without ostentation or undue indulgence. Often all that is asked is but "the hyacinth that feeds the soul."

Of all entertainment which old and young may enjoy together, reading aloud is easily first. It is cheap and satisfying and much may be gained from it.

Those parents who feel that the young people in their care are drifting, that the ideals they had always meant the growing son and daughter to hold dear have not been so cherished, will do well to copy the habits of fifty years ago, when a good book was a treasure to be enjoyed and discussed for many a day by the family who possessed it, and then exchanged with eager friends.

Let us read aloud with the children whatever we value and feel will interest them, but never what offends our literary conscience. However harmless it may be considered, cheap, exciting, easily forgotten fiction, whether written for young or old, defeats the purpose of family reading.

We may bring out the old books that were once our delight. When the child of twelve or so once knows Friar Tuck and Robin Hood, Richard Lionheart and Saladin, though we may tire of the old romances, he will read on and devour them. Tom Canty and the little Prince, Tom Sawyer and faithful Huck, Don Quixote, Tom Brown, and the man who denied his country and became a prisoner on the seas, will be his friends as well as ours. The

copy of "Lorna Doone" once read aloud will be re-read many times, and David Copperfield, Oliver Twist and Little Nell will live forever. We once listened to "Snow-bound" and "Evangeline" with delight, and so will he. The

"Jungle Books" and "Uncle Remus" will mean far more if we read with him. English History, or rather its most dramatic events, will be permanently photographed on the children's retentive minds, once they have read with us that little "History of England", prepared by Rudyard Kipling and Professor Fletcher, especially if "Rewards and Fairies" has been added for good measure. Francis Parkman and Dr. Drummond, Ralph Connor, Sir Gilbert Parker and Norman Duncan have many a message for young Canada.

Soon the children will bring into the circle that which appeals to them. It is safe to say that their understanding and good taste will amaze us.

Not only imaginative literature will claim their attention. They will be brimful of admiration for the heroic figures of their time. They will explore the work of naturalists with zeal. Long after fairy stories have been left behind, they will rapturously follow the miracles of men of science.

Schools teach literary values, but the difference between a work of literature in the school-room and the same book

read and loved by the whole family is as the difference between calisthenics and a good game of ball.

A boy of ten once memorized the Gettysburg Address for his own satisfaction after hearing "The Perfect Tribute." A child who had not learned to read, repeated from memory, pages of the "Christmas Carol." Had such things been required of them as school tasks how vigorous would have been their just resentment!

Nina Pearce.

WHY BOBBIE TEASES THE KITTEN.

AT midnight when all the skeptics and grown-up folks were safely in bed, there was a faint rustling heard down in the library. No human ear would have heard it, had there been one there to listen; only fairy ears could catch the sounds.

The little fairies of book-land had not been able to do any work for a long time past; in fact, if the terrible truth must be known they had been imprisoned for months in a dingy prison, the library book-case. When night came as they had not done any work they were very restless and could not sleep, so they spent the time talking of days gone by.

"Anderson's Fairy Tales" draw in a deep breath, that made every leaf in its body strain and shiver. Then he turned to his neighbor, "Robinson Crusoe," and said: "Did you see how Bobbie and Ethel looked longingly at us to-night, after their dinner?"

"Yes," said the other; "I heard them planning to ask their mother to read to them to-night before they went to bed; but she said that she was too tired."

"I saw something shining roll down Bobbie's cheeks afterwards," said "Anderson's Fairy Tales."

"Do you remember," went on the other, "how in the olden days we used to be selected turn about every night for the hour between dinner and the children's bed-hour? Then Bobbie's grandmother would gather the children round her and read aloud to them, while they sat in breathless silence listening to all our wonderful adventures; and we never could determine which was the favorite."

"Yes," said "Anderson's Fairy Tales," "if Bobbie and Ethel had someone to read to them in the evening they would sit quietly and listen, instead of quarreling and teasing that helpless little kitten of theirs. But what is the good of us sitting here planning these things when for months we have been so sadly neglected in company with our comrades."

Ruby M. Bruneau.

Play-Writing in Canada

By HARCOURT FARMER

IN discussing Play-writing in Canada, one is tempted to remark that the subject can be disposed of simply and swiftly—there is no playwriting in Canada. But this would be a cheap and obvious thing to say; moreover it would be unfair. And it would be too close a critical reflection on our individual selves. The machine can only function when each part acts in co-operative accordance.

Because there does not already exist a powerful growing movement in Canadian dramaturgy is no reason that such a thing *cannot* exist. We must not discourage ourselves (or other drama-producing countries) by admitting that since native drama, to all intents and purposes, *non est*, such a deplorable condition must perpetually prevail. Literary and actable plays will be written in Canada when there is a demand for them; not before.

Music and painting, poetry and general literature, all occupy places of definite social permanence and artistic importance here. They are recognized as necessary vital factors in the country's development. As such, these branches of expression are receiving earnest attention, expert and otherwise, from men and women who really have the national welfare at heart. There are Canadian composers and interpreters, Canadian painters and sculptors, Canadian poets and Canadian authors. Where are the Canadian playwrights?

By "Canadian playwrights" I don't mean persons of Canadian descent, who, migrating to New York or London, have written popular successes. Any competent literary workman can do this, irrespective of nationality. The result is simply a commercial product, not in the least fashion typical of the author's own country. I mean persons of Canadian descent, or adoption, who have written plays the subject-matter of which deals with some intrinsic part of Canadian life, past or present; and whose plays are directly artistic representations of Canadian life, or interpretations of Canadian temperament.

I am the first one to admit that this is a rough and ready way of arriving at a working definition. But, for the nonce, it can serve.

In discussing some points regarding plays in general and Canada in particular with an eminent Montreal merchant, I heard him give vent to this: that the boundary-line between Canada and the United States is, for all artistic purposes, a thing of fancy; it doesn't exist. All American art appeals to Canadian

people, *ipso facto*, and there's an end on't. Pressed, the eminent merchant admitted that Toronto has produced some native musicians to whom musical America paid instant homage; admitted, too, that certain Canadian painters were more highly regarded in Boston than certain nameless American artists; and finally, conceded, but without enthusiasm, that Canada was a young country and political comparisons were in bad taste.

The man was speaking relatively, of course, but the unfortunate part of it is this: his opinions are shared by more Canadians than I would care to attempt to estimate. His attitude is excusable. He doesn't know any better. But that is no reason why others should accept his conclusions as final and binding.

As a matter of accuracy, the boundary-line between Canadian art and American art is very clear and very well defined. But it is not as inelastic as (for instance) the line drawn sharply between New York art and Chicago art. There are boundaries all over the place. That's the trouble.

Playwrights and dramatists do exist in Canada, to my knowledge, because I have personally met all of them—the whole three. There may be others lurking in the fastnesses of Granby, or cunningly aloof in the social whirl of North Bay, disguised as citizens. If this writing will bring them out into the open, it will have served its purpose.

In a fairly close (and eager) examination of the work of these three Canadian playwrights, I failed to find any trace of the spirit which, to my mind, should inform such work—the spirit I have sought to define above; national interpretation in terms of individual expression through drama. Their plays dealt with (a) obsolete and unpractical morality; (b) Wall Street machinations; and (c) a touching effort to dramatize the Monroe Doctrine. In the plays of (a) the locales were variously London, Paris, New York, and Lisbon; the characters, as can readily be imagined, ran the racial gamut; and the result was pathetically nondescript. In the plays of (b) the scenes alternated between Chicago, New York, Pittsburg and Cuba; the characters were exclusively American. (Imagine an American writing a play about Canadians!) In the plays of (c) the action transpired in San Francisco and New York, to and fro for five acts; the characters were British, American, German and one Irishman.

These three dramatic plumbers are well-known and enjoy pleasant reputations. They

may or may not be clever dramatists; that is beside the point, and, with a sense of happy relief, I leave such decisions to others. The point is, that in a total of some twenty plays, the product of these writers, all of them Canadians, appears not one play that can be accurately and reasonably described as a Canadian play.

There is an obvious line of demarcation between the dramatist and the historian. It is necessary to recall this fact (I apologise) because there are several Canadians who have written some very interesting historical chronicles; but, in the compositions of this character that I have been enabled to glance at, there has been a sorry absence of dramatic technique. So that, for the purposes of present discussion, we may consider that we have two groups of Canadian playwrights: the people who are versed in Canadian history and unskilled in dramatic construction, and the people who are expert playwrights while being ignorant of Canadian history. The class to which Canadian Letters must look for the provision and development of the true Canadian drama will have to be composed of the blended best of the other classes.

In justice to the two classes let it be urged that their unsatisfying production has been induced from within rather than from without. They have not put forth a Canadian play, because they had no motive for doing so. There is no Canadian theatre, in the sense that there is an Irish theatre and a Russian theatre and a Swedish theatre. Our playwrights can hardly be blamed for unwillingness to write under such disheartening conditions. Practically speaking, there is no demand for Canadian plays, accordingly there is no supply. Yet this will not always be so. In its early days the Irish theatre indicated a similar barrenness and apathy; but it was only the prelude to bigger themes to follow. The Irish playwrights have built their drama out of Ireland and the Irish; and in the process have indicated with remarkable success the possibilities that lie in the creation of native plays.

Canada teems with workable material for a hundred good plays; there are great figures of the past; there is the fascinating epoch when Champlain and Beauchasse and Pontgravé held the stage; there is the lyrical story of Jeanne Mance; there is the magnificent figure of the Indian—who will be the first to tell in terms of drama his romantic history? Longfellow has given us a hint in "Hiawatha," and it seems curious that no

Canadian has had the enterprise to write the tragedy of the Indian for the stage.

In drawing attention to the wealth of subject-matter to be found in the Annals, I do not wish to be classed with those who hold that native plays must inevitably be based upon historical events. There are great clashes and conflicts in our own day, which, in due course, will find their way into dramatic form. But objectivity is necessary. I think we have sufficient detachment to write artistically and sanely about the happenings of yesterday; but the great war is too near to us. Its splendors and pathos concern us presently as men and women, not as dramatists. Still, it is the hope of many that, with the passing of time, a play will come out of Canada that will make the world of letters marvel.

It is encouraging to note the increasing interest shown in the drama of other countries by leading Canadian art and literary societies, especially in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. Papers are read, lectures are given, discussions held, and the consequence is a lively sincere effort to bring the drama into line with the sister arts. Members of these societies know more about the modern drama to-day than they did a decade ago; and they appear to be putting their knowledge to practical use. In this there is not merely unit development; there is that necessary vital impetus which the drama must have if it is ever to occupy its proper place here. Men and women (particularly the women) are discovering that there is room in the home for a shelf of plays; and room on the platform for a speaker on the drama. And, in this connection, may it be mildly suggested that it is not wholly necessary to depend on New York and Boston for advice in the constructional development of the drama in Canada. Occasional expert help we must have. But let it be complementary to our own work.

It is one thing to discuss plays and playwriting and another thing to write plays and stage them. The formation of Stage Societies in the chief cities of the Dominion (there is already one in Montreal) would serve as a useful and practical extension of the work being done amongst the purely literary societies. A co-operation between the two branches would work wonders, provided there was a ready agreement that all those concerned would work toward the common objective—our own plays in our own theatres.



“Wild Youth and Another”

SIR GILBERT PARKER still possesses in abundant measure, the dexterity of the accomplished professional story-teller. The two tales in his latest volume, “Wild Youth and Another” (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, \$1.50), are entirely devoid of any special source of interest except the admirable skill of their telling. “Wild Youth” (the rather puzzling title of the book merely indicates that its contents consist of one tale entitled “Wild Youth” and another tale called something else) is a sketch of a young girl married against her will to a hideous and brutal old reprobate with prophetic whiskers who owns a Saskatchewan farm; the action is precipitated by the usual handsome and courageous young man, and the

do those of our younger Canadian novelists, simply because Sir Gilbert knows how to handle the situations in which he exhibits them, because he always has something definite for them to do, because he knows what the reader will “see” and what he will not see—in brief, because he is an accomplished story-teller. Note how “Wild Youth” is opened. One paragraph sketching one characteristic of the town of Askatoon (and incidentally hinting at many others)—its alertness and interest in everything that comes into it. And then, instantly, the train draws in and a shiver passes through the town when “the prophet-bearded, huge, swarthy-faced Joel Mazarine, with a beautiful young girl behind him” steps out. And forthwith



THE PROPHET-BEARDED JOEL MAZARINE, WITH A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL BEHIND HIM, STEPPED FROM THE WEST-BOUND TRAIN

reprobate dies with the usual speed in order to prevent any unusual impropriety. “Jordan is a Hard Road” is the tale of a train-robber who settles down to an honest but pseudonymous life in order to be near his daughter, who is in the usual state of misinformation concerning her parentage; he is compelled by the usual adverse circumstances to resume train-robbing in order to ensure his daughter’s future, and he also is prevented by death from being present at the happy ending and embarrassing the loving pair (or at any rate the reader) with the fear of detection. People never die so conveniently in real life as in a Gilbert Parker tale.

Nor are any of the characters in these sketchy little tales a bit more life-like or impressive than the average character of pleasant out-door fiction. They are figures done up in the trappings of convention; but they move with far more ease and effect in those trappings than

the situation between these two ill-assorted people is sketched briefly and vividly, not in the author’s own person (Sir Gilbert knows the value of keeping himself out of such pictures), but through the mental comments of Askatoon’s young doctor, its leading intellectual citizen. A compliment from one of the Askatoon citizens, an acquaintance of Mazarine’s, to Mrs. Mazarine, and Mazarine’s jealousy is in evidence—the hideous jealousy of the old man possessing something which he feels every other man covets, and might claim with better right than himself. And so, in less than four pages, the whole foundation of the story is sketched in, and the interest of the reader is nailed to the mast, not to come down till all is over. Would that our present generation of Canadian novelists would study this art, would cultivate this *flair* for the telling act, the significant movement.

Books About the Forest

By J. N. STEPHENSON

THE forest is closely associated with the pulp and paper industry, especially in Canada. The output of these mills is simply enormous, as will be seen from the fact that the exports of pulp, paper, and unmanufactured pulpwood during the year total more than \$100,000,000. Besides this, large and increasing quantities are used in the Dominion.

Notwithstanding the importance of the paper industry in America — Canada and the United States produce nearly two million tons of newsprint paper alone—the literature of the industry from authors on this side of the Atlantic is very meagre. Most of our books on pulp and paper manufacture are from England and Germany, and naturally set forth the practice and viewpoint of the European. The reason for this is largely the attention to research and technical detail that has been given in the laboratories and mills on the other side. Manufacturers on this side have relied too much on the wealth of our natural resources and on the distance from competing manufacturing centres to give proper attention to such matters as research and scientific control. There were, of course, exceptions and now, happily, we are entering an era when a careful study of processes is being carried on in many mills, and with this movement there is also growing up a corps of men who can write in an authoritative and up-to-date manner from the American (in its larger sense) point of view.

The forester and the timber user are better provided with the literature of their business. All the way from the woods to house construction and furniture factory, is a string of books that set forth experience and knowledge on a subject relating to the tree and its uses. The biologist and the forester are powerful allies of the lumberman and paper maker, and manufacturers are coming to realize their importance. Present studies in the forests of Quebec are likely to result in some important articles on fundamental facts regarding our forest resources, especially on the rate of reproduction on cut-over areas.

Organizations like the Canadian Forestry Association and the Woodlands Section and the Technical Section of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, through the papers and discussions at meetings, are beginning to draw out some of our latent talent, as well as serving to keep older writers in working trim. The Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior has issued a number of bulletins, both as compilations made at the office in Ottawa and as a result of investigations

carried on at the Forest Products Laboratories in Montreal. The Commission of Conservation is also doing valuable field work in co-operation with some industrial concerns. Among the publications of the Department of the Interior mention might be made of the following Forestry Branch Bulletins:—

“Douglas Fir Fibre, With Special Reference to Length,” by H. N. Lee and E. M. Smith, (reprinted from the Forestry Quarterly, and later published in the Pulp and Paper Magazine), is a fine piece of work in microscopic measurements, illustrated by charts and diagrams.

No. 59, “Canadian Woods for Structural Timbers,” prepared by H. N. Lee under the direction of Dr. J. S. Bates, at the Forest Products Laboratories, is a comprehensive review of the adaptability of various Canadian species to the important uses of shipbuilding, railway trestles, dock construction, factory and other buildings. A number of interesting pictures are shown, among which is a Douglas fir timber 46 by 46 inches by 70 feet, for use in Montreal harbor work. The principal characteristics and properties of several species are given, and from this information is deduced the fitness of the wood for certain purposes. The bulletin will serve to correct the erroneous impression that Canadian timber is inferior to that brought in from the United States.

No. 60, “Canadian Douglas Fir, Its Mechanical and Physical Properties,” prepared by R. W. Stearns under the direction of Dr. J. S. Bates. This bulletin gives a more exhaustive treatment of the properties of this particular wood, with details of testing methods, etc. A bibliography of other works on the subject is appended.

No. 62A, “Forest Products of Canada, 1916—Lumber, Lath and Shingles.” Tables and explanatory paragraphs give the consumption of these products by provinces and species, according to quantity and value for 1915 and 1916.

No. 62B, “Forest Products of Canada, 1916—Pulpwood.” This bulletin is similar to the preceding one. In addition to the tables there are several maps showing the location of mills using pulpwood.

No. 63, “Wood-using Industries of Quebec,” compiled by R. G. Lewis and J. A. Doucet. This bulletin is issued in both French and English. It is based on data from 864 firms, and one is surprised at the number and variety of the articles produced. The value of the wood used is more than \$12,000,000. About 15 per cent. is bought outside of the province, and of this, 36 per cent. comes from the United

States. Tables show the principal uses of 17 kinds of wood, and this information should be of value in promoting the utilization of the large amounts of hardwoods left in the forest when coniferous trees are brought out from mixed stands.

No. 64, "Forest Fires in Canada, 1914, 1915, 1916." Tables and charts show areas burned over, monetary losses and the relation of rainfall and temperature to the extent of fires. Information is also given as to forest areas, organization for fire protection, etc.

"Report of the Director of Forestry for the year 1917" (Part VI. of the Annual Report, Department of the Interior, 1917). In submitting his report, R. H. Campbell mentions that sixty-five members of the staffs have enlisted, and nine have given their lives. This depletion of forces has prevented extension of the work. The disastrous fire in Ontario in 1916 was largely due to lack of control in allowing settlers to start fires. Few people realize the dependence of Canadian industries on the forests, yet "ignorance, lack of definite information, opinions rather than knowledge of facts have characterized, and still to a large extent continue to characterize, the methods of handling the forest resources of the Dominion to their detriment and loss." Mr. Campbell tells what his department is doing to improve forest conditions and the knowledge thereof, to utilize this resource most efficiently and to insure its perpetuation. There are some fine illustrations.

"Pulpwood Consumption and Wood Pulp Production, 1916," by Franklin H. Smith and R. K. Helphenstine, Jr., has been published by the Forest Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Newsprint Manufacturers' Association. Such a bulletin has not been issued since 1911, although Canada publishes this information each year. Charts, diagrams, tables and descriptions cover the subject thoroughly. In 1916, 230 mills used 5¼ million cords of pulpwood, producing 3¼ million tons of pulp.

Mr. R. H. Campbell, Director of the Forestry Branch, recently suffered a fractured skull while investigating forestry conditions in Northern Manitoba. Mr. Campbell gave an interesting address at the meeting of the Technical Section of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association last winter on the outlook for the future supply of pulpwood in Canada. He enumerated the present estimated amounts of the various kinds of trees in the different provinces, and stated the annual consumption and the approximate rate of reproduction as nearly as possible as could be estimated. This address was printed in the Pulp and Paper Magazine for March 21, 1918. Canada's forests are not inexhaustible, as some people seem to think.

Of interest to every Canadian is Bulletin 61, of the Forestry Branch, entitled "Native Trees of Canada." In this valuable work Mr. Campbell has collected information as to the locali-

ties in which each species grows, and the individual characteristics of each kind of tree. Mr. Campbell goes on to give the uses for the different kinds of wood, and even mentions some new possibilities in the way of utilizing this material. Trees are referred to by their common names as well as by their biological appendages. Many illustrations show individual trees, the shape of leaves, seed pods, etc., while in tabulated form one can quickly review and compare the principal features by which a tree may be distinguished. An instance of the usefulness of the book occurred while the writer was attending a meeting of the Technical Section in Toronto last June. Two of the visitors from New York were discussing chestnut blight and one remarked that it was too bad to have all the beautiful horse chestnuts threatened. The other precipitated an argument by expressing the idea that the horse chestnut is not a real chestnut. A reference to Mr. Campbell's book settled the dispute. New Yorker number two was right, and furthermore, the horse chestnut is not a tree native to Canada.

A booklet that was popular during the period of the shortage of coal is the monograph put out by the Commission of Conservation "Wood as Fuel." It is written by Mr. Clyde Leavitt, Chief Forester to the Commission, and deals with the subject in a popular yet comprehensive manner. Mr. Leavitt not only shows the necessity for making the greatest possible use of wood for heating purposes, giving comparative values for weight, bulk and heating power, but also points out some of the difficulties in the way of obtaining and transporting this material.

Canada is fairly well provided with periodical literature on Forestry and kindred subjects, with the Canadian Forestry Journal, Canada Lumberman, Western Lumberman, and occasional articles in the Pulp and Paper Magazine that apply to this industry. From our neighbors we get American Forestry, a very superior publication, the Journal of Forestry and a number of lumber trade journals.

When the Lord said to St. John "Write," the summons could hardly have been more urgent than that which comes to the technical man in the pulp and paper industry. There has probably never been a time when the demand has been greater for books, articles and special information relating to the manufacture of these materials. This is partly the cause and partly the result of the awakened appreciation of the value of research referred to at the beginning of this article. Another call for books comes from the manufacturers who realize the need of better educated and more intelligent workmen, and from workmen who appreciate the greater chances for advancement for men with trained intelligence as well as skillful hands. How to meet this demand for literature is a difficult problem, yet it is being attacked vigorously by the pulp and paper industry.

The Technical Section of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association and the Technical Association of the Pulp and Paper Industry (U.S.), have each a committee on Education. More than a year ago the Canadian committee came to the conclusion that a suitable text book is the foundation for the efficient instruction of mill workers and school boys who plan to enter the industry. After a careful investigation of the situation it was decided that both countries should act together in this matter, as it is not so much a problem for two countries as for one industry. There is really no dividing line among the workmen nor in many cases even among the mill managements. The fundamental need is a standard text book of Pulp and Paper Mill Practice for the whole continent.

A joint meeting of the two committees was consequently held in Buffalo on the 16th of September, and was attended by every one of the two committees except one American, who was on important war work. The discussion disclosed two main divisions of the problem, the preparation of the text, and the manner in which instruction and direction in the use of the books can best be effected. An executive committee of five, two Canadians and three Americans, was formed to carry out the plans roughly outlined by the meeting. Mr. George Carruthers, of Toronto, is chairman, and Mr. R. S. Kellogg, of New York is secretary. It is expected that the industry will encourage the work with generous financial support.

This committee will first select an Editor-in-Chief, who may also act as educational director. With the advice and assistance of the executive committee and the bodies they represent, he will arrange with experts in each branch and department of the manufacture of pulp and paper for the writing of the various chapters that will make up the complete text. The fullest advantage will be taken of material that has already been published. It is considered probable that the work will be published in the form of pamphlets. This will facilitate the development of classes in extension and night schools, and the organization of correspondence courses in the science and technique of pulp and paper manufacture. There are already in existence a number of suitable texts on elementary but fundamental subjects, which it might be possible to incorporate in order to build up a course representing a practically complete technical education in this line. These would include business English, mathematics, chemistry, mechanical drawing, mechanics and elements of electricity. The provision for, or organization of, correspondence instruction will doubtless develop as the preparation of the material progresses.

The main education committees are also working with local school authorities in improving facilities for continuation classes and in connecting the school work with the pulp and paper industry in communities where that activ-

ity predominates. Some success has already been attained in organizing classes in the elementary subjects that are familiar to most school programmes. The difficulty arises when the student wants to keep on going and there is no chart by which to guide his further progress. The number of such cases that have already arisen makes evident the need of just such a set of texts as that for the preparation of which the technical men have laid plans. It is a big undertaking and will require considerable time to complete, but it will be of incalculable value to the industry, and to the men engaged in it.

As usual most of the recent books relating to paper have come from England. The Englishmen are strong on research in the field of cellulose chemistry and the processes involved in the manufacture of paper. England is practically devoid of forests from which wood for pulp is obtained. Consequently we find little in British publications on the manufacture of pulp. The paper mills of Great Britain get their pulp from Scandinavia, Germany (formerly), Newfoundland, Canada, and the United States. The industry lost a tireless worker and noted investigator when Mr. Clayton Beadle died a few months ago. He had contributed largely to the knowledge of cellulose and its products, and the manufacture of paper by his fine research work and frequent articles in the periodicals of the paper trade. Mr. Beadle was a co-author with C. F. Cross and E. J. Bevan in the preparation of the most comprehensive work in English on the chemistry and properties of cellulose, the fundamental material used in the manufacture of paper. This book is entitled "Cellulose," and was reprinted as a new (third) edition in 1916 by Longmans, Green & Co., London. It is an excellent book for the researcher in this field, and for the student or other person interested in the properties of this important substance. For the most part the subject is treated from a purely scientific standpoint, though a number of important industrial applications are introduced. These have particularly to do with compounds of cellulose, such as viscose, the nitrates, etc. For a scientific book it is written in a rather disconnected manner, but contains much valuable information.

Two of the writers just mentioned, Charles Frederick Cross and Edward John Bevan, are perhaps the best known of a really wonderful group of investigators in this field. Their work goes back to 1890 or so, and one who has collaborated in a little research work must admire the way these two have labored together for a quarter of a century or more, surely a most delightful companionship. Cross and Bevan's "Paper-Making," has come to be considered the standard English textbook on this subject. The fourth edition was issued in 1916 by E. & F. N. Spon, Limited, London (Spon & Chamberlain, New York.) In this

edition they had the collaboration of J. F. Briggs, a well known practical paper maker. The reviewer had the opportunity of using the third edition in his classes in paper-making, and found it excellent. It served not only as a satisfactory guide for lectures and recitations, but for laboratory work in paper manufacture and testing, and was used by the students in their laboratory course in the Chemistry of Cellulose. In connection with this course "Cellulose" was also found very helpful. "Paper-Making" contains nothing on the history of the art, but this is easily supplied from other sources. The book is divided into three main parts, the chemistry and characteristics of cellulose and the more important fibres, the processes and machines for making paper, and the testing of paper and analysis of the materials used in its manufacture.

Among the same group of investigators and authors, we also find Sindall, Bacon and Stevens. Sindall and Bacon are partners in consulting work as well as in a number of literary efforts. Sindall has two books from his pen alone. "The Manufacture of Paper," is a popular description of the way paper is made. It gives some interesting facts about the various kinds of paper, and tells what they are used for. His other book on the subject is "Technology of Papermaking," which, as its name implies, is a more technical treatment. It contains a particularly good section on paper testing, and would be a valuable help to the advanced student, or for the practical papermaker who is interested in the scientific reasons for mill processes. The principal joint work of Sindall and Bacon is their "Testing of Wood Pulp," which has enjoyed a wide distribution. It serves as a guide both to the seller of pulp and to the buyer. The test most frequently applied is the determination of moisture, and this is a very important one, because on the result depends the satisfaction of the buyer that he is getting all the actual papermaking material he pays for, as well as the knowledge on the part of the seller that he is getting a proper return for his goods. This question has led to many serious disputes because of the ease with which inaccuracies may occur. In spite of the importance of the test for moisture, and although Sindall and Bacon give a number of methods for making this determination, there is as yet no universally accepted procedure. The nearest to it is the method agreed on by the Pulp Importers' Association, New York, and provisionally adopted by the Technical Association of the Pulp and Paper Industry. It was published in Paper (New York), and in the Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada last fall.

Stevens has written a very successful book entitled "Paper Mill Chemistry." It is just now out of print, but a new edition is in the press. This book goes more into the details of the chemical properties and methods of an-

alysis of materials used in paper making than the other books mentioned. It also contains methods for the several routine analyses used in the control of processes, especially in pulp mills. The need of such a book is evident when one considers the number and variety of materials involved in the manufacturing of a product that has come to be a very common part of our daily life. Among these we might mention coal, lime, sulphur, soda ash, bleaching powder, alum, acids, oils, glue, clay, and numerous dyestuffs and many other chemical products, not to say anything of the many tests necessary in the proper control of processes in the mill.

There is probably no industry whose history is more closely connected with the progress of the race than is the story of papermaking. Yet no single comprehensive book on the subject has been written. Interesting chapters, however, appear in Miss E. M. Smith's "Writing and Writing Materials," and in Davis's "Manufacture of Paper." The Butler Paper Company of Chicago recently published a very entertaining little book entitled "The Story of Papermaking," which is mostly historical. But little is given of the period of the early European paper mills. This era is covered by J. N. Stephenson, who included translations from German sources in an article, "Four Thousand Years of Papermaking," contributed to Paper, New York, a few years ago. He gathered together the most important and interesting facts and stories of the industry from the Stone Age to the invention in France by Robert, in 1699, of the first machine for making a continuous sheet of paper. This event marks the beginning of modern papermaking.

A few years before the invention of Robert's machine, which was developed by Fourdrinier, and is now known by that name, the first paper mill was built in America. It was established in Pennsylvania in 1690, on the banks of the Wissahickon, to supply paper for a publisher in Philadelphia. Those interested in the enterprise were William Bradford, the moving spirit, Robert Turner, Thomas Tresse, and William Rittenhouse, an enterprising German papermaker. At this time there were very few mills in England, where the industry had progressed with great difficulty and uncertainty. On the other hand, the small mill near Philadelphia was but the beginning of an industry in America that has never lagged since that day, but has steadily grown until now it is one of the largest and most important in Canada as well as in the United States. Lyman Horace Weeks relates the story of the American mills delightfully in his "History of Paper Manufacturing in the United States." It is a book of more than three hundred pages, and is well supplied with interesting illustrations. It is published by The Lockwood Trade Journal Company, New York.

Nothing is said by Mr. Weeks of the industry in Canada. According to A. L. Dawe, in a pamphlet entitled "Some Facts About a Great Industry," published by the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, the first mill in Canada was started at St. Andrews, Quebec, in 1803. Now, scarcely more than a century later, there are more than one hundred pulp and paper mills, in fact, almost exactly one

mill for each year since the first paper mill was built. For forty or fifty years the paper was all made by hand, now there is not a mill in the country using this process, while Canada has some of the largest and fastest machines in the world. These monsters make a sheet almost 17 feet wide, and turn it out at the rate of more than six hundred feet per minute.

The New Partnership in Industry

By O. D. SKELTON

King, W. L. Mackenzie:—"Industry: A Study in the Principles Underlying Industrial Reconstruction." Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$3.

MR. KING'S book is easily the most important contribution yet made by any Canadian writer to the question of the organization of industry and particularly of the relations of capital and labor. In addition to the wide experience of industrial conditions gained as student and administrator in this field for many years in Canada, Mr. King has drawn upon the researches made in the past four years on behalf of the Rockefeller Foundation. Much of the ground is covered in other works on industrial reconstruction which have appeared on both sides of the Atlantic in the past year or so, but the present work differs in its more comprehensive sweep and in its unique combination of well-worked-out theory and concrete illustrations from actual conditions.

The first five chapters are devoted to an analysis of the present economic system, and of its growth out of simpler forms. The defects of inequality, insecurity and lack of understanding and common aims are made clear, but the writer does not find it necessary to join in the indiscriminate condemnation of the present system which characterizes so much half-baked and hysterical social criticism today. He emphasizes the improvements made in the conditions of work and reward due to "the production of wealth on the scale made possible by the capitalist organization of industry," insists that "if the cash nexus has broken the bond of personal security, it has broken also the yoke of personal subordination," and shows that "if capital has been a disintegrating factor, breaking up families and scattering individuals as atoms to the ends of the earth, more than any other agency, it has also been reponsible for bringing together individuals in groups and communities, and making possible an ever-increasing measure of associated effort."

An interesting parallel is drawn between industrial and international relations. The different parties to industry, like the nations of Europe before the war, live in suspicion and fear, fail to understand the point of view of the op-

posing side, deal in dangerous ultimatums, are held back by pride from making concessions, and, after smouldering opposition has broken out in open warfare, inherit legacies of hatred and misunderstanding. More novel, and probably the most original theoretical contribution made in the book, is the parallel between the rise of representative government in politics and its rise in industry. From Magna Charta to John Hampden, principles and incidents in the struggle for civil and political liberty are drawn upon to illuminate the path to be followed now that the world is trying to work out democracy in industry.

In the concluding chapters Mr. King develops the principles and methods of the new law and the new partnership that must be achieved if society is not to perish in anarchy. In attaining industrial peace compulsory investigation and publicity are emphasized more than compulsory arbitration, as might be expected from the framers of the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act. As means of securing the increased productivity essential if the demands of the future are to be met, scientific management, profit-sharing and labor co-partnership, and the several methods of industrial remuneration, are considered in a well-balanced and informed review. The changes, particularly in the way of social insurance, necessary to conform to the national minimum of health, are then discussed. Chief emphasis is, however, given to the question of the organization of industry. Various vociferous solutions, state socialism, syndicalism and guild socialism, are in turn weighed and found wanting. Partnership, the recognition of the right of all the parties concerned in production to a voice in its management and direction, is the solution advocated. Illustrations are given from the plan of local representation worked out by the writer for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and from the joint industrial councils on a national scale proposed in the Whitley Reports. An ingenious series of charts and diagrams sums up the analysis and the conclusions of this comprehensive study. The book is not one for summer hammock reading, but it will amply repay the attention of every serious student of the world's most universal and most pressing problem.

The Last of the Old-Style Booksellers

By ST. GEORGE BURGOYNE

EBENEZER PICKEN, the last of the old-school booksellers in Montreal, or for that matter in Canada, is dead. His passing leaves a vacancy that will never be filled.

A visit to the little bookshop on Beaver Hall Hill meant more than a mere commercial deal. Mr. Picken was not troubled about business in the ordinary sense, and if one sought a "best seller" of meretricious quality he would be courteously referred to a book-store which prided itself on being up-to-the-minute. The impression conveyed after a few visits was that books were Mr. Picken's friends, and that if



EBEN PICKEN.

--Portrait study by Sidney Carter.

no one wanted to buy them he would have his friends with him a little longer. There was about the old shop, and the man who presided over its destiny, an atmosphere of "money no object." Not that the surroundings suggested affluence, unless it were an affluence of the spirit. There was the undeniable sense that the volume which changed hands afforded, or should afford, the customers an intellectual profit for which the financial exchange was not commensurate. The City Directory had his listed as "bookseller," but to his friends

he was in the truest sense the old-time bookman.

For over forty years Eben Picken held this place. His name was not displayed on the window, and to those who visited the shop it was just "Picken's." The window panes were not always free of dust, and there was no attempt at "dressing" the window — featuring the wares that were for sale. On a slanting slab was a little of everything — books, pamphlets, periodical magazines, greeting cards, prints, and an odd watercolor or two. The upper panes were shaded by sheets of brown paper to lower the light in the interior of the old place. Up and down the hill Commerce and Finance buzz in limousines with liveried drivers — worldly success, or the bold front in face of ruin. Inside the shop was peace, and in browsing among the books the outside world could be forgotten.

Books on shelves and in piles, art magazines, and prints were everywhere—the counter littered with bookish material. A visit furnished all the thrill of opening a surprise packet. There was so much there that might not be found elsewhere, and if one showed sincere interest and some taste one could rummage without interruption. On the shelf behind the counter stood a row of framed pictures and if on occasion you had bought a book devoted to paintings, drawings, or prints, Mr. Picken might lay down on the counter an etching, mezzotint, or engraving and volunteer a few comments on its excellence, and give biographical data respecting the artist. For he was an authority on prints and a collector of taste and discernment. It was obvious that it was the older masters who claimed his affection—Durer and the men of that time, but not to the exclusion of modern schools.

In literature his taste was catholic and sound. He had a fondness for verse, and the writer recalls how his interest in John Masefield was kindled when a copy of *The English Review* was laid on the counter for perusal. That was in the days when the voice of that forceful English singer could be heard almost every month. That act created a taste for Masefield. Truly in the fullness of time, either by personal discovery or on the word of a friend, Masefield's work would have been added to my list of admirations, but Mr. Picken introduced me to him years ago and saved me from having to bemoan the fact that I found him so late. This great thing can be said of Montreal's dead bookman; he has been a gentle, tasteful, and consistent propagandist of what is worth while in letters. A man of culture, he has dealt in books through love of them, and not of financial necessity.

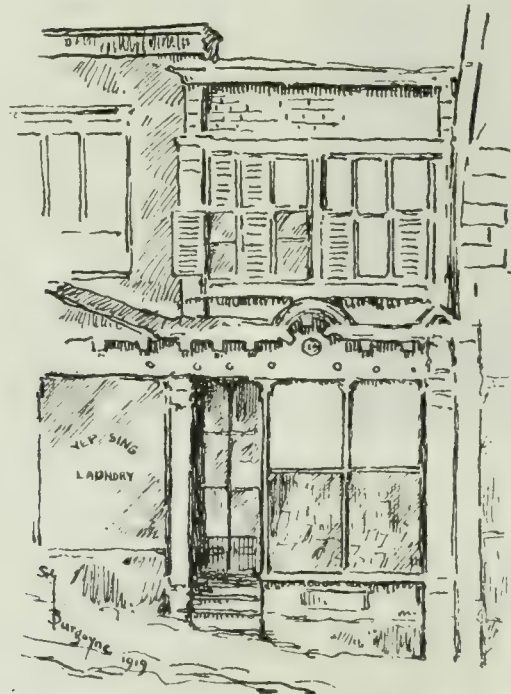
When his door was locked for the last time it was a distinct loss to book-lovers, but many will carry to the end the sense of peace and pleasure which could be found there. The relief the old shop afforded on those Saturday afternoons in summer when all who could had made for the open spaces, when from the front steps the vista ended with foliage grey with dust and the silver dome of St. James Cathedral was seen through a shimmering film, will be remembered. Two doors down the hill there might be a perspiring tourist reading the graven tablet: "Here stood Beaver Hall, Built 1800, Burnt 1848. Mansion of John Frobisher, one of the Founders of the North-West Company, which made Montreal for years the Fur Trading Centre of America." Inside the shop it was dim and cool. A band of mellowed light rested on counter, shelves, and floor, and beyond to the little back office, where Mr. Picken kept his accounts and read his books, there was shade. Through the open door in the rear a tiny yard flooded with sunlight—an arrangement in light and shade which would have charmed an old Dutch painter.

While we talked Mr. Picken would be parcelling books for Murray Bay, Cacouna, or Bic—the very names letting into the dim shop a fleeting glimpse of blue sky, heaving sea, golden sands and umber rocks—and to our conversation there would be the running sing-

song accompaniment of Chinamen chatting in the laundry next door. Looking out into the sun-lit yard one had on the left hand side types of a great and ancient race, on the right a marble reminder of a great Canadian commercial venture, and, between the two, aesthetic satisfaction and content.

There was about the old shop, its contents, and its owner nothing to suggest material commerce, and last of all wholesale hardware, but it was in this commodity, with Ferrier and Company, that Mr. Picken started his business career. Forty odd years ago his taste for things literary and artistic became so strong that he abandoned hardware for bookselling, and his shop soon became a meeting place for kindred spirits in Montreal, where he was born in May, 1841.

Ebenezer Picken knew, with the intimacy which comes of common tastes, practically all of the prominent literary figures of Eastern Canada in the last forty years. He had many genial and enlightening anecdotes to narrate concerning them, and as he had himself considerable skill as a writer, he was often asked in his later years to set down his recollections in black and white. That he did not do so is perhaps mainly due to modesty, that virtue which when carried to excess becomes a vice and the cause of much loss to the world.



Eben Picken's Bookshop on Beaver Hall Hill,
Montreal.

William Wilfred Campbell

By W. T. ALLISON

IN the death of William Wilfred Campbell, LL.D., F.R.S.C., of Ottawa, on January 1, 1918, Canada lost one of the greatest of her poets. Although far from being an old man when death closed his earthly career, being only fifty-seven years of age, he had a long literary life. For a whole generation he was recognized throughout the Dominion as a national poet. From the date of the publication of his first book of verse, "Lake Lyrics," in 1889, he was acknowledged to be in the very front rank of Canadian singers. His place in our literary annals will always be secure not only because of the high merit of his work, but because he had the good fortune to belong to what might be called the first national group of poets in Canada. The other members of this group were Archibald Lampman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Bliss Carman, and Frederick George Scott. All of these writers with the exception of Lampman, who died on February 10, 1899, and in whose memory Wilfred Campbell wrote one of the finest of his elegies, "The Bereavement of the Fields," are still active in the production of

poetry, and still serenely wear the laurels which they won thirty years ago. A younger school of writers is now cultivating the art of song in Canada, but the names of the above mentioned poets are still the most considerable in our literature.

William Wilfred Campbell was born in Berlin, Ont., on June 1, 1861. He was the son of Rev. Thomas Swaniston Campbell, and came of good old Highland stock, belonging to a cadet branch of the House of Argyll, and numbering among his kinsmen Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Henry Fielding, the novelist. Educated at the University of Toronto and in Cambridge, Mass.,

Wilfred Campbell was ordained rector as a clergyman of the Church of England in 1885, and took charge of a parish first in New England and later in St. Stephen, N.B. In his college days he had developed his taste for letters, and during the first years of his ministry he produced considerable verse. In 1889 he launched his initial volume of poetry, his "Lake Lyrics," which immediately established his

reputation as a Canadian singer with a distinctive note. It was mainly on the strength of his accomplishment in "Lake Lyrics" that Sir Wilfrid Laurier two years later found a position for him in the Civil Service at Ottawa, where he joined the Dominion Archives Bureau under Dr. Doughty. From this time onward the poet devoted himself to the pursuit of literature, and the long list of publications to his credit bears witness to his industry. He became a frequent contributor to such publications as the Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, and the Century Magazine, and the London Spectator and Athenaeum.

During his distinguished career as poet, antiquarian, novelist, dramatist, and government of-



DR. WILFRED CAMPBELL

—From a painting by J. W. L. Forster

icial, Wilfred Campbell had his share of honors. In addition to wide recognition of his poetic powers in the United States and England, and his standing as one of the foremost poets of his native land, he was gratified at being elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada in 1893. Another public honor came his way two years later, when he was made a member of the Library Committee in connection with the Quebec Tercentenary celebration. In 1907 he was elected a councillor of the Canadian Society of Historical Landmarks.

Although Dr. Campbell was not spared to see the triumph of the Allies, his soul was greatly

moved by the epic struggle. He wrote many stirring lyrics, one of which, "The Ballad of Langemarek," will rank among his ablest productions. Of all our Canadian poets, Wilfred Campbell was the most ardent imperialist. His patriotic poems, all of them breathing the most intense love for the Motherland as well as for Canada, compose at least half of his published, and more than half of his unpublished work.

The following is a bibliography of Dr. Campbell's poetic writing: "Lake Lyrics" (1889); "The Dread Voyage" (1893); "Mordred and Hildebrand," tragedies (1895); "Daulac," a tragedy (1896); "Beyond the Hills of Dream" (1899); "Collected Poems" (1905); "Poetical Tragedies,—Mordred, Daulac, Morning, Hilde-

brand" (1908); "Canadian Canticles" (1913); "Sagas of Vaster Britain" (1914); "Langemarek, and Other War Poems" (1917). Dr. Campbell edited in 1912 "The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse," the standard anthology of Canadian poetry.

The prose works of Dr. Campbell include "Ian of the Orcades," a romance (1906); "Canada," illustrated by T. M. Martin, R.C.A. (1907), "A Beautiful Rebel," a novel (1909), and "The Canadian Lake Region" (1910).

A selected edition of Dr. Campbell's poems, including much of his unpublished verse, edited by Dr. W. T. Allison of Winnipeg, will shortly be published by The Musson Book Company of Toronto.

The Foundation of Modern Belgian Literature

De Coster, Charles: "The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel," with twenty woodcuts by Albert Delstanche. Dent, Toronto, \$2.50. (McBride, New York).

Turquet-Milnes, G.: "Some Modern Belgian Writers: A Critical Study." Dent, Toronto, \$1. (McBride, New York).

MUCH that is at first sight unfamiliar and difficult of comprehension in the works of Verhaeren, Lemonnier and others of the group treated in the very instructive little volume of Turquet-Milnes, becomes immediately natural and proper, drops into its true place in historical perspective, when we have read the flaming tale which Lemonnier himself called, with justice, the National Epic of Flanders. Nor is it alone the literature of Flanders which is made comprehensible by this tremendous work; it sheds much light upon the sources and nourishment of the spirit of national patriotism which has sustained the Flemish people through centuries of trials such as perhaps no other nation, certainly no highly civilised nation, has been called upon to endure. "Tyl Ulenspiegel," which is now for the first time (and very beautifully) done into English by Geoffrey Whitworth, was first published, in sixteenth-century French (which its author maintained was the only language for the embodiment of Flemish ideas), in 1867. The difficulties of the language, and the fact that it was in a limited edition, conspired to prevent it from obtaining general recognition, and it was not till an edition in modern French was issued in 1893, long after the author's death, that it began to be hailed as a masterpiece. But its effect upon the new generation of Flemish writers was immense. It inspired them with that motive of the passionate ardor of animal life, the eager acceptance of all that the sun, the earth, the processes of the physical world, have to give, which has been the characteristic note of one-half of the school ever since the Renaissance of Belgian Letters. And no one in the entire school has made more lovely poetry

out of that ardor and that acceptance than has Charles de Coster.

"Tyl Ulenspiegel" is an epic romance of the sufferings and the redemption of Flanders under the yoke of Spain. It deals wholly with peasant life, portrayed with the boisterousness and vivid humor of Rabelais, but also with an idyllic poetry that is more suggestive of the Greeks. In the half-dozen passages in which kings and priests and great personages are shown, they are sharply contrasted with the healthy honesty of the peasants, for they are all perverses, criminals, tyrants and butchers—as indeed they and their class may well have appeared to the wretched Flemings laboring under the yoke. Never perhaps in all literature have the virtues of the people, of the peasantry, the men and women in touch with the soil, been hymned as they are in this epic.

The same reverence for the energy, the effort, the intense animalism of the Flemish peasant (celebrated long before in art by the great Flemish painters) is to be found in most of the work of Verhaeren, who next to Maeterlinck is the most important personage treated in the Turquet-Milnes book. Even the Greek idylism turns up again; "the shepherds of Theocritus have come back to live in Flanders." Yet there are tremendous differences between the naïf beauty of the 1867 epic and the restless and disquieting philosophic inquiry, which characterises most of the present-day Belgian writers. Rodenbach, Eekhoud, Max Elskamp, Charles van Lerberghe, the Destrée Brothers, Courouble, are all treated with sympathy and understanding in "Some Modern Belgian Writers," and if, like most handbooks, it is somewhat over-condensed, the chief result of that defect will be to inspire a keen desire for further information on what is certainly one of the most vital and important literary movements in the world today, and one which has received an adventitious but not undeserved popularity and interest from the sufferings of the nation which produced it.

Three Novels by Ibañez

By J. POYNTER BELL

SPAIN is still almost unexplored territory to the generality of novel-readers in English speaking countries. The works of Russian novelists are to be found everywhere, and most people seem to know something of Tourgenieff or Dostoieffsky, but the Spanish novelists, though a number of their books have been translated into English, have never, till just recently, reached any large quantity of English readers. That Blasco Ibañez, who is not the greatest of the Spanish novelists, is coming to a wider popularity is due chiefly to the fact that the last of his books which has appeared in English is a novel of the war.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is, in nearly all respects except the language in which it was written, a French, rather than a Spanish, novel. Not only is the greater part of the story placed in France, but the thought and feeling throughout seem to be distinctly French rather than Spanish. This is particularly noticeable in the somewhat commonplace love affair between Jules Desnoyers, the painter, who does no painting, and the married woman, Marguerite Laurier, which is of a stereotyped pattern common to French novelists.

The book probably owes the greater part of its success to the adventures of Marcel Desnoyers, the father, during the battle of the Marne. Ibañez, whose anti-German sentiments are clear enough here and elsewhere, gives a picture of the sacking of Desnoyers' chateau, the shooting of the mayor and the curé, and the savagery of a party of German officers; and yet, for all the vividness, he does not succeed in producing the impression that he is describing things which he has seen for himself. The best and most actual part of the book tells of the life of Marcel Desnoyers in Argentina, in which country he had taken refuge, as a communist, at the time of the Franco-German war. His father-in-law, Madarriaga, is perhaps the most interesting character in the book, and one is inclined to wish for more about him and rather less about the Parisian life of the grandson, Jules, and his futile friend Argensola. This friend, Argensola, is the only true Spaniard in the story and would seem to have been brought in to show the indifferent attitude of certain Spaniards on the question of the war, an attitude with which the author has evidently no sympathy.

A very different Ibañez appears when he writes about his countrymen in their own country. He gives us not only characters of an unaccustomed type, but descriptions of places and of the life of the people which should be intensely interesting to readers outside of Spain. He writes of these things as one who loves them,

but, for all that, he is a strong advocate of radicalism and anti-clericalism, with a devotion to his cause which is always evident, and he gives in his stories good reasons for the faith which he preaches.

"Blood and Sand," or "The Blood of the Arena," as it is called in another English translation, is a story—almost an analysis—of bull-fighting. It is a study of the vanity and cowardice of a bull-fighter, and popular hero, Gallardo, who after many triumphs in the ring is badly wounded by a bull and, on recovering, finds that he has lost his nerve. He tries, with little success, to work himself back into the favor of his public, and is killed on the horns of a bull which has only with difficulty been persuaded to fight at all. The man is for the most part contemptible and serves to convey the author's scorn of bull-fights and of the people who watch and applaud them, but, with all his scorn, Ibañez is evidently Spaniard enough to have a very thorough knowledge of bull-fighting. The deaths of many bulls and the wounding of men and horses are described with a completeness of detail which may bewilder, and sometimes disgust, readers who are not Spanish.

The rather scanty story holds together several excellent pictures of life and customs other than those of the bull-ring. An amusing, though malicious, description is given of the Holy Week procession at Seville, a pagan mixture of piety, or superstition, and wild buffoonery, and we get some idea of the ways and adventures of boys when they are brought up in a country in which a bull-fighter is always a great man. Two characters in the book are particularly attractive. One of these is a marquis who breeds bulls for the ring, and is divided between his affection for the animals and his pride in the glory of their deaths. The other is an old bull-fighter, Nacional, who in the intervals of his work mixes with radicals and anarchists. As a result, while he continues to fight bulls for his living, though always with a certain regard for his own safety, he looks on bull-fighting, in the abstract, with disapproval as something connected with clericalism and reaction.

A more interesting book, in every way, than either of those just mentioned is "The Shadow of the Cathedral." In this Ibañez gives full play to his love for his country and its history and, at the same time, to his anti-clericalism. The whole story passes in the precincts of the cathedral at Toledo and most of it in the cloister and the houses which open on to it. The persons of the book are all clergy, servants or hangers-on of the cathedral, some of them people whose families have been attached to the cathedral for generations. A member of one of these fami-

lies, who has wandered about the world, first as a Carlist and later as an anarchist, comes back, his body worn out by imprisonment at Barcelona, to his old home, hoping to find there rest and safety from the attentions of the police. As he becomes better acquainted with his new neighbors he forgets the caution which he had imposed on himself and begins to expound his, and Ibanez', political views. He expounds at considerable length; there is page after page of his speeches, until he becomes as wearisome as Tehernoff, the crazy Russian anarchist in the "Four Horsemen." The final result of his preaching is that his pupils—servants of the cathedral and the cobbler, who has his house in right of his wife, a member of one of the cloister families—attempt to rob a statue of the Virgin, decked with jewelry for a festival, and murder their teacher when he tries to prevent them. The festival procession through the streets is distinctly more decorous than that which is described in "Blood and Sand," but Ibanez manages to get some comic effect out of it.

The pictures of the cathedral and its surroundings are very unequal in quality. At times the author seems inspired by the beauty of the church and even its ceremonies, at others he gives us pages of description which are worthy only of a guide-book. In spite of his anti-clerical views, he is able to write with real enthusiasm of the spectacular part of Spanish Catholicism and of the history of the church and the glories of its ancient bishops, but he wastes little or no sympathy on the clergy or the religion which they practice. He takes particular delight in describing the fights between the Archbishop and the Canons of his cathedral, and the Archbishop's eventual triumph

over them. The Cardinal Archbishop himself receives a kinder treatment than the other clergy in the book, not indeed in his capacity of priest, but as a very human old sinner, whose daughter passes as his niece. One of the best scenes in the book is that in which the Cardinal, cheered by a recent victory over his Canons, discusses his failings, very frankly, with the old gardener's widow, whose playmate he had been as a boy.

The charm of the book, apart from the scene and the atmosphere, lies in the characters of the people who live around the cathedral. There is the official who takes charge of the admission of visitors to the church and its treasures, and does his best to mix sanctimonious propriety with the business instincts of a showman. There are the cobbler whose function is to repair certain giants which had figured in processions, the night watchmen, and the boy whose chief duty seems to be to drive dogs out of the cathedral. Best of them all is the Chapel Master, a priest to whom music means far more than religion, his true faith being summed up in the statement that there is one great Lord in the world and two lesser lords, Galileo and Beethoven. Ibanez has an evident affection for his old musician, whose conversation is delightful.

The diversity of ideas and methods in these three books is remarkable; they show us Spaniards of every kind and degree with their good and bad qualities. All through them the brightness of southern sunlight seems to bring cheerfulness into the doings of people as poor and primitive as any that are to be found in Russian novels. There are elements of brutality and a good deal of superstition, but both seem covered up by bright and gay coloring.

Some Advice for the Dramatic Muse

Professor William Lyon Phelps' book, "The Twentieth Century Theatre," is more correctly described by its sub-title, "Observations on the Contemporary English and American Stage." The Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale is excellent in observation, but he has not in this volume made much effort to systematise the results of his note-taking. He has, however, a thesis, and a very promising one, though he has not succumbed to the temptation to "work it up"; it is that before there can be anything like a diffusion of dramatic art in America "there must be a stock company in every city, and every company must have the right to produce new plays." This is obviously a radical attack upon the present system under which a single producer, and often a single star actor or actress, enjoys the monopoly of giving performances of an important new dramatic work for years upon years, as Miss Adams (with the connivance of her manager and the author) has in the case of "What Every Woman Knows" and other Barrie plays

—works of the first importance in the modern English theatre, yet which no resident of the North American continent can see except the two thousand a night, in the larger cities, who can present themselves at the theatre where Miss Adams happens to be playing; say, 600,000 a year out of a population of one hundred millions. Allowing for holidays, houses of less than 2,000 capacity and "repeat" visits by some of the audience, and under this system it takes two years for one per cent of the population to get the chance of seeing a new play.

There are other points of interest and comments of justice in Professor Phelps' book, which will stimulate readers to serious thought about the lamentable condition of public entertainment on this continent. But we trust that the rest of his information is more sound than the assertion, apropos of municipal theatres, that "In Canada, Port Arthur has had one for a long time." Can he be thinking of the other, and perhaps in this respect more civilised, city of the same name? (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.25.)

What Every Canadian Ought to Know

By W. S. WALLACE

THE insularity of England is as nothing compared with the insularity of America. If most of the inhabitants of North America were candid with themselves, they would admit that their knowledge of the politics and history of modern Europe dates from 1914 or thereafter; and even to-day many of us read the dispatches from Europe in the morning newspaper with a frequent sense of mystification. Yet we have learnt that an incident in an obscure town in the Balkans may affect us most intimately and profoundly; and doubtless many of us have come to feel that we ought to know more about the contemporary history of Europe than we do.

There have not been lacking hitherto books which professed to give a view of European history in the nineteenth century; but most of these have been books written for the edification of undergraduates, and did not make easy reading. The need for a book suitable, not only for the undergraduate, but also for the general reader, has now been supplied by Professor J. Salwyn Schapiro of the College of the City of New York. His "Modern and Contemporary European History" (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1918, pp. xv. 804) is worthy of hearty recommendation. Though Professor Schapiro's style does not everywhere reach the same high level, the book is for the most part brilliantly written. It presents, moreover, some revolutionary aspects. In his preface, which is a sort of historical confession of faith, Professor Schapiro says: "Believing that the main function of history is to explain the present, I planned in writing this book to devote increasingly more attention to the periods as they approached our own time." His chapters consequently might almost be described as an introduction to the daily papers. In his mode of writing history he is equally unconventional, and equally happy. He breaks free completely from the methods of the mediaeval chronicler, who has too long cast his spell over modern historical writing; and he disentangles the various threads and strands in the web of history, and follows each through to its ending. In this way his chapters are self-contained stories. He concerns himself, not only with the stock incidents of political and military history, but also with industrial and agricultural history, with new movements in thought and in social

organization, with scientific progress and even with literary progress. His method, in fact, is topical and encyclopaedic.

In selecting phases of Professor Schapiro's book which might call for especial notice, one is embarrassed by the wealth of choice. A striking feature of the book is the admirable chapter entitled "Revolutionary Labor Movements," in which the rise of nineteenth century socialism, anarchism, and syndicalism is described. Another interesting chapter is that dealing with "The Woman's Movement." Many readers will find food for thought in the chapter which bears the striking title, "The Expansion of Europe," in which the imperialistic projects of the European nations in Asia and Africa are brought together. Separate treatment is given to the "Irish Question" and to "The British Empire." The sections dealing with literary history are, however, perhaps the most novel in the book. To devote, as Professor Schapiro does, more space to George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells than to the history of the Dominion of Canada or to the history of Australia and New Zealand put together, must have required courage of no mean order; but one is tempted to forgive Professor Schapiro because of the brilliance of his comment on the former, and the poverty of his treatment of the latter. It may be doubted whether Professor Schapiro was well advised in including in his book the long chapter on "The World War," for, as he himself admits in his preface, the history of the World War can hardly be written yet; and in his general outline he rather sinks back into the manner of the mediaeval chronicler. But these are perhaps captious criticisms which should not be allowed to abate one's admiration for the masterly way in which the book has been planned and in which the plan has been carried into execution.

A feature of the book is its remarkable accuracy. In the two pages devoted to Canada there are, perhaps inevitably, some half-truths; but there are no actual errors, a statement which, to be candid, can be made about few books dealing with Canada published in the United States. The proof-reading has been carefully done; the book is illustrated with some good maps; there is a very useful bibliography and an adequate index.

Monotones

By S. MORGAN POWELL

IT is worth while climbing—in order to fall. Religion was created in order that men might dissent.

The inevitable is what we did not try to avoid.

If Paris had eaten the apple, Troy might still be standing.

Emotion is the sounding-board on which we strike mostly discords.

Innocence differs from ignorance in that it is not vulgar; both are equally fatal to the protagonist.

The reason women love dissimulation is that it acts as a stimulant to their intuitive faculties.

History is strewn with social failures, but the world goes on striving.

It is the triumph of hopes over fears which sustains the faith that makes for the progress of the world.

Most people receive their beliefs; they do not form them. A widely-diffused mental independence would be the death of social unity.

The value of history lies in its negations; it teaches us what not to do.

Partial knowledge is never more fatal than when it precipitates conclusions in regions that lie deep in shadow.

The world groans between dead commonplace and abortive originality. Progress lies between ideas and systems that will no longer serve, and social states that cannot be discerned even afar off.

Formality and convention are necessary, but they are the ministers of seamliness rather than of feeling. Feeling may go along with them, but feeling has its own sanctions.

Between those who think that the lighter side of life is life, and those who believe that what men chiefly need is definite instruction on serious but inscrutable things, the world is well tried.

There is such a thing as sanity; it is the mean between the conventionalism which accepts everything that is established, and the unreasoning revolt against everything because it is established.

What would happen if men were agreed as to what is important and what is not important is almost unthinkable; there is a sense in which the world, as we know it, would come to an end.

The principle that "it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people" is a social principle which sacrifices the few to the many; it is the refuge of an uneasy self-righteousness which knows its own secrets.

It is a mental attitude not inconsistent with sincerity to realise that our certainties are not the measure of things, and that the stress of our emotions may be laid on what is least verifiable and most ready to vanish away.

Authority is a human necessity; sound authority is the foundation of progress. In matters of social concern, we cannot, except at a price, have people thinking, and, as often logically follows, acting for themselves, irrespective of their competence.

It seems that superstition is necessary, or, which is the same thing, inevitable; those who think that it is not have to explain why it has played such a tremendous part in the world, and why no age, and it may almost be said, no human being, is free from it.

Nations, like individuals, go on building an edifice of material prosperity, and concurrently with it they undergo a psychological evolution. In what fashion they evolve is of consequence, for in spite of self-appreciation, self-content, and even external praise, the gifts of fortune carry with them no moral implications.

Serious things belong to serious people; and there has never been a nation which contained more than a serious minority. In any sense which takes account of interests not personal and immediate, the majority of men are not serious; and quite apart from individual character, there is much in their education and circumstances which explains why they are not. The mass of men are unthinking, and many of them are worse; it is still true that nations are saved by a just remnant, and it is a part of wisdom to bear, without too much vexation, follies that have a long pedigree.

The necessary absorption in material cares is to most people nine-tenths of life; what is important for them is to survive. It is when this necessity has been surmounted, and when we reach a region of choice, that social observation widens. It is a region that has been surveyed from the earliest times — upon which philosophers, satirists, saints and sages have had their say. Their agreement is wonderful; it may be compendiously stated in the proposition that most people who have freedom and opportunity are concerned for unimportant things. They do not know how to live, and they have a very imperfect appreciation of, and generally a total indifference to all that makes for the general well-being.

A world of unselfish and humble men would be the negation of elements of civilization, which, whatever their drawbacks, have tended to the development of society from social structures that had drawbacks still greater. The world has progressed through striving, and the outcome of individual and collective striving is strife.

There are sentiments and emotions that cost little, that are pleasurable or comforting in themselves; as aids to self-deception they have a well-established reputation. Spurious forms of loyalty, of patriotism, and of religion, have a common pedigree—they are equally founded in vanity, superstition, and self-pleasing. It is not possible to have virtues that are inexpensive, and to stand well above the crowd.

The lines of progress are many, and enthusiasts are not well fitted to take full account of them. They are fated to illusions that may be termed beneficent, because they give them power to do the work to which they seem to be called. Only those who are unable to form some idea of the procession of man through the ages will be ready to assign a more than relative value to the enthusiasms of even the greatest reformers. Experience, which tests all things, enables us to recognise that it is not every truth that is for all time. Movements that appear to have in them the promise and potency of the millennium are seen to be mere links in an endless chain. The religious, moral, and political movements that stir men are pregnant with great hopes, but between hope and realisation is

a gap that is never bridged. By the slow action of many forces, the conditions of all problems are changed, and new adjustments, new solutions, and new prophets arise.

Suspicion, in its social aspect, is a form of precaution begotten of experience. Men know their own motives, and they know, more or less, one another. What people do, and refrain from doing, is judged, not so much by what they profess, as by what it is thought they must be aiming at. "Now what does he mean by that," said a diplomat, when he heard that a colleague was ill. There are simple explanations of things that are not in the least incredible, but there are persons much too astute to accept them; they know better; in spite of all appearances. Whether the tendency be towards favorable or unfavorable estimates of human nature, the mental medium through which men and events are seen colors everything. Readiness of suspicion, or the reverse, is thus a part of temperament. Obviously in this, as in so many matters, prudence lies between extremes, which is only another way of saying that the right use of suspicion belongs to the insight which takes men in the mass to be neither wholly good nor wholly bad, and which recognises that as between individual men, there are important differences. As there is no general rule for being wise and discerning, so there is no rule for being suspicious at the proper time and place. Hence both excess and defect of a quality that plays a necessary part in social and individual preservation; between misplaced trust and unfounded mistrust lies the tragedy of life.

The Island of Intrigue

An island is the ideal setting for a mystery, marvel or romance, because almost anything can consistently happen on an island if it is small enough. Possibly that is why Isabel Os-trander chose that little piece of wild, almost uninhabited land off the Coast of Maine—Hog's Back Island by name—as the stage for her story, "The Island of Intrigue." The teller of the tale, who is also the heroine, is an ingenuous young millionairess with no one in the wide world to love her (when the book opens) but an adoring, though eternally busy father who, on the first page, disappoints her hope of accompanying him on a long trip he is about to make. Because of this, the unfortunate girl sees the desolate prospect stretching before her of spending the summer with a stupid, rich family she hasn't seen for years and years, not since she was a little girl. They were nice when they were poor, and she was little, but she soon discovers that they have grown unaccountably vulgar and horrid. Altogether, she has a perfectly abominable time, and we don't know what she would have done if it hadn't been for that

delicious young man who "happened" exactly at the right time. It was a most fortunate coincidence.

The fair young heroine lures you along to the middle of the book before you discover that it is a mystery tale you are reading, and that there is a murder, and a lot of real horrid criminals in the story—half a dozen of them, in fact. She is very young, the heroine—Oil Well Waring's daughter, very young and trusting and unversed in the world's ways, but those people who are trying to frighten a million dollars out of her father soon learn that she is a lot cleverer than they counted upon her being. That's what spoils their plan, of course, that and the young man's presence. The book has ingenuous, unpretentious simplicity, and healthiness. There is hardly an obvious page of love, yet love flows along, like a hidden understream, through all the last chapters, welling up very occasionally with a little bubble. In the end too, Justice has her way with all the wicked ones in a most satisfying manner. (Dent, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Novelists, Pulpits and False Doctrines

Gale, Zona: "Birth," Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.60.

Grey, Zane: "The Desert of Wheat." Musson, Toronto, \$1.50. (Harper, New York).

White, William Allen: "In the Heart of a Fool." Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.60.

THE yearning of the American novelist to ascend into the pulpit and preach a sermon is usually insuperable; and the American public, not long emancipated from the church-going habit and still inclined to like being preached at, if it can lie on a soft sofa in the parlor during the process, seems to like to hear the text given out and the cushions thumped. But there is none of your old gospel in the preaching; it must be the new stuff, with all the latest catchwords; and very sour and un-matured some of it is. Mr. William Allen White is by antecedents a journalist, which merely shows that the born preachers are more and more realising that there are better pulpits than those in the churches. He must undoubtedly have preached unintermittently in the columns of the *Emporia (Kas.) Gazette*; and he is now preaching to a much larger and hungrier audience in a series of American novels, of which the best-known to date is "A Certain Rich Man." It will be noted that he takes his titles from the same source as his forbears did their texts. The *New York Sun* says his new novel, "In the Heart of a Fool," will "profoundly affect the thoughts and feelings of many who read it and so will alter their lives." It is certainly addressed to those who want to have their thoughts and feelings affected, to the type of people who go to revivals for just that purpose; but we hope that it will not largely achieve its purpose, for it seems to us that the doctrine which it teaches is decidedly dangerous. It is an enormous book—615 pages—and very loosely and raggedly written, but it contains in passages a very picturesque and eloquent denunciation of constituted authority (authority fallen into evil hands, it is true, but authority none the less) and holds up to a somewhat sentimental and undistinguishing reverence the very type of impractical visionary who, in Russia and elsewhere, is at this moment making the world a place of horror, disorder and disorganization. Mr. White is essentially a revolutionary, and a sentimental revolutionary, and therefore in some measure a dangerous man. His contribution to literature is, like many another modern American novel, the contribution of a man who has no faith in the institutions of the United States to preserve justice, liberty and the interests of the community; and he therefore portrays, not merely as a psychologically interesting thing (there is no artistic detachment about any of his writings), but as a highly desirable thing, the efforts of his strike leaders, his prophets of the new social gospel, his wielders of "spiritual forces," to defy the courts and in-

voke a physical conflict with the military. Of course the courts and the military authorities are represented in the blackest colors, as the slaves of the "interests," but that is the inevitable argument of the revolutionary. If the courts were just and the authorities honest, what excuse would there be for revolution?

Perhaps the best thing to be said for Mr. White is that he makes out so poor an excuse for revolution anyhow, for his "fool" is so visibly a fool and so little a prophet of real progress, that it is difficult to sympathise with him. The Zane Grey novel, on the other hand, belongs emphatically to the anti-revolutionary school, and is chiefly devoted to the misdeeds of the I.W.W. in the Western wheat country. It is vividly told, and its love episodes are pleasant and intelligible, which is more than can be said for Mr. White's, in whose pages love is much the same rampant and incomprehensible monster as in the amorphous novels of Will Levington Comfort. It is interesting and significant that the revolutionary theme, though treated so differently, should form the subject of both of these important novels of the American season.

In Zona Gale's "Birth" we come into much calmer and more artistic atmosphere. It is another study of village life, but with something of the seriousness and breadth of view of the English novelists—a far more important, if perhaps less popular, piece of work than the "Friendship Village" tales. It is not a cheerful tale. It is a picture of very weak, bewildered, unadapted human souls, beating in bafflement against sordid, spiritless monotony of an American village, against the narrow walls of a species of community which has failed to keep up with the expansion of modern life, against the lack of opportunity, of beauty, of reasonableness—against all the things that for two generations past have made existence in most villages on this continent a nightmare and driven hundreds of thousands of villagers into the pitiless, overcrowded, unhealthy cities. But Miss Gale draws these poor futile wretches, both men and women, with an intensity of sympathy that lifts their story almost to the level of tragedy. And she has a true poet's grasp of the immense significance, the beauty, the redeeming power of Death, even the death of the lowliest of men and women. The problem that this book deals with is a great one, no less than the opening of the possibility of a full, rich, human life to millions of people on this continent. And "Birth" is an important document for its study, to be read along with the "Spoon River Anthology" and the current volumes on *The Problem of Village Life in America*.

Work for the Anthologist

By ALFRED GORDON

MacDonald, Wilson: "The Song of The Prairie Land, and Other Poems," with Introduction by Albert E. S. Smythe. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50.

Holland, Norah: "Spun-Yarn and Spindrift." Dent, Toronto, \$1.

Hueffer, Ford Madox: "On Heaven, and Other Poems, Written on Active Service." Dent, Toronto, \$1.25.

MR. MacDONALD has written an extraordinary book of verse whose merits and demerits are alike extreme, so that the only fair way to review it is at some length.

The "Prelude" at once shows one of his gifts, the use of odd rhymes from which the sense is not often wrenched:

The other traced and interlaced
By the strange fancy of a Dorian
Was sloped and curved to a woman's waist,
And worthy the pen of a grim historian.

but equally it shows his faults, a lack of structure, and loose imagery. It sets out to contrast two jugs, one hewn from wood, the other of Greek pottery, and Caneo wonders from which he shall drink. The poet then declares himself to be Caneo, and the jugs types of the muse, rough or highly finished, but, speaking in his own person, he brings in a third:

Or a basin of rock, by the sea flavored
Shall be the cup I fill.

and the parallelism ends. These lines also show a recurring metrical deficiency. The preceding lines alone demand:

Or a basin of rock by the salt sea flavored,

while a "wisp of juice" is not a trope as is Francis Thompson's

I see the crimson blazing of thy shawms.

Mr. MacDonald is very fond of his "wisp," which in "The Cry of The Song Children" becomes one of bread, but this is as bad, and I cannot scan:

This is the poet's Hell; to know
How rich a thing is his song's treasure;
To stand at night in the wind flow,
In a pure hour of leisure,

though I could scan:

This is the poet's Hell; to know
How rich a thing is his song's treasure;
To stand at night in the windy flow,
In the purest hour of leisure,

Mr. MacDonald may reply that I am taming his metres. Not at all. The next four lines read:

To call to his children and find
His voice is a broken chord
That is weary from calling all day in the wind:
"This hour's bread, O Lord,"

different, but not club-footed.

"A Song to Canada" has his first purple patch:

And here is my grief that no longer she cares
For the tumult that crowds in a rune
When the white curving throat of a cataract
bares
In a song to the high floating moon,

marred only by the elliptical use of "bares." He means "lies bare," but that will neither fit the line nor rhyme with "cares." I leave it to him to re-write it to match this:

But this is my grief that no longer she cares
For the old wounding message of truth
That sounds on the lips of a poet, who dares
Look under the rouge of her youth,

less fine imagery, but better verse.

Unfortunately, the more ambitious he is, the less sufficient his craftsmanship, as is seen in "A Poet Stood Forlorn":

Brings warmth that droops in drowsiness the
wing

is not happy, though defensible, with "droop" as an active verb.

The lines preceding

Toward the mystic haunt where Beauty dwells
require "to-ward" which is horrifying.

'Twas imperfection's gain
That split this elm and made it grow in twain,
is a good image for the "beauty of ugliness,"
except that he does not mean the "gain" split
the elm, but that a split elm gains by its very
lack of symmetry a strange, new beauty.

Immediately after this comes:

In one famed park, that sires a perfect craft,
of which, first, a park can do no such thing, second,
his ears were stuffed with wool when he wrote
"park" and "craft" in one line.

These are not all the offences in six pages;
but, though I have noted, with just qualifications,
the good, I have not done equal justice to the bad,
lest I should seem to pay tithe of mint, etc.,
and to omit the weightier matters of the law,
which are, besides judgment, mercy and faith.

The "Song of The Snowshoe Tramp" aims less high
and almost hits the mark. The "wisp" turns up
once more, but lest my criticism seem waspish,
this time it is of "thread." There is here a good
example of his carelessness:

We carried the shoes to the marge of the town,
To the edge of a still white moor;

Now "marge" suggests a wide space, e.g., the
marge of the great deep, and if he were to write:

We carried the shoes to the edge of the town,
To the marge of a still white moor,

he would gain the alliteration of the t's and d's
in the first, of the m's in the second line, and
also would make the town stand out sharply limited
against the larger picture of the moor conjured up
by the word "marge."

Next comes "The Whip-poor-will" with lines as
fine as:

Limned on a leaden sky, the huddled trees
Stand like the evil dregs in some black drink,

and as bad as:

Listing thy song waves plash a velvet shore,
but I will this time attempt to analyse structure
instead of detail.

The Whip-poor-will is appropriately invoked,
"Sad Minstrel," etc., but it has a load on its
conscience, and is made to wait till night to un-
burden it. There is no harm in this, for the
Whip-poor-will is of course Mr. MacDonald. But
the sun of mercy has just died with the last
golden ray, which brings in the gloomy, but
purple, patch above.

The scene is now set, and the bird sings its
"one simple song" to the "silent copse," while
the poet "on a hill, in pensive mood" stands
"listing," and he then reflects:

Ofth hath Selene, in the vale of sheep,
Fondling her fair Endymion, as he lay
Pillowed where tearful grasses nightly weep,
Pled with Tacita through thy bowers to stray,
And warn thee lest thy lay
Should rouse her lover from his dreamful
bourne.

And angry, often hath she, knowing thou
Dost Phoebus fear, to trick thee it was morn,
Burnished her chariot's prow,

and the complications and bad verse begin. I
presume the Whip-poor-will was once guilty of
disturbing Selene's enjoyment of Endymion,
though why it should be charged with this I can-
not fathom, save that the poet elsewhere loves
to wrap his tongue round every syllable of
Selene, though the clue is possibly in the last
three lines, the poet reflecting, "when Selene
heard this bird, she would have liked to wring
its neck," but the reflection is an interruption.
However, he goes on:

When Eurus drives the first reluctant light,
With all Apollo's pageantry behind—
A dew-imbibing cortege—and the Night
Staggers to some black recess, stricken blind,

(note the wrong accentuation of "recess")

Full various are the kind
That tune a medley for the exiled king.
And so, doth man not woo his minstrelsy
At flush of power; doth every bard not sing
When Pomp and might pass by?

Greater I deem is that attempt to thrill
The hour of gloom with deliquescent call.

Apparently the thought is that while Man
usually hails Apollo, the Whip-poor-will does
better to "brave the pall of this Cerberian
Hall," though this clashes with "tuning a med-
ley for the exiled king," i.e. Night, not Apollo;
yet that this is the meaning seems clear from
these lines:

Like thine our noblest utterance hath been
Out-bugled through the hours with shadows
fraught,

and then the poet, after calling fancy fickle,
describes how the bird first seemed like one of
the foolish virgins, then to wear a robe of cour-
age as it sang through the increasing gloom:

Fancy must play; did pierce thine ebon sphere
Some soldier, broken parcel of lost power,
I doubt not he would hear

Thee calling back to line the craven band
That hushed their songs before the cuirassed
dark,

Like some more ardent lover of his land
Who hails back fleeting soldiers to their rank.
Like thine his cry: O hark!
Like is thy note, so fraught with dull despair.
(Too full already is that gory bed.)
And thou dost call as vainly through night air
As he calls o'er his dead.

and the idea that if a soldier could picture the same scene as the poet, he would imagine the Whip-poor-will calling back the birds afraid of darkness, as he would rally his men, is original, though the execution ("did pierce," the abrupt run-on to "some soldier," and, worse from "hear" to "thee calling") is atrocious, while the transition from the seventh to the last line is certainly sudden.

This is the second, and last interruption, and the poet reverts to his opening mood:

To-night again I lie on that green isle,

but it is not strange that he has forgotten he commenced "listing" on a hill, though he remembers the bird was troubled:

If we like thee, dear, gentle bird, could sing
Away our sorrow in the dark alone,

but the last stanzas are clear, if weak:

But we must face the multitude and smile
Though Anguish leaneth on the heart's strained
chords,

which is worse than Ella Wheeler Wilcox's worst.

"Trapper One and Trapper Two" is a tale of two trappers who loved the same girl. She dies, bequeathing to One a locket. One dies, charging Two to bury it with him (under penalty of a curse)—an "old song re-sung":

And the day you find me lifeless, in this cabin
gently search
For a testament to prove my words to men.
Should they challenge truth you'll find
Foil to parry in a pocket.
When you reach it, pray unwind
Someone's hair within a locket.
Hold it to mine eyes grim socket: I shall see it,
dead and blind.
Would you grant a dead man bliss, press it to
my lips to kiss:
Though I'm dead I swear I'll kiss it with a dead
man's sacred kiss.

Touch thy glass to mine, O comrade, who know
sorrow such as mine:
Legion of the hopeless lovers! drink with me
this bitter wine.

I pass over "Otus and Rismel," in which Otus is the flesh and Rismel the soul, because I found myself as incapable as the poet of remembering which was which, and quote from the entirely delightful "Whist-Whee!":

And over the hills I went,
And a gentle mound
I found;
Like some fairy's lost pillow upon the ground,
And I knelt on my knee,
And wrote on the sand,
With a sorrowing hand:
"Little brown Dee
Sleeps here by the sea:
All ye who pass
"Whist-whee!"

"Mary Mahone" is more of a poet's ballad than the others, commencing:

A Poet in soul is our Mary Mahone:
She walks with a sweetheart when walking
alone,

but the rest of it is only pretty.

I have nearly overlooked "At the Ford":

Who now shall fear to journey where the feet
Of all our noble dead have ferried forth?
The solemn air that fans the tragic ford
Is sweet with their remembrance. They have
gone
To light the temples of a fading star
Against our lonely passing,

a strain sustained for thirty lines, when the poet is once more swallowed up in the "exuberance of his own verbosity."

The concluding poem is "Peace":

Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugle, blow;
The day we dreamed of through the years is
here.
Lowered is Mars' red spear;
And the shot-peopled air,
Tired of the wild trumpet's blare,
Tired of the upturned, glassy eyes of men,
Is quiet again.
Discord has fled with her gigantic peals,
And, at her heels,
Walks the old silence of the long ago.
Flow, flag, in the soft wind; blow, bugles, blow,

and the likening of peace to a great silence after a great noise is fine of itself, and the line in which the thought is embodied is also very fine, but there are other fine lines here:

I see the hours quaff up a mother's tears
As the sun drinks dew upon a Devon hedge.

The gun that camouflaged her brutal throat
In Bourlon's thicket
Shall dream to-night in wonder at the note
Of some lone cricket.

And that vast company we call the dead
Shall know the flag of peace flies overhead
Because of the new lightness of our tread.

and there was no need to borrow thunder from McCrae's famous lyric, and the last four lines are banal.

The indiscriminate Introduction, bracketing this poet with Keats, naturally reminds me of Gifford's review. We are now told that Gifford was blind to genius. Of course, he *might* have seen some of "Endymion's" purple patches. It is easy to be wise after the event. I therefore plead that I *have* praised Mr. MacDonald's purple patches, and dare say that if he pays as much attention to my blame as Keats did to Gifford's scorching, we may have another "Hyperion." The flashes here are blazing, and the poet's own. We are told he designed the cover of his book, and writes operas, libretto, score and scenery, all by himself. Judging from his verse, he has a streaky sort of genius in all the arts, but he needs much more self-criticism.

Miss Holland's first volume of verse taken as a whole, falls definitely into the category of *belles lettres*.

This, rightly understood, is not doing it any injustice; for *belles lettres* and minor poetry (which are not the same thing) comprise that field in which those random flowers grow for the gathering of garlands. The major poet, in his greater complexity, is like a tree whose roots run down into the earth, and whose branches spread upwards towards the sky.

The Greeks with their exquisite sense of the fitness of things recognised this by plucking the flowers for their anthologies and leaving the branches upon their mighty stem.

If to-day the giants of the forest are few, never were there so many or sweeter flowers; and the true anthologist (not he who makes selections from the work of major poets), lighting upon this book, will more than once delightfully exclaim, "And here is another!" Such a flower is "The Little Dog-Angel."

Criticism of work of this nature seems not only ungenerous, but beside the mark; yet because there are hints of greater ambitions, it must be attempted, however delicately.

One positive merit of Miss Holland's verse is that it is, as verse, good. There is "ope" once in a line in which "open" would read just as easily, and "yore" somewhere else, and "neath" somewhere else again, but these blemishes are few. Most of the stock phrases are avoided. These are things for which to be thankful. Yet, on the other hand, there are few touches such as

"the *medicine* of your gladness" in "O Littlest Hands and Dearest." One swallow does not make a summer, and a purple patch does not make a poet; but as the swallow is the herald of summer, so the purple patch gives promise of the imperial pomp. There is hardly an unexpected phrase.

As there is too little individual accent in the phrase, so there is too little new in melody. There are frank imitations such as "The Gentlemen of Oxford," and others, with which there can be no quarrel. But this conscious imitation has unfortunately led to unconscious imitation, notably in "Sea-Song" (Masefield's "Sea-Fever"), "The Last Voyage" (Masefield's "D'Avalos' Prayer"), "Ships of Old Renown" (Masefield's "Cargoes"), "A Song of Erin" (Ethna Carberry's "The Passing of the Celt"), less so in "The Remittance Men" (Kipling echo), "In Arcadie" (Noyes echo), while especially subtle is the relation between Miss Holland's Celtic poems and those of Yeats, "A.E." and Fiona MacLeod.

It is well that Miss Holland has such good taste as to choose these poets for her models; but it is ill that we see so clearly not what she is, but what she *prefers*.

There is promise in the variety of things attempted in this book, but of none of them can we say (as of most of Marjorie Pickthall's "Drift of Pinions"), "No one else could have written that!"

Miss Pickthall is a true, though limited poet, because all but a few of her poems represent her own spiritual experience, not merely her taste. This gives to her poetry *as a whole* a certain stamp as evident as that of any of the major poets whose experience of life is more complex. This stamp is the all-important thing. Without it one has hardly even a minor poet, but only minor verse, or, as we have said, *belles lettres*.

If Miss Holland can look more into her own soul, and less into books, and exhibit the same variety in a more deeply personal manner, there will be a unity in that variety which will make her more a poet, and less a writer of poems—a distinction not without a difference.

As it is, we shall be happily content to revert to our initial figure of speech, and to gather another flower or two before we go.

"Our Dead" is a very fine poem indeed, one of which anyone might be proud. "Newbury Town" is an equally fine ballad. Of the Celtic poems, "Easter 1917 In Memoriam Thomas MacDonagh" is the most convincing.

We have chosen all "strong" poems—not because it is our preference (we yield to no one in our appreciation of Celtic wistfulness when it is not second-hand), but because we believe that Miss Holland's originality inclines towards strength, and we would encourage what is original rather than what is derived.

Canadian poetry has been either so neglected or has received such extravagant praise, that a reflective review such as this which we have at-

tempted may mislead some readers, and we therefore add that Miss Holland's book is one to be bought.

Mr. Hueffer, confessing that he has written prefaces enough, nevertheless defies once more the proverb that *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, and publishes his verses with a preface in which he says, "The greater part of this book is, I notice on putting it together, in either *vers libre* or rhymed *vers libre*. I am not going to apologise for this or to defend *vers libre* as such. . . . *Vers libre* is the only medium in which I can convey my more intimate moods. *Vers libre* is a very jolly medium in which to write and to read, if it be read conversationally and quietly. And anyhow, symmetrical or rhymed verse is for me a cramped and difficult medium—or an easy and uninteresting one. But I certainly don't put the things forward with any jaunty air or fling them in the faces of the critics."

Such a sophisticated writer as Mr. Hueffer will hardly expect us to accept this charming naiveté with equal insouciance, and accordingly, undismayed by it, let us pass judgment on the work so introduced.

That it is generally strong, and often of great beauty may be gladly admitted, and all the more therefore does one regret the prosaic leaven in the poetic lump.

Setting aside all questions of rhythm, it is an infinite pity that "Antwerp" should be particularly ruined by such a line as "Oh poor dears!" That is to debase pity to bathos, or to be insensible to the incongruous.

It is a striking book because the raw material of poetry is inherently superior to mere versification, and the imaginative quality of the book is very high, though more flashing than sustained.

Yet compare "Footsloggers" to Masefield's "August, 1914," both treating of the love of

one's land, and the difference between impressions which are merely jotted down and those which are brooded upon is very apparent.

Again, take the title-poem. One appreciates Mr. Hueffer's prejudice against a merely formal symmetry, and that the poet who essays it is more often the slave than the inheritor of tradition; nevertheless one cannot but feel on reading this poem that it would not have been emasculated if Mr. Hueffer had availed himself of the legacy left by Francis Thompson, whose odes (and Mr. Hueffer's poems are odic in form) exhibit every variety in length of line, and, while reasonably free in rhythm, never become so lax as to be prose. One inevitably compares this poem to the first part of "Sister Songs," a not less personal poem than Mr. Hueffer's, to his disadvantage.

It is not a coincidence that the loveliest parts of Mr. Hueffer's poems do not stumble, but sing—that they are not *vers libre*; for poetry is not "jolly," that is, colloquial; but intense and lyrical.

That Mr. Hueffer can rise altogether above colloquial impressionism, and can conjure before us in a few lines a vision of a world brooded upon in the imagination, is amply seen in "A Solis Ortus Cardine . . ."

No doubt Mr. Hueffer has realised his intentions equally in all the poems mentioned, but one wishes that his intentions had more often been directed towards the achievement of beauty as well as vitality, as in the last named poem: the former need not exclude the latter.

However, at least mere prettiness has been avoided; much that is lovely has been enshrined; far more lines are metrical than are not; and if violence has sometimes been mistaken for strength, it is a good fault.

The Incapacities of Democracy

The incapacity of a democratic community for acting as the owner of a complicated piece of business mechanism like a steam railway has never been more vigorously portrayed than by the pseudonymous author of "52 Questions on the Nationalization of Railways," a booklet of 125 small pages bearing the signature of "Fabius" and published by Dent, Toronto. It is a dramatic statement, with appropriate illustrations, of the doctrine that profit and advancement—more money or more power, authority and responsibility—are the sole reliable incentives for getting a man's best work out of him, and that where there is no definite connection

between effort and this kind of reward, effort will not be made. A recent school of economists answer this doctrine by the assertion that the motive of "service"—of doing good to others, or to the community—may be made equally powerful, and that Public Ownership, by calling on the motive of service and eliminating the selfish motives, will get the very best that men have in them. It is an interesting controversy, but the side of Socialism will have to work hard to produce as clever a statement of its case as this statement of the side of Individualism, of the Selfish Motive as the Mainspring of Progress.

God, Conduct and Revelation

By J. E. WARD

Adler, Felix: "An Ethical Philosophy of Life." Appleton, New York, \$3.

Sellars, Roy Wood, Ph.D.: "The Next Step in Religion." MacMillan, Toronto, \$2.

Bryant, Dr. Sophie: "How to Read the Bible in the Twentieth Century." Dent, Toronto, \$1.25.

TO weigh life and to explore its field of action and reaction is ever interesting. To do so in company with one at once so reverently frank and frankly reverent as Dr. Adler is a privilege well worth while. We can but have deep respect for one who, in his own words, finding his Mosaic religion but truly a religious mosaic, feeling his faith of experience to have outgrown his faith of youth, considered it but honorable to pass on into a fuller quest.

Such a mind is hardly patient of the idea of finality in religion, whether Hebrew or Christian. In both these faiths Dr. Adler finds himself circumscribed in thought and in experience. "The monotheistic idea in the one case, and the centrality of the figure of the Christ in the other" mark for him the limits of development or change. He, with many another religious pilgrim, finds a deal too much in religious teaching that is negative and circumscribed to give it a strong ethical content.

Accepting, as a principle, the aim of life as being "the affirmation of our ethical personality," of our spiritual nature, of "that holy thing in us without which man loses his worth," with all reverence for the "incomparable Author" of the Gospels, he fails to find therein the positive need for the present complex demand of society. He is quite frankly opposed to the thought of "a faith once for all delivered to the saints."

Nor is he patient of the Socialist position. The Socialist is for Adler a sort of idealist without an ideal—a man who lives so near the mountain that he loses somewhat of the vision of the far travel of the sun.

From a scholarly examination of the position of Kant, in which there is much of value for the student of philosophy, the writer passes on to an intimately practical application of his theory.

He places Personality at the centre of his system and pleads for a fuller insistence upon spiritual values. He frankly accepts the more sordid facts of life but gives even the problem of sin and evil a positive content.

For Dr. Adler, the supreme ethical rule would be: "Act so as to elicit the sense of unique distinctive selfhood as interconnected with all other distinctive spiritual beings in the infinite universe." His central idea is "that the numen in the self is raised out of potentiality into actuality by the energy put

forth to raise the numen in the other . . . the two divinities greeting each other as they rise into the light." Thus his plan at once includes and transcends both egoism and altruism. He makes them minister to each other in the bringing about of a higher ideal—a daring conception indeed.

Enough has been said to lead the reader to expect much of worth in the study of the social relationships of life. The social institution, the family, the organ of education, the vocation, the political organization, the organization of mankind and the ideal religious society are treated in a progressive series each bringing to the individual a fuller development of ethical personality. There is little of life's activity that Dr. Adler does not touch or does not illumine. In the sphere of international society the very "backward peoples of the earth are the paramount object of reverence" calling for a union of civilized nations "to accomplish the pedagogy of the less developed."

The main gain from his system would seem to be the transformation of the strong individualistic trend in human nature into a service which at once combines the features of the individual and social claims without denying either. He seems to stand in a unique position in thought between orthodox Christian teaching and the socialistic outlook, and brings with his view a fuller contribution in the way of solution of the problem of dualism than we have hitherto met. There are those who will take issue with him on the ground that he has not done full justice to the Christian faith, but Dr. Adler is presenting a Philosophy of Life, and has chosen not to draw distinctions between what might be called pure and orthodox Christianity. Had he done so it may be that he would have found far less of the negative, of dualism, of transcendental outlook, of insistence on sin, in the mind of the Nazarene than in that of many of his professed followers.

When an author sets out to tell us the Next Step in Religion and takes the whole of our time in recounting for us the myths of "Mesopot" or Patagonia, what shall we say? We would be fair. There is need for a close examination of our beliefs in the light of modern knowledge, in whatever field. There is great need for the upbuilding of the positive content of our faith. We would even clasp the critic's hand for the marvelous labor he has performed. Yet there are critics and critics, and a book which claims to give a summary of the results of higher criticism must give us more of edification than a trio sung

in a minor key by our old friends Loisy, Pfleiderer and Gilbert Murray.

We do not feel that we have a sure guide when we find the author using a compass, the worth of which he has already denied; e.g., it is not permissible to quite the authority of Mark when Mark's value is questioned. Nor do we feel sure of a writer who speaks of the Christian conception of Jesus as a "master-piece of lyricized mythology," and in the next breath tells us that the success of Christianity was due to its "connection with a noble personality."

The fact seems to be that Dr. Sellars writes more fluently than he thinks. The basic beliefs of religion must stand the test of examination as those of any other phase of life. Christianity, if its claims be true, must learn to welcome such examination and to search even farther than her critics would force her to go. But examination must be undertaken in a constructive spirit to be of worth.

Having taken fifteen out of sixteen of the chapters of his book to assure us that all our beliefs are pure myth (though he says it may be "more plausible to give a relative credence" to the belief that such a person as Jesus ever existed), to show us that all such small matters as immortality, personal agency, the problem of evil, the worth of anything in the shape of prayer, or the reality of the supernatural are neither here nor there, we wonder that Dr. Sellars confesses to any difficulty with regard

to the retention of the use of the word 'religion.' One may be fully grateful that he has not questioned such a dearly divine attribute as a sense of humor. But what really is "The Next Step?"....

Religion is to be "human and social," a thing "of this world," "without a supernatural," "concerned with virtues and values," and "catholic in its count of such." Having gone thus far in justification of the title of his book, our author leaves us with the remark that "Man's soul will crave gracious surroundings." We had thought he had denied that he had a soul. Well, well; he has given us much of generality, much of contradiction and evasion, not a little of imagination and questionable assertion, but all so jauntily written that—we are not cross.

Many a teacher will be glad to have Miss Bryant's guidance in handling the material of the Bible in class work. Herein the theme of the Bible is regarded as the progressive revelation of God to man through man, culminating in Christ, God and Man. The study of the theme is approached by the Gospel narrative, followed by the Apostolic history and the spiritual history of the Hebrew. A course of readings from the Bible and other books is recommended.

There is much that is good and provocative of thought in such a new presentation—there would be gain as well as loss in its acceptance en bloc.

Pioneers

By J. A. DALE

I.

I TREAD again the ancient way
That westward burns,
And strike again the ancient clay
A new race turns:
The shadow of an ancient day
Once more returns.

In my heart there wakes again
From out the deep
The spirit of forgotten men
Who agelong sleep
Far beyond our tiny ken
Their gains who keep.

II.

Prometheus, whose auspicious fire
Unsought began
The conquest which his sons lift higher
As each one can—
He made us heirs of earth's empire,
Maker of Man!

He never soared on splendid wings
Rifling the skies—
In labour's vague imaginings
He lit tired eyes,
And slowly mid transfigured things
Let bent backs rise.

III.

For us with mighty thews they strove
A space to win,
And paths through sightless forest drove,
Let sunlight in:
With pain the clod, the rock they clove,
For undreamt kin.

Yet they too watched as from the ground
The lark uprose,
And children met them homeward bound
At the long day's close,
And at their feet in gloom they found
The waiting rose.

The Author of "Sonia"

By J. E. WARD

IN those far days before the war, when one could peacefully wander over the Berkshire fields, it was good to stray from the beaten track in search of some nature's secret and incidentally sense the good English sunlight. For England has her sun in spite of much maligning—a mellow, caressing sun.

Thus employed, or unemployed, it was that I remember first chatting with the future author of "Sonia"—I, a stranger in a strange land; he—well, I doubt whether Stephen McKenna would ever be a stranger in any land.

Well, could I picture now the probable circumstances of his day. London had claimed him these few days past, as London will. A short run down on the evening express had found him ensconced at Twyford in the paternal car ready for a three-mile country run—and ready for dinner, in the old oak-beamed and broad hearthed dining room.

So some music and then to bed—no, the family would go to bed—not so Stephen. Long past the time when a peaceful countryside had settled in to rest—long after the church clock at the crossroads had struck the midnight hour, "Sonia's" creator might be counted on in smoking jacket somewhere beneath that gabled roof drinking deep of the wealth of England's storied lore. He would read everything and marvellously remembered it. Then sometime between midnight and dawn one may presume that Stephen may have gone to bed. No-one seems ever to have caught him at it.

Nor was he ever to be seen at the breakfast hour. Fond noon would rouse him, or tempt him forth—what should lesser mortals know of his rising. And the afternoon sun would company with him over the fields. The acme of lazy leisure, you would say. Yet, though Stephen's clock seemed to have been wound some hours overlate, one could not say that there was not deep profit for him in its winding. He gained men's richest in companionship; he stored up hours of quiet in the early night; and stowed himself away when least there was to lose in the English winter.

This was the Stephen, in Norfolk greys, that now was chatting with me jauntily, as only Stephen could.

Far hidden among a group of stalwart Berkshire trees, the curling smoke marked where a gabled home housed his father's hospitality.

Many a day's gratitude has there been in the writer's heart for hours spent beneath those warm red tiles. There was no board

throughout the countryside more lavish. There was no hearthside talk more full of wit than that where gathered a small family circle trained from childhood days in a keen environment charged with active interest in the social and political life of their great land.

The name of McKenna is a name that has placed its mark upon English life. It is a name that will still be known where English politics hold keen sway.

And now it finds its way in Literature—for "Sonia" will live perhaps as few of our war novels. It is more than a mere war novel—a strong, deep record in fiction's name of those great days when England's bridge of destiny needs must be crossed.

A delightful environment it was—this country home called "Honeys"—for any author's youth, and "Sonia's" early pages breathe full of it. A fond younger son writes fluently of that easy-going leisured life which was his before the war. And insofar as he writes thus, he writes, in a sense, class biography.

There, one remembers him, the youngest born of a fond little gray-haired kindly lady; the pride of a most astute old gentlemanly Pater; debonair, full of youth's joy in entering into his own.

There in those old timbered comfort-laden rooms he was the typical young graduate of "the House," quite consciously content in the knowledge of his gift. Slight of build, always immaculate, ever keen, palpably well kept and ably groomed, at times with a tinge of youthful cynicism in his outlook, yet kindly so. And now he has grown up.

If you don't believe it, read "The Reluctant Lover," and then read "Sonia." They are the products of the heart and mind of the two worlds of which he speaks.

The gay, carefree tramper of the country lanes in well-spun Norfolks we hope will never go. Yet knowledge may pass to wisdom, and not lose its joy.

The Stephen of "Peckwater Quad" and Berkshiredom is now, we feel, more the denizen of old London's clubs, and politico-social rendezvous. He is even about to take unto himself a wife from the late Premier's hearthside.

Bless the lad—too many of his class have gone and left our literature poorer. It is good to feel that some there are still left to wield a ready pen.

Can he write another Sonia? It is a tale not easily twice told, yet mayhap we shall see. He is but at the threshold of life's broad way.

Notes of New Books

Florence Howe Hall, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, has ready "Memories Graye and Gay," which will contain many reminiscences of leading American and European literary celebrities.

There are more authors per capita, if not per acre, in British Columbia than in any other Canadian Province. In the mild climate of the Pacific Coast it is comparatively easy to keep warm in a garret, and the ink does not freeze.

One of the best of recent books for students of journalism, though it does not purport to be a textbook, is Frank M. O'Brien's "Story of the Sun," which explains in full detail how cleverness and human sympathy in the treatment of news built up a great New York newspaper property out of literally nothing.

Though 1918 has been very short of biographies in England, it has, perhaps for that reason, been very full of them in the United States. The immensely enhanced sense of national self-respect that followed the entry and effective work of the United States into the great war was a stimulus to American biography and history. The cleverest, if not the most important, biography of the year is probably "The Education of Henry Adams."

"Old Days on the Farm," by A. C. Wood, is a modest literary effort, not without a distinct flavour of its own—the charm that country roads, wayside flowers and fragrant fields have for the town-dweller, and that a really heart-felt appreciation of the farm has for the country-born. Mr. Wood's Pegasus is a gently ambling, bucolic steed, which stops to browse on every fence corner, munch an apple from every orchard, and listen to the farmers swapping yarns at every cross-road. The excellent photographic studies of farm scenes add greatly to the appearance of the volume. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50).

The reader who buys "The White Rook," by J. B. Harris-Burland (Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50) to increase his knowledge of the habits of the feathered folk, may suffer some disappointment in finding that he has secured "a crow of quite another colour"—a very readable book turning on the mutual fascination of the study of chess for a retired medical specialist and explorer with a young and unappreciated second wife, the army officer whom she jilted, and a Chinese spy. The latter possesses a secret drug that paralyses the will-power of the absorber, an undying spirit of revenge against the doctor, and a qualified admiration for the military man, and the complications that arise from these motives will hold the attention during the reading even if they do not remain in the memory afterwards.

There is a boom in translations of fiction, and plays from the Spanish, a circumstance which is hard to explain in view of the scarcely glorious part played by that country in the war, but may be due to the intrinsic merit and activity of the Spanish writers of the day.

In view of the fact that Canada has long possessed a novelist bearing the name of F. Clifford Smith, author of several popular works, it seems sad that England should now come along with a new writer calling himself Clifford Smyth. Is this not a colorable imitation?

A volume calculated to stimulate thought in those who are capable of envisaging a rather violently novel idea is "The Abolition of Inheritance" by Harlan Eugene Read (Macmillan, \$1.50). Professor Read declares that the right to inherit property is no more sacred than the right to inherit authority; but he does not ask that we abolish inheritance altogether and immediately. A limit of \$100,000 seems to him reasonable.

"Kiddies," by J. J. Bell (Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, \$1.50), is a collection of short stories about children in the now well-known "Wee Macgregor" manner. A certain monotony of flavor, as of a surfeit of butterscotch, may be perceived if one reads them all together. The children are all so cute, and the parents so stodgy and unimaginative and uncomprehending; and then something happens and a great light dawns on the parents and all is lovely. But taken in mild doses these "Kiddie" stories will be found entertaining, and may help some of us grown-ups to remember what we were like when we were young, and consequently to be kinder to the juveniles of to-day.

There is one thing you may always unhesitatingly prognosticate about Kathleen Norris's books, and that is that you may safely place them in the hands of the youngest of young persons. They are so sweetly pretty, don't you know, that even though, as in the case of "Josselyn's Wife," the hero does fall in love with his own stepmother, and is cast into jail for the suspected murder of his own father, you feel satisfyingly sure that virtue will be triumphant and sin will be followed by retribution, as in this case, when the hero acquires tuberculosis during his stay in prison. The heroine is always so perfectly lovely, both in face and character, and the "bad woman" is always so vampirish, and so sure of being punished, that you feel just as if you were reading a grown-up "Elsie" Book. Mrs. Norris has a host of devoted admirers who "just love" her books, and one feels sure that they will fairly "eat up" "Josselyn's Wife," (Briggs, Toronto).

"The Tin Soldier" is a novel by Temple Bailey (Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto, \$1.50.) Because his dad—the old General—was in the habit of indulging in occasional bacchanalian bouts, dear Derry Drake was unable to obey his country's call and don the khaki of the American Expeditionary Force. The General's failings, and a sacred promise to his dead mother never to leave the wayward papa, kept Derry in the ranks of the healthy slackers, much to Derry's discomfiture. There are some women characters in the story, which has its locale in Washington and the society of the idle rich. Really, the story was so uninteresting that it was quite an effort to read it. Plot and "pep" are both lacking, and we cannot predict for "The Tin Soldier" any lasting place among the playthings of literary humanity.

It all took place in "The Room With the Tassels." The tassels shook mysteriously. There was an aroma of prussic acid, although the murder for which the room was historic had been performed (with that pleasant poison) fifty years before. The spectre of the murderess walked into the room through a locked door at midnight, and blew out the candles of the unfortunate ghost-hunter who happened to be sleeping there. Other things, equally eerie, happened. And there is a reasonable explanation of the whole spine-chilling yarn. Carolyn Wells tells it, and it is a thriller. Some people will wish that she had spent the time on those nonsense verses which she does to such perfection. Others will wonder how on earth a woman who can write ghost yarns like this can waste her time on nonsense verses. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.40.)

"White Man," by George Agnew Chamberlain (McLeod, Toronto, \$1.75). We presume that the moving-picture rights were much more constantly in the mind of the author of this tale than any mere literary ambitions. It is necessary now-a-days for a good moving-picture that the hero and the heroine should be, as the slip-cover of "White Man" puts it, "forced together by circumstances to live in the heart of the African jungle" (or on a desert island, or in the coldest part of Alaska, or on an inaccessible peak of the Rockies, or at the bottom of an abandoned mine—anywhere so long as they are not restricted by the proprieties), and that while keeping constantly in the minds of themselves and their readers or audience the naughty things that they *might* be doing, they should rigorously persist in not doing them. Mr. Chamberlain's novel fills all these essential requirements, and adds much good screen material in the shape of aeroplanes, elephants, African kraals, hunting parties, and lots of diminuendo changes of dress for the heroine. Presumably Miss Marguerite Clark will play the heroine; any screen actor with a good chest and an honest face can do "White Man."

"Sinister House," by Leland Hall (Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.50), is a tour-de-force of technical dexterity in ghostliness, by a new author. The slightest indication of the clue to the mystery would impair much of the reader's enjoyment. It must therefore be merely recorded that this is (to the best of our belief) the first ghost story in which a Ford car has ever played conspicuous part, that it is a story which the most hardened reader will find it impossible to lay down, and that its moral tone is unexceptionable. It is a person who is "haunted" by ghosts, not a place, and as soon as he can nerve himself to confess to his wife the very excusable wrong-doing in his past life, which gives them their power over him, they are baffled and depart. But there, we promised not to give so much as a hint. Unlike most ghost stories, this one has several characters which are very human and well-drawn.

Childhood's shuddering delight in ghost stories is scarcely dead, even at seventy, and Amelie Rives' "The Ghost Garden," is such an engaging, not to say charming nightmare that it should find rapid sale among those who love to be made to quake comfortably by the fire-side. The Princess Troubetzkoy (Amelie Rives) takes one's imagination gently by the hand and leads it to a beautiful deserted mansion where a pretty lady had died in a tantrum some years before. Creeps abound on every page from page 13 to the end. The ghost is intricately connected with the love affair on which the story is threaded, and is by far the most interesting person in the book. The whole matter is sweetened—perhaps a trifle too much—with love-making of the kind approved by disappointed widows and poetic spinsters; and scented faintly with spiritualist notions. The interest is sustained and the ending satisfying. (S. B. Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Red-headed Irish orphans, female and eighteen, should not be willed to the guardianship of boyish American lawyers with proud but passionate natures. That it can be done without scandal is apparently proven by H. DeVere Stacpoole in a novel entitled "The Ghost Girl," but Mr. Stacpoole has proven many a more interesting contention. The play, "Peg O' My Heart," once so popular, was the first of this new style in heroines and, one might have hoped, the last. But Mr. Stacpoole has apparently dragged Peg back out of the happy marriage another writer framed for her, made her his own, dubbed her "Phyl," and clamped her between the covers of his book with a view to captivating us all over again. The story is readable and has the conventional flourish of joy at the end. From any other author it might be called fair light reading. But from Stacpoole it is disappointing. "The Blue Lagoon" was of another order of magnitude altogether. (S. B. Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50.)

Kipling's "Jungle Book" has passed its fiftieth edition in the United States, and has the steady sale of a classic—which it is.

Very slight domestic matters (if, indeed any domestic matters are slight to the poet who truly, and Englishman-wise, loves his home) are the theme of the versifications of R. C. Lehmann in "The Vagabond" (Dent, Toronto, \$1.25), all but two of which are extracted from recent issues of *Punch*. A robin that wanders into a bedroom, a tortoise-shell cat which is alleged by the children to be a dragon, the misbehavior of a Pekinese—such are the topics touched by Mr. Lehmann's wonderfully light and dexterous hand. But somehow they looked more at home in *Punch* than in a volume, even a dear little 120-page volume like this.

The Musson Book Company, Limited, have commenced the publication of what is announced to be the complete works of Ambrose Bierce, the American market being looked after in the same way by Boni & Live-right. The reputation of this very distinguished American writer has been steadily on the rise for the last ten years, a movement probably due in no small degree to the discerning estimate of him given by the late Percival Pollard, in his brilliant volume of criticism, "Their Day in Court" — an estimate which might well be reprinted as preface to one of the forthcoming volumes. The first and only volume issued up to the present is "In the Midst of Life," formerly known on this continent as "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," an example of the macabre and grizzly short story, which is certainly unrivalled outside of Edgar Allen Poe. It is not Bierce's best work, but it is the best book for drawing public attention to his work. (Musson, Toronto, \$1.50.)

"Cap'n Jonah's Fortune," by James A. Cooper, is an interesting little story of some quaint 'longshore folk, told in the simple pleasing manner of Mr. Cooper's previous tales of Cape Cod. Little Pearly Holden, the heroine of the book, is "articled out" to Orrin and Sarah Petty of the Shell Road, Cardhaven. She lives the life of the drudge with these distant relatives of her dead mother, until the arrival at the "Orrin Petty's place" of Cap'n Jonah Hand. The old sea captain, tired of life on the briny deep, has come to Cardhaven to end his days and nurse his rheumatism in the home of "Niece Sarah." The harsh treatment which poor Pearly receives soon arouses his indignation, and by means of an imaginary fortune he manages to play fairy godmother to Pearly's Cinderella. Through the medium of some "ile shares" long considered worthless, the imaginary fortune conveniently becomes a real one, and little Pearly and the "city feller" in the tortoiseshell glasses, who "teaches fish to hatch their aigs" end under the mistletoe. (Briggs, Toronto, \$1.50.)

"The Marne," by Edith Wharton (Appleton, N.Y., \$1.25). Taken as a whole this is a slight and inconsequential sketch of a subject of which Canadians are becoming not a little fatigued, namely the "regeneration" of the United States by its war effort. But when Mrs. Wharton is satirising the pre-war Americans, she is in her element. Delicious indeed is Hinde Waslick, the girl from the Middle West, who in 1917 wanted "to organize an Old Home Week just like ours, all over France, from Harver right down to Marseilles. And all through the devastated regions too."

It would require a surly spirit indeed not to enjoy "The Caravan Man," a novel by one who is apparently a new author, but one who possesses the essential faculty of being amusing by evident gift of nature. Ernest Goodwin, the author, has been justly upbraided for that his best female character disappears from sight on page 44, never to reappear save as the merest goddess of the machine at the very instant of the tale's conclusion. For ourselves we refuse to weep for her; we are convinced that Mr. Goodwin is saving her for another novel. And it would have been a strain on even a veteran author to keep up the conversation between her and the artist-hero on the level of joyous insouciance set by the opening chapters. What matter it that the life of a painter of the nude is seldom really as adventurous as it is here represented? The public must be permitted to imagine romance in some quarter or other of the body politic, and where can it be if not in that which is dignified by the title of Latin? A twittering tale of youth and beauty and the outdoor life, without a trammel of realism. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.50.)

"The War Eagle," by W. J. Dawson (Dent, Toronto, \$1.50), is another novel of the psychological changes effected by the war. Its author, who is well known in Canada as an eloquent preacher and speaker at Canadian Club luncheons and the like, has recently acquired a farm in British Columbia, and his pictures of pre-war life among the fruit-ranches of the Kootenay Valley is vivid and charming. When the war gets going the hero, a novelist, removes to New York, and has some interesting passages with his publisher, a character whom one suspects of being portrayed from life. The heroine, the daughter of a war-contract millionaire, also turns up in New York, and we see the process of the rubbing off of surface frivolities, and the revelation of the real quality of the woman underneath, which has formed the subject of rather numerous novels lately. The millionaire and the publisher get drowned on the *Lusitania* and the hero and the heroine eventually go to war and learn to love one-another unselfishly and nobly. Mr. Dawson is very much in earnest about it all, and the book will be widely popular.

Hergesheimer's "Java Head"

IN our last issue we drew attention to the fact that the United States can now boast of the possession of an entirely modern novelist, who has in high degree the quality or qualities of distinction in idea and in expression. "Java Head," the latest book by Joseph Hergesheimer, whose "Three Black Pennys" was reviewed in the January number, is in one respect inferior to its predecessor. Mr. Hergesheimer is not strong on construction. He does not see a novel whole, in all its complicated ramifications, when he starts to write, and pursue a definite if devious path to an assured end. In the "Pennys" this did not greatly matter, for the book was avowedly a succession of episodes, related only by heredity and comparison. But in "Java Head" Mr. Hergesheimer has undertaken to fill up 250 pages with one story, and to do so he has had to introduce minor episodes which have the stuck-on appearance of unrelated ornament. Thus the episode—astonishingly clever in itself—of Roger Brevard, the middle-aged lover, and Sidall Ammidon, his school-girl beloved, facing her coldly contemptuous parents, the girl eager to make a stand for her freedom and her love, but the man struck dumb by the sense of his own inadequacy—this episode, on which the book practically closes, seems to have absolutely no relation with the general theme, and produces the effect of a violent change of key too near to the end of the piece. We may be wrong

in this; there may be a subtle tonal relationship, which will become more apparent as we grow more familiar with the workings of Mr. Hergesheimer's mind. In any case we do not advance it as an important defect; structure is not a highly-regarded element in the modern novel.

"Java Head" is the story of the incursion into the life of a New England ship-owning and ship-commanding family, of a Chinese high-caste woman, the wife of one of the ship-captains. The astounding domestic "interior" thus produced is rendered with the same subtle sympathy as the interiors in the "Pennys," and the extraordinary thing is that we get, not one person's view of it, but the views and reactions of almost everybody concerned, including the Chinese wife herself. The difficulty of making an Oriental into a genuine three-dimensional figure in a realistic novel is notorious, and almost all writers resort to sentimentalising or melodrama; not so Mr. Hergesheimer. He has a plot that would provide scope for the wildest kind of melodrama, with thrills of cinematographic intensity—an opium-fiend, with an atrocious career in China behind him, conceives a desire for the Chinese woman, entraps her, drives her to dishonor and a particularly ghastly Oriental suicide. But he is never melodramatic; he never forgets his characters, their motives and their consistency. It is a very notable novel. (S. B. Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50)

The Plain Tale of Canada's Ace

THE end of the war is not likely to bring an end to the interest in such vivid narratives of its most adventurous phases as "Winged Warfare," by Canada's famous "ace," Major W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., and now A.D.C. to the Governor General. In this volume (a very handsomely made up affair of some 280 pages, with a large number of photographic illustrations), the author tells in simple everyday language, and in such a detached impersonal manner as almost to suggest that he is writing about a casual acquaintance, the narrative of the most astounding series of adventures that it ever fell to the lot of one man to achieve. This sounds like a superabundance of superlatives, but it is impossible to avoid them in writing of the number of hairbreadth escapes which are detailed in this book. If ever mortal man bore a charmed life it was certainly Major Bishop. No writer of fiction would ever dare to permit his hero one-half so many lucky shaves, and even the compiler of a movie serial might hesitate before emulating this spectacle of real life.

The war has produced, among other things, a capacity in brave men for writing simply and

without false modesty of their own experiences and exploits which was very rare before 1914. There is, both in writers and in the public, an ability to discriminate between straightforward narrative and mere boasting, which makes for frankness in war literature. But one cannot help regretting that the adventures of Major Bishop had to be written in the first person. Not on account of egotism, but rather the reverse. In the effort to avoid egotism has been seriously handicapped in picturing the details of many of his experiences, and the reader would have been richer could the story have been transmitted through a third party, who could have drawn in the whole picture without having to concern himself whether it made the central figure stand out conspicuously or not. Of the actual sensations of flying, apart from the perils of conflict, no aviator has been more communicative, and those who have been wondering for years how their young friends with the winged badges on their uniforms felt when first adventuring off terra firma will find their questionings answered with full detail and vividness. (McClelland, Toronto, \$1.50).

A Volume of John McCrae's Verse

THE value of a book is not measured by the number of its pages, any more than the value of a poem by the number of its lines. "In Flanders' Fields," the poem, consists of fifteen lines only; but it is one of the great achievements of the war. "In Flanders' Fields," the volume, consists of but forty-five pages of verse and an "Essay in Character"; but there is no Canadian, having but one dollar and fifty cents to spend on a new book in 1919, to whom we would not say with the utmost confidence: "Go forth and purchase 'In Flanders' Fields'; the year has not produced and will not produce another book more desirable for a Canadian to possess."

Sir Andrew Macphail, literary executor of John McCrae and author of the "Essay in Character," tells us that the body of McCrae's verse as contained in this book "might be enlarged; it would not be improved." Those of us who knew and loved John McCrae cannot but be thankful for the conscientious editorial judgment which has preserved for us only the impeccable among his accomplishments, eliminated all of which we might have said: "John McCrae could do better than this." For impeccability of workmanship—the same scrupulous striving after the best and the same rapid instinct for the best which made him a brilliant surgeon—is the characteristic of the poem "In Flanders' Fields" and of all the two-score short poems included in this book; and anything less sheerly beautiful would have broken the design and lessened the solemnity of the whole compilation. As it stands, it is the temple of a soul—of one of those rarely beautiful souls which, even when they are not self-expressive, compel the love and something of the adoration of those who know them, and when they have in addition the power of embodying themselves in the printed word or the painted picture or the carven stone, become the idols of mankind.

None of the poems are new. McCrae knew when he had achieved the perfection which he desired, and was willing to give the perfected product to the world. They cover an astonishingly long range of time. The earliest is from the *Varsity*, Toronto, of 1894, when the author was but 21 years of age, and might almost have been written twenty years later, so profound is its human sympathy, so poignant its expression, so perfect its workmanship, so devout its faith

in the purposes of God. These, and an intense sense of the sublimity and pathos of the indomitable struggle of man against the cruelty of destiny, are the permanent characteristics of his whole work. He is saturated with the spirit of the loftiest writers of the Old Testament, imbibed through a Scottish ancestry in which courage and tenderness were the outstanding virtues.

It is rarely that so good a poem is so rampantly popular as "In Flanders' Fields." Not one in ten of those who love it realise that they do so not merely because it expresses vividly the mood of the civilised world at a crisis in its history, but because it expresses that mood with consummate technical art. Thousands of people have paid this poem the compliment of thinking that it must have been easy to write—and, by trying to act upon that idea, have promptly demonstrated how utterly wrong it is. The tribute to "In Flanders' Fields" is in the number, not the quality, of its imitators.

Sir Andrew, in addition to a portrait study of the character of John McCrae, done with the skill of the literary artist and the affectionate carefulness of the friend, and largely documented by McCrae's own writings, has provided an interesting account of the origin and nature of the famous poem. With characteristic modesty he ascribes the analysis to a certain sapper officer who, he says, brought into his dugout the copy of *Punch* in which the verses first appeared. It may be so; one of the elements of Sir Andrew's genius is the way in which he attracts to himself unusual minds. He tells us that it became the "poem of the Army": that it circulated by word of mouth, and developed certain slight textual changes in so doing—those which he cites being typical of the tendency to weaken unusual, but careful, phraseology into more obvious forms. Curiously enough, an autograph copy written by McCrae himself, a photograph of which is prefixed to the volume, itself contains an error in the shape of "grow" for "blow" at the end of the first line. There are two portraits and a facsimile of a sketch by the poet. Time and space do not now permit of an attempt to estimate his place in Canadian literature, but it is very safe to say that it will bear no relation whatever to the amount of his output. (Briggs, Toronto, \$1.50.)—B. K. S.



A SWIFTLY MOVING MYSTERY.

"The Golf Course Mystery," by Chester K. Steele, is a rapidly moving mystery tale and love story combined, introducing that inimitable Southern gentleman detective, Colonel Robert Lee Ashley, who fishes in more ways than one. A volume of many surprises and one which places this author high in the ranks of writers of detective romances. (Goodchild, Toronto, \$1.40.)

ELEANOR GATES' LATEST.

In her latest novel, "Phoebe" Eleanor Gates presents a heroine who is such an altogether charmingly quaint and wistful young person that readers of all ages will take her to their hearts. The story shows how startlingly the new generation differs from the older in some important and unexpected ways; it shows, too, certain fresh problems that touch upon the youth of our American cities, and how "society," the law, and the church clash—even amusingly—in considering, or in failing to consider, these same problems—which have to do with every-day, "polite" family life. (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.40.)

A LEEDS BOOK OF 1831.

An interesting bit of Canadiana has just been received by the Toronto Public Library. It is called "Sermons and Speeches of Rev. Peter Jones, alias Kah-Ke-Wa-Quon-A-By, the converted Indian Chief, delivered on the occasion of the Eighteenth Anniversary of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society for the Leeds district." It was published in 1831 in Leeds, and contains in its twenty-four pages some very interesting personal reminiscences of life among the Indians on the Grand River, at Rice Lake, and near Lake Huron.

RIDER HAGGARD'S "MOON OF ISRAEL."

Sir H. Rider Haggard has been gradually taking us back from modern South Africa to more and more ancient Egypt and the further he takes us the more fascinating his subjects become.

The Hebrew version of the Bondage in Egypt, the plagues and the Exodus is familiar to us all and the presentment of these events from the Egyptian point of view by such a master of his craft must engage the attention of every reader.

In "Moon of Israel" we are introduced, by the pen of Ana the Scribe, to the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, to Seti the Heir to the Throne, whose sympathy with the Hebrews costs him his succession, but wins him the love of the beautiful Merapi, known as "Moon of Israel," to their mutual happiness and misfortune. The Egyptian point of view concerning the commercial aptitude of the Israelites, and the "taking" qualities of their womenfolk, especially in the small matter of the borrowing of jewelry, is enlightening. (Briggs, Toronto, \$1.50.)

A LOVELY BIT OF MYSTICISM.

"The White Island," by Michael Wood, is published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, \$1.50. This delightful little mystic tome will take much the same place between the book blocks as the mystic takes in life. Loved by some, ignored by many, yet having its value within itself and so going its contented way, it cannot fail to win a place with the thoughtful and bring delight to the mind which is glad to feel the touch of some hand less sordid or cynical than that of many a modern writer. Michael Wood has given us the soft effect of the silver point as compared with the sharp lines of the more strident engraver of books. His little work will appeal to the lover of the silver point touch in life.

A FINE SYMPOSIUM ON INDUSTRY.

Professor Leon Carroll Marshall's "Readings in Industrial Society" is a symposium of a thousand pages, designed to furnish "a foundation for a thorough and intelligent handling of industrial questions." The editor has enlisted an army of collaborators, as early as Adam Smith and J. S. Mill, as recent as Spargo and Veblen, as diverse as Carver and Hillquit, but each an expert in his field. In the table of contents one glimpses the whole history of industrial society; in the essays one finds brief, expert treatment of any phase over which one can linger. The work ought to be of exceptional value to the many who, if hurried in their study of economics, still wish to be widely informed and accurate, while the foot-notes provide an ample bibliography for the most thorough scholarship. (The University of Chicago Press, \$3.50.)

DEMOCRACY IN CANADA.

There are few countries which have had a more interesting and remarkable constitutional development than Canada. Certainly none of the other British dominions have had a history nearly as fascinating as that of the country where the problem of colonial autonomy was first worked out. Naturally, the story of Canadian constitutional evolution has attracted the attention of numerous writers; though the truth is that no first-rate treatment of the subject has as yet seen the light. Mr. John D. Hunt's "Democracy in Canada" (Macmillan, Toronto, 1918, pp. 56), is merely a sketch of Canadian constitutional history. It was originally a chapter added to Mr. Hunt's "The Dawn of a New Patriotism," and is now published as a separate brochure. It is primarily intended for "naturalized Canadian settlers, who have never had the advantage of our public school course"; though Mr. Hunt, with engaging frankness, assures us that "for those who have read extensively, the pamphlet will supply a valuable outline." There are a few minor mistakes in Mr. Hunt's pages, such as any author who does not rely entirely on the original documents is liable to make; but on the whole his sketch is accurate.

THE YOUTH OF W. H. HUDSON.

It is just twenty-five years since "Idle Days in Patagonia" appeared and acquainted a few observant students of current letters with the fact that another great writer-naturalist had joined the galaxy of those who can turn the investigations of science into the material of pure literature. Since then W. H. Hudson has acquired a host of admirers, who will find in "Far Away and Long Ago," a collection of memories of his early life on the South American pampas, a work possessing all the simplicity and charm and varied and exotic color of his other books, together with an unusually intimate revelation of the author himself. An admirable photogravure portrait accompanies the volume. Perhaps the book's most interesting feature is the extraordinary and scientific frankness with which Mr. Hudson details and discusses his early religious seekings and experiences, which are not the less interesting by reason of the fact that as a boy he was condemned by the physicians to an early death, and was fully aware of it.

"THE GRAND FLEET."

Admiral Jellicoe's "The Grand Fleet, 1914-16" is being handled in Canada by Musson's, and as it is one of the great original first-hand documents on a most vital part of the war it is likely to have a large sale. It is written with the utmost modesty and clarity, and will provide the necessary material for settling the long-disputed question as to the real merits of the British naval command at the battle of Jutland. For the time being, the dispute still rages, and the book itself seems to have afforded ammunition to the anti-Jellicoe party.

A. H. Pollen, a well-known naval expert expresses the opinion that a complete victory over the German High Seas Fleet in the battle of Jutland would have been a certainty if Admiral Jellicoe had not deployed and refused to face a torpedo attack from Admiral Scheer's destroyers:

"Admiral Jellicoe," he says, "has told his story with such unparalleled frankness, he has thrown himself so completely on the generosity of his readers, that no harsh word or epithet can ever be employed against him. If he was wrong, his error has cost this country, and Europe, an incalculable price, but he has given all his reasons for his actions, and if he is condemned, it will be out of his own mouth."

Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle says bluntly: "Jellicoe lost his chance. His book is full of excuses and difficulties. The plain truth is Jellicoe, though a good officer, is not a man of action."

And bitterest of all, the Toronto Telegram, in a four-column review of the book says that after reading it "you still feel that what the British navy required at the battle of Jutland was a better admiral, not a better press-agent."

FORT WILLIAM LIBRARY DRAMA CIRCLE.

A very interesting and successful experiment has been worked out this winter in connection with the Fort William Public Library, when the services of the head of the Walton Pyre Stock Company of Chicago, now performing in Fort William, were engaged to give weekly matinee lectures on dramatic art. These were thrown open to the general public at a nominal charge of 25 cents each, and the lecture room has been well filled on each occasion. The course commenced with a couple of lectures on dramatic interpretation, since which there has been a series of interpretative recital-lectures on Browning, Kipling, "Hamlet," "The School for Scandal." Lectures on "The Taming of the Shrew" and Tennyson will complete the course. With the close of the lectures, it is the intention of the circle to organize as a permanent literary society, with the object not only of studying the drama, but of encouraging the production of amateur theatricals. In connection with the latter feature, Mr. Walton Pyre will put on a play in the near future, using only local talent for the cast.

NEW EDITION OF YEATS' POEMS.

Fisher Unwin in London, and Dent in Toronto, are issuing a new edition, entirely revised and reset, of the "Poems" of W. B. Yeats. It is slightly larger in size, but with the same back-design, as the two-volume edition issued by Macmillan in 1909, and contains in its 315 pages most of the verses and ballads from the first volume of the Macmillan edition and the two greatest of the plays from the second volume, which bore the sub-title "Dramatical Poems." These are "The Countess Cathleen" and "The Land of Heart's Desire," which are, of course, vastly the best of Yeats' dramatic work, and even the Yeats-lover can get along without "On Baile's Strand," or "The King's Threshold"; but we should have supposed that "Deirdre" would have been desired by many of those who want their Yeats in one book. As it is, it must be bought in "Plays for an Irish Theatre." The smaller poems are under the headings of "The Rose" and "Crossways," the former being those originally published with "The Countess Cathleen" in 1892, and the latter with "The Wanderings of Oisín" in 1888. It seems strange that the anthologies have not made more extensive use of so exquisite a poem as "The Ballad of Father Gilligan," one of the Rose collection, which tells a story of great popular appeal and contains such lovely lines as:

He knelt, and leaning on the chair,
He prayed and fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

Then slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Contributors to the April Number

Arthur L. Phelps, who besides contributing to the Symposium on the American Deluge is also the author of the delightful take-off (if take-off it be) on Free Verse, dedicated to J. M. Gibbon, is well known to the followers of the current poetical movement in Canada, although he has never published a volume. The Campbell Anthology, the most authoritative of Canadian collections, contains a charming piece of his verse, and others have appeared from time to time in the University Magazine, the Canadian Magazine and the Chicago "Poetry." He is permanently a denizen of Bobcaygeon, Ont., but his ministerial function in connection with the Methodist Church keeps him supplied with a temporary address, which happens just now to be Bath, Ont.

Mary J. L. Black is known to all librarians in Canada, and to a large proportion of the literary public, as the energetic and original librarian of Fort William, Ont., and an ex-president of the Ontario Library Association.

J. Castell Hopkins needs no bush.

Frank Wise is the manager of the Canadian establishment of Macmillan's—the Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, Bond Street, Toronto—and a well-known leader in imperial, naval, literary and other movements in Toronto.

W. D. Lighthall is President of the Royal Society of Canada, and the substance of the article contained in this number was delivered by him as the Presidential Address to that body at its last meeting. He was the compiler of the first important anthology of Canadian verse, and is known from end to end of Canada as a leader in the movement for the betterment of our municipal institutions, while his verse, his antiquarian skill and his critical faculty have made him known to an audience extending throughout the Empire. The present article is an excellent example of his faculty of judiciously stimulating young writers towards the best ideals.

J. E. Middleton's biography will be found in the article on "The Colyum in Canada."

Ramsay Traquair is Professor of Architecture at McGill University, an expert on fencing ancient and modern, a collector of rugs and antiques, a theatrical producer (not for filthy lucre) a designer of stage costumes, and a most

engaging theorist. An article by him, throwing an entirely new light on the duel in "Hamlet," will appear in the next number of the *Bookman*.

J. A. McNeil is dramatic critic of the Montreal Gazette.

Alfred Gordon is one of the most thoughtful and most technically equipped of the younger Canadian poets, though a Canadian only by fairly recent adoption. He has issued two volumes of excellent verse.

St. George Burgoyne is city editor of the Montreal Gazette, but is better known to the public (since city-editing is the most self-effacing of jobs) as a water-colorist of skill and delicacy, whose landscapes, chiefly among the Laurentian mountain valleys, have been hung at many Canadian shows during the last ten years. He is also an art critic whose sense of justice is much relied on by readers of the Gazette.

Edith Wherry is the author of a series of brilliantly successful novels of Chinese life, the materials for which she acquired during a childhood spent in that Empire. It is perhaps violating no secret to state that she is in private life the wife of a Montreal physician, Dr. H. S. Muckleston. Mrs. Muckleston is at present in California assisting in the screening of one of her novels for moving-picture representation.

Ben Deacon, although his article fails to mention it, is himself one of the cleverest "colyumists" in Canada, but temporarily called away from that form of service to humanity to fill a post in the Chief Press Censor's Office at Ottawa. This is one of the worst consequences of the war, that a man who can write should be employed exclusively in preventing other people from doing so. Mr. Deacon's light last shone in the columns of the Winnipeg Tribune.

Harcourt Farmer is a young Montrealer who has devoted himself to the stage, and in particular to advancing the interests of the non-commercial drama.

S. Morgan-Powell is the dramatic critic of the Montreal Star, and in the intervals of that busy life has turned out a considerable quantity of good verse and sound literary criticism.

Canadian Bookman



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TORONTO

CANADIAN BOOKMAN

JULY, 1919

One Way of Exploiting Canada

THOSE who are familiar with the system under which the Canadian book-buying field is exploited by the American publisher are necessarily acquainted with the reason for a state of things which evokes amazement in the uninitiated. When the author of a literary work has consented, as part of his bargain with his American publisher, to allow the latter to control the rights for the work in Canada as well as in the United States, it follows naturally that the only way in which a Canadian publisher can secure that work is to accede to the terms which the American publisher may lay down. These terms naturally include the purchase by the Canadian firm of the largest number of manufactured copies of the work that it can possibly be induced to handle; but it is not this feature to which we refer at present. In many cases a much more objectionable condition is attached. In order to secure the Canadian market for a book of obvious Canadian appeal, one which Canadians must have in order to keep up with the best thought of the British race to which they belong, the Canadian publisher has frequently to consent to purchase, along with this book which he wants, a preposterous number of copies of a book, or of several books, which he does not want in the slightest degree. And in order to emerge from this forced transaction with as little loss as he may, he is compelled to do what he can, in his turn, to force these undesired and undesirable books upon the Canadian bookseller and the Canadian reader.

This, and this alone, is the reason why Canadian publishing houses are so often seen acting as agents for, and sometimes even putting their imprint upon, volumes written by fourth- and fifth-rate American authors, without a vestige of appeal to any public beyond the borders of the United States. The situation is not unlike that which prevails in the theatrical business of this Dominion, where, in order to be able to secure a few attractions of international appeal and unquestionable merit, the lessee of a Canadian theatre is constantly compelled to accept also the bookings of low-grade compositions of the most insular Americanism. And, like his fellow the Canadian publisher in similar plight, he is obliged to represent these utterly un-Canadian works of "art" as being ex-

cellent matter, thoroughly suited to the requirements of the Canadian public, in which task he is usually able to find some sympathetic newspaper critics to assist him. And the unenlightened outsider wonders if Canadians really are so sublimely ignorant of the artistic requirements of their own nation, and so slavishly contented to accept whatever the larger of the North American nations chooses to send them.

We are not drawing attention to this practice because of any alarm lest these works, of literature or of the drama, should have an anti-Canadian effect upon our people. After all, a work of art, to produce any effect of importance, must have merit; it is the clever and interesting American productions that we need to be afraid of if of any—those which our people choose of their own motion and from their own predilections. All that we aim to do is to urge Canadian book buyers to save their money and not to expend it upon American ephemeral works of less than negligible merit, for no better reason than that a publisher or a bookseller is resorting to particularly violent and showy methods in order to dispose of "slow" stock. In particular do we urge that Canadians should turn a deaf ear to the blandishments which would induce them to help the American publisher to shuffle off in this country a few thousands of the enormous mass of meaningless "war" books which have poured from the American presses ever since April, 1917, and are now choking the shelves of wholesalers and retailers and going staler with every day of peace.

And in uttering this warning we conceive that we are advancing the true interests of the Canadian publisher as much as anybody else. For, after all, it is only the ultimate foolishness of the Canadian public, its susceptibility for exploitation, that enables the astute American publisher to pull this game off at all. The Canadian publisher is forced into a competitive position; the house which will undertake to sell the largest number of William Johnson Cubreporter's "Why Wilkes's Corners Went to the War" is the winner in the bidding for the Canadian business in the latest Marie Corelli or Winston Churchill. Once make it obvious that Canadians will not buy Mr. Cubreporter's book, and no Canadian house will undertake to look after it, and this form of competition will cease.

Slip-Cover English

SOMETHING should be done, and that speedily, about the persons who, seated on stools in some back office of some publishing house in New York or Chicago or Philadelphia, concoct the appalling messes of English with which they smear the slip-covers of contemporary novels, and damn their contents in the minds of all sensitive and discerning people before they are read. Here is one who tells us, among other rubbish, that "The Arrow of Gold" is a story of "the last Pretender to a European throne," which, being a bare statement of fact and not of opinion, is perhaps the most demonstrable lie that has been uttered by any of these gentry during the past three months—seeing that the Pretender does not for one single page or one single line ever come into the action of the story. But a mere lie is harmless compared with the Twentieth-Plane-like perversions of the English language which more customarily decorate these pieces of wrapping-paper. Here are a few glowing words on the wrapper—and on the subject—of the latest Walpole, "The Secret City":—

Drenched with color, and passion, and drama, a work of art which mingles the elements of Wilkie Collins and of "The Golden Bowl," here is the most penetrating picture yet given of the soul which bore the world's menace today—Bolshevism.

Indescribable awe is given to "The Secret City" by the circumstance that it is not concerned with the outward manifestations of war, but to adapt the Russian proverb itself, "with the dark forest of the hearts of men." The scene is Petrograd—a Petrograd at once utterly beyond belief and entirely convincing. The time is the coming and the bursting of the Revolution.

Vera is, as she proclaimed, "Not a heroine in a book! But alive! alive!" Alexei Petrovitch Semyonov is one of the most surpassingly sinister figures in literature. The Rat—what is he?—the rising dark peril. And so the scene is knit of a multitude—each a facet in the weirdest caldron in history.

The object of slip-covers, as of other forms of advertising is to sell; in this case to sell books. Different classes of books are bought by different classes of people. We can imagine that the class of people who buy Corelli or Elinor Glynn might be attracted by this sort of cover; and we ourselves, as we do not care in the least what is put on the outside (or inside) of a book by either of those popular writers, would be in no wise disturbed. But Mr. Walpole is an author who appeals, or so at least we

should suppose, to persons of somewhat delicate literary susceptibilities; and the nerves of such persons are likely to be shocked and their artistic gorge to rise upon the perusal of sentences like those just quoted. To us, therefore, it seems that the slip-covers, upon books of genuine literary quality, are "bad business," and should be suppressed in the interests not merely of art, but of salesmanship.

The subject is at any rate deserving of careful consideration, and we shall be glad if readers will assist us by sending in any particularly shining gems which they may meet with in their libraries or in their booksellers'. We plan to make a collection of them, a sort of publishers' chamber of horrors—"each a facet in the weirdest caldron in history."

Printers or Authors?

AT the time of writing this article it appears improbable that the Copyright Bill introduced in the Senate since our last issue, and made the subject of extensive and diverse representations by different interests, will be able to make its way into the statute book before the close of the session. Preposterous as is our present copyright law, we do not feel at all sure that the work of reconstructing it will not be aided by a few months of delay for the consideration of the many important questions which are involved.

In its main principles, and particularly in the (to Canada) absolutely novel and fundamental principle that copyright exists as soon as a work is created and belongs to the creator until effectively transferred by him, the Bill which has been under discussion during the last two months seems wholly admirable. It is in connection with the details by which it is proposed to carry out those principles or, in one or two cases, to create exceptions from them, that discussion has arisen.

The most important of the exceptions is that which abandons the general principle of the Bill in favor of a retaliatory policy against the United States. The Bill confers copyright only upon works whose author was, at the time of making, a national or resident either of the British Empire or of a country included in the Berne Convention, and whose first publication (in the case of published works) occurred in such a country; leaving it to the Government by Order-in-Council to "direct that this Act shall apply to" other persons and publications, and to lay down "such conditions and formal-

ties" as it may see fit. These phrases deny copyright altogether to works of American origin and also to works first published in the United States; and the policy of leaving the Government a free hand to deal with such works is obviously inspired by a desire to enable the Government to negotiate with the American authorities for better treatment of Canadian works. The motive is entirely praiseworthy; it remains to be considered whether the method chosen is likely to be effective and whether the employment of it would not do more harm than good to Canadian interests.

Those interests are, of course, extremely diverse. Several of them were represented before the Committee of the Senate, among them the Trades and Labor Congress, which desires to compel the printing of American works in Canada in order to give more work to Canadian compositors and pressmen; the organised printing industry, which desires more work for Canadian printing plants; and various individual and organized authors and composers, who are chiefly concerned with the preservation of the rights of Canadian authors and composers in foreign countries. The Canadian publishers themselves are divided upon the question, according to whether their varying businesses give them an interest in printing in Canada, with or without importation from Berne Convention countries, or in importation from non-Berne countries, meaning the United States. It does not appear that any of them are particularly interested in what may be called the negotiatory object of the Bill as drafted, which is presumably intended to enable the Government to get such concessions from the United States as would enable Canadian-produced books to enjoy American copyright. The plain fact seems to be that the benefit of any reciprocal arrangement that might be made with the United States would be very slight indeed to this country, which is the small end of the seesaw; and those who are interested in the retaliatory proposals are interested in them as a permanent policy and not as a means of negotiation for something else. In other words, they want American books excluded from Canadian copyright, and would be grievously disappointed if the "retaliation" produced any effect and led to an arrangement by which each country would admit the books of the other.

This is quite an intelligible position, and not at all an unnatural position for the printers and their associated interests to take, seeing that they are in a country much wedded to Protec-

tion and that their industry derives practically no benefit from the form of Protection at present in vogue. We are accustomed to the argument that if a thing can be made in Canada the tariff, or something else, should see to it that it is made in Canada; but it is usually advanced by those who have a somewhat personal interest in making it in Canada, and we have therefore to scrutinize the situation pretty closely in order to ascertain whether the price that we must pay for making it in Canada is or is not excessive. Now if the negotiatory object of the new Bill were to succeed, and a free exchange of books were permitted (save for tariff duties) between Canada and the United States, there would be no more book-producing in Canada than there is now—save to the extent to which we might induce the Americans to buy books of Canadian origin and manufacture, which for a time would not be great. But nobody is expecting it to succeed, for a long time anyhow, and those who favor the retaliatory policy do not desire it to succeed, so we may as well leave it out of count. What, then, would be the extent of the increased manufacture of books in Canada while the retaliatory policy was in effect? And what would be the cost?

And here we are met with an absolute blank. Nobody knows what regulations would be imposed by the Order-in-Council for dealing with the copyright of American works or works first published in America. The Government has *carte blanche*. It is well to remember that under the existing state of the American law, the owner of a work "first published" in the United States is frequently a Canadian, and the work itself of Canadian origin. It is highly important to know the terms on which such works are going to be dealt with. A licensing system was suggested to the Committee, under which a non-Berne work would be put up to be bid for by any Canadian publishers desirous of producing it, and if nobody bid for it, or if the bids were considered inadequate by the registrar of copyrights or some similar official, a license to import would be granted to the owner. Such a proposal requires very careful scrutiny. Practically, it places the owner of a non-Berne work (and most Canadian works, owing to the desire of their authors to obtain American copyright, must under this Bill become non-Berne works) completely at the mercy of a small group of publishers, not merely for his Canadian market, but his very copyright in this country. If he refuses their terms (and the registrar of copyrights does not intervene)

they can print his work anyhow; for it ceases to be a copyright work. It is difficult to feel satisfied that the rights of the author would be sufficiently protected either by competition between the publishers or by the supervision of the registrar, under such a system as this. It is even questionable whether works of American origin could enjoy copyright at all under this Bill without actual production in Canada, so long as the United States requires actual production in that country; for after enumerating the countries affected by the Bill and stating that other countries may be added by Order-in-Council, the Bill goes on immediately, and in the same clause, to say:

Provided that the terms of copyright shall not exceed that conferred by the law of the country of origin of the work, and the enjoyment of the rights conferred by this Act shall be subject to the accomplishment of any conditions and formalities prescribed by the law of the country of origin of the work, and the rights conferred by this Act shall be co-extensive with the rights conferred by the law of the country of origin of the work.

Which appears to mean that so long as the United States continues to require manufacture as a condition of copyright in its territory, so long must Canada require manufacture as a condition of Canadian copyright for any work of American "origin"—which means any work, even by a Canadian, which has its first publication in the United States unless it be "simultaneously" published in Canada or one of the Berne countries. It seems questionable whether the Government could over-ride this very definite "Provided," even by a licensing system.

Such a requirement would undoubtedly bring to Canada quite a little printing. Those who favor the "manufacture" policy allege that the cost of production (per copy) of the small issues required for the Canadian market would not be much, if at all, in excess of the prices charged by American publishers for the Canadian allotment of a book manufactured in the United States; having in view especially that the Canadian producer could gauge much more carefully the quantity of copies which he would print and bind, being able to meet the demand from time to time, whereas under the present system he is compelled to take an excessive number of copies, all complete, in order to obtain the Canadian rights. But after all, this is a matter purely of competition between the Canadian publishers, and they are not compelled to accede to the terms of the American publish-

ers for any book if they regard those terms as unprofitable. Apart from special considerations such as these, the setting up and printing of a Canadian edition of a book which could just as well be produced from the American plates at the same impression as the American copies seems like the introduction of an enormous amount of unnecessary labor, which must be paid for by somebody. That somebody may sometimes be the American publisher; but surely there is grave danger that it will often be either the author or the Canadian book-buyers? And we ought to hesitate a long time before adding to the burdens of either of these classes, just to provide more work for Canadian printers.

Among the numerous elements of the price to be paid by Canadians for the privilege of insisting on Canadian manufacture of works of "American origin" is the loss (or so at least it is claimed) of the whole privilege of copyright in the United States for Canadian nationals. By legislating ourselves out of the British copyright territory in which we at present belong, we deprive ourselves of any share in the copyright convention between Great Britain and the United States, and by the very terms of the new Bill we ignore the requirements of the United States for countries which desire their citizens to have copyright protection in the Republic. A foreigner can secure copyright in the United States only when domiciled there at the time of first publication or when his country "grants, either by treaty, convention, agreement or law, to citizens of the United States the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as to its own citizens, or copyright equal to that secured by the foreign author under the United States act, or when the foreign state is a party to an international agreement providing for reciprocity in the granting of copyright, and the United States may, by the terms of that agreement, become a party thereto" (Encyc. Brit., "Copyright"). It looks very much as if the effect of the present Bill would be to compel every Canadian author who desires American copyright (and we must not forget that for an author of any importance beyond his own parish that copyright is vastly more valuable than our own) to pack up his things and remove as promptly as possible across the border. Are we prepared to obtain work for a hundred printers, at the cost of losing the presence in our midst of a hundred Canadian authors? Is a printer or a writer more important to this young Dominion?

The Poems of Horace Bray

By GRACE BLACKBURN

IN the fall of the year 1914 the weather was growing dark and darker, the news from overseas more and more discouraging. City after city, town after town the Germans progressed through Belgium and Northern France. Their military tradition of ceaseless victory had been broken on the Marne, but these successes were re-enforcing it.

Early in October word came of the siege of Antwerp—tale of treachery and unpreparedness. The flight of the Belgian Court followed, together with the final capitulation of the tragic old city on the Scheldt. Then, in rapid succession news of the occupation of Ghent—Bruges—Ostend. And before November was two weeks old the sand-dunes of Dixmude were stained as red as the sunset over the North Sea with the blood of those indomitable defenders whose trenches, marked here and there by a lonely poplar tree cross, are the only graves of one of the greatest battle-fields of history.

To those days, too, fell the terrible first fighting in the Argonne—tough bush-fighting along forest clad hills. Then the newspapers bristled with strange names and with stranger rules for pronouncing them, so that people in offices and workshops, on the streets and in the street-cars wrestled almost as mightily with continental vowels and terminations as the forces of the Aisne wrestled with the enemy.

Three weeks before Christmas the cables announced that the "Princess Patricia's" had been moved out of Salisbury, brigaded with English regiments and sent across the Channel. Nobody realized it at the moment, but from that cable — interminable knelling in Canadian hearts—dates the mysterious dread word: "Somewhere in France."

On a night of that same December, in his study in the rectory at Thamesford, Ontario, a young student of eighteen years, recently matriculated, but too restless to take up his work in the university, sat reading Xenophon's "Hellenes"; reading—

. . . of men who died before
The Roman world had risen to sight,
When Sparta boldly matched her might
'Gainst Athens in unholy war. . . .

The boy delighted in the Greek historian, whose marvellous detail, picturesque simpli-

city of style and almost breath-taking sense of reality have made him a favorite with all ages. This night, however, he wearies of his task. For him, he scarce knows why—

. . . the printed page
Throbs, in a hazy mist of heat
The letters seem to part and meet—
A sudden drunkness in the sage. . . !

Then as in a vision there comes to him an appreciation of the fact that—

Another Sparta now has sprung
Full at the throat of all the world,
Beneath the battle vapours curled
Once more have steel and armor rung.
Once more the seas have known the shock
Of fleets in wrath. . . .

Why sit here reading of old forgotten things and battles long ago, when the hands of the men of his own day are set to as mighty a work as ever the world has known . . . when the sons of his own empire and his own country are flinging their bodies, their wills, their hearts, their all—to save their souls from slavery? This, he argues, is a task he dare not beg nor shirk. He—

. . . cannot do the paltry thing
While our own ones lie bathed in blood—
A newer, costlier, ghastlier flood—
That Freedom may more strongly spring. . . .

So he pushed his books from him, and drawing pen and paper near, he wrote the poem from which I have taken the above stanzas.

"He brought the poem to me," says his father in a scribbled note on the manuscript, "and said: 'Dad, I can't go on like this! I must go! I don't want to go, but I must.' The next day we went to London and he enlisted."

What high hearts there were everywhere in Canada in the year 1914—high hearts of whom in their blindness men had said that they had not the great stuff in them of the men of old! What colleges gave up their crusaders and their cavaliers! What workshops poured the metal of their manhood into the mould of heroes! What farms and shops and counting-houses proved themselves to have been manned by Hector and Hotspurs! What homes sent out their ministering saints! What mingled fear-

lessness and fear, longing and loathing swept our country from wave to wave! Let us never forget either the dark daunt or the deathless daring of those to whom we owe the dawning of this better day.

Of those high hearts no heart beat higher with the joy of life than that of the young poet-student, Horace Edgar Kingsmill Bray, son of the Rev. H. E. Bray, of Thamesford. Recently graduated from the Galt Collegiate Institute, the honor boy of his year with a long list of literary stuff and some worth-while verse to his credit, the idol of his class-mates and of his family, good to look at, in full health—and with the gift of song; here was one of those rare ones against whose future his friends are willing to set their fairest wager. A dice with destiny. All unexpected of him and his kind, the war came. . . . How could a poet stand aside when Youth and Death for Freedom ride?

Young Bray took service with the 7th Canadian Mounted Rifles, then recruiting. Toward the end of January he entered training, and on the 9th of June, 1915, sailed for England on the ss. Caledonia.

Three months in camp followed, and in September he was sent to France—then almost a year in the Ypres salient. In the late summer of 1916 the 2nd Canadian Divisional Cavalry was ordered south, and on the 28th of September of that year Private Bray, while engaged in the volunteer task of stretcher-bearing, was severely wounded by shrapnel, in Poziers Woods. Subsequently he spent eight months in hospital and in convalescent homes in England. Upon recovery he applied for a commission in the Royal Flying Corps. On July 9th, on the very eve of his second departure for France, as the result of an accident due to no fault nor carelessness on the part of any one concerned, he paid with his young life the debt which so many of our bravest and our best have paid for the inestimable boon of man's mastery of the air.

Flight! The poet's dream, the scientist's and the economist's hope for better things. Flight in which the thought of the ages has dared to see the greatest of all mechanical factors in the redemption of mankind from the hard grind of crowded poverty, a chief instrument in the elimination of time and space—the drawing together in a closer union of minds and of souls those races of men, those nations of the earth, those individuals whom space and time have hitherto kept asunder. *Man flies!* The future opens before his pinions. If a poet

must die, how better than as Icarus died of old—his wings beating their way to heaven?

All the poems of Horace Bray were thus written in the years before and in the two months and two weeks after the twenty-second anniversary of his birth. They are a boy's poems—a boy younger than Bernard Trotter—*younger than Alan Seeger—*younger by nine years than Rupert Brooke, in that day when he too joined the company of those who:

. . . poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene
That men call age; and those that would have
 been
Their sons, they gave—their immortality.

Therefore the volume of his poems is not so much a work of art as it is the vision war and death have granted of the first steps in the making of an artist—something incomplete but beautiful with promise. This the poet himself sensed when he wrote:

You would forgive the dull imperfect telling
If you could only grasp the things I tell—
If through the broken words the Soul upwelling,
Could cast its spell.

But hearts too weary may not tell their sorrow,
And things too deep to tell of keep me dumb;
I may speak worthily in some tomorrow,
Some day to come.

It is a boy, then, who sings in imitation of the beloved vagabond, Francois Villon, with a note of regret and passion that is true and sweet as only the best poetry is or can be; this—

CHANSON OF LOVING.

Because we loved—the world was gay,
And life was brimming full of joy;
We gloried in the busy day,
And life was glad without alloy—
Because we loved.

Because we loved—alack-a-day!
We loved and now we love no more;
Why it is so I cannot say,
But our two hearts are sad and sore—
Because we loved and love no more.

So little, and so very much—
A look, a sigh, a hidden tear;
One look, one sigh—and then a touch
Of far-off days so very dear
Because we loved when they were here.

A look, a sigh; and if we could
But read the heart we loved and hurt;
If we could do the thing we should—
Call back the cruel word and curt—
(It was because we loved it hurt.)

We might still love, and life would be
Once more a very hymn of joy—
Again our busy days would see
Laughter and glee without alloy,
Because we loved.

And every dear remembered tone
Should strike a heart in perfect tune—
Ah, lovers that the world has known,
Lend all your magic to the moon
That we may love again, and soon!

Swift times speed characters as well as
events. It is a boy rapidly turning a man under
the impulse of a great decision who writes:

Time was when life seemed very fair and
sweet—

We went our common ways with careless mien,
And shuddered when Death thrust a hand to
gleam

One of those whom we jostled in the street.
(Men said we were degenerate, effete.)

Then the Arch-Murderer came with hands un-
clean;

And in an orgy crimson, vile, obscene
Our world crashed into ruins at our feet.
Our ears are too accustomed to the roll
Of guns—our tired eyes too often view
A piteous agony of mind and soul—
The parting-place is no more strange nor new—
While murdered thousands do not add unto
The weighted balance of the staggering whole.

It is a scientist in the becoming who thus dis-
cerns:

THE MASTER WORKMAN.

God rolled up his shirt sleeves
At a quarter-after-seven,
You could hear the mortar splashing
As He built the walls of Heaven;
You could hear the mortar splashing
In the silence of the morn,
And in between two splashes
A Universe was born.

God put on His jacket
At twenty-five-past-six,
For He'd laid a firm foundation
And He'd used up all His bricks—
Now God, He don't talk loudly
Nor give Himself much praise,
But He finished off Creation
In the space of seven days.

For God He is a Workman
Who sees a job of work
And goes and darn-well does it
And never tries to shirk. . . .
Now we are all His Workmen,
Foremen and 'Prentice boys—
And God, who works in silence,
Won't judge us by our noise.

It is a youthful philosopher who argues:

I loved him but my love was unavailing;
I offered all but nothing would he take—
My tears and smiles alike were not prevailing,
He spurned the treasure teeming for his sake;
I gave my tears—my pearls of fairest worth—
But all unheeded did they drop to earth.

I hated him and threw him scornful glances,
I stabbed him with a sharp and bitter word;
But he was armed against my pointed lances
And went his way as he had never heard:
And all my envy and my hate returned
Because an all-unheeding ear he turned.

I cared no more and straight he followed after;
I passed unheeding—and he heeded me;
I tossed my head with light and scornful
laughter

And he was mine—no longer fancy free:
Because I did not care, he cared indeed
And followed after with an eager greed.

It is an artist in words who paints:

THE KITCHENER CHAP.

He wore twin stripes of gold upon
An empty tunic sleeve;
His eyes were blue, his face so young . . .
One hardly could believe
That he had seen the death and hate
That make the whole world grieve.

His hair was fair, his eyes were blue,
I thought that I could see
(Just where his sunny smile came through)
The lad he used to be—
Dear happy little mother's-lad
Of only two or three.

But then across his eyes there came
A sudden look of pain—
His mouth set very hard and straight,
He was a man again—
He gave his shattered dream of youth
That England might remain.

I felt hot tears rise to my eyes
When I looked at the lad,
Brave gallant shattered smiling youth—
He gave us all he had:
For youth so fair, so sorely hurt
All England's heart is sad.

He passed me in a crowded street,
We did not meet again—
He showed me in a sudden flash
Our England's pride and pain. . . .
And when all else is long forgot
His memory will remain.

* * * *

Oh, wonderful Youth—Youth of the World,
slain in its high places! The war rolls on. We

have battle-songs and ballads, hymns to the glory that is England; sonnets, rondels, classic stanzas, many of them, his sister tells me, sent from the Field on torn and blurred fragments of paper, arriving in an almost illegible condition: others scribbled on the flyleaf and the margins of "the priceless little Omar" he carried in his pocket. We have a few, a very few love lyrics—the prophecy of a larger and a deeper growth in loving:

Something that has the sadness of a smile—
Something that holds the wonder of a kiss—
Ah, could the phantom memory stay awhile,
Of all I miss.

Oh, loss and gain that none may count or
know—
Only the dream of that dead yesterday
Gives faintly back the pain that will not go,
Yet cannot stay. . . .

There is little religious doubt but much religious wonderment in the body of Horace Bray's verse—"The splendor of Life and of Love; the wonder of Death: the endless march of the soundless stars above, and the whispered breath that blows in the silent woods," these things mightily intrigue him; he muses on them constantly and must have mused upon them to the end. How greatly intimate and how intimately great to him is the thought of the immanence of God:

Thou God art in the stars above, the trees,
And Thou art in the mountains, in the sea,
And wind-borne wings . . . one eager hope,
—O God!
Art Thou in me?

Always a certain weariness and that longing for rest inseparable from the terrific experience possesses him and makes him long for a

world where "Time is measured by hoary sundials in green gardens," yet always he is constrained to be true to the vision of the stainless shield, mindful of the knightly dream, recognizing for himself and for his soldier peers:

The supreme keen pain and joy of life—
Standing to face the unrelenting foe,
Beating him back in close and bitter strife
For home, for kindred—mother, sister, wife—
That they may never know the things we know!

Finally even as Childe Roland, picking his way across the hideous plan, comes to his "Dark Tower," this Canadian boy, warring over the rough and ravaged fields of Flanders among images of death so strange the very stars in heaven seem to shrink from seeing, reaches his:

MOUNT NOIR.

There are long slopes of sadness drenched with
rain,
And gray-veiled landscapes wistful for the sun;
There are long nights of grief and bitter pain—
A burnt-out candle-end, a blotted page—
And all the beautiful in life seems done:
The fire of youth is out! I feel the weariness
of age.

And there, dauntless as any Roland, he blows
the challenge of eternity:

After the ultimate stress and the effort and
strain
Silence and Rest;
After the throng and the battle, the wounds
and the pain
Solitude blest;
After the panting and heaving and wrestling
and strife
A pause and a breath:
Now I am master of Knowledge and Master of
Life—
Can this be Death!



The Coming Canadian Novel

By J. M. GIBBON

A VERY good library," said Mark Twain, "can be started by leaving Jane Austen out." This dictum is quoted by a writer, who remarks that Mark Twain "was a strenuous critic of books because he was a shrewd critic of men." Mankind must have changed since the days of Sir Walter Scott, for Scott's verdict on Jane Austen was very different.

"Read again," he says in his journal of March 14, 1827, "Read again and for the third time at least Miss Austen's very finely written novel 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with." Then he goes on to talk of her "exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment."

I find many who agree with the judgment of Sir Walter in regard to Jane Austen rather than that of Mark Twain. And if the consensus of opinion is still in favor of Jane Austen, it only proves that contemporary judgment should not be discarded simply because it is contemporary, and that we need not wait for the verdict of posterity.

Mark Twain was really blaming Jane Austen for being an Englishwoman who lived in and wrote about a world of snobs. He had so little in common with a society where it was a tragedy to be reduced, like Mrs. Dashwood in "Sense and Sensibility," to three servants—two maids and a man—and where the business of a mother was frankly "to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news." Yet Jane Austen fulfilled the mission of the novel in reflecting her times. For the novel has never been better defined than by Edmund Gosse who says it is:

The name given in literature to a study in manners, founded on an observation of contemporary or recent life, in which the characters, the incidents and the intrigue are imaginary and therefore "new" to the reader, but are founded on lines running parallel to those of actual history.

According to this definition, the novel should realistically reflect contemporary life, and

judged by this criterion the novel of England and the novel of the United States does serve its purpose. Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell visualise for us better than any history the England of the middle and lower classes between the passing of the Reform Bill and the Repeal of Corn Laws. An American reader who had systematically gone through a course of H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Thomas Hardy Mrs. Humphrey Ward, John Galsworthy, George Gissing, George Moore, William de Morgan, Samuel Butler, Robert Hichens and W. L. George, superimposed on a grounding in Anthony Trollope, George Eliot and George Meredith, would have a very fair idea of contemporary English social life outside Court circles.

The England of these recent novels is a highly complex England with subtle caste distinctions growing out of birth, money, education or locality—a well-read England claiming Paris as its capital as much as London—a travelled England, befitting the mistress of the seas—an England of cultured leisure, living within a stone's throw of and drawing its income from a fierce industrialism which has embittered but not destroyed the peasantry still rooted in its soil. It is an England, moreover, with two insurgent elements—labor and woman—both demand their share of this cultured leisure—the one no longer satisfied to be merely a wage-earner, the other no longer content to be a domestic slave.

So too an Englishman who just as conscientiously went through a course of Edith Wharton, Winston Churchill, Ernest Poole, Henry Kitchell Webster, Booth Tarkington, O. Henry, Theodore Dreiser, Owen Johnson, Fanny Hurst, Edna Ferber and W. D. Howells, would have a not unfair survey of the life of the English-speaking Eastern and Middle-Western States—while if he supplemented these with G. W. Cable, Thomas Nelson Page, Will N. Harben, and John Fox, Jr., he would get the warmer, softer atmosphere of the South. For the States on the Pacific Coast he would gain more from a study of the American-made motion picture.

Instructed by this literature, an Englishman could come to the United States and find himself in a familiar country.

The United States of these outstanding novelists with the exception perhaps of W. D. Howells and the Southerners is a country of intense commercial, industrial and political life full of great cities each nervously alive to its own importance, inhabited by a religious people whose God is Success. They are not all successful—therein lie their tragedies. They laugh but they are not happy. They are rich, but they are not content. They live in a world of unrest and of nerves. Their most typical home is the hotel.

English is the language of the American novelist, but the American people are less and less English every day. O. Henry described the Statue of Liberty as "made by a Dago and presented to the American people on behalf of the French Government for the purpose of welcoming Irish immigrants into the Dutch city of New York.

Turning now to Canada, the Englishman who looked for a representative picture of Canadian life in the Canadian novel would be disappointed. The Canadian novel has hitherto rarely strayed beyond the life of the pioneer, the farmer or the small town dweller. There has been no memorable picture in fiction of either Montreal or Toronto, for instance, although Montreal has a population almost as large as Boston, and Toronto is no mean city.

To the Englishman, the surprise of the Canadian army was not its size so much as its mentality. He did not know that Canada had such engineers, such surgeons, such sanitary experts, such nurses—products of an unreported city life. It was startling to find that Canada could produce munitions and aeroplanes quicker than the United States, and that for rapid handling of army supplies Canadians had nothing to learn from the Americans. The Englishman found nothing of this in Gilbert Parker, in Ralph Connor, in L. M. Montgomery, or in the romantic American writers who depict Canada as the semi-arctic haunt of Indians, trappers, bad men and mining experts. Canadian wheat, bacon, cheese and lumber were natural enough, but Canadian shells were at first considerably suspect.

Now there are reasons for this dearth of Canadian life in Canadian fiction, which like most good reasons are economic. The chief of these reasons is the absence of the Canadian publisher. Until twenty years ago, there was only one publishing house in Canada of any account, and that house had a religious foundation. In a house, the realistic novel had no place—

what was wanted was the goody-goody love story with the happy ending, preferably in a setting of farmyards among the blameless pigs and chickens, or with a touch of romance among the pioneers who homesteaded on the prairies or blazed the forest trail. With a parson as his hero, the Canadian novelist doubled his chances of Canadian publication. Another alternative was to write historic romance—that might pass as being instructive. The realistic writer, however, had perforce to go to London or New York, and so became American or English.

As one prominent Canadian publisher writes:

Canadian authors have catered more or less to the larger American reading public when not qualified to exploit the Elder in the Kirk and the Scotch Parson presiding at death-bed scenes or engaged at fisticuffs with one of his flock, thus giving the brethren who would not pay out their good money to see a circus or countenance a boxing exhibition, a combination of a revival meeting, funeral effect and prize fight all rolled into one at \$1.25 the lot.

Within the last few years conditions have changed. Publishers who still are little else than distributors put their Canadian names as imprint on novels less dominated by the Sunday atmosphere. Only a few of the writers of these books are Canadians, but the economic tide is turning in favor of the Canadian writer, as the Canadian publisher is willing to concede a reading public, not so large yet as it ought to be, but still considerable. The Canadian people themselves are waking up to their own capacities. The accident of war threw them on their own resources, and these resources proved more than sufficient. They found that by co-operation they were able to finance themselves instead of borrowing, that they could produce more, transport more, export more than ever, even though half a million men had been withdrawn from their scanty population. Those who went overseas showed the rest of the world that they represented a bold, inventive and courageous people, with the result that Canada stands today on the threshold of a new era of nationhood.

That era, from the very nature of the case, must be an era of intense activity, with actions and counter-actions, all the play of circumstance which literary art reveals as drama. The very intensity of the activity will tend to produce the writers who will interpret it and express it in the form of fiction. For wherever in the modern world there is activity, there is

the creative and imaginative reporter. The movement may be complex, a combination and interplay of other movements simple enough to have a distinctive name—such as feminism, labor, militarism, but he is its prophet and interpreter. Balzac, Tourgenief, Tolstoi, Maxim Gorki and the host of English realists from Dickens to the present day are such creative reporters, voicing the problems and spirit of a century of social turmoil and upheaval. The English realistic school is closely identified with industrial unrest and so too is the later Russian school. It is to my mind significant that the very considerable output of American realistic fiction in the last twenty years coincides with the intense industrial activity following on the McKinley tariff. Easy-going cultured Boston no longer dominates American literary expression just as it is no longer the reflex of strenuous American life. Is there not reason to expect a similar output of literary expression in the era of industrialism which now has nearly a million Canadians in its army, which has lifted Montreal for instance in eighteen years from a population of 270,000 to over 700,000—with all the problems of over-crowding, vice, surfeit of wealth and poverty which mean drama to the novelist?

Industrialism is, so to speak, the "speeder-up" of production, and speeds up the output of literary expression, evolving the creative novelist from a host of matter-of-fact reporters. Even such an interpreter of country life as Thomas Hardy is the product of an industrial age.

So far then, one may expect a parallel between English and American conditions, but there, I think, the parallel must cease. For the origins and outlook and background of the Canadian writer are definitely different from those of the United States, and still more so from those of England. Whatever may be the outcome of this war, it must be remembered

that previous to the war one-third of the population of England belonged to the unoccupied or leisured classes. The atmosphere of Oxford and Cambridge with their ideals of cultured leisure permeates English literary expression just as it pervades so large a section of English life. A writer such as H. G. Wells may fight against it, but without it he himself would have no public. He would be revolutionary with no one to depose or to applaud. In Canada, however, it is the man of leisure who is out of place. The Canadian has as his background and his origin and so often still his youthful circumstance, not the city with its dreaming spires, but the forest clearing or the prairie farm. He has graduated so often through the lumber camp or the threshing outfit, and if he becomes a college boy still works his way through his vacations. If the general economic "speeding-up" forces him into literary expression, that expression will surely be tinged with the circumstance from which he sprung and which has bred so many of those for whom he writes. He may not be conscious of it, because he is himself only a voice—but it will color and give "timbre" to that voice—a voice which may be less subtle in its modulations than the English voice, but will be trenchant and direct.

The spirit of Russia seems to me most perfectly expressed in a novel such as Maxim Gorki's "Mother"; the spirit of France—a more intricate and artificial civilization—in the "Comedie Humaine" of Balzac. England and the United States have produced no such gigantic intellect as that of Balzac, but the spirit of England—more in flux than that of France—and the spirit of the United States—not yet wholly integrated—is fairly reflected in the writers I have named. Canada is still waiting—but will not have to wait long—for her prophet—or more likely her group of prophets who shall interpret her many-sided, but always vigorous, life to her own people and to the Nations who have accepted her as Come of Age.



A Sea-Writer Shanghaied

THE WORK OF FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

THE shortage of executive workers in this country, and the high valuation placed upon their services (not merely in money but in prestige), is having a most disastrous result upon Canadian literature. This country is constantly turning out fresh supplies of young men who can write well and vigorously and originally, and who give promise of developing into something worth while in the realm of letters; one does not predict positively in any individual case that the development will take place as per schedule, but one does know that on the average a substantial percentage of these young men ought to become master craftsmen in the literary workshop. But what happens to them as soon as their promise is definitely recorded?

With few exceptions they are immediately subjected to one or both of two temptations. They are tempted to sacrifice their Canadianism but not their art, and to pursue the latter in one of the larger English-speaking countries where the rewards are greater; or they are tempted to sacrifice their art but not their Canadianism, and to devote their abilities to what most Canadians are pleased to call "practical" work, in contradistinction to the hopelessly "impractical" task of creating ideas. As if ideas were not the only durable things in life!

The force of these temptations is rendered much greater than it should rightly be, because of the lamentable deficiency not merely

of the material rewards (that was to be expected), but also of the social recognition, the prestige, the influence, attaching to the literary craft in this young Dominion. The average Canadian undoubtedly thinks that he is "rewarding" literary talent by giving its possessor a chance to cease to exercise it, and to devote his energies to, say, the management of a small sub-department in a red-tape-

bound government office, or the secretaryship of a company, or a publicity bureau, or a managing editorship on a newspaper. And where this idea is almost universal, what wonder that the writers themselves eventually begin to succumb to it? We in this country are still at the stage where the United States stood in the days of Hawthorne, when custom-house jobs seem to have been considered the proper thing for men who were so foolish as to try to make a living by the pursuit of letters. Nay, worse, for the United States evidently did not expect its literary civil servants to spend



FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE.

much time "at the receipt of customs," whereas we have to-day impose upon our literary men tasks which compel them either to abandon literature or at least to convert it into the merest hobby of their leisure moments, a substitute for golf and bridge.

Captain Frederick William Wallace is an all-round literary man in virtue of the two qualifications which are imperative for that rank, namely the possession of knowledge and the

ability to convey it in words. His knowledge happens to concern a phase of Canadian life which has importance as a producer of wealth as well as a producer of literary material — the sea as the scene of the operations of the fishing industry. His knowledge could therefore be turned to an executive as well as a literary use, and the demand for the former has so far outweighed the demand for the latter that for four years he has not written anything involving more art than a business letter. (Lest some business man here arise to confute us by remarking that a business letter requires the highest art, we hasten to admit his contention in advance, with the sole qualification that it is a different kind of art, and that it has no importance when once the object to which it is directed, namely the advancement of some piece of business, is achieved; whereas the importance of a piece of fine art like a good novel or short story is very much more durable, and may even be as lasting as the human race.)

There are not many of Captain Wallace's books now available to the Canadian book buyer, though some which are now out of print may be found in libraries. The chief volume still obtainable is "The Shack Locker," now handled by Dent & Son, and consisting of a number of "Yarns of the Deep Sea Fishing Fleets," most of which originally appeared in the *Adventure Magazine*. They are written in the rather exaggeratedly simple and direct style cultivated by that periodical, which would involve the instant rejection of a story by Conrad on the ground of over-ornamentation; but Captain Wallace can write ornamented English prose when he has a mind to, and a few examples of it have managed to stray even into the pages of "Adventure." And the "Adventure" style has one great point in its favor; it involves the use of a great deal of the most vigorous and picturesque dialogue that the people portrayed can be induced to provide; and Captain Wallace's researches among the fisherfolk of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland have enriched his stories with a vocabulary as racy, as distinctive and as rich as that of Masefield and considerably more so than that of Norman Duncan. Sailors are not talkative, but when they do talk they say something, in a language the force of which is compressed by long silences into an extraordinary energy of imagination and figuration. How delightfully natural is this baiting

of the brutal skipper of the *Pole Star* by some of the brawny fishermen who have evaded his attempts to shanghai them:

"Jest come aboard, ol' hairy face," said Henderson facetiously, "an' I'll take a lot o' pleasure in cuttin' ye up for trawl bait! We're an easy crowd aboard here, an' I'm sure none o' th' boys 'ud lay a hand on yer sanctified hide. Oh, no! by th' time we got through with ye, th' dogfish 'ud be sniffin' at yer corpse! Ef I say th' word th' hull crowd o' us 'ull board yer blasted timber drogher an' take yer whole crew away from ye! Run back, ol' blow-me-tight! That hairy mug o' yours gives me a pain in th' side!"

And it is pleasant to hear the chivalrous captain of the *Isabel Winslow* handing out a description of the boatload of firemen and stokers from the liner *Alcestis* who have left the passengers of that sinking ship to their fate:

"Cast their painter off," he roared to the cook. "They're a dam' lot of bunker-cats who've rushed th' boat an' saved their own dirty skins! White-livered swabs! Back you go, blast ye, an' get some o' th' passengers ye ran away from, or I'll leave ye to drown as ye did the others!"

We have no desire to deny the usefulness of the work in which Captain Wallace has been engaged during the last few years, to the exclusion of all literary efforts. As a promoter of the movement for the increased use of fish as an article of diet, he rendered yeoman services to the Allied cause and effected a permanent improvement in the eating habits of Canadians, while as editor of the *Canadian Fisherman* and an official of the Fishermen's Association he has done much to place the fish industry on a better organized and more efficient basis. But if the time has come when these duties can be to some extent laid aside, in favor of the task, at least equally important, or portraying to inland Canadians and to the world at large the lives and the heroisms and the greatness and the littlenesses of the men of the Nova Scotia coast — one of the most richly characteristic, intensely Canadian and enduringly picturesque of all the Dominion's communities — if Captain Wallace is now to be able to abandon the propaganda of fish eating in favor of the propaganda of telling Canadians about their own fishermen — then Canadian literature will regain the services of one to whose work it is indubitably entitled.

How Canadian Novelists are Using Canadian Opportunities

By E. J. HATHAWAY

WHATEVER may be the relation of Cartier, Champlain, LaSalle, LaVerendrye, Vancouver and Mackenzie to the exploration of British North America, it is undoubtedly true that Parkman was the real discoverer of Canada. He spent a lifetime in plodding through the documents, manuscripts and records of two and a half centuries, piecing together that marvellous story of adventure and daring, intrigue and statesmanship, hardship and discovery, fighting and conciliation, romance and settlement, which we know as the history of Canada—a story that in human interest and in the fascination of its literary style surpasses many of the most thrilling tales of fiction. With few exceptions Canadian literature is the product of the last half century, and much of the splendid historical fiction with a Canadian background, written by American, English and Canadian writers, has been based, beyond shadow of doubt, on the pregnant pages of Parkman's fascinating history.

The most notable of Canadian literary traditions—the story of Evangeline—is unfortunately not of Canadian authorship, but so potent has been the film of magic thrown over the expulsion of the Acadians by the poet's deathless story that thousands of tourists every year visit the district associated with the poem, and that part of Nova Scotia is universally known as the Land of Evangeline.

Unfortunately, when Longfellow wrote "Evangeline" the real truth about the expulsion had not been revealed. Charles G. D. Roberts, who lectured at Acadia University at Windsor, and who is probably the most accomplished of Canadian men of letters, has tried in several excellent novels and books of short stories—"A Sister to Evangeline," "The Forge in the Forest," "By the Marshes of Minas," and "A Prisoner of Mademoiselle"—to correct Longfellow's highly-colored version of the episode, but in spite of his splendid artistry the spell of the great poet is not likely ever to be broken.

Marshall Saunders has placed her "Rose of Acadie," one of the most notable of Nova Scotian novels, among the descendants of the exiled Acadians, who returning to Canada years af-

terwards found their homes occupied by others and settled on a narrow strip of land on St. Mary Bay at the south-western corner of the Province, and it is a faithful and sympathetic study of a people over whom broods the sombre influence of a racial tragedy.

But Nova Scotia has another famous literary tradition—one that to Canadians is, if anything, more important than that of Evangeline—that of Sam Slick. Judge Haliburton is recognised as the founder of the school of humor in which the "American" dialect is the conspicuous element, and he was the first Canadian writer to find an assured place in English literature. Haliburton was not a novelist in the accepted sense of the word, but Sam Slick is about as real a personality as Mr. Pickwick, and in "The Clockmaker," "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," "Nature and Human Nature" and other books the author covers most of Nova Scotia, and many of his phrases and epigrams have become crystallized in the language.

The New Brunswick novels are for the most part nature stories and books dealing with her most important industry—lumbering. Charles G. D. Roberts was born in the province, away up amid the salt marshes on the Tantrammar River. Here he spent the early formative years of his life, roaming the woods, cruising the waterways and studying the birds and animals, and then it was that he acquired that knowledge of woodcraft and wild animal life that he has used to such wonderful advantage in his books of nature stories: "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," "Kindred of the Wild," "The Watchers of the Trail," all of which are placed in the New Brunswick woods. "The Backwoodsman" and "Earth's Enigmas" are stories of life among the lumbermen, and in "The Heart that Knows" he recalls his boyhood life in the salt meadows at the upper end of the Bay of Fundy.

Theodore Roberts, a younger brother, also a successful poet and novelist, has several splendid novels of life in the lumber mills and camps, "Jess of the River" and "Rayton," and H. A.

Cody, of Fredericton, has a good lumbering story called, "The Fourth Watch."

Prince Edward Island since the publication of "Anne of Green Gables" in 1906, will never be the same again. Beautiful for situation, as the Psalmist puts it, it has through the wonderful skill and charm of one of its own daughters become a veritable story book island. There is perhaps no more winsome child in all fiction than Anne Shirley, the homely little red-haired girl from the orphan asylum who unexpectedly comes into the home of the old couple who wanted a boy to help with the work; and although since she first appeared in "Anne of Green Gables" she has passed through "Anne of Avonlea," "Anne of the Island," "The Story Girl" and "Anne's House of Dreams," and has married and settled down, the author has not even yet exhausted her infinite variety.

In spite of the great extent of her coast line and the importance of her shipping and fisheries Canada's production in sea stories has not as yet been extensive. But it is interesting to know that the best novel yet written dealing with the North Atlantic deep sea fisheries has been written by a Canadian. Frederick William Wallace, editor of the Canadian Fisherman, and secretary to the fish committee of the Canada Food Board, wrote "Blue Water," in 1913, immediately following his return from a rough and eventful voyage in a Bank schooner out of Portland. With the impressions of the trip fresh in his mind, and using Digby as his base of operations, he has given a picture of the ways of the deep sea fishermen, which is true to life, full of action and instinct with the romance of the sea. There are few things in the literature of sea stories finer than his description of a storm at sea off the Nova Scotian coast.

Storms are the terror of the fisherman's life, and the coming of a nor'-wester is ever a cause of uneasiness. But the sea in wrath is one thing and a storm at sea in the ice is quite another. In the one there is the welter of storm and briny water, of ripped canvas and broken spars, of struggling sailors clinging to the rails, of the danger from splintering masts and torn rigging. But a storm at sea in the ice is something more. Here is the wind shrieking through the rigging, the icy cold and the blinding snow; but there is the moving ice—the great resistless moving ice. Driven by the currents or the tides or the winds the great fields, sometimes miles in extent, approach one another slowly and silently, until as their edges meet they

crack across with a continuous roar like the thunder of many cannon, and huge cakes weighing countless tons are piled high one on top of the other to a towering height.

Such is the background of W. Albert Hickman's brilliant sea story, "The Sacrifice of the Shannon." The scenes are laid in the Straits of Northumberland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the deck of an ice-breaker among the ice floes provides the stage. With two such sea stories it cannot be said that Canadian marine literature lacks distinction.

Then there are the stories of the sea-faring folk of Newfoundland and Labrador. Newfoundland was discovered by Norman Duncan. It was then virgin soil. He was not satisfied to spend his time in writing stories of the Syrian Quarter of New York. He wanted to write stories about the sea. He had wandered up and down the Atlantic Coast from Cape Hatteras to Bar Harbor in search of suitable material, but without success. The sea which he wanted to write about was the hard, cruel, merciless sea from which brave men snatch a precarious living out of the jaws of danger, and where beetling crags and hoary headlands are the main features of the landscape.

He landed in Newfoundland in 1899, where he spent four months; but it was not until he had lived six summers in Newfoundland and Labrador that he felt sufficient confidence in his knowledge and understanding of the people and their life to write "The Cruise of the Shining Light." "The Adventures of Billy Topsail" and other boys' stories, all deal with life among the fishermen of the north-east coast, and "Dr. Luke of Labrador," his best work of fiction, is placed on the Labrador Coast.

The City of Quebec, next to the Land of Evangeline, is Canada's most notable literary landmark. With a history reaching back more than three hundred years almost every one of its weather-beaten old buildings has a story to tell or a memory to preserve of some long-forgotten event; and in the fiction with a Quebec background almost every important episode in the history of the City has been employed from the days of Champlain himself right down to the collapse of the first Quebec Bridge.

The period of the Conquest naturally has been the most fruitful in the way of romantic fiction, and it is singularly fortunate that the greatest Canadian historical novel yet written—William Kirby's "The Golden Dog"—should have for its setting the most dramatic event in Canadian history. The gilded effigy of a dog gnawing the thigh bone of a man, which

provides the theme for the story, is still preserved and is to be seen in the wall of the Post Office building, which occupies the site of the original Philibert place of business.

The two years immediately preceding the Conquest cover the period of Gilbert Parker's great historical novel, "The Seats of the Mighty"—a story which established its author firmly as Canada's most notable novelist.

Parker's novels of rural life in Quebec, "The Pomp of the LaVilletes," "When Valmond came to Pontiac," "The Money Master" and "The Right of Way," are sympathetic studies of French-Canadian life and character, even if his habitants are a little stagey. "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," by Mrs. S. Frances Harrison, and "Jean Baptiste," by P. E. LeRossignol, are probably the most accurate attempts at interpretation of French-Canadian life yet produced by English writers.

Major John Richardson's splendid historical novel "Wacousta," dealing with the period of Pontiac's conspiracy and the capture of Detroit, was published in 1832 and remains to this day the best study of Indian life in Canadian fiction and one of the best of Canadian historical novels.

Of the war of 1812 there are several books worthy of mention—Wilfred Campbell's "A Beautiful Rebel," in which the famous but eccentric Colonel Talbot is one of the characters, and "In the Wake of the Eighteen Twelvets," by C. H. J. Snider of the Toronto Telegram, a splendid collection of sea stories dealing with naval operations on Lake Ontario during the war.

The best volume of Canadian historical fiction published in many years is undoubtedly Percival J. Cooney's "Kinsmen." The author, now a resident of Los Angeles, formerly lived in Renfrew County and his story deals with the attempt made by the hereditary chief of the Clan McNab to establish a feudal system of landlordism in that County about the time of the Mackenzie Rebellion. Unfortunately for the old Chieftain he came to Canada at the wrong time. The tide of democracy was then at flood and his scheming methods and aristocratic arrogance met with the disaster they so rightly deserved.

Several Scottish settlements in Ontario have been pre-empted for fiction purposes, such as Barrie and Ian Maclaren had taken villages in Scotland. Ralph Connor was born in Glengarry County, where his father was Presbyterian minister, and his "Glengarry School Days"

and "The Man from Glengarry" have been based on his own boyhood experiences. Marian Keith has placed several excellent stories—"Duncan Polite," "The Silver Maple," "Treasure Valley" and others in Oro Township, in Simcoe County, and Robert E. Knowles has used the Presbyterian community of Galt as the background of "St. Cuthbert's."

Rural Ontario has found an excellent interpreter in Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. The scenes of "Up the Hill and Over" are actually placed in the City of Woodstock, but they might without change have been located in almost any town in the Province; Anison North's excellent story "Carmichael" deals with a species of country family feud that might be found almost anywhere; Joanna E. Wood places most of her stories, such as "Judith Moore" and "The Untempered Wind" in the Niagara peninsula; and Sydney Preston's two delightful stories of rural life, "The Abandoned Farmer" and "On Common Ground" are located near the village of Clarkson.

In the Government Park reservation at Rondeau in Kent County, Archie P. McKishnie has found a setting for one of the most delightful animal and nature stories that Canada has yet produced. Mr. McKishnie was born in this neighborhood, his father was a keen nature lover, and in the weaving of the fabric of "Love of the Wild" he has been able to employ a great wealth of knowledge, keenness of sympathy and charm of description.

Toronto has been used many times as a background for fiction. But as Toronto does not seem to be a place where romantic or unusual things are likely to happen, it has not bulked large in Canadian literature. Curiously enough too the life of the city, the spirit of its people, its place in the commercial life of the Dominion and its political and industrial importance have all been passed over, and with the exception of Alan Sullivan's analytical study of character, "Blantyre Allen," and his study of factory life, "The Inner Door," most Toronto stories have been founded on college experiences during the author's student days in the city.

Harvey J. O'Higgins builds the main features of "Don A' Dreams" around student life in Toronto University in the middle nineties. Ralph Connor carries the hero of "The Prospector" through his theological course at Knox, and Robert Barr contributes in "The Measure of the Rule" a vivid picture of life at Toronto Normal School in the early seventies.

But it is in the vast north and west beyond the sky line, where the strange ways go down, that the most characteristic of Canadian fiction is to be found. Here are adventure and hardship, romance and struggle. Here are hardy and adventurous Hudson's Bay factors and voyageurs; picturesque "breeds" and red-skinned braves, rugged trappers and traders who for generations threaded the trails and followed the water courses; red-coated mounted police who carried law and order into the frontier places and made settlement possible; hardy and venturesome settlers who pioneered the way into the prairies and laid the foundations for the cities and towns that were to be.

Gilbert Parker's "The Trail of the Sword," deals with the early days of the Great Company when d'Iberville LeMoynes crossed overland from Quebec to clear Hudson Bay of the hated English, in order to ensure the safety of the French colonies on the St. Lawrence; and Agnes Laut in "Heralds of Empire" recalls the daring attempt of the swashbuckler Radisson to seize the ships of the Company in Hudson Bay in reprisal for their shabby treatment toward himself.

"Lords of the North" is a brilliant story by Miss Laut, dealing with that most thrilling period of Hudson's Bay history, the fight between the Company and their rivals the Northwesters, and the founding of the Selkirk settlement in Manitoba.

The opening up of the West for settlement following Confederation and the purchase of the North-West Territory from the Hudson's Bay Company resulted in the establishment of the Royal North-West Mounted Police force. Naturally so picturesque and remarkable a body of soldier constabulary has been of the greatest value to writers of fiction, for the possibilities for adventure and romance in a force of nearly one thousand men patrolling a country as large as an empire are practically unlimited. American writers particularly have been attracted by it, but Canadians who have used the mounted police for fiction purposes are Ralph Connor in his "Corporal Cameron" and "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," Roger Pocock—himself a former member of the force—in "The Cheerful Blackguard" and "The Man in the Open," H. A. Cody in "The Long Patrol," and Gilbert Parker in his book of short stories "Pierre and His People," probably the best volume of Canadian short stories yet published, and his "An Adventurer of the North."

Of stories by Canadians with a background of prairie life we have many. Robert J. C. Stead's first novel, "The Homesteaders," recalls the first great rush of settlers into the Red River Valley in 1882; Nellie L. McClung's "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and "The Second Chance" are placed in a small frontier town in Western Manitoba, and Ralph Connor's "The Man from Glengarry," "The Doctor," "The Prospector" and "The Major" are all interpretative of some phase of western life. In "The Foreigner" he deals particularly with the efforts at assimilation of the Slavic people into Canadian citizenship.

But what is perhaps the best western story by a Canadian writer has been written by an Easterner, Arthur Stringer. "The Prairie Wife" is a splendid tribute to that wonderful love, loyalty and courage that inspire young womanhood in the East to forsake father and mother to follow the man of her heart to share with him in the loneliness and hardships of prairie life.

R. G. Stead's "The Cow Puncher" is not a ranching story, as its title would suggest, but one dealing with the mischievous real estate boom which disgraced Calgary in pre-war days, and Isabel Paterson's brilliant novel, "The Shadow Riders," is a story of Alberta politics.

British Columbia and the gold-studded Yukon have as yet great unexplored resources of romance for Canadian fiction writers. Gilbert Parker in "The World for Sale" and Frank L. Packard in his book of railroad stories, "On the Iron at Big Cloud," have found material in the construction camps of the Grand Trunk Pacific; Robert Alison Hood's "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester" and Robert Watson's "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," are both love stories with a British Columbia background; and Arthur Heming in "Spirit Lake" and Hulbert Footner in several excellent stories of adventure have taken the Peace River Country for background.

Footner in the development of his background has taken an unusual method. He knows the Upper Fraser and the Peace River country thoroughly, and for purposes of fiction he has taken a section of the country for his own and mapped and marked it in his own special way and called it Athabasca. Here he has placed the scenes of "Jack Chanty," "Two on a Trail," and "The Sealed Valley," three stories of adventure as splendid and thrilling as one could desire.

Good Yukon novels by Canadian writers are not numerous. American novelists evidently got there first and staked the best claims; but Robert W. Service's "Trail of '98," H. A. Cody's "If Any Man Sin" and Madge Macbeth's "Kleath," are pretty well up to the standard set by Jack London, Elizabeth Robins and others.

Too often the Canadian people have been told by those in authority in matters intellectual that there is no such thing as Canadian litera-

ture; or at all events that what there is has little importance. In this hurried trip across continent on the trail of the Canadian romanticist reference is made to but a few of the better known books by Canadian writers. Whether these are sufficient in numbers or high enough in standard to constitute in themselves a literature is a matter of little importance; but their real value consists in that they are pictures of Canadian life, that they interpret the Canadian spirit and that they express to the world the Canadian viewpoint.

The Return

By HELEN LOUISE COCHRANE

SO still the ways of dear accustomed things,
 No sound pierced through when echoing tocsin thrilled;
 So safe my steps that met life's beckonings,
 They could not stray to sombre fields untilled,
 Where Death swept low on dark, untiring wings.

Yet when you stood steadfast beneath the blue,
 I was so close your courage reached to me:
 And as we strove, from out the anguish grew
 Those highest years we leave to memory,
 Bright with the faith whose waking held us true.

Soul has met soul: a strengthened pledge we hold
 Who through the shadows side by side have pressed.
 Though still they wait, those wondrous hours of gold,
 I lean on love that did not spurn the test;
 New dreams shine clear where never dawned the old.



The Duel in "Hamlet"

By RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

As usually represented on the modern stage, the duel in "Hamlet" is fought with modern French fencing foils and the players employ the tactics of the modern school of arms. The result is much as follows:—

The players select their foils and salute, sometimes going through the elaborate and beautiful "grand salute." They then fall on guard, play and Hamlet delivers a hit on Laertes' jacket. They play again, and again Hamlet delivers an irreproachable hit. A third time they engage, Laertes hits Hamlet, the pair, for some reason or another, throw their foils on the ground, each picks up the other's, at once they engage again, without acknowledgement of the hit, Hamlet wounds Laertes, and it is then, and not till then, that it is discovered that Laertes' foil never had a button and that both players have been wounded. The requisite fatal results then follow.

From the fencer's point of view this action is impossible in many details. If to a knowledge of fencing he adds a little historical knowledge of the sword, it is impossible from beginning to end. The principal difficulties are as follows:—

Firstly, neither Hamlet nor anyone else notices at the beginning that Laertes foil has no button, but is sharp. Through the first two bouts this remains unnoticed, though Hamlet's eyes must be on his opponent's point the whole time. A button is a very noticeable thing and its absence could not be ignored.

Secondly, after Hamlet has been hit and wounded, the fight goes on. Hamlet does not acknowledge his first hit. This impoliteness does occur, but is not what we expect from Hamlet. Wounds occur, though very rarely, in the fencing school. They are usually due to the breaking of a foil but the bout is necessarily stopped the instant such an accident occurs.

Thirdly the exchange of foils is impossible in modern fencing. One player may drop his foil or have it forced out of his hand, but both could not be disarmed at the same time.

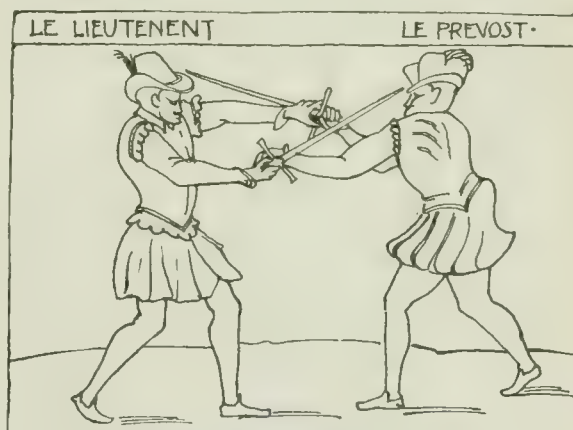
As a historic objection, the "salute" was only developed about seventy or eighty years ago. It was quite unknown to Shakespeare.

These points are known to every fencer. Even the critics and actors have put forward

numerous explanations and methods to account for them. There is need to recapitulate these here. Not one of them explains the first difficulty. Why did Hamlet never notice the absence of the button from his adversary's foil? Carelessness and an unsuspecting mind can account for much, but to a fencer this is impossible.

The nearest approach to a real explanation is that given by von Friesen.¹ He refers to the teaching given in the German fencing schools in the beginning of last century, which had retained many tricks of the rapier, amongst them being the "left hand disarm." His explanation is probably something like the scene as imagined by Shakespeare, but there seems room for some further explanation.

The difficulties all arise from the confusion between the "rapier" and the "small-sword." The modern fencing foil is the practice weapon of the small sword, a weapon not developed for



"A Prinse faut Faire contre-prinse, comme est ici monstre par ce Lieutenant au Prevost."—From the "Treatise on Fencing" of Henry de Saint Didier, Paris, 1573.

two centuries after Shakespeare wrote. It is a pointed weapon with no edge and can be used for thrusting only. It is stated in the play that the duel is to be fought with rapier and dagger.

The rapier was the single combat sword of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and its use was brought to considerable perfection in Italy. It was a long, rather heavy weapon with a slender-edged and pointed blade and was used

¹ Hermann Freiherr von Friesen: "Die fechtscene im Hamlet." *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1869 p. 376. Given in Furness' *Variorum Shakespeare*, "Hamlet," vol. II, p. 338.

both for cutting and for thrusting. The hilt was formed of inter-laced bars which, in the earlier rapiers, would give protection against a cut but not against a thrust, and in consequence stout leather gauntlets were worn in fighting. These are mentioned in the stage directions.

The practice rapier was in all respects as the actual weapon save that its edge and point were "bated," that is blunted. It was quite a formidable weapon and skill in rapier play was only acquired at considerable risk and with many hard knocks. It had no button, the play was rather rough, and though dangerous or fatal wounds were unlikely, yet a "broken head," that is a scratch on the head sufficient to let the blood flow, was not uncommon and would be accepted as an ordinary hit. Masks, it need hardly be added, were never worn.

In the sword play both cut and thrust were used. The Italian masters of the end of the sixteenth century were developing the use of the point in preference to the edge, but in this they were in advance of the rest of Europe. So far as we can judge, the English fencers of Shakespeare's day still showed a preference for the edge. Both cuts and thrusts were delivered with a short step forward, but the "lunge" with its tremendous extension was not yet thought out. Parries were very simple and primitive, indeed every parry was also an action of attack, so that a combat was carried on by what a modern fencer would regard as a series of time thrusts. Under these conditions double hits must have been common. As compared with modern foil play all movements were slow and heavy.

When "rapier and dagger" were the weapons the dagger was carried in the left hand, and was used for parrying. The stage directions of the later folios mention daggers as brought in by the attendants. In a friendly bout such as was proposed the daggers would not be used for attack, and accordingly we hear nothing more about them in the play.

The rapier was held in much the same manner as the modern Italian duelling sword, with thumb and two fingers round the cross bar and underneath the bar hilt. This gives a very strong grasp of the weapon, and makes the disarm very difficult.

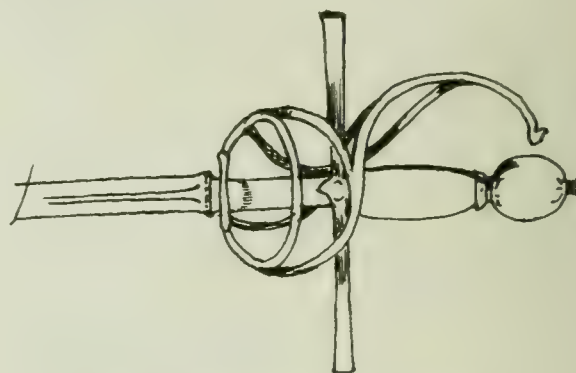
But amongst the various tricks taught and practiced in the rapier schools of the sixteenth century was one in which the attacker stepped in with the left foot and, seizing the hilt of his opponent's rapier, endeavoured to twist it out

of his hand. The answer to this attack was in turn to seize the attacker's hilt. The two fencers then abandoned their own rapiers and fell back, transferred their new weapons to their right hands and came on again. The man who came in first after such a scuffle had a very good chance of scoring.

This manoeuvre is given in full in Sainet Didier's treatise on fencing published in Paris in 1573 with illustrations showing every step. These are reproduced in Egerton Castle's "Schools and Masters of Fence," a book in which the curious may find full information on rapier play.²

This was evidently the action of which Shakespeare was thinking. The stage directions are in harmony with it: "They catch one another's rapiers and both are wounded"; or in the first folio: "In scuffling they change rapiers."

The nature of the hit that was to prove fatal is indicated in Act IV, Scent VII, where Laertes says:—



Typical Elizabethan Rapier Hilt.

"Where it draws blood, no cataplasm . . .
. . . can save the thing from death,
That is but scratched withal."

Laertes considers it a possibility that he may, in an apparently honourable bout, scratch Hamlet. "If I gall him slightly it may be the death." With the rather rough rapier play in vogue in England in the beginning of the seventeenth century he could easily do so, and never be blamed for it.

We may now attempt a reconstruction of the duel according to the methods of seventeenth century rapier play.

The combatants draw on their gauntlets, take their rapiers and step forward. Hamlet takes the first rapier that comes, but Laertes has to look rather carefully to see that he gets the poisoned rapier. Indeed he actually picks an

² Egerton Castle. "Schools and Masters of Fence," Bell and Sons, London, 1885.

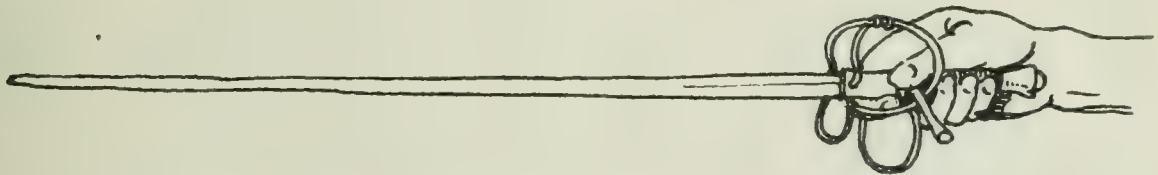
innocent one first and has to exchange on the plea of weight. "This is too heavy, Let me see another." It is only by close examination that the difference between the bated and unbated weapons can be seen. They do not salute, but approach one another in a slightly stooping attitude, the head well back to be out of danger, the rapier held rather stiffly in front, dagger in the left hand. They circle slowly round, delivering short vicious stabs and cuts which are parried by simple movements and counter attacks of dagger and rapier. Presently Hamlet gets home on Laertes' body. He claims a hit. Laertes, who has possibly not felt the slight touch, appeals. The judge decides for Hamlet: "A hit, a very palpable hit." They fight again and Laertes must acknowledge Hamlet's next hit. So far they have fought a very gentlemanly game, but both are now getting excited. Hamlet challenges Laertes: "I pray you, pass with your best violence," the "pass" being a technical term for the step with which a blow was delivered. Laertes attacks violently: "Have at you now." Hamlet, seeing that Laertes is dangerous, drops his dagger and attempts the "left hand disarm" of the schools. He is a fraction late in grasping Laertes' hilt and receives a slight scratch on the head, enough, with the sharp weapon, to draw blood, but not enough to halt his attack.

(Every defence in rapier play is also an attack.)

Laertes counters with the approved defence. As Sainet Didier says: "A prinse faut faire contre prinse." He seizes Hamlet's rapier and lets go his own. He can do nothing else. His chance of safety lies in getting Hamlet's rapier quickly enough to defend himself. But Hamlet, the more skilful fencer, is in before Laertes can recover and deals him no light scratch, but a hearty blow, whether a cut or a thrust we cannot say. The stage directions in the Quarto say: "Laertes falls down," and this suggests a thrust. Hamlet, who does not at all realise what he has done with the sharp rapier, calls on him to come on again, but Laertes is down, tended by Osric. "How is't, Laertes?"

In later editions Laertes falls only after Hamlet's speech "O villainy! Ho, let the door be locked." Either time is quite suitable. The duel is over. Both are wounded, strictly according to the rules of rapier play, and the desired result has been obtained without any action which would have seemed strange to an audience, many of whom carried rapiers at their sides.

Laertes dies first. He has been really seriously wounded. Hamlet, whose scratch is but slight, lasts long enough to finish the king's business. But the poison is powerful and Hamlet, too, must die.



Practice Rapier, early Seventeenth Century, showing the manner in which it was held, with finger and thumb over the cross-hilt, protected by the bar guards.

Among Sweet and Tranquil Things

By MAUD GOING

FAR AWAY and Long Ago!" What an enchanting title!

The comment and the fervor with which it is spoken betray a feeling which, nowadays possesses us all. The world—as we know it—alas, is too much with us.

Ah, if for a brief and blessed interval, one might utterly forget labor complications and boundary disputes, war taxes and civic maladministration, the repatriation problem and the tenement housing disgrace and live awhile among sweet and tranquil things, unaltered by the passing years.

The books of William Henry Hudson make this withdrawal possible. Lured by their enticement, held by their spell, we are for awhile engrossed by the sights and sounds of wide green places where the only changes are those wrought by spring and autumn, storm and sunshine, day and night. And the Midas touch of the literary artist turns common things to gold.

"All the books of Hudson," says Galsworthy, "breathe revolt against our new enslavement of towns and machinery. . . . His fancy is akin to the flight of the birds that are his special loves; it never seems to have entered a house, but since birth to have been roaming the air in rain and sun. . . . The smell of the lamp has not touched a single page that he ever wrote. That alone is a marvel to us who know that to write well, even to write clearly, is no gift of the angels." Yet "as a stylist Hudson has few if any living equals. And in all his work there is an indefinable freedom from any thought of after benefit even from the desire that we should read him."

As Hudson himself says of "Gerarde of the Herball," with a delightful adaptation of his own phrases to the subject: "The color of his style is never overworn, and he is forever fresh and full of agreeable surprises like Nature herself, who maketh her plants not for meat and material uses only, but some to be esteemed for beauty alone and as garlands and crowns for pleasure."

Hudson's style in the last analysis owes much of its witchery to the author's preference for simple Saxon words.

He is in most of his work merely the guide showing us what he wishes us to see, directing

our attention to what he wishes us to hear in the out-door world.

In "Who's Who"—this is perhaps an open secret—celebrities are invited to exploit themselves, but W. H. Hudson makes no use of his opportunity. His notice therein is merely a dated list of his seventeen books. He feels evidently that though a man's work belongs to the public, his life is his own affair. But in "Far Away and Long Ago," he becomes for once intimately reminiscent and frankly self-revealing. His mother, his childhood, his home, its neighbors, the influences which moulded his plastic years, are told with simplicity and charm.

He was the son of an English father and an American mother, who had emigrated to the Argentine Republic. "The house where I was born," he says, "on the South American pampas was quaintly named Los Veinte-cinco Ombues—which means the twenty-five Ombu trees—there being just twenty-five of these trees, gigantic in size, standing wide apart in a row."

This house, and the home of his boyhood to which the family moved when he was in his sixth year, were both near the great estuary of the Rio de la Plata.

The landscapes (except for the frequent shallow lakelets called "lagunas" and alive with birds) must look like those of the great American plains west of the Mississippi.

Here and there, like an island in an ocean of rippling grass, is an estancia or farm with its dwellings and outbuildings, its windbreak of tall trees, its grove and orchard.

It is a cattle country where as in Israel of old wealth is reckoned in herds. Wide distances separate the estancias, and a "neighbor," using the term in its local sense, is one who lives but half a day's journey away on horse-back. The population learns to ride soon after it learns to walk and huge horses are bestriden and controlled by mere babies. At six years old Hudson himself could ride bare-back at a fast gallop without falling.

Hudson's father is but briefly sketched: "He was not anxious to get rich, and was more brotherly towards his fellows than most men. . . . The instinct of self-preservation, supposed to be universal, was not in him, and there were times

when this extraordinary defect produced the keenest distress in my mother. A second, and in its results a more disastrous, shining quality was a child-like trust in the absolute good faith of every person with whom he came into business relations. Things being what they are, this inevitably led to his ruin."

His mother's personality is much more clearly defined: we feel her winsomeness. "There was," he says, "a bond of union between us since she best understood my feeling for Nature and sense of beauty. Thus besides and above the love of mother and son we had a spiritual kinship, and this was so much to me that everything beautiful in sight or sound that affected me came associated with her in my mind!" "From the time when I began to think for myself I used to wonder at her tolerance: for she was a saint in her life, spiritually-minded in the highest degree. To her, a child of New England parents and ancestors, reared in an intensely religious atmosphere, the people of the pampas among whom her lot was cast might have appeared almost like the inhabitants of another world. They were as strange to her soul morally and spiritually as they were unlike her own people outwardly in language, dress and customs. Yet she was able to affiliate with them, to visit and sit at ease with them in their lowliest ranches, interesting herself as much in their affairs as if she belonged to them."

These neighbors would be strange to our souls too. One was "the patriarch of the pampas who lived in a long low mud built house on a wide empty treeless plain: three crooked acacia trees grew beside it and a little farther away was a cattle enclosure and a sheepfold. The lord and master of this naked dreary-looking house was one of the principal land owners of that region. Moreover he was the husband of six wives all living with him under one roof."

Now how was he, with six simultaneous wives, regarded by his neighbors? He was esteemed and beloved above most men in his position.

Another neighbor is described as "a gorgeous figure in picturesque gaucho dress and with long ringlets falling over his shoulders. He did nothing but sit all day in the living room sipping bitter *mati* and listening to the endless gossip of a swarm of poor relations who had the freedom of his house."

Even in Buenos Ayres—the Paris of South America—doings are described which sound like comic episodes in an Elizabethan play. "The city was guarded at night by quaint frowzy watchmen mostly old, wearing big cloaks and

carrying staffs and heavy iron lanterns with tallow candle alight inside. At the stroke of each hour from all the streets from all over the town would come long drawn wails with infinite variety in the voices. I loved the poor night-watchmen and their cries, and it grieved my little soft heart to hear that it was considered fine sport by the rich young gentlemen to sally forth at night and do battle with them, and to deprive them of their staffs and lanterns."

During his first visit to Buenos Ayres the little boy, then about six years old, rushed to the street door with his playmates to see the impressive passing of the famed Don Eusebio, court-painter to Dictator Rosa, "the Nero of South America." "Down the street in his general's dress—for it was one of the Dictator's little jokes to make his fool a general—all scarlet, with a big scarlet three-cornered hat, surmounted by an immense aigrette of scarlet plumes, came Don Eusebio. He marched along with tremendous dignity, his sword at his side and twelve soldiers, also in scarlet, his body-guard, walked six on each side of him with drawn swords in their hands." Far away and long ago, indeed!

Among the ranchmen, in their gatherings, terrible tales used to be told with throat-cutting as their theme. In those dark times of the Argentine Republic, following the casting off of the Spanish yoke, the peoples of the plains developed amazing ferocity; they loved to kill a man, not with a bullet, but in a manner "to make them feel and know that they were truly killing."

When Hudson grew old enough to realize the horror of the stories told, with gloating and with laughter at cattle brandings, races and other occasions, "such a loathing," he says, "possessed me that ever afterwards the very sight of these men was enough to produce a sensation of nausea."

Luckily there were some English residents, and the nearest English neighbor was an educated man of genial disposition; with him and his family the relations of the Hudson family were happy and intimate.

The open hospitality of his home gave him much human experience. Strangers and travellers took their rest there. "The poorest," he says, "even men who would be labelled tramps in England, would be made as welcome as those of a better class. . . . The more uncouth or ridiculous, from our childish point of view, they appeared, the more anxious my mother would be to put them at their ease."

And the little boy developed tastes which safeguarded him against loneliness. Very early he acquired a habit of going about alone. In after years his mother told him how anxious this singularity used to make her.

"She would miss me," he says, "when looking out to see what the children were doing, and I would be called and searched for. . . . Then she began to keep an eye on me, and when I was observed stealing off she would secretly follow and watch me, standing motionless among the tall weeds or under the trees by the half hour. This disturbed her very much, and then to her great relief and joy she discovered that I was watching some living thing. And as she loved all living things herself she was quite satisfied that I was not 'going queer in my head'—for that was what she had been fearing."

This nature study at first hand seems to have been Hudson's chief education.

We read of three resident tutors, all in differing ways unsatisfactory, none filling his post for long.

Instruments and new books were only to be obtained with difficulty and after long delays. There were plenty of books in the house, many of them of theological and meditative character. "I was familiar with their appearance on the shelves, even their titles, and that was all I knew about them. A general Natural History and two little works by James Rennie on the habits of birds was all the literature suited to my needs in the entire collection."

He says of himself that his was "a mind that had not been trained nor pressed into a groove by schoolmasters—a mind that was a forest-wilding rather than a plant grown in a prepared soil."

Nevertheless by his sixteenth year he had read a number of serious and standard works—Carlyle's "French Revolution," Rollins' "Ancient History" and Draper's "History of Civilization," "and I was still deep in the 'Decline and Fall,'" he narrates, "when disaster came to us; my father was practically ruined owing to his child-like trust in his fellow-men, and we quitted the home he had counted on as a permanent one, which in due time would have become his property had he but made his position secure by a proper deed."

"Thus ended sadly enough the enchanting years of my boyhood," he says, and the family went back impoverished to the old home where he first saw the light.

There he took his share in the rough work of the cattle farm, and was much out of doors on

horseback. One day he undertook unaided to drive home a troop of cattle purchased at a distance of many leagues, and he was all day in the saddle in violent wind and rain. The result of a very thorough drenching and chill was a rheumatic fever, followed by years of bad health and a permanent weakening of the heart.

"Nor was this the worst that had befallen me. I now discovered that the old dread of annihilation which I had first experienced as a small child was not dead, as I had fondly imagined, but still lived and worked in me. It was not strange that in these circumstances I became more and more absorbed in religious literature."

His desire for a reasonable hope of immortality was intense and constant. The assurance of immortality was difficult to achieve and still more difficult to retain.

"The mournful truth that every man must die alone," he says, "had been thrust sharply into my mind, and kept there by frequent violent attacks of my malady, every one of which threatened to be the last." He was haunted by "the apprehension of loneliness at the moment of the severance of all earthly ties and the parting with light and life.

"The whole desire of my soul," he says, "was life—to live for ever, and I had been sentenced to an early death. Nature could charm, could enchant me, but the spectral always followed me."

"The rising and setting of the sun,—the call of some newly returned migrant—the first sight of some flower in spring would be like a sudden ray of sunlight in a dark place—a momentary intense joy to be succeeded by ineffable pain."

"Gradually suffering and disability diminished, gradually strength increased, and the conviction grew that the physicians had been false prophets, that—barring accidents—I could count on thirty, forty, even fifty years with their summers, autumns and winters."

"And that was the life I desired—the life the heart can conceive—the earth life."

To him it was joy to be akin to all created things, to realize our community of descent with the little brothers of earth, air and water.

"The delight I experienced in my communings with nature did not pass away, leaving nothing but a recollection of vanished happiness, to intensify a present pain. The happiness was never lost, had a cumulative effect on the mind and was mine again, so that in my worst times, when I was compelled to exist shut out from nature in London for long periods, sick and

poor and friendless, I could yet always feel that it was infinitely better to be than not to be."

After this we know little of Hudson except his published work. His first book, "The Purple Land," appeared when the author was in his twenty-fourth year.

"The Purple Land that England Lost" was the original title, the sub-title being "The narrative of one Richard Lamb's adventures in the Banda Orientale as told by himself." Galsworthy calls this book "a romantic piece of realism." It bewails the loss of the purple land which was taken by force of arms, and then relinquished by the British in exchange for a couple of thousand British soldiers held as prisoners in Buenos Ayres.

One or two of the more serious library journals reviewed this book—not favourably—under the heading: "Travels and Geography," but the reading public did not buy and the work shortly fell into oblivion. This might have been the sleep that knows no waking, had it not been for certain men of letters who chanced upon it and concerned themselves to review it. May we remark in passing that this was also the story of Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*.

"The Purple Land" is Uruguay, and the adventures related are supposed to happen in the late sixties and early seventies of the last century. This book, like "The Crystal Age" was republished after the lapse of years.

The immediate successors of "The Purple Land," "Argentine Ornithology," "A Naturalist on the La Plata" and "Idle Days in Patagonia" are all, as their titles show, books of the South American out-door world. The country portrayed is not tropical. The great cattle ranges as described would remind an American reader of the country beyond the Mississippi, and the green things growing near dwellings are most of them things which grow also in the blue grass region of Kentucky.

We read of rows of poplars, of apple, peach and quince orchards, of violets which the children used to gather in spring—even the weeds which haunted the door yards of the estancias are too familiar to would-be gardeners in the United States, and the home of Hudson's childhood is well beyond the Tropic of Capricorn, in the south temperate zone.

"The Crystal Age" differs from his other books. It uses again a somewhat outworn literary theme. His hero sleeps an unconscionable time and awakens, after long lapse of ages, into a different civilization.

Human society is as in patriarchal days, the family is the social and governmental unit. There is no coinage—the hero's sovereigns discovered in his pocket are curiosities almost inexplicable to a people who know nothing of money as a medium of exchange.

There are great public meals in a superb dining hall. To us it seems that the society described, where it differs from ours, is retrogressive rather than progressive.

The following book returns to South America which perhaps laid its spell upon its son for all time. For here is what he says in "Far Away and Long Ago" when he thinks that his beloved lagunas are perhaps drained and utilized:

"When I recall those rushy and flowery meres, with their varied and multitudinous wild bird life—that cloud of shining wings, the heart-enlivening wild cries, the joy unspeakable it all was to me in those early years, I am glad to think I shall never revisit them, that I shall finish my life thousands of miles removed from them, cherishing to the end in my heart the image of a beauty which has vanished from the earth."

Ah yes, Hudson should not depart from his metier which is description of the out-door world.

His style seems especially suited to the portrayal of nature in England, where all his latter work is done. "Hampshire Days" is written in Richard Jeffries' country, and has all Jeffries' charm without the things which mar it—the intrusion of the personal note and the sense of the shadow of death.

We read these books of the English countryside and still the wonder grows that they are not better known and loved.

Thoreau's "Early Spring in Massachusetts" and his "Walden" have had their vogue and hold their place—yet Thoreau's books compared to these are dry as seedsmen's catalogues. For it is the personality of the author that lures or repels us after all, and "Thoreau," says Stevenson, "is priggish and selfish." "In his whole works I find no trace of pity. It is profit that he is after in his intimacies—moral profit certainly, but still profit for himself."

In contrast to this we recall what was said to Hudson by an old gipsy horse-tamer of the Banda Orientale: "In that chief quality which we think was given by the Creator to us—the ability to be one in heart with the men you meet whether they are clothed in velvet or in sheepskins—in that you are one of us."

And this sympathy is not for men only—for here is the tragedy of a caged bird as related in "Nature in Downland": "A silent sullen daw—and no wonder! He did not, like Sterne's captive starling, cry continually 'I can't get out'; he made no cry and had no hope of ever feeling the wind and the sun, or ever seeing the blue sky and green earth again. Eight to nine years he had been immured in that cursed prison, and he would never leave it until his tortured life had left him; then his dead body would be taken out and another bird, I dare say, put there in his place."

With John Burroughs still in the land of the living, "Current Opinion" calls Hudson "the greatest living writer of out-door literature," and regrets that our recognition of him has been belated.

In long days in the open, with trained faculties, he has studied insects—"the slow beetle, heavily armored, and the fantastic fly—a miracle of inconsequence, the esteemed humble-bee and the wasp—that very fine insect gentleman,—in his mood of devilish cheerfulness, the diligent ant absorbed in her minute business, the grasshopper with his small stringed instrument and long, grave countenance, and the dragon-fly with those two great gem-like orbs, that reflect a nature of unimaginable aspect.

He has studied birds, and writes of swifts which rise on a summer evening till they disappear from sight and appear very early in the morning as if falling from the sky—and he puts forth the fascinating suggestion that they spend nights on the wing, far up, in the light of the stars.

In one of the South American books he writes of a stealthy conversation among serpents, "a low mysterious chorus, death-watch and flutter and hiss."

One does not see why these books should not share the immortality of the "Natural History of Selborne" in the description of which Hudson has accurately described also his own work.

"Why does this little cockle-shell of a book come gaily down to us over a sea full of waves, where so many brave books have foundered? The style is sweet and clear, but a book cannot live merely because it is well written. I would humbly suggest that the personality of the author is the principal charm of the letters, for in spite of his modesty and extreme reticence his spirit shines in every page,—that the world will not willingly let this small book die, not only because it is well written and full of interesting matter, but because it is a very delightful human document."

The Answer

By F. O. CALL

WHY do I lie upon the ground
And listen to the silver sound
Of water flowing from a spring?
It sings the song I cannot sing.

Why am I gazing at the sky
To watch the clouds go trailing by?
—Pearl ships upon a sapphire sea—
They seek a land unknown to me.

Why do I listen to the song
Of pine-boughs singing all day long?
The secret that their songs unfold
Ten thousand bards have left untold.

A Prologue In Heaven

By H. G. WELLS

§ 1.

TWO eternal beings, magnificently enhaloed, the one in a blinding excess of white radiance, and the other in a bewildering extravagance of colors, converse amidst stupendous surroundings. These surroundings are by tradition palatial, but there is now also a marked cosmic tendency about them. They have no definite locality; they are above and comprehensive of the material universe.

There is a quality in the scene as if a futurist with a considerable knowledge of modern chemical and physical speculation and some obscure theological animus had repainted the designs of a pre-Raphaelite. The vast pillars vanish into unfathomable darknesses, and the complicated curves and whorls of the decorations seem to have been traced by the flight of elemental particles. Suns and planets spin and glitter through the avanturine depths of a floor of crystalline ether. Great winged shapes are in attendance, wrought of iridescences and bearing globes, stars, rolls of the law, flaming swords, and similar symbols. The voices of Cherubim and Seraphim can be heard crying continually, "Holy, Holy, Holy."

Now, as in the ancient story, it is a reception of the sons of God.

The Master of the gathering, to whom one might reasonably attribute a sublime boredom, seeing that everything that can possibly happen is necessarily known to him, displays, on the contrary, as lively an interest in his interlocutor as ever. This interlocutor is, of course, Satan, the Unexpected.

The contrast of these two eternal beings is very marked; while the Deity, veiled and almost hidden in light, with his hair like wool and his eyes like the blue of infinite space, conveys an effect of stable, remote, and mountainous grandeur, Satan has the compact alertness of habitual travel; he is as definite as a grip-sack, and he brings a flavour of initiative and bustle upon a scene that would otherwise be one of serene perfection. His halo even has a slightly travelled look. He has been going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it; his labels are still upon him. His status in heaven remains as undefined as it was in the time of Job; it is uncertain to this day whether he is to be regarded as one of the sons of God or as an

inexplicable intruder among them. (But see upon this question the *Encyclopaedia Biblica* under his name.) Whatever his origin, there can be little doubt of his increasing assurance of independence and importance in the Divine presence. His freedom may be sanctioned or innate, but he himself has no doubt remaining of the security of his personal autonomy. He believes that he is a necessary accessory to God, and that his incalculable quality is an indispensable relief to the acquiescence of the Archangels. He never misses these reactions. If God is omnipresent by a calm necessity, Satan is everywhere by an infinite activity. They engage in unending metaphysical differences into which Satan has imported a tone of friendly badinage. They play chess together.

But the chess they play is not the little ingenious game that originated in India; it is on an altogether different scale. The Ruler of the Universe creates the board, the pieces, and the rules; he makes all the moves; he may make as many moves as he likes whenever he likes; his antagonist, however, is permitted to introduce a slight inexplicable inaccuracy into each move, which necessitates further moves in correction. The Creator determines and conceals the aim of the game, and it is never clear whether the purpose of the adversary is to defeat or assist him in his unfathomable project. Apparently the adversary cannot win, but also he cannot lose so long as he can keep the game going. But he is concerned, it would seem, in preventing the development of any reasoned scheme in the game.

§ 2.

Celestial badinage is at once too high and broad to come readily within the compass of earthly print and understanding. The Satanic element of unexpectedness can fill the whole sphere of Being with laughter; thrills begotten of those vast reverberations startle our poor wits at the strangest moments. It is the humor of Satan to thrust upon the Master his own title of the Unique and to seek to wrest from him the authorship of life. (But such jesting distresses the angels.)

"I alone create."

"But I—I ferment."

"Matter I made and all things."

"Stagnant as a sleeping top but for the wobble I give it."

"You are just the little difference of the individual. You are the little Uniqueness in everyone and everything, the Unique that breaks the law, a marginal idiosyncrasy."

"Sire, *you* are the Unique, the Uniqueness of the whole."

Heaven smiled, and there were halcyon days in the planets.

"I shall average you out in the end and you will disappear."

"And everything will end."

"Will be complete."

"Without me!"

"You spoil the symmetry of my universe."

"I give it life."

"Life comes from me."

"No, Sire, life comes from me."

One of the great shapes in attendance became distinct as Michael bearing his sword. "He blasphemeth, O Lord. Shall I cast him forth?"

"But you did that some time ago," answered Satan, speaking carelessly over his shoulder, and not even looking at the speaker. "You keep on doing it. And I am here."

"He returns," said the Lord soothingly. "Perhaps I will him to return. What should we be without him?"

"Without me, time and space would freeze into crystalline perfection," said Satan, and at his smile the criminal statistics of a myriad planets displayed an upward wave. "It is I who trouble the waters. I trouble all things. I am the spirit of life."

"But the soul," said God.

Satan, sitting with one arm thrown over the back of his throne towards Michael, raised his eyebrows by way of answer. This talk about the soul he regarded as a divine weakness. He knew nothing of the soul.

"I made man in my own image," said God.

"And I made him a man of the world. If it had not been for me he would still be a needless gardener—pretending to cultivate a weedless garden that grew right because it couldn't grow wrong—in 'those endless summers the blessed ones see.' Think of it, ye Powers and Dominions! Perfect flowers! Perfect fruits! Never an autumn chill! Never a yellow leaf! Golden leopards, noble lions, carnivores unfulfilled, purring for his caresses amidst the aimless friskings of lambs that would never grow old! Good Lord! How bored he would have been! How bored! Instead of which, did I not launch him on the most marvellous adventures?"

It was I who gave him history. Up to the very limit of his possibilities. Up to the very limit. . . . And did not you, O Lord, by sending your angels with their flaming swords, approve of what I had done?"

God gave no answer.

"But that reminds me," said Satan, unabashed.

§ 3.

The great winged shapes drew nearer, for Satan is the celestial raconteur. He alone makes stories.

"There was a certain man in the land of Uz whose name was Job."

"We remember him."

"We had a wager of sorts," said Satan. "It was some time ago."

"The wager was never very distinct—and now that you remind me of it, there is no record of your paying."

"Did I lose or win? The issue was obscured by discussion. How those men did talk! You intervened. There was no decision."

"You lost, Satan," said a great Being of Light who bore a book. "The wager was whether Job would lose faith in God and curse him. He was afflicted in every way, and particularly by the conversation of his friends. But there remains an undying fire in man."

Satan rested his dark face on his hand, and looked down between his knees through the pellucid floor to that little eddying in the ether, which makes our world. "Job," he said, "lives still."

Then, after an interval: "The whole earth is now—Job."

Satan delights equally in statistics and in quoting Scripture. He leant back in his seat with an expression of quiet satisfaction. "Job," he said, in easy narrative tones, "lived to a great age. After his disagreeable experiences he lived one hundred and forty years. He had again seven sons and three daughters, and he saw his offspring for four generations. So much is classical. These ten children brought him seventy grandchildren, who again prospered generally and had large families. (It was a prolific strain.) And now, if we allow three generations to a century, and the reality is rather more than that, and if we take the survival rate as roughly three to a family, and if we agree with your excellent Bishop Usher that Job lived about thirty-five centuries ago, that gives us— How many? . . . It is, at any rate, a sum vastly in excess of the present population of the earth. . . . You have

globes and rolls and swords and stars here—has anyone a slide rule?"

But the computation was brushed aside.

"A thousand years in my sight are but as yesterday when it is past. I will grant what you seek to prove: that Job has become mankind."

§ 4.

The dark regard of Satan smote down through the quivering universe and left the toiling light waves behind. "See there," he said, pointing. "My old friend on his little planet—Adam—Job—Man—like a roast on a spit. It is time we had another wager."

God condescended to look with Satan at mankind, circling between day and night. "Whether he will curse or bless?"

"Whether he will even remember God."

"I have given my promise that I will at last restore Adam."

The downcast face smiled faintly.

"These questions change from age to age," said Satan.

"The Whole remains the same."

"The story grows longer in either direction," said Satan, speaking as one who thinks aloud; "past and future unfold together. . . . When the first atoms jarred I was there, and so conflict was there—and progress. The days of the old story have each expanded to hundreds of millions of years now, and still I am in them all. The sharks and crawling monsters of the early seas, the first things that crept out of the water into the jungle of fronds and stems, the early reptiles, the leaping and flying dragons of the great age of life, the mighty beasts of hoof and horn that came later; they all feared and suffered and were perplexed. At last came this Man of yours, out of the woods, hairy, beetle-browed, and blood-stained, peering not too hopefully for that Eden-bower of the ancient story. It wasn't there. There never had been a garden. He had fallen before he arose, and the weeds and thorns are as ancient as the flowers. The Fall goes back in time now beyond man, beyond imagination. The very stars were born in sin. . . ."

"If we can still call it sin," mused Satan. . .

"On a little planet this Thing arises, this red earth, this Adam, this Edomite, this Job. He builds cities, he tills the earth, he catches the lightning and makes a slave of it, he changes the breed of beast and grain. Clever things to do, but still petty things. You say

that in some manner he is to come up at last to this. . . . He is too foolish and too weak. His achievements only illuminate his limitations. Look at his little brain boxed up from growth in a skull of bone! Look at his bag of a body full of rags and rudiments, a haggis of disease! His life is decay. . . . Does he grow. I do not see it. He he made any perceptible step forward in quality in the last ten thousand years? He quarrels endlessly and aimlessly with himself. . . . In a little while his planet will cool and freeze."

"In the end he will rule over the stars," said the voice that was above Satan. "My spirit is in him."

Satan shaded his face with his hand from the effulgence about him. He said no more for a time, but sat watching mankind as a boy might sit on the bank of a stream and watch the fry of minnows in the clear water of a shallow.

"Nay," he said at last, "but it is incredible. It is impossible. I have disturbed and afflicted him long enough. I have driven him as far as he can be driven. But now I am moved to pity. Let us end this dispute. It has been interesting, but now— Is it not enough? It grows cruel. He has reached his limit. Let us give him a little peace now, Lord, a little season of sunshine and plenty, and then some painless universal pestilence, and so let him die."

"He is immortal and he does but begin."

"He is mortal and near his end. At times, no doubt, he has a certain air that seems to promise understanding and mastery in his world; it is but an air. Give me the power to afflict and subdue him but a little, and after a few squeaks of faith and hope he will whine and collapse like any other beast. He will behave like any kindred creature with a smaller brain and a larger paw; he, too, is doomed to suffer to no purpose, to struggle by instinct merely to live, to endure for a season and then to pass. . . . Give me but the power and you shall see his courage snap like a rotten string."

"You may do all that you will to him, only you must not slay him. For my spirit is in him."

"That he will cast out of his own accord—when I have ruined his hopes, mocked his sacrifices, blackened his skies, and filled his veins with torture. . . . But it is too easy to do. Let me just slay him now and end his story. Then let us begin another, a different one, and something more amusing. Let us, for example,

put brains—and this Soul of yours—into the ants or the bees or the beavers! Or take up the octopus, already a very tactful and intelligent creature!”

“No; but do as you have said, Satan. For you also are my instrument. Try Man to the uttermost. See if he is indeed no more than a little stir amidst the slime, a fuss in the mud that signifies nothing. . . .”

§ 5.

The Satan, his face hidden in shadow, seem-

ed not to hear this, but remained still and intent upon the world of men.

And as that brown figure, with its vast halo like the worn tail of some fiery peacock, brooded high over the realms of being, this that follows happened to a certain man upon the earth.

(“A Prologue in Heaven,” which is the introductory chapter of H. G. Wells’ new novel, “The Undying Fire,” is printed by kind permission of the Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, who are the publishers of the book in Canada.)

The Silent Saguenay

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

O H, the Saguenay,
The blue-grey depths of the Saguenay!
I sit upon its rocky sides
And watch the narwhals rolling in their play,
And see the rise and falling of the tides,
And wonder at the silent Saguenay.

Oh, the Saguenay,
The gaunt, grey capes of the Saguenay!
I stand upon their lichen’d knolls
And see the misty hills stretch far away,
Or look to where the wide St. Lawrence rolls
And mingles with the silent Saguenay.

Oh, the Saguenay,
The deep, still nights of the Saguenay!
I hear the water’s lapping sound,
And rippling echoes in the tiny bay;
I see reflected fires on hills around
That grimly guard the silent Saguenay.

Oh, the Saguenay,
The strong, cool winds of the Saguenay!
They gambol with me as they please;
I let them blow my wandering thoughts away,
I see them whispering to the nodding trees,
And rippling all the silent Saguenay.

The Bystander Papers

By W. S. WALLACE

ONE cannot help ruminating sometimes on the caprices of popular fancy. Two generations ago there came to Canada a great Victorian—a former Regius Professor of History at Oxford, in the line of succession with Freeman, Froude, and Stubbs; a leader of the Liberal party in England; and a master of the English language. He married a Canadian wife; he cast in his lot with us, and mingled in our parish politics; above all, he played a journeyman's part in Canadian journalism; and he died in our midst. Yet apart from a certain lip-homage that we paid him, dubbing him in our public prints "the Sage of the Grange," we esteemed him not. And now we have almost forgotten him. We never mention him; his name is never heard.

Goldwin Smith was not in harmony with Canadian public opinion. He was a leader of lost causes. His advocacy of commercial union with the United States, his belief that the ultimate destiny of Canada was political union with the United States, his doubts about the future of the Canadian west, his clear vision of the defects of the Canadian Confederation, his dislike of imperialism and clericalism, even his opposition to liquor prohibition and female suffrage—these things did not endear him to large sections of the Canadian people. Yet opinion is free. Only bigots refuse to read an author with whom they disagree, especially when that author expresses his views, as Goldwin Smith did, with an unflinching courtesy and candor not always imitated by his opponents. Surely we do ourselves wrong in allowing our prejudices to blind us to the fact that we once entertained an angel in our midst unawares—or if not an angel, at any rate one who was on the side of the angels.

One of the most remarkable things about Goldwin Smith is the oblivion that has fallen on his Bystander papers. It is admitted that he wrote no great or epoch-making book. But this was because he was essentially a journalist; and journalists do not as a rule write great books. It was in journalism that his genius shone brightest and truest, and nowhere more brightly and truly than in the little journal called *The Bystander*. This little journal is so little known, and a complete set of it is now

such a rarity, that a brief account of its course may well be in place.

Goldwin Smith settled in Toronto in 1871. In 1872 a group of Canadian literary men began the publication in Toronto of *The Canadian Monthly*, a magazine that compares favourably with any magazine published in Canada since that time. To one of the first numbers of *The Canadian Monthly*, Goldwin Smith contributed an article, signed "A Bystander," on the fall of the first government of Ontario, Sandfield Macdonald's "Patent Combination," at the end of 1871. This was, to speak strictly, the first of the Bystander papers. Thereafter Goldwin Smith continued to contribute to *The Canadian Monthly* a variety of papers under the name of "A Bystander"; and the department of "Current Events" was apparently largely written by him too. It was not, however, until January, 1880, that *The Bystander*, as a separate publication, appeared. It bore the sub-title of "A Monthly Review of Current Events, Canadian and General"; and its motto was, "Not Party, but the People." From January, 1880, to June, 1881, it was published monthly; from January, 1883, to October, 1883, quarterly; and from October, 1889, to September, 1890, monthly. It was written wholly by Goldwin Smith himself; and its cost was one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy. At other times regular contributions from "A Bystander" appeared in the columns of *The Nation* (the organ of the Canada First Movement); *The Week*, and *The Sun*; but all these were weekly publications, and "A Bystander's" contributions to them were of a fugitive and transitory character. The cream of Goldwin Smith's journalistic work in Canada is to be found in the three series of *The Bystander* proper.

The wind bloweth where it listeth; and there is no accounting for tastes. But the present writer finds a thousand times more pleasure in reading *The Bystander* than Steele's *Tatler*, or Addison's *Spectator*, or Johnson's *Rambler*, which are more nearly comparable with it than anything else, and which go on enjoying new editions, in whole or in part, while *The Bystander* remains in its original boards. Thackeray once wrote about "bedside books"; *The Bystander* is a bedside book like none other. In

it the most diverse readers may find pleasure. Whether one is interested in religious questions, or social problems, or art, or literature, or political history, whether Canadian, American, or European, he will find in the pages of *The Bystander* much that is stimulating and brilliant. There were few questions that appeared upon the horizon of his day about which Goldwin Smith's intellect did not play with lambent fire.

The very phrases which he struck out are a joy forever. Since nearly every page bristles with them, one can only quote at haphazard and *ad aperturam*. The imperialism of Disraeli he describes as "Music Hall Imperialism"; the charity of the old-fashioned society he dismisses as "rosewater philanthropy"; the onslaughts of certain Canadian journalists on him are termed philosophically "printer's thunder"; the pose of Thomas Carlyle as a "Seer" is satirized as "his claim to the heritage of Merlin"; the Canadian capital is "that Arctic lumber-village turned into a political cock-pit." A lesser man might acquire a considerable reputation as a phrase-maker by the plunder of these forgotten pages.

Goldwin Smith thought in epigrams. The most famous perhaps of his sayings—"The Father of Confederation was Deadlock"—first appeared in *The Bystander*. But many other sentences, no less pertinent and no less neatly turned, might be quoted from him:

"The voice of reason, rightly heard, is the voice of its Author."

"People will not go tiger hunting, if they think they are to be left to the tiger."

"Political grapeshot kills nobody."

"The state of Europe may be described as a reign of military ambition tempered by deficits and modified by the Almanach de Gotha."

"A political federation spanning all the oceans and embracing communities in all the quarters of the globe is a chimera really as senseless as any that enters the head of an Oriental despot under the inspiring influence of bang."

"While we have armaments, we shall have customs duties."

"The North-West is a land of extraordinary promise, barring some special drawbacks—a climate which, though exhilarating, must require a heavy expenditure in clothes and fuel, late and early frosts, grasshoppers, and politicians."

"Obituary biographies, let them be written by whom they will, are worthless; they merely pile up heaps of fiction for the besom of history to sweep away."

"There are more Grits than Tories in Ontario, as there were more High-heelers than Low-heelers in Lilliput."

"The mention of the servant difficulty is like the opening of a seal in the Apocalypse. It is followed by a universal wail."

"A local addition to the Decalogue must always be an arduous undertaking." (This apropos of Prohibition.)

"A party of interest may get on with a bellwether; a party of opinion needs a chief."

These, it will be understood, are merely random selections, picked out almost as the pious of another day used to pick out for their guidance verses of the Bible—by closing the eyes and placing the finger on the page.

It is the student of Canadian history and politics who will perhaps find most of interest in *The Bystander*; for it dealt first and foremost with Canadian affairs. Of the Canadian constitution, Goldwin Smith was an unsparing critic. He disliked greatly the application of the federal principle to Canadian government. "This country," he wrote, "encased in its intricate and expensive apparatus of Constitutional Monarchies, and Parliaments, Central and Provincial, is like the fabled Dutchman in his dozen pairs of nether garments." "The multitude of petty Parliaments, with all their paraphernalia, and with a Constitutional King to read speeches from the Throne to each of them is a legislative evil as well as a pecuniary waste." "The Ontario Legislature has risen after once more proving, by the magnitude of the machinery and the smallness of the result, that to draw a cork with a steam engine is a waste of money and power." One might almost suspect that the statesmen who drew up the Act of Union of the South African provinces, which presented a problem no less difficult than that of Ontario and Quebec, had taken to heart the arguments of the *Bystander*.

On the lieutenant-governors especially Goldwin Smith poured the vials of his ridicule:

In the name of common-sense what can be the use of such Royalty as this? We fully admit the force of sentimental as well as of practical considerations; but what sentiment can be kindled by a delegated Majesty which is compelled to scuffle for its railway fares and its bath-towels, its theatre tickets and its drinks? What good purpose of any kind can be served by bringing down with pop-gun salutes and an

escort of six men, a figure in an antiquated costume to read a speech, not a word of which is its own, one the exact opposite, perhaps, of that which it was made to deliver the session before? The hypocrisies of Constitutional Monarchy on a grand scale may be august; on a small scale they are ridiculous. As a political officer, the Lieutenant-Governor is notoriously nothing, and of nothing, nothing comes. Fancy assigns to him and his lady high value as the heads of Provincial society. Fine pictures are drawn of a wealthy and hospitable pair, with the finest manners, making the Government House a social centre, and diffusing happiness and refinement around them. But where are such people to be found? Supposing they were found, what should induce them to give up their pleasant home and their congenial circle for publicity without power, and parade without distinction? . . . It is preposterous to expect that these appointments will ever be treated as anything but rewards for steady voting and reimbursements of money expended in elections. Sir John Macdonald is now peering under every bush for the next King of Ontario. Why cannot he take Nature at her word, and relieve us of an office which there is nobody to fill?

Another feature of the Canadian constitution which the Bystander deplored was the Senate. He called it "a political infirmary," "a gilded armchair for partisans who have done their work," "a set of shelves for veteran, and other superannuated, politicians." A passage in which he discussed its historical antecedents presents so much food for thought that it may profitably be quoted in full:

Before we debate the question, how the Senate ought to be constituted, we must sacrifice on the altar of truth by frankly declaring our disbelief in Senates altogether. The illustrious Council from which the name is derived, was not an Upper House, but the government of the Roman Republic, having the executive practically under its control and the initiative of legislation in its hands. The American Senate is a special representation of the Federal as distinguished from the popular principle, in a country where, be it observed, foreign relations being in the hands of the national government, there are real federal functions to be discharged. But the other modern senates are intended imitations of the House of Lords, and, one and all, begotten of the same illusion. The House of Lords is not a Senate, it is an old Feudal Estate, embodying not a political cast of mind different from that embodied in the House of Commons, but a different interest, and at the dictate of that interest resisting to the uttermost every measure of change, from the Habeas Corpus Act to the mitigation of the Criminal Code, and from the mitigation of the Criminal Code to Parliamentary Reform. In

no single instance, we are persuaded, can the House of Lords be shown to have discharged the supposed function of a Senate, by revising, in a calmer atmosphere, and in the light of maturer wisdom, the rash resolutions of the Lower House. Its members are not older and more sedate, much less are they better informed or wiser than those of the House of Commons. They are simply members of an hereditary aristocracy maintaining the privileges of their order. . . . Yet the belief that they are a sage council of political revision has given birth to the double-chambered theory with the multifarious embodiments of which the British colonies and constitutional Europe are over-spread.

And he clinched the argument with a few pregnant phrases:

Is the Upper House to be composed of old men?—It will be impotent. Of rich men?—It will be odious. Of the best and wisest men?—The Lower House, which, as the more popular, remains the more powerful, will be left destitute of its natural guides and controllers. From this quandary, which, if we had space, might be illustrated historically, we really see no escape.

With regard to titles in Canada, Goldwin Smith was nothing if not incisive:

Aristocracy was perhaps the necessary organization of a feudal kingdom with unintelligent masses, provinces imperfectly united, no regular legal system, no centralized administration. The titles in those days were official, not simply territorial, much less mere badges of social exclusiveness; they denoted needful duties really performed to the State. It is needless to add that the titles of chivalry, which are thrown as crumbs to the vanity of colonists, are about as laughable an instance of perversion and debasement as the whole museum of historical curiosities affords. A man who chooses to parade in such antique gew-gaws ought to be made to carry out the joke and wear an iron pot on his head with the thermometer at a hundred.

Of the Bystander's pen-portraits of the leading political figures of his day, some are inimitable. For Sir John Macdonald he had a sneaking regard. He described him as "a leader whose genius and fortune have drawn followers from every camp"; and he admitted that "Sir John Macdonald has always been true to the public interest in the appointment of judges." But even about Macdonald's head he allowed the rapier of his satire to flicker, as the following passage attests:

Whatever may be the ends of the Prince of Darkness, there can be no doubt that he is skilful in the choice of means. He exercises fore-

cast in the choice of his line of action; he studies men, though perhaps too much on the weak side; he is enabled by the knowledge which he thus acquires to speak not to the reporters, but for votes; and he makes it felt that he will always stand by his friends and be loyal under all circumstances to the party cause. Standing by his friends is in fact a habit which he carries to excess, certainly as regards the public interest, probably as regards his own; and the legal maxim *noscitur a sociis* applied to his connections might bear hard on him. Yet the regulation of being a true and gallant comrade is, in a general way, as useful a point of character as a party leader can possess.

With others he was less gentle. Alexander Mackenzie he described as "a worthy man" who was, "by the grace of the former master of the Globe, Prime Minister of Canada"; of Sir Charles Tupper he said that he "has not lived or perhaps cared to live in the odour of political sanctity"; the career of George Brown he epitomized as "a tyranny of libel." But some of his most delicate thrusts were directed against Sir Oliver Mowat. "Mr. Mowat," remarked the Bystander, "is the Sir John Macdonald of Ontario." And when Mowat, in an evil moment, announced that his ambition was to play the role of "a Christian statesman," the Bystander observed, with stinging sarcasm, that "the Ethiopian does not change his skin, even when he becomes a Christian Statesman."

It might perhaps be tedious to quote here from The Bystander passages dealing with English and European politics in the eighties; but some comments on the English and continental public men of that day lend themselves to reproduction. With Disraeli, as is well known, Goldwin Smith had a vendetta. In Disraeli's "Lothair," Goldwin Smith, under the thin disguise of "the Oxford Professor," was lampooned as "a social parasite." When the book appeared, Goldwin Smith was in America; but he promptly cabled back to England describing Disraeli's references to him as "the stingless insults of a coward." And thereafter he lost no opportunity to plant his poniard in the lampooner. Here is one thrust:

An Oriental in character as in blood, Lord Beaconsfield has never had any sympathy with English liberty; what he loves is the power, pomp, and parade of absolute Monarchy: the subject of all his dreams has been the autocracy at which the Stuarts aimed, tricked out in the livery of the Moguls.

And here is another:

We were wrong in saying that Lord Beaconsfield's career would leave no trace. It will

leave a trace, for some time at least, in the altered tone of English public life. Nobody can doubt that, in point of veracity and what is generally called honour, there is a difference between the English character and the Oriental. Hitherto the word of an English statesman has been above impeachment; but under the administration of Lord Beaconsfield there have been constant complaints, not only from English opponents of the Government, but from foreigners and neutrals, of prevarication and deception.

Was ever any man called a Jew and a liar in more adroit and unimpeachable language?

Mr. Gladstone comes in for some hard knocks, especially after his espousal of Home Rule for Ireland; but in the earlier period of The Bystander, he is still the hope of England:

The great representative of the decided Liberal element, after all, is the Prime Minister, in whom everybody feels that there are possibilities of progress bounded only by the Psalmist's limitation of life, which itself is losing its validity in an age of septuagenarian statesmen, generals and emperors. It is easy to understand why Mr. Gladstone is an object of almost frantic hatred to the Tory aristocracy, and of perfectly frantic hatred to their wives. He is not only a Radical and the most powerful of Radicals, but a renegade, and a renegade equipped in an armor of culture and social rank borrowed from the arsenals of those whom he has deserted. Mr. Bradlaugh is a son of Eblis, stamped with his father's likeness and doing his father's work: but Mr. Gladstone is an apostate child of light. Yet the people are right in thinking that not only was Mr. Gladstone's change of party perfectly sincere and honest, but that his course has been really one of consistent progress, though it has, no doubt, a remarkable curve.

But enough perhaps of politics and politicians. On religion and religious questions, the Bystander frequently touched. His position is difficult to define; possibly he did not care to define it himself. He recoiled from dogmatic orthodoxy. "Dogma," he said, "is unreason imposed by ecclesiastical authority." Nor did he take kindly to ritualism. "In the Middle Ages, art and ritual were necessities of belief; they are often necessities of unbelief now." But on the other hand he deplored also natural religion, which he described as "not only lightening the cargo, but scuttling the ship to save her from wreck." He cannot be classed among the unbelievers. "There is a fanaticism of unbelief," he protested, "as well as a fanaticism of belief." Perhaps his standpoint may be well indicated by the following passage:

The close of the year 1880 finds the civilized world still celebrating the birth, in a stable, of a Galilean peasant as the great event of history. That it is the great event of history, at any rate, may be taken as beyond dispute. From it all genuine civilization flows. . . . With it commences that morality, beyond which the world cannot be said yet to have passed.

Or by this passage:

Perhaps the day may arrive when it will be seen that the Founder of Christianity asked those who came to Him no questions about the date of the Book of Daniel, the authenticity of the second part of Isaiah, or any of the problems of Alexandrian theosophy; that the bond between them and His disciples was wholly spiritual and that such ought to be the bond between the members of His Church.

Some subjects allied to religion are discussed. In a striking commentary on cemetery reform, there is a passage which, in view of the Bystander's then advanced age, is not lacking in pathos and beauty:

Death, in any case, is awful and sorrowful: awful as a change, sorrowful as a parting; nor can we see any propriety in the attempt to turn its abode into a pleasure ground. The much praised cemeteries of the United States with their rose walks and pieces of ornamental water have always seemed to us offensive attempts to disguise the sadness of mortality. The old English churchyard with its solemn yew tree is a far better treatment of the theme. . . . To eminent men, and sometimes to eminent malefactors, special monuments will be raised by the community; at all events eminence will have its place in history. But the only monument for which most of us can hope, or ought to care, is the brief survival of our memory in a few hearts till they, too, are turned to dust.

And this passage is reminiscent of another, in which Goldwin Smith indicated what he thought the most attractive phase of Canadian history. With regard to Canadian party politics, he voiced the opinion that "the ashes of all these rivalries, controversies, and scandals will be gathered by history into a very narrow urn." But the history of the Canadian people in their early struggles with nature appeared to him much better worth telling:

There is a history which if it were only recorded, or capable of being recovered, would be interesting indeed, and would furnish us with a religion of gratitude. It is the history of the Pioneer in all his lines. The monument of that history is the fair land in which we live; its archives are the lines on mouldering headboards, where perhaps an emigrant and the partner of his exile, sustained through their lowly but heroic struggle with the wintry wilderness by mutual affection, rest in their humble grave.

Is not this the veritable accent of a master of the English tongue?

Many other excerpts might be lifted from *The Bystander*. There are many quotable passages about art and literature, about education, lower and higher, even about such questions as the eternal query, "Is Life Worth Living?" which occur as one turns the pages. There are passages, about female suffrage, about "the Red Spectre," about the prohibition of spirituous liquors, which may be read with as much interest and profit now as then. But perhaps enough has been said and quoted to give the reader some idea of the wealth that lies hidden in this mine of forgotten gold.



Plagiarism or Coincidence

By J. A. McNEIL

PLAGIARISM is a grave charge, and one not to be lightly laid against the man of letters. If proven, it convicts the offender of a serious breach of the ethics of his profession, and even if unfounded, the accusation is apt to travel faster and farther than the refutation. Even where it is possible to adduce seemingly conclusive evidence of deliberate imitation, there is a reasonable margin of doubt, to the benefit of which the defendant is entitled, for there is always the possibility that unconscious or sub-conscious memory, and not intentional borrowing, is responsible for the apparent parallel, while there is also the rarer but still tenable explanation of identical or similar phrasing being suggested independently to two minds of kindred mould just as there have been cases recorded of two inventors unknown to each other hitting upon the same device. And when a charge of plagiarism involves not one writer but two—the author and the translator of a suspected work—the accuser must go warily lest he do an unwarranted though unmeant injustice to the innocent party.

Some twelve years ago, in reading Arthur Symons' translation of Gabriele D'Annunzio's "The Dead City"—a sensuously poetic treat-

Bianca—We know that there are things stronger than death in keeping two beings apart. Death could not have separated us as these things separate us.

—The Dead City, Act II.

Anna—I lose what I love, I save what I can.

—The Dead City, Act III.

Anna—All the bounty of Spring cannot give reflowering to a plant that is wounded at the root.

Anna—I have put my days and my dreams out of my soul; the days that are past, the dreams that are spent.

—The Dead City, Act III.

Anna—I would that no one had pity upon me, that no one tried to comfort me.

—The Dead City, Act III.

ment of a morbid and repellent theme — the present writer was struck by the familiar ring of one or two sentences in Act II., and only a brief searching of the memory was required to identify them as an almost literal paraphrase of four lines from Swinburne's "The Triumph of Time," a poem whose inspiration is ascribed to the only real romance of the singer's life, and notable as being one of the few in the first series of "Poems and Ballads" which is not marked—the moralizing critic would have written "marred"—by unhealthy eroticism. Had this similarity of words and sense occurred in but an isolated passage, it might have been passed over as one of the mere coincidences which may be found in the writings of even the most honest and careful of authors. But when, in the next act, first a single line and then half-a-dozen consecutive sentences are found to agree almost word for word with other stanzas of the poem, an interesting literary problem is presented. The reader may judge for himself how closely the Italian playwright's lines correspond with those of the English poet. Here are the passages which are as nearly mated as verse and prove well can be:

By the door of life, at the gate of breath,
There are worse things waiting for men than death;

Death could not sever my soul from you
As these have severed your soul from me.

—The Triumph of Time, stanza xx.

I lose what I long for, save what I can.

—The Triumph of Time, stanza x.

—The Dead City, Act III.

. . . this fruit of my heart. . . .

It will grow not again, it is ruined at root.

—The Triumph of Time, stanza iii.

I have put my days and dreams out of mind.
Days that are over, dreams that are done.

—The Triumph of Time, stanza vii.

There is none of you, none, that shall comfort me.

Not a soul upon earth would pity me.

—The Triumph of Time, stanza xxiii and xxx.

Anna— I would find some quiet way for my uncertain feet; some place where sleep and sorrow are one, where there is neither noise nor wondering, nor any who watch or listen.
—The Dead City, Act III.

At the time of noticing this curious duplication of phraseology, the writer drew attention to it in the dramatic column of a Toronto daily, but, so far as he is aware, without eliciting any comment or explanation which would clear up the problem. Since then, Time "which sayeth and gainsayeth" has been busy with the three personages concerned. Swinburne has gone out to learn the answer to the greatest of all enigmas. D'Annunzio, long the leader of the Italian decadents, has won a new immortality by his typification of the very soul of Italian patriotism. Mr. Symons, the remaining member of the trio, has quietly pursued his literary labors, though doubtless he, too, has felt the soul-quickening of the four years' world tragedy. Now the writer commits his discovery to the *Canadian Bookman* in the hope that in the pages of a periodical devoted to letters it will at least arouse the curiosity of those interested in the ways of authors and translators, and perhaps call forth some theory or some ex-

I have found a way for the failing feet,
A place for slumber and sorrow to meet;
There is no rumor about the place,
Nor light, nor any that sees or hears.
—The Triumph of Time, stanza xvi.

pression of opinion which will shed further light upon the question.

Swinburne's poem was given to the world in 1866, when the eccentric Italian genius was an infant, mewling and puking in his nurse's arms. D'Annunzio's play was published in 1899. Has D'Annunzio read Swinburne in the original and echoed his lyric accents in liquid Italian prose? Or is the onus of proof upon Mr. Symons? Himself a skilled verse-maker of what Robert Buchanan called the fleshly school, and, like Swinburne, deeply influenced by Baudelaire and others of the French eroticists, he doubtless steeped himself in his youth in the earliest and most perfervid of the English poet's lovely measures. It is quite a tenable theory that in turning "La Citta Morta" into English, Mr. Symons' memory played a trick upon him and allowed him unwittingly to adopt as his own the musical lines which have delighted so many lovers of poetry since they startled and enthralled the mid-Victorians.

Knee-Deep in Teeth and Ears

Anyone can write a book in which the quite obvious already happens, but it takes some ability so to write the obvious as to retain the interest of those whose appetites are a bit jaded with the obvious in fiction.

Victor Rousseau's "Wooden Spoil" reminds one irresistibly of a movie scenario by an American producer — that is, there is "something doing every minute" from one cover to the other, and you are never for a moment in doubt that everything will come out all right in the end. And yet he writes with an atmosphere of vigor and freshness that carries one along with him.

The scene is laid on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, somewhere between Quebec and the Saguenay. It concerns the struggle put up by a young American who has suddenly inherited an apparently bankrupt timber limit, to make it pay. A gang of crooks are deter-

mined to freeze him out and the fur begins to fly as soon as he gets there. You cannot help admiring him; he goes through one lumberjack after another, and one crooked politician-boss after another, very much as one of his saws goes through a tree trunk. One questions whether, in real life, an unarmed youth could clean up a whole shantytown of furious bush fighters armed with knives, as Hilary Askew did, but why cavil? If virtue can't triumph over vice in a hot weather novel what chance has it? Incidentally Mr. Rousseau gives Quebec Province an awful black eye so far as the administration of the liquor law is concerned, but, again, why be censorious?

So Hilary wades to the arms of the Seigneur's lovely daughter knee deep in teeth and ears and bits of scalp.

A fine, stirring yarn for the dog days. It should "go big" when someone films it. (Doran, New York, \$1.50).

The Editorial Versifier—and More

THERE is, we suppose, no poetry in all literature more deliberately didactic than that of Rudyard Kipling. For twenty years and more he has held it his bounden duty to prepare a short and versified homily upon every current problem upon which he thought the British people, collectively or individually, were in danger of being misled; and he is still doing it. In "The Years Between," a collection of some fifty verse compositions which have been written, and for the most part published in the daily press, since the issue of his last book of poetry, we find instructions to the British public what to think about the Irish situation, the neutrality of the Papacy in the World War, Bolshevism, the Marconi scandal, the alliance with France, King Edward the Seventh, the Declaration of London, Lord Roberts, Spiritualism, the Mesopotamia Report, Joseph Chamberlain, Female Suffrage, and a half-score more of very particular questions of the day and hour. And in an age when a vast number of people have learnt to write prose well enough to be scornful of editorials written in that language, it is well that they should be provided with editorials written in a language that they cannot write and do therefore respect, that they may harken and hear.

It is not, we believe, to be expected that editorials in verse shall enjoy any more immortality, however great their craftsmanship, than editorials in prose; and therefore we do not in the least anticipate that future generations will store up "Ulster: 1912" or "Things and the Man" as gems of either wisdom or beauty. They were not penned with any such object, or with any such audience in view. It is impossible to image a preacher getting up in the pulpit of a brightly-lighted church with any more definite and immediate sense of the audience to which he is to address himself than Kipling has when he sits down to write a poem for the Times. It is we, the unenlightened of to-day who must be preserved from the possible follies of tomorrow—it is we to whom the sermon is preached; nor is it the sort of sermon

that can be put away in a trunk and hauled out again for use on another congregation five years later.

The effectiveness of these sermon-editorials is immense and immediate—as it should be considering the amazing skill, the artifice, the craftsmanship, that are sacrificed to make it so. There is as much inspired word-selection, both for sound and sense, in any one of these as would make a permanent poem of equal length if only the subject were permanent. We are not suggesting that a permanent poem cannot be written about a passing political or social question; but there must be the desire and the aim to reach a permanent audience, to achieve something that will affect men's minds, not for a vote in the House of Commons tomorrow, nor for a by-election next week, nor for the choice of this or that man for the wool-sack or the episcopate at the next vacancy, but for some vast universal principle which will be equally valid in all generations. The younger poets of our age, less concerned with the practical politics of the war, have seen far deeper into its eternal issues, and have produced verse which is much more likely to stir the blood of British men for generations to come; but then they were not burdened with a sense of responsibility for the correct guidance of the British men of today.

And at odd moments, when the burden of state falls from his shoulders and his mind is free for the deeper truths of life and death and time and eternity, our own Kipling can still turn out poetry as absolute, and as modern, as any of them. Masfield could hardly have begun better than:—

'Have you news of my boy Jack?'

Not this tide.

'When d'you think that he'll come back?'

Not with this wind blowing and this tide.

But he would not have carried it to its preachy conclusion. "The Virginity," a poem of retired sailors who will insist on settling near the sea, is rich with human nature until it comes to that obvious tag with which Kipling

(usually in italics) constantly adorns his verses as if he feared that we should not know they have a moral:—

*Parsons in pulpits, taxpayers in pews,
Kings on your thrones, you know as well as me,
We've only one virginity to lose,
And where we lost it there our hearts will be!*

And "The Garden Called Gethsemane" is almost a bare transcript of human experience, such as a New-Elizabethan fighting man might have set down between trips to the front trenches.

It is not for us to deplore Kipling's didacticism. The world needs teaching, goodness knows, and only those have a right to object to

Kipling's teaching Imperialism and Unionism in verse who object to anybody's teaching those formularies in prose: and even they would do better to seek England over for a Radical, Gladstonian, Home-Ruler, Asquithian, Socialist or Independent Labor Party editorial versifier, rather than to criticise Kipling for doing what their side cannot do. Out of the clash of contending editorials, versified or otherwise, are born the processes of Democracy. The inner workings of the soul of man are somewhat beyond the reach of editorials, and Mr. Kipling is not, in these Years of Grace Between, much concerned with them. (Macmillan, Toronto, \$2; pocket edition, \$1.75.)

An Octogenarian's Volume of Verse

Mr. Ebenezer Bain, who is well known in literary and other circles in Montreal, has published at the age of eighty-one a volume of poems, the earliest of which, he tells us, was written after he had passed the half-century mark. The volume bears the name of "War Poems, Songs and Other Verse," but above that somewhat catalogue-like title is the much more characteristic supertitle (printed, however, in smaller type): "Ramblings in Rhymeland." By way of introduction Mr. R. Stanley Weir contributes four beautifully finished stanzas commencing: "Your torch was lighted at the Golden Flame."

Mr. Bain would be the last to claim to have added any new note to the poetic choir: and yet he has done something which a great many minor poets do not succeed in doing — he has revealed with unconscious art a personality as ingratiating, as sensitive, as earnest and as thoughtful as any to be found in Canadian literature. There is a profound beauty in the

spectacle of an old age so full of kindly feeling to all mankind, of sympathy with the joys and aspirations of youth, of tolerance for everything except intolerance, of invincible belief in the upward destiny of mankind. We suspect Mr. Bain of going to a lot of trouble about the exactitude of his rhymes and scansion and the propriety of his figures (he has even re-written a well known poem of Burns to relieve it from the necessity of comparing a lady's neck to a swan), when after all these are not the things that really matter. It is Mr. Bain, and his philosophy, and his broad affections, and his reverences and his hatreds — the latter very impersonal, if the Kaiser be excepted, and even the Kaiser is an institution rather than a man—that we like in this book, and that will give it a place in our hearts which would be denied to much cleverer versifying. It is easy to write clever verse; it is not easy to develop and maintain during a long lifetime a character such as Mr. Bain's.



Present Literary Activity in British Columbia

By R. W. DOUGLAS

FOR many years past it has been, unfortunately, the custom of our native critics to speak disparagingly of the home product in literature and thus they have encouraged, perhaps unwittingly, foreign critics to give us no consideration whatever. It is only when our writers go abroad, as many have done, like Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Grant Allen, Thompson Seton or Bliss Carman, that they win due recognition. It is discovered with surprise that Canadian writers have abilities at least equal to those with whom they compete, and some people wonder why they should have gone so far afield to write. Professor Pelham Edgar concedes "that the general level of our writing is distinctly higher than it was, and thought the balance of intellectual trade is shockingly in our disfavour, a few reputations have succeeded in penetrating beyond the limits of our Canadian territory. But it is easy to see that in the way of authorship Canada has hardly yet begun to justify her existence. A foreign critic would tell our literary story in a manual of *five* pages." I am acquainted with Professor Edgar, and have usually much respect for his literary judgments but in this matter I cannot see eye to eye with him. I suspect that he has been too fervent a worshipper at foreign literary shrines to the neglect of those nearer home. In my humble opinion Professor Edgar's estimate of Canadian literature and Canadian writers is placed absurdly low, and is manifestly an injustice. But the estimate is typical of our general lack of confidence in everything Canadian. For myself, I have little patience or sympathy with this procedure. I feel pride in what has been accomplished by our authors, who, with great handicaps to overcome, manage somehow to get their work before the public; and some of it, in spite of what has been said, is extraordinarily good, quite up to the foreign standard of work which the critics unite in commending.

There is another reason for my objection to this treatment of the Canadian writer. When the critics under-estimate the work of an au-

thor, his readers, who know little about the matter, but accept the critics at their face value, first begin to belittle him, then to neglect him, and finally drive him across the boundary line, where, as Mr. J. M. Gibbon says, he may still stir a little Canadian flavor into his literary soup; but by residence in the United States and cultivation of American taste he writes afterwards primarily for another clientele than ours.

Anglo-Saxondom collectively have ever been notorious sinners at this business of disparagement for more than a hundred years, and there is along list of victims, English, Australian, American and Canadian, whose names will readily recur to the reader. The time has surely arrived when our literature can be studied dispassionately like the literature of any other country; for in spite of the handicap of indifference and neglect and the woefully sparse population of their country, Canadian writers are rapidly and steadily building up a creditable body of fine prose and true poetry.

The numerical list of Canadian authors has now reached quite respectable dimensions, and these are not "birds of passage," but either native of the soil or long resident in the country—long enough to have caught the Canadian spirit and the sympathy of the Canadian citizen—and are keen interpreters of its varying moods, its varying aspects and its glorious scenery. We should strive hard to keep them with us, by making their paths as easy as possible; we should regard them with affection and pride and do everything we can to encourage their efforts.

Canada has been made the poorer by the loss of so many of her writers. Wm. Cotes (Sarah Jeannette Duncan) is in India, Charles G. D. Roberts and Theodore Roberts are in England with Gilbert Parker; Bliss Carman, Thompson Seton and George Patullo are in New York. Many others are scattered about the world. Of course, all of these have not gone because of lack of home appreciation. Mrs. Cotes, for instance, married an East Indian official, and went to India with her husband. If Canadian

readers felt it their bounden duty to harbor a modicum of national spirit they would buy and read the works of Canadian writers. Does Canadian literature deserve this consideration? My answer is emphatically that it does. "If there is any external stimulus," says Mr. Gibbon, "which may be acknowledged, it is the stimulus of praise and recognition, and only in so far as money represents tangible evidence of such appreciation does it play any vital part in the author's production." I believe that statement to be true.

Although many of our authors are abroad we have a considerable number of the first-class still in our midst. In the East are Miss L. M. Montgomery (Mrs. McDonald), Arthur Stringer, Ralph Connor, Jean Blewell, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, Norman Duncan, W. A. Fraser, and many others. In the West we have Charles Mair, Wm. Ecclestone MacKay, Bernard McEvoy, R. A. Hood, Robert Watson, L. A. Lefevre, Rev. R. G. McBeth, Judge Howay, Hartley Munro Thomas, T. R. E. McInnes, L. Haweis, and many more.

The literary activity in British Columbia began several years ago and became increasingly evident during the progress of the war. Not many Western Canadians wrote concerning the great struggle; by tacit consent that subject was generally avoided. The awful scenes in Europe were always uppermost in the minds of our people, but our writers somehow, were not expected to deal with them. They produced history dealing with Canada, fiction of considerable merit and some distinctive poetry. Nearly all of this work is good, rather above the average for Canada, and certainly not inferior to anything either in prose or poetry recently produced on the other side of the boundary line.

I have no particular desire to try to make our geese look like swans; neither do I wish to damn our Western writers by faint praise. I have always held that when a reader likes a book he should say so, and say it so unmistakably that his hearers would not imagine it to be only *faintly* or *fairly good*. Sincerity would cover a multitude of sins.

Long before the war this far-Western province was the home of a fair share of authors. Among others there were Charles Mair, author of the dramatic poem, "Tecumseh," a work not so well known as it deserves, Sir Clive Phillips-Wolley, author of "Songs of an English Esau," now known under its new title, "Songs from a Young Man's Land," and several novels and sporting books. But he is best

known by his poetry, which is strongly patriotic in character. He gave an only son to his country in the war. The following poem, "Seed Corn" will give the reader a good idea of his work:

It's but a year or two, sweetheart; a year
at the utmost twain.
And then, rich with the gold of our getting,
we'll sail back home again.
It's six days over the ocean, and six over moun-
tain and plain,
And who, that had courage to venture, ever
adventured in vain?
The May will be sweet in the meadows, and
welcoming hands will wait
To cling to our hands, my darling, when we
drive to the old white gate.
It's only a twelve day's journey, it's only a
twelve month's play;
It's May, and the hope time, Mary; it will
surely be always May.

* * * * *

The waves sang them "westward to for-
tune; but somewhere a sea mew cried,
"Farewell to you, seed corn of England."
Closer she clung to his side,
Through gloom of forests gigantic, by the
wan gray waves of the lake,
She answered their "Never, Never," with
"Only a year for his sake."
With a laugh for long years she labored,
Making pretence to play
At the "chores" that withered her beauty and
wore her young heart away,
Until Hope crept into the forest, and one who
lurked at the door
Heard a wife to a husband whisper, "Only a
year or two more."

* * * * *

There's a farm where the buffaloes pastured,
A patch from the forest torn,
Where the flag of his Mother Country, waves
over the rip'ning corn;
There's a piece of the world's mosaic, a
thought in a new world's brain,
A haunting presence of England in city and
forest and plain;
There are trails that his feet have trodden—
though she lies under the sod—
The love that she bore for her Motherland,
her faith in that land's God,
These linger. The seed corn sees not the
wealth of the waving field;
The Sower alone at His harvest shall measure
the cost and yield.

Mrs. Eccleston MacKay had produced a volume of poems and her popular novel, "The House of Windows"; Bernard McEvoy, the well-known journalist and author, a volume of travel, a volume of poems, "Away from Newspaperdom," and an Indian poem, "The Feast of the Dead." And last, but by no means

least, Pauline Johnson had written a volume of poems, several volume of children's Indian stories, and finally her very remarkable "Vancouver Legends," of which many thousands of copies have been sold.

With the advent of the war there appeared a number of new writers both in prose and poetry, and coincidentally came a burst of new energy from the old. Mr. Mackay published a powerful novel, "Up the Hill and Over," which became very popular, as well as a volume of verse which she modestly intended for children, called "The Shining Ship," but which children of a larger growth will enjoy. Mrs. Mackay has also a new novel in the press of George H. Dovan of New York, to be published very shortly. Robert Allison Hood, a new writer, published, "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester"—a work of genuine worth, and much above the average standard of first efforts. Mr. Hood also writes poetry, and his recently published "The Message of the Voices" has been highly commended for beauty and genuine feeling.

Another new writer whose initial effort was a great success is Robert Watson. "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman" may be, as some assert, an echo of Geoffrey Farnol, but it has gone through three editions, and appears to give a great deal of delight to its readers, and no reader who begins it is likely to leave it unfinished. It is a tale packed full of adventurous incident, and the characterization is clever enough to leave little to be desired. It is reported that Mr. Watson will publish a new story in the autumn.

Lionel Haweis, a son of the author of "Music and Morals," has published two quite notable poems, "The Legend of Siwash Rock" and "The Ballad of Tsoqualem," a weird Indian tale of the Cowichan Monster. The latter was founded upon some of the anthropological studies of Professor Hiltout, author of "The Native Tribes of North America," and it is put into pure ballad form. The poem is a perfect piece of work of its kind. Mr. Haweis has caught in the happiest manner the very spirit of the Indian mind, and its treatment is sufficiently new to attract the attention of all who care for the success of Canadian letters. "In technique and lyrical excellence," says a recent writer, "it reaches a high mark, and has a definiteness as a Canadian production that will do something to make clear the concept of Canadian literature."

I have not space to characterize or even mention all of the works put forth in recent years by British Columbian authors; suffice it to say that, although no great or startling masterpiece of genius has been produced, which, indeed, could hardly be expected considering the severe conditions of Western life, I claim that no other province of the Dominion has produced more or better prose or poetry than the Far-West, and I also believe that it is likely to maintain the lead which it has gained. With only a sparse white population of 375,000 scattered over a vast, lonely territory as large as Germany and France combined, its literary showing is distinctly encouraging, comparing very favorably with the older and more densely populated provinces of the east.

The Change

By H. M. T.

IF you and I had chanced to meet
 Before the War in Happy Street!
 Ah! how the glad words used to fly
 Between us in those days gone by!
 The things we lived for, You and I,
 Before the War, the things so sweet!
 The boys with all their merry chaff;
 The girls:—Ah me! those eyes that laugh,
 Those gay bright homes in Happy Street,
 The homes dear days so long gone by—
 Where mirth and laughter buried lie,
 Where ne'er again will you and I
 After the War, in Mournful Street
 Laugh and be happy, if we meet.

Robert Baldwin Ross

By R. H. HATHAWAY

THE cable some months ago brought a brief item reporting the death in London of a noted writer who, though he was not a native of this country, and, it may be, never once set foot in it,—though his name was hardly even known among us, and though he never wrote a line which could by any means be ascribed to Canadian inspiration—may properly be claimed as a Canadian. This writer was Robert Baldwin Ross, who, born at Tours, France, in 1869, was a son of the Hon. John Ross, Q.C., Attorney-General for Upper Canada in the administration of Sir Francis Hincks, and subsequently President of the Executive Council in the administration of Sir George Etienne Cartier, and Augusta Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Robert Baldwin, one of the leaders in the fight for Responsible Government in Canada, and the first Premier of Upper Canada after the establishment of such government in 1848.

Mr. Ross was educated at private schools and at King's College, Cambridge. Leaving the University without taking a degree, he, from 1889, contributed signed and anonymous articles on art, literature and the drama to the Scots Observer (founded and edited, as is well known, by William Ernest Henley), the Saturday Review, the St. James' Gazette, the Pall Mall Gazette, the Cornhill, and other leading English newspapers and magazines. In 1891 he became assistant editor of the Author, under the late Sir Walter Besant, and from 1900 to 1908 he was director of Carfax & Co., Ltd., picture dealers. Mr. Ross subsequently was on the staff of The Morning Post from 1908 to 1912, and from 1912 to 1914 he was adviser to the Inland Revenue Department as picture valuator for State duty. At the time of his death he was additional trustee for the National Gallery, and also adviser for the purchase of works of art to the Felton Bequest Commission, of Melbourne, Australia. Besides this, he was at one time for a short period director of the Johannesburg Art Gallery. It thus will be seen that Mr. Ross' was no idle sort of life.

Mr. Ross was a strong personal friend of the late Oskar Wilde, and in fact, was one of the two men who were with that unfortunate man when he died in Paris. So close were Mr. Ross'

relations to Wilde, indeed, that Wilde made him executor and administrator of his literary and dramatic estate. In this capacity Mr. Ross edited that strange compound of humility and defiance, "De Profundis," Wilde's last prose work, written during his imprisonment, and by many regarded as the most important of all his writings, which was published in 1905; and he also prepared for production the unfinished play, "The Florentine Tragedy." He also edited the first complete collection of Wilde's works, published in fourteen volumes in 1908, and later helped to bring Wilde's writings to the attention of the great reading public by editing his plays, novels and essays, together with selections of his prose and his poems, for publication in cheap form.

Mr. Ross was the author of a number of books: The "Life of Charles Robert Maturin," written in collaboration with More Adey, and published in 1892; "Aubrey Beardsley," published in 1909; "Masques and Phases," published in the same year, and "Really and Truly," which made its appearance in 1915. His book on Beardsley, though a small one, is perhaps the best summary of the life and accomplishment of that great master of black and white that we have had yet. Mr. Ross was a personal friend of Beardsley, and his book is a strong defence, as well as a keen study, of that strangely-gifted and ill-fated youth.

"Masques and Phases," which may be said to be Mr. Ross' most important book, as it is the most self-revealing of his books, is a volume of stories, essays and "conversations" on art and literary subjects, and demonstrates beyond doubt that its author was the friend and associate of Wilde and Beardsley and other brilliant men of his day by full right and not through mere chance or accident. He was, it may be said at once, the master of a picturesque and vivid, though restrained, style; he possessed a remarkably wide and thorough knowledge of art and literature, and he had a keen, pungent wit, which makes his pages fairly scintillate.

Some quotations may be offered from the dedication of "Masques and Phases," addressed to Harold Child:

Beginning "My dear Child," he goes on: "It is not often the privilege of a contributor to

address his former editor in so fatherly a fashion." After naming other distinguished editors whom he has known, he proceeds: "I, who am not frightened of many things, have always been frightened of editors. I am filled with awe when I think of the ultramarine pencil that is to delete my ultramontane views."

Something rather more sardonic in its way may be found in "The Brand of Isis," which deals with the Oxford man and his manner. "The Oxford manner," Mr. Ross writes, "is indefinable; I was going to say indefensible. Perhaps it is an attitude—a mental attitude that finds physical expression in the voice, the gesture, the behavior. Oxford, not conduct, is three-fourths of life to those who acquire the distemper." He admits, however, that there have been plenty of men who have escaped the "blithe contagion," as he calls it—Gladstone, for example, and Shelley. Shelley, he says, "was an obvious Cantab. He was, we are told, a man of high moral character. Well, principles and human weaknesses are common to all universities, and others besides Shelley have deserted their wives; but to desert your wife on principle seem to be callous, calculating and Cambridge-like." By way of illustration, Mr. Ross relates the following story, which he puts in the mouth of a "wise family physician," who had been called into consider the case of a man "whose Oxford manner was unusually pronounced, and who "after a year of failure" had fallen into a decline:

"A certain self-made man, confiding to a friend plans for his son's education, remarked: 'Of course I shall send him to Eton?' 'Why Eton?' said the friend. 'Because he is to be a barrister, and if he did not go to Eton no one would speak to him if they knew his poor old father was a self-made man. Then he will go to Cambridge.' 'Why not Oxford?' said the friend, who was a self-made Oxford tradesman. 'Because then he would never speak to me,' replied the first self-made man."

Equally keen are some shafts hurled in "The Jaded Intellectuals," a dialogue between Laudator Temporeys, a "distinguished literary critic," and Luke Cullus, a "rich connoisseur of art and life." L. T. will have it that English literature expired when Walter Pater died, but that the younger artists of the day are carrying on the great traditions of painting, while L. C. maintains that the death of Burne-Jones brought the painter's tradition in England to an end, but sees great things in contemporary

literature. L. C., after speaking of others of the new writers, calls on L. T. to look at Bernard Shaw.

L. T.: Why should I look at Bernard Shaw? I read his plays and am more than ever convinced that he has gone on the wrong lines. His was the opportunity. He made *le grand refuto*. Some one said that George Saintsbury never got over the first night of "Hernani," Shaw never recovered the *premiere* of "Ghosts." He roofed our Thespian temple with Irish slate. His disciples found English drama solid brick and leave it plaster of Paris. Yet Shaw might have been another Congreve.

L. C.: *Troja fuit*. We do not want one. I am sure you never went to the Court at all.

L. T.: Oh, yes, I attended the last *levee*.

The conversation later turns to George Moore:

L. C.: I don't care for his novels, but his essays are delightful. George Moore really counts. Few people know so little about art; yet how delightfully he writes about it. Everything comes to him as a surprise. He gives you the same sort of enjoyment as you derive from hearing a nun preach on the sins of smart society.

L. T.: Moore is one of the many literary Aeteons who have mistaken Diana for Aphrodite.

L. C.: You mean he is a great dear; but he gets hold of the right end of the stick.

L. T.: And he generally soils it.

Walter Pater is perhaps not a name which means to-day what it meant even twelve years ago, when A. C. Benson's study of him was first published. Included in "Masques and Phases" is a review of Benson's book, and in this Ross delivers himself of the following masterly summing up of Pater:

Pater is an aside in literature, and that is why he was sometimes overlooked, and may be so again in ages to come. Though he is the greatest master of style the century produced, he can never be regarded as part of the structure of English prose. He is, rather, one of the ornaments, which often last, long after a structure has perished. His place will be shifted, as fashions change. Like some exquisite sixteenth-century furniture perchance he may be forgotten in the attics of literature awhile, only to be rediscovered. And as Fuseli said of Blake, he is damned good to steal from. If he uses words as though they were pigments, and sentences like vestments at the Mass, it is not merely the ritualistic cadence of his harmonies which make his works imperishable, but the ideas which they symbolise and evoke. Pater thinks beautifully always, about things which some people do not think altogether beautiful,

perhaps; and sometimes he thinks aloud. We overhear him, and feel almost the shame of the eavesdropper.

The book closes with a lecture, "There is no Decay," in which Mr. Ross makes a strong appeal for an appreciation of contemporary literature, drama, and art. Remarking that every few years distinguished men lift up their voices and tell us that all is over, decay has begun, he goes on to declare vigorously that it is an error to suppose that art or literature, because their development was artificially arrested, were in a state of decay. He urges that we should remember that there are at all times intellects whose work is more for posterity than for the present; work which appeals perhaps only to the few, that of artists whose work has no purchasers, writers whose books may have purchasers but few readers; and concludes with this triumphant passage:

Of the Pierian spring there are many fountains. Yet it is a spring which never runs dry; though it flows with greater freedom at one season than at another, with greater volume from one fountain than from some other. In the glens of Parnassus there are hidden flowers always blooming; though to the binoculars of the tourist the mountain seems unusually barren. You will find that youth does not vanish with the rose, that you need never close the

sweet-scented manuscript of love, science, art or literature. In their youth returns like daffodils that come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty; or like the snapdragons which Cardinal Newman saw blossoming on the wall at Oxford, and which became for him the symbol of hope. For as they may stand as the symbol of realisation and the immortality of the human intellect, in which there has been no decay since the days of Tubal Cain.

The 1918 edition of "Who's Who" in its notice of Mr. Ross describes his recreation as "editing the works of Oscar Wilde," but earlier editions gave his recreations as "conversation, litigation and dining out." Those who knew Mr. Ross personally say he was a brilliant talker and raconteur, so that "conversation" and "dining out" are readily explained. As for "litigation," Mr. Ross, because of his heredity, was ever a fighter with both tongue and pen, and naturally, therefore, the courts saw a good deal of him. But after all, it may be that it is for his service on behalf of Oscar Wilde that he will be best remembered, for if, as time goes on, we hear less and less of the shadow which Oscar Wilde himself cast over the last years of his life, and more and more of the brilliant books and plays which he left as legacies to the world, much, if not most, of the credit must be given to Robert Baldwin Ross.

A Schoolbook that is Literature

THESE is no educational anthology which can compare in modernity, and in the vital interest which arises out of modernity alone, with the "Cambridge Readings in Literature," which are being handled in this country by the house of Dent, and which have now reached their fifth book. Never, surely, has the taint of the schoolmaster been so completely eliminated from a schoolbook as in these most scholarly and most unschoolish collections. What schoolmaster, for example,—other than Editor George Sampson if he be a schoolmaster—would have dreamed of putting Tennyson's "Brook" and C. S. Calverley's delicious parody of it, "Wanderers," in immediate juxtaposition, and so provoking that exquisite and harmless pleasure of irreverence which it is the average schoolmaster's chief aim to stamp out of the youthful mind? What schoolmaster would have had the brilliant idea of making History march living through the boarding-school dining-hall by printing a Royal Proclamation of 1593 under the title of "Food Control Under Elizabeth"?

What schoolmaster would have dared to reject scores of the canonised authors of earlier school "readers" and to extend the right hand of fellowship to men of our own day such as Julian Grenfell, C. H. Sorley, Eric Wilkinson, W. H. Hudson, and others about whom the "schools" have not had time to register an opinion? Above all, what schoolmaster would have had the courage to omit all notes (save a brief notice of the author of each selection) and to declare flatly that it does not matter if a few fine points are missed by the class; that it is the general impression that counts? "Young people do not fully understand much of their reading; but they can be deeply impressed even where they do not comprehend; and their selective instincts (very different in different cases) should at least have a chance of working upon noble matter." How true is this to the experience of any of us who learned to savor something of the "noble matter" of literature in our school days! The earlier of these books are \$1.25 each, the two latter \$1.50.

"The Undying Fire"

MR. H. G. WELLS' latest book, "The Undying Fire," is really nothing more nor less than a debate upon the spirit of man, dramatized in a manner precisely analogous to the similar debate in the Book of Job, and followed by a precisely similar restoration of the worldly felicity of the man who has refused to "curse God and die."

There is, however, a modern application to the debate, which reveals anew the present pre-occupation of Mr. Wells' mind. Job Huss is an educator, and the whole debate arises out of, though it wanders very far from, the question of the policy to be pursued in the conduct of a great school, the ideals to be inculcated in the scholars. And there is one passage of the highest importance at the moment, in which Mr. Wells delivers his reply to the spiritualistic promulgations of his fellow-fictionist Conan Doyle and his fellow-scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge. Says Job Huss:

All this personal immortality of which you talk is a mockery of our personalities. What is there personal in us that can live? It is all a matter of little mean things, small differences, slight defects. Where does personal love grip?—on just these petty things. . . . Oh! dearly and bitterly did I love my son, and what is it that my heart most craves for now? His virtues? No! His ambitions? His achievements? . . . No! none of these things. . . . But for a certain queer flush among his freckles, for a kind of high crack in his voice. . . . a certain absurd hopefulness in his talk. . . . the sound of his footsteps, a little halt there was in the rhythm of them. These are the things we long for. These are things that wring the heart. . . . But all these things are just the mortal things, just the defects that would be touched out upon this higher plane you talk about.

When my son has had his defects smoothed away, then he will be like all sons. When the older men have been ironed out, they will be like the younger men. There is no personality in hope and honor and righteousness and truth. . . . My son has gone. He has gone for evermore. The pain may some day go. . . . The immortal thing in us is the least personal thing. It is not you nor I who go on living; it is Man that lives on, Man the Universal, and he goes on living, a tragic rebel in this same world and in no other.

And Mr. Wells' teaching is that this rebellion must go on and on while mankind and the world last, because there is in Man, what there

is in no other element of nature, what did not exist in nature until Man entered it, an "undying fire" which impels him to work for, and to believe in, the gradual betterment of the world. He repels alike the idea of a world administered in detail by a just and all-seeing God, and the idea of a world administered in detail by a universal scientific process tending to the perfection of life. There is no room in either of these theories for the Spirit of Man on so grand a scale as he conceives it. The natural world Mr. Wells views as governed by laws of rapine and cruelty, which it is the duty of the Spirit of Man to abrogate so far as possible. And lest this task should seem too tremendous, he reminds us that much that seems evil may, by a proper attitude on the part of the Spirit of Man, be turned to good. Says Job Huss when his health is restored to him:

You have dwelt overmuch upon pain. Pain is a swift distress; it ends and is forgotten. Without memory and fear, pain is nothing, a contradiction to be heeded, a warning to be taken. Without pain what would life become? Pain is the master only of craven men. It is in man's power to rule it. It is in man's power to rule all things. . . .

Nobody can accuse Mr. Wells of littleness or narrowness in the conception of the Universe and Man's place in it, which he has of late been offering to his readers. The present volume is the highest development of the line of thought which began tentatively in "Mr. Britling" and continued in "The Soul of a Bishop" and in "God the Invisible King"; but the thought is greatly ripened and pruned of some of the petty negative pre-occupations which at first beset it. Mr. Wells is too much concerned with passing phenomena for a philosopher, and his philosophizings are constantly impaired by excursions for the purpose of overthrowing some newly-erected windmill;—even in the present volume the attack on Spiritualism has no real relation to the main argument. It is not likely that he will ever found a school of philosophy or exercise a profound influence among philosophers, and probably he does not want to; but he is very powerfully influencing the minds of ordinary people in the direction of a philosophy which, if he has not created it, he has at least popularized. It is a useful philosophy and far from an ignoble one.

The When and Where of Heroic Poetry

By ALFRED GORDON

Neihardt, John G., "The Song of Three Friends" (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.25.)

O'Connor, Norreys Jephson, "Songs of the Celtic Past" (Dent, Toronto, \$1.25).

MR. NEIHARDT, holding that heroic poetry arises when a society is cut loose from its roots (instancing, for example, in the British Isles, the Arthurian and Cuchulain cycles), finds that the true American Epos was developed between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean in approximately the first four decades of the 19th century.

This narrative is designed to be the first piece in a cycle of poems dealing with the fur trade period of the Trans-Missouri region. "The Song of Hugh Glass," which appeared before this, is the second. Both of them deal with the expeditions that ascended the Missouri under the leadership of Ashley and Henry of St. Louis in 1822 and 1823. Mr. Neihardt claims that of all the bands of trappers and traders that entered the wilderness during those years, none experienced so many extraordinary adventures as did the Ashley-Henry men, and says that the story of their exploits and wanderings constitutes what he would call the Ashley-Henry Saga.

The sources of his tale are given as "The Western Souvenir," the "Western Monthly Review" (July, 1829), "The Missouri Intelligencer" (Sept. 4th, 1829) and Howe's "Historical Collections of The Great West."

There is no question that this first piece is very largely successful. I am curious to know how much Mr. Neihardt has added to or subtracted from the tale as it is told in his sources, for either he found a drama made ready to hand, or the invention or selection of incident is extremely skilful.

The story is of three friends, Will Carpenter, Mike Fink and Frank Talbeau, who go upon an expedition together. Fink and Carpenter were both extremely fine shots:

But 'twas their dual test
Of mutual love and skill they liked the best
Of all their shooting tricks—when one stood up,
At sixty paces with a whisky cup
Set brimming for a target on his head,
And felt the gusty passing of the lead,
Hot from the other's rifle, lift his hair.
And ever was the tin-cup smitten fair
By each, to prove the faith of each anew;
For 'twas a rite of love between the two,
And not a mere capricious feat of skill.
"Och, shure, and can ye shoot the whisky, Bill?"
So Mike would end a wrangle. "Damn it, Fink!

Let's bore a pair of cups and have a drink!"
So Carpenter would stop a row grown stale,
And neither feared that either love might fail
Or either skill might fail.

On the expedition they quarrel over an Indian woman, and the first time the breach is healed by Talbeau, after they have had a terrific fight. But on their return a remark by someone causes the feud to break out again, and they are separated on the point of a second fight.

Talbeau then endeavours to settle the quarrel once for all by suggesting the shooting of the whisky cup, to which Fink and Carpenter agree, tossing a coin for first shot. Fink wins the toss, and shoots Carpenter dead:

"I niver mint to do it, b'ys, I swear!
The divil's in me gun!" Men turned to stare
Wild-eyed upon the centre of that sound,
And saw Fink dash his rifle to the ground.

After this Talbeau and Fink go upon another expedition, and the ghost of Carpenter comes to them. They are caught by a prairie fire. The vision of Carpenter is interpreted by Talbeau as a warning, and by Fink as a judgment. They escape the fire, however, by reaching a hill round which it passes. In safety at last, Talbeau, musing over memories, overwrought by the strain of the past few hours, cries out:

"O Mike! I said you couldn't miss the cup!"
Then something snapped in Fink and, leaping up,
He seized Talbeau and shook him as a rat
Is shaken by a dog. "Enough of that!"
He yelled: "And, 'faith, I'll send ye after Bill
Fer wan more wurrd! Ye fool! I mint to kill!
And, moind me now, ye'd better howld yer lip!"

Talbeau wishes to rise and fight, but cannot for the horror of it all. Then as Mike sleeps the last words of Carpenter come to Talbeau, "You won't forget I gave my gun to you!" But he cannot kill Mike in cold blood, and he wakes him:

"It's Bill's own rifle pointing at your head;
Go east, and think of all the wrong you've done!"

Mike is driven out into the wilderness. Talbeau, however, relents, and tries to follow Mike's trail in order to save him from the end to which he has sentenced him. The trail—and the tale—ends with the print of crawling hands, a flock of crows and a skull with eyeless sockets, and Talbeau by himself in the wilderness.

The poem is sometimes, as it should, heroically simple, yet moving:

This girl's face, yearning upward now and wet,
Half woman's with the first vague guess at woe!

OR

What need to know her features as they were?
Were they not lovely as her lover's thought?

or these lines, of Talbeau, as he tries to sleep
after having tried in vain to persuade Fink
to make friends before the first fight:

So love and hate that night slept side by side;
And hate slept well, but love lay broad awake
And, like a woman, for the other's sake
Eked out the lonely hours with worrying.

The fancy put into Talbeau's head as he
watches Mike sleeping after the murder has
been confessed, a fancy springing from the al-
most womanish tenderness of the man (a very
"Hamlety" character,) is also splendid:

Mike and Bill

Were bickering again. And someone said:
"Let's flip a copper; if it's tails, he's dead;
If head's, he's living. That's the way to-tell!"
A spinning copper jangled like a bell.
But even as he stopped to pick it up,
Behold! the coin became a whisky cup
Bored smoothly through the centre! "Look at this!"
He seemed to shout: "I knew Mike couldn't miss!
Bill only played at dying for a joke.

In conclusion, let me once more emphasise
the dramatic gift this poem displays. Did
Fink intend to kill Carpenter? Was the con-
fession the cry of a mind unhinged by the com-
bination of a terrible accident, the vision, and
the mad race with the fire? Or did the fire,
following upon the vision, come upon him as
a righteous judgment? That such a question
can be more easily asked than answered is some
indication of that dramatic gift.

The chief poem in Mr. O'Connor's book is a
rendering of the story of Ailill and Etain,
which is as follows: Eochaid, the King, sends
forth his brother Ailill, the Poet, to seek a
bride worthy of the highest king of Erin, be-
cause the other kings could not bring their con-
sorts to the Hall of Tara while no queen dwelt
there to welcome them. Ailill discovers in the
woods a damsel who he learns is Etain, sole
daughter of King Etar, ruler of Eocraid.
Though he has himself fallen in love with Etain
he begs of King Etar the hand of Etain for his
brother Eochaid. But one condition is made:
that Eochaid shall win her love divested of his
royal state. Ailill returns to Eochaid, and

delivers the tidings of his quest—that he has
found not only a queen for his brother, but also
the Beauty of his heart's desire. The brothers
now fare forth together, and Eochaid woos and
wins Etain. After this, the tale becomes simi-
lar to that of Guenevere and Lancelot. The
passion of wooing over, Eochaid becomes ab-
sorbed in affairs of State: Queen Etain is left
always alone, and Ailill is ill—with love, but
this Eochaid does not discern, so that, on the
eve of what he hopes will be his last absence, he
charges Etain to watch by his sick-bed. The
secret tryst is prevented by Midir, who him-
self meets Etain instead of Ailill. The first
time this happens, Etain does not know that
the man "of Ailill's mien, And yet not Ailill"
is Midir; and when she rebukes Ailill for not
keeping the tryst, he tells her how he fell on
slumber and fought with phantoms, "men clad
in fairy green."

But, Lady, I believe

My dream and slumber sent from Fairyland
By those who watch the ways of mortal men.

Yet—O, how human!—immediately after
these words, he makes another tryst. This time
Midir declares himself—he to whom Etain was
wedded in Fairyland, and it was of course he
who sent the sleep upon Ailill which saved the
poet's honor.

King Eochaid returns, and the sickness of
Ailill vanishes as an ugly dream.

Two verses from one of the songs show both
the best and second-best of the work:

O Love, that fills all men with sweet desire,
Yet burneth some with Lust's consuming fire,
Lead me at last from conflict with the clay
Into the stillness of Love's true highway.

Where in the distance shines the ultimate goal,
Love's healing hands across the troubled Soul,
Assuaging all the sorrow, weakness, pain,
And bringing a new innocence again.

The second verse being altogether too full of
clichés.

Needless to say, the tale is one of the many
allegories of the conflict between the flesh and
the spirit.

"Cormac's Christmas: A Mystery," the next
longest poem, is less marred by a certain feeble-
ness of diction, and is somewhat dramatic in
leading one to expect a climax which never
eventuates.

The lyric work in the volume is very slight,
yet rather elfin-like.



Library Notes

By "LIBRARIAN"

THE profession of librarian suffered a real loss in the death of Mr. J. P. Robertson, the Librarian of the Legislature of Manitoba. Like many others of the parliamentary librarians he was a graduate of the journalistic profession, and devoted himself to collecting historical material dealing with the early history of his province. In this he was very successful, and there are many of us who hoped that he would be spared to enjoy the arranging of it in the beautiful new library which is to be part of the Legislative Buildings of Manitoba.

The attendance at the annual meeting of the Ontario Library Association held on Easter Monday and Tuesday was the largest in its history. It means something in a province when more than 250 registered delegates come to an annual meeting to discuss plans for increasing the efficiency of an institution. Indeed the interest in public libraries exceeds very greatly that in schools as evidenced by the much larger proportion of attendance at the Ontario Library Association than at the Ontario Educational Association. The most interesting addresses were those which told of actual experience in the endeavor to awaken interest in the reading of books in certain Ontario towns. Many a so-called efficiency expert could have got hints in enterprise, initiative, and resourcefulness from these librarians. Mr. D. M. Grant, of Sarnia Public Library is the President for 1919-20.

Miss Charlton, the Librarian at the Academy of Medicine, Queen's Park, Toronto, has a specially good report this year and shows one thousand books accessioned during the year. This is one of the few "special" libraries in Canada, well catalogued and thoroughly up to date in its methods. The proof is in its increasing use by the profession.

Mr. W. O. Carson, the Superintendent of Public Libraries for the Province of Ontario, announces that the Ontario Government, through the Department of Education, will hold a School for the training of librarians. The term will be from September 6 to December 6, and the school will be held in the Public Reference Library, Toronto. Already he has had many applications. The course, while intensive, is comprehensive enough to give the student a good working knowledge of the problems at a public library, and how to attack the solution of them.

The Public Library at Windsor, Ontario, has been making wonderful progress this year, and the Board has decided to engage a specially trained Children's Librarian, and to equip a larger room for the children of that city. Miss Lancefield, the Chief Librarian, has not been there yet a year, but she is more than duplicating her past success when she was librarian at the Riverdale Branch at Toronto.

Mr. A. R. Walker, who for many years was librarian at the Public Library at Belleville, Ont., died very suddenly. Mr. Walker, like Mr. Robertson, of Winnipeg, was much more than a librarian; he was a public man who for many years had been identified with public life in his community. Everybody liked him, and he will be greatly missed not only in Belleville, but in all the Eastern part of the province.

The women of the city of Peterboro, Ont., had worked hard during the years of the war, and had supported every good cause. They paid off all their obligations and looked about for some outlet for their energy and the amount in the treasury. Some one knew of the work done in some public libraries among boys and girls, and this was thoroughly investigated, and the decision was unanimous that there were great possibilities in providing education of this kind for the boys and girls of their city. Here is a splendid opportunity for the energy and enterprise of our Associations of Women in our towns and cities, Associations which did so much during the years of the war and which now need a social outlet for their energies.

Mr. George H. Locke, the Chief Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, has been nominated to the position of first Vice-President of the American Library Association. In contrast to the practice of many of our associations, the rule with the American Library Association is that no one may go from Vice-President to President in the immediately succeeding years. The Canadian Clubs in Canada have the same rule.

The Ontario Government is certainly recognizing the value of training in library work, and the day seems almost gone when a qualification for a librarian was that she be a widow in poor circumstances. It is announced that in each of the Normal Schools of the province there will be a librarian who has been

trained in the Library School, and this librarian will be put on the same basis as the teachers in the school. What has a decade wrought!

The Public Library Board of Edmonton, Alberta, will welcome next Christmas one of its assistants, Private Flack, who enlisted with the 196th Battalion, was seriously wounded, and on his recovery has been sent by the Soldiers Civil Re-establishment to get the benefit of professional training in the Library Schools at Wisconsin and Toronto.

Mr. F. G. Barwick, M.A., Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, is retiring from his position, which in this country would be termed Librarian, after forty-one years of service. Mr. Barwick visited Canada and the United States about seven years ago, when the equipment of the new wing of the British Museum was being planned. This is the greatest library position in the English speaking world, and has been worthily filled by Mr. Barwick, for whom we hope many years of enjoyment!

Mr. Henry Guppy, M.A., the Librarian of the Rylands Library of Manchester, England, undertook to be the medium by which the University of Louvain might be able to resume its work after the war so far as the library was concerned. Mr. Guppy started this work within a month of the Huns' invasion, and has consistently kept it up until now he has had the satisfaction of handing over a fairly good working library to that unfortunate University. Many a man might have started such a work, but few would have had the perseverance to see it through.

Mr. W. J. Sykes, M.A., the Chief Librarian of Ottawa, has issued a very interesting booklet containing suggestions for biography in libraries.

Westmount, in the Province of Quebec, is known to about 5,000 members of the American Library Association because Miss Mary Saxe is the Librarian. Otherwise it is a geographical location of uncertain size. And now she has done more, she has written a book! It was published last month, and is called "Our Little Quebec Cousin." While it is to acquaint boys and girls of other provinces and of other countries with the typical cousin from the oldest province, it is written in such a charming style and with so much reserve that the grown-up will be just as interested. Indeed, Miss Saxe has recognized the fact so often overlooked by our writers, that children should be written "down to" but "up to." The "now my dears" is resented, and naturally so, by boys—and even by girls.

The English journals are telling sad stories of many of the municipal councils which are not raising the necessary taxes to make the English libraries keep pace with the increased

expenditure and greater demands caused by the war. Some have sheltered themselves behind the law which provides for a limit to expenditure for library purposes. For many years there was a bill proposed to amend this law, but what chance has such a small affair as a private bill of this kind in the great work of the British House of Commons? There were some few towns in Ontario which acted in the same way, and actually excused themselves from living up to their signed obligations to the Carnegie Corporation. But that day passed with the recent session of the Provincial Parliament, which raised the limit of taxation and made it possible to raise twice as much as before. Toronto took advantage of this at once and added \$20,250 to its grant for Library purposes. In addition to this it is likely that the city will build two new Branches, one to cost \$40,000, and the other \$20,000.

There are at least three lives of Sir Wilfred Laurier announced and perhaps more in contemplation. Peter McArthur wrote a sketchy appreciation, but we haven't heard yet whether Sir John Willison is to issue a revised edition of his famous work.

Mr. Falconer Madan, M.A., Bodley's Librarian, Oxford, like Mr. Barwick, of the British Museum, is retiring this year because of the retirement rule which prevails in his Library.

There are some who tell us that nothing but novels are read and little but novels circulated. Those of us who have to replace the worn-out books can tell a slightly different tale, and such figures as Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads," 197th thousand, his "Seven Seas," 152nd thousand, "Jungle Book," 173rd thousand, "Kim," 128th thousand, throw a little illumination upon the question.

The Public Library Bulletin of Toronto, published in a recent issue a very interesting survey of the libraries in the city of Ottawa, which are connected with departments of the Federal Government. Already it has proved valuable in discovering, even to those in Ottawa, libraries which heretofore were unknown.

To those who think the taste of the general public is not high—as compared of course with their own or what they think their own is—let us commend the books most popular this year in the public libraries: "Sonia," by McKenna, "Joan and Peter," by Wells, and "Fishpingle," by Vachell still hold their own; "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," followed closely by "The Shadow of the Cathedral," are in exceedingly active demand, but the rest of Ibanez's novels will not be very popular; "Before the Wind," by Laing, "The Secret City," by Walpole, and "Richard Baddock," and "Abington Abbey," by Marshall, are always "out"; "The Magnificent Amber-

sons," by Tarkington, "Drums Afar," by Gibbon, are still popular, and "Okewood of the Secret Service," has started off well.

The Associate Director of Public Information at Ottawa reports that over half a million copies of "Canada's Part in the Great War" have been distributed and the demand is so great that a new edition will have to be printed.

One of the chief features of the meeting of the Ontario Library Association during Easter week was the address by Mr. Peter O'Donovan of "Saturday Night," on the subject of Book reviewing. It was a new subject in the programmes of the Association and was handled in such a clear, fair and comprehensive fashion that it gave the librarians new light upon the difficulties and responsibilities of such a profession, especially when it is a weekly occurrence and subject to a flood of average books and to a certain sensitiveness that is characteristic of authors.

Convocation Hall in the University of Toronto was filled to hear Professor Stephen Leacock, an old Upper Canada College and University College boy, lecture on "Frenzied Fiction." It was in aid of the War Memorial Fund of the University. This Fund has now reached \$150,000.

The fourteenth report of the Ontario Bureau of Archives has just been issued by the Archivist, Dr. Alexander Fraser. This is a specially interesting number, for in it are reprinted the records of the Early Courts of Upper Canada. It seems strange to us, and especially in the light of the events of the Great War, to read of Hesse, Mecklenberg and Luneberg as judicial districts of Ontario representing what are now known as Detroit, Kingston and Cornwall. The country around Newark (Niagara) was known as Nassau. These names persisted until 1792, when by Provincial Statute they were changed to Home (Nassau), Western (Hesse), Midland (Mecklenberg) and Eastern (Luneberg). Hon. Mr. Justice Riddell has written an excellent historical introduction.

Mr. W. L. George, whose novels are well known to us, has been taking an interest in the effort that is being made in England to increase the efficiency of the public library by increasing the amount of money which may be given to it by the municipality. He thinks that there will be a greater demand for books from the men who have learned to like reading while they have been in the army, and that to cope with this increased demand and to satisfy these new borrowers the public library must have more money and the public librarian must have training in the matter of choice of books. He is afraid that the 1919 librarian is like the 1914 librarian, and that his taste has not moved with the taste of his borrowers. How like a novelist! He is afraid that

the librarian will be hypnotised by the novel and in this connection suggests that his own analysis of the "novel" situation is that England produces 2,000 novels a year, of which 150 are fair, perhaps 500 to 600 bad, and the rest, say 1,200, sensational, sentimental, feebly sexual and wholly evil.

That is a handsome indictment of his profession. Then he expects the librarian to be so skilled a man that he can keep pace with this output of so-called literature and decide which are suitable for his readers—and all this on a pittance such as the librarian is paid.

But Mr. George has some constructive suggestions. He wants to see a list drafted each year by Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, and Arnold Bennett, and circulated by the Board of Education. This is the good old artistic hypothesis that only an artist knows a work of art; only a poet can judge the worth of a poet; only a painter knows when a picture is well done. I suppose an adaption of this is in the old proverb "Set a thief to catch a thief."

But another constructive suggestion which shows what a naive creature a novelist may be—"It might be well to ask a good literary critic for a black list." Comment on this is unnecessary.

But Mr. George says there really ought to be an annual library list of the best books on all subjects made out by a committee. Now I think there would be no quarrel with this proposal provided that the man who tells us what books he thinks best in philosophy would sign his name to his list so that we could enquire his reasons if we were doubtful in regard to a book, or write to him to ask his opinion of a book which we think may have escaped his notice. The trouble with Mr. George is that he is oppressed with the idea that the librarian must be guarded "against his possible slackness" and is in doubt as to whether centralised authority will not be necessary to make the public library live up to its duty, which he says rightly is "to educate and to stimulate." I am sorry Mr. George was not on the list of Lord Beaverbrook's propagandists to America, for with his interest in public libraries he would have seen instances on this continent which would have pleased him, and especially would he have been impressed with the fact that on this continent we care little about the reading done by adults, but we care much about the reading done by boys and girls. We can influence the coming generation of citizens; we can't hope to change the habits of those over thirty years of age.

It was passing strange now that I am thinking of it that no librarians were sent out in the marvellous propaganda collection of persons who came over during the war. There are a dozen British librarians whom I could name off-hand who would have been extremely useful — yes, much more so than many many others who landed on the American shores during those years.

Books and their Classification

By MARY J. L. SAXE

THERE are two distinct functions of the mind in regard to the art of literature.

First there is the creative function, second there is the appreciative function; the first being the role of the author, the second the role of the public. Now there is a third function of the mind, in regard to this art of literature, that is just as distinctive as the first two; though it is seldom recognized by the general reader, it is used somewhat by the professor and the scholar, but it is used scientifically, sympathetically and all the time by the librarian, and that is the art of classification.

For instance, when you and I were young we read, perhaps, "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. Now Dickens had that creative faculty which produced so many many wonderful characters. We, the reader, had the appreciative faculty, so that many of us have read everything from his pen. But how very few of us knew when we read David Copperfield, or have stopped to think about it since, that it was an autobiographical romance that we perused, yet that is the kind of book that it is.

When a set of Dickens comes into a library, the "Child's History of England" goes into History, the "Child's Dream of a Star" is put among the Fairy Tales, "Notes on Travel in Italy and France" into the Travel Section, "Pickwick Papers" into Wit and Humor, and the balance into Fiction. So you see the set of Dickens is no longer a set. Or take the Works of Thomas Carlyle. The first four volumes, "History of the French Revolution," a librarian puts into the French History section; the four volumes, "Life of Frederick the Great," she puts into the history of a country that no longer exists; Carlyle's "Essays" go into plain Literature.

Now, of course, there are all sorts of ways of classifying books. There are large books and small books, good books and bad books, new books and shabby books. At that period in existence known as "Spring-cleaning," the good housekeeper sorts out her volumes, and sometimes she puts all the editions de luxe in the front trenches of her bookcase, and relegates the shabby volumes to the rear column, where they are camouflaged behind leaded glass and silk curtains.

But among librarians classification means the grouping of volumes on their shelves according to their subject. No principle of library economy is brought more into use than classification. A good subject classification is the librarian's first aid; it unlocks almost at once many of the treasures that a great

library may contain. In this way only can all the resources of a library become known to a library staff.

Now it is but about forty years ago that the first really good arrangement was worked out. Before that there was no published scheme for sorting books in a library in use anywhere. The oldest and largest libraries of the world had their own arrangement, it was understood by a very wise and very ancient librarian; all the valuable information was locked in his brain. When he died, somebody filled his place physically, but it took the new man many, many years to locate even half the treasures that the library contained.

Finally library science has come to our aid, and owing to the publication of certain systems of classification with minute directions for their use, and text books on the subject, and library books to direct us in their application, we are better off. All the great libraries of this new world, and many of the smaller libraries, too, are using one of two systems of classification, and gradually the older libraries of the old world are changing over to them. I refer to the Decimal System of Dr. Dewey, and the Expansive Classification devised by Mr. Charles Ami Cutter. The former is based on the numerals 1 to 10, and tries to divide the great field of human knowledge into ten classes using the numerals 1 to 10 to mark them, and then by using decimals subdividing and sub-subdividing these classes. This Dewey system has its good points aside from its decimal points. It is used throughout the Province of Ontario. But the phonetic spelling of its text book makes one nervous. My own spelling has also that tendency, and I feel in sympathy with an early classifier out in California, named Perkins, who said of it as he looked over the first edition, that he would have nothing to do with a classification that spelled God with a little g, and Perkins with a little p.

In spite of these little failings, however, the Dewey system suits itself excellently to many libraries. The largest medical library in Canada uses this system, and perhaps for a specialized library no system could be better, because it has a fine index, and so minutely is the McGill medical library classified that its librarian should be able to place her hand on anything a hurried doctor might wish to see, down to the smallest pamphlet, spelled, by the way, "p-a-m-f-l-e-t."

On the other hand the Cutter expansive classification is based upon the 26 letters of the alphabet. It gives us at once 26 main divisions for human knowledge, which can be di-

vided 26 more times. This classification is used at McGill University in the Redpath library. It is used in Ottawa at the public library, it is used at Macdonald College library, at the Y.M.C.A. library in Montreal, and at the Westmount Public library. In the United States many more libraries use the Dewey Decimal. Possibly because figures seem more business like to the average Library trustee. Over in England and Holland the Cutter system is making headway, perhaps because it is the more scholarly of the two.

Whichever of these two schemes is selected for a library, very much depends upon the person who is to use it. She has to try and place each book in the class where its author intended it to be. Now it is a more or less simple matter to distinguish between a book of philosophy or a book on Christianity, or church history. It is not very difficult to discover if a book is a biography, or a history or a book of travel or geography, or a book of political science or a book on education, or on law or medicine or a volume of natural history, or a book on useful arts, or constructive arts, or manufacturers' handbooks, or books on the art of war, or books in sport, or on the fine arts, or a book on language, or a plain book of literature, essays and the like. Of course this main heading of literature is divided into Drama, Poetry, Legends, Oratory, Novels, Essays, and indeed almost all these other main headings are divided again and again. A good classifier needs not only a good book education, but a wide general knowledge. One must not be too pedantic, nor take too narrow a view of any subject. In fact, as the old darkey said about sorting potatoes: "It isn't that its such terrible hard work, Boss, but it's the dreadful strain on the judgment."

The story is told of an assistant in a college library some twenty-five years ago, who found one morning on her table a volume of curious aspect. It was a gift and it bore this title, "Science and Health and Key to the Scriptures." Now she intended to be an expert at this classifying business, so she read the title page. She stopped at the third word, "Science and Health." (Remember it was a first edition, and very little had been heard of this work or its author in Canada at that time.) So, when she read the word "health," she marked the book 610 and sent it over to the Medical department. Needless to say it proved a boomerang. Next morning it was back on her table again. This time she looked into it a little more carefully, and after reading here and there she became hypnotized by the term "Mortal mind," which repeated itself on the pages again and again. So she marked it Philosophy, and it reached the table of the Professor of Philosophy. Back it came next day marked "Philosophy not sound." Next she tried the Theological department with no better result: so at last after this volume had been the rounds she placed it on a little shelf hard by. When the head librarian asked what

those books might be, she sighed, "Oh, those are just other books." Doubtless every librarian has some such clearing house of books that are waiting until the librarian can sit down in some quiet spot from whence all but she has fled, and take time to scan the collection, leaf by leaf, title by title, sub-title, contents, index, opening sentences: somewhere the author must reveal his object in writing a book at all.

Perhaps it should be stated just here that the expansive classification has an especial mark for books on Christian science, its heading being "Doctrines of a single system, sect or church," and it is sub-divided into Friends, Mormons, Swedenborgians, etc. As a usual thing your librarians refer to that section as "freak religions."

One afternoon some years ago, I was busy accessioning some new books, and had just entered "Napoleon, the Last Phase," by Lord Rosebery, when a shadow fell athwart my book. Looking up I found a very portly matron standing in front of the desk. She had three nodding plumes in the front of her bonnet exactly like interrogation marks. She said: "I wish to get my daughter a place in this library."

I said, "Has your daughter had any experience or any training in library science?"

She said, "Pray, what is there to learn?"

I said, "Why, she would have to learn to collate books, to accession them and to catalogue them and finally to shelf-list them, before they are ready for the public."

She said, "What does that mean in English?"

I said, "Why, take this book I've just accessioned, I have to classify it next. It is a Life of Napoleon by Rosebery. Where would you put it?"

She, "I'd put it on the shelf until somebody wanted it."

I said, "Ah! that's just it. On what shelf? You see, all our books are classed by their subjects. All the travel is housed together, all the art books together and so on."

She, "Well, I guess my daughter would know enough to put a Life of Napoleon into biography."

"But you see, I am going to put this book into French History, and that is where it belongs, because the System that we use says: 'All lives or facts about Kings, Queens or Emperors — or their consorts, go not into biography, but into the history of the country over which they rule.'"

Presently I persuaded her to take home some literature regarding library schools, and the necessary qualifications for pupils who enter: and as she went out of the door I heard her say, to a very timid looking little daughter who was lurking in the back ground, "Well, I always say 'Live and learn.'"

It has been said that no two persons classify exactly alike, and if you look into the subject you will find such is the case. I have heard disputes lasting several hours between

professor and librarian, as to whether a book should go into Geology or into Mining.

Not very long ago the Government at Ottawa presented us with a little book entitled "Out West," by "Sec." Its chapter headings are as follows: "The Indian," "The Homesteader," "The Murderer," "The Sheriff," "The Englishman," "The Mounted Police," "The Prospector," "The Miner," "The Highwayman," "The Sailor," "The Census Civil Servant," "The British Columbian," "The Explorer." This last heading proved to be a jingle about the one time famous or infamous Doctor Cook, who "was a merry little crook." Now, what would you have done with a gift like that? Is the book worthy of a place in Canadian literature? Is it funny enough to be placed in the Wit and Humour section? Is it a history of the North-west?

And where would you class a book that contained Macaulay's letters bound up with a memoir of Schiller, the German poet? I would like to quote in conclusion a "Song of the Library Staff," written by the late Massa-

chusetts poet, Sam Walter Foss, who was himself a librarian:—

Oh joy to see the library staff perpetually vie-
ing
To help the classifier in the act of classifying.
Every language spoke at Babel, in the books
that pile her table.
Every theme discussed since Adam, song or
story, fact or fable.
And she sweetly takes all knowledge for her
province, as did Bacon.
All the fruits that dropped and mellowed since
the knowledge tree was shaken.
All the 'ologies of the colleges, all the 'isms
of the schools;
All the unassorted knowledge, she assorts by
Cutter's rules;
Or tags upon each author in labels that are
gluey
Their place in thought's great Pantheon, in
the decimals of Dewey.
Oh joy to see the library staff perpetually jog-
ging,
And to see the cataloguer in the act of cata-
loging!

What's a Man?

A True Story of the War

By CHARLES WHARTON-STORK

I WAS on a steamer for Halifax
With wounded homeward bound,
When I noticed one day a baby-coach
That a sailor was wheeling around.

"What's that?" I asked of a lad I knew.
He glanced, and a sudden change
Transformed his face from its merry smile
To a look that was fixed and strange.

"You 'aven't 'eard?" I shook my head.
"That's Bill," the boy went on.
"The Boches smashed 'im so that both of 'is
arms
An' both of 'is legs is gone.

"It bowled the surgeon clean over like.
'E's 'ere on the steamer, too."
I had talked to the surgeon and heard the tale
So I knew every word was true.

The surgeon had toiled for close to a year
Till his nerve-will snapped at last
When he took the one way to save Bill's life
And looked at his work, aghast.

To lose a surgeon in times like these!—
I felt I could scream or cry—
And all to keep breath in a limbless trunk.
"Why didn't they let him die?"

"'Oo? Bill?" "Yes, what is life to him?"
But I started back in alarm

At the angry flash of the young lad's eye
As he caught me by the arm.

"Lidy, you've been in this 'ere 'ell
A-tryin' to do your bit?
Say, 'aven't you got no more than that
To take back 'ome from it?"

"Wot is a man, please? Ain't 'e more
Nor legs and arms, do you think?
They why should we go to this bloody mess
An' stick there an' never shrink?"

"Wot good is life to Bill, do you say?
Why life's just everything:
It's air an' sunlight an' flowers an' friends.
You just ought to 'ear 'im sing!"

"Sing?" I was dumbstruck. "Sing! Why, yes,
'E's singin' arf o' the day.
'E's the 'appiest man on the ship, is Bill,
That's wot the rest of us say.

"'E's glad wot's left of 'im's sound an' fit
An' comin' 'ome to 'is wife.
The doctor ain't never done more good
Than savin' Bill Farrant's life.

"No, lidy, a man ain't arms an' legs.
Just listen an' 'ear Bill sing,
An' maybe you'll know wot a man is then
If you learn it from anything."

The Hohenzollerns In America

THE ancient kings valued their fools because of the profound wisdom which underlay their comic utterances. The modern king, the Plebs, values its Leacock for the same reason, but does not usually know what the reason is. And like all his predecessors in the motley, Leacock suffers from the imperative demand of his king, the Plebs, that he jest at a moment's notice, upon whatever subject be under discussion below the salt, no matter whether he have a store of wisdom upon that subject or not, and no matter whether his wisdom have had time to mature into jesting form.

In "The Hohenzollerns in America," which gives its title to, and occupies the first quarter of, the latest Leacock volume, the Canadian humorist has achieved one of the finest expressions of wisdom that he has given to the world in several years. The idea of the Hohenzollern family reduced to the status of impoverished and unadaptable German immigrants to the United States, living in an East Side boarding-house and eking out their existence by various menial jobs, ignored and forgotten

by the world and half-unconscious of the depth of their own fall — that is a conception which offers unlimited possibilities, not of mere clowning, but of the exhibition of human nature, and Stephen Leacock has handled it to perfection. By a happy device, he has thrown it into the form of a diary of one of the Kaiser's nieces, a quite harmless Hohenzollern damsel who eventually marries a successful ice-handler; by this means he is able to display the mentality of the ex-Kaiser as seen by one who is quite unconscious of its being anything abnormal. It is wonderful how a few dexterous turns of language will suffice to exhibit this Hohenzollern viewpoint, or rather blindness; how effective, for instance, is the verb in the remark of Miss Hohen (the niece) about the time "when one of our war boats fought the Lusitania."

There are a lot of other good things in the volume. But Stephen Leacock's caricature of the movies is not caricature; it is impossible for any mere maker of absurdities to turn out anything so absurd as the typical movie (Gundy, Toronto, \$1.25.)

A Library of Political Literature

A very interesting list of books dealing with political literature is suggested by Harold J. Laski as ones which have earned a permanent place in literature, and all are in print at present:

1. Henry Sedgwick, *The Elements of Politics*, 1891 (Macmillan); the best general introduction to politics.
2. T. H. Green, *The Principles of Political Obligation*, 1899 (Longmans); the best discussion of the grounds of political obedience.
3. J. N. Figgis, *From Gerson to Grotius*, 1907 (Cambridge); an historical study of the way in which, at certain great crises in history, very like that which we now confront, ideas similar to those of our own time have been born.
4. James F. Stephen, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, 1874 (Holt); — best criticism of democratic principles.
5. C. F. G. Masterman, *The Condition of England*, 1909 (Methuen); a brilliant picture of the political, social and intellectual background of modern English life.
6. O. G. Ritchie, *National Rights*, 1894 (Macmillan); the best general account of the conceptions which underlie the structure of American life.
7. J. A. Hobson, *Imperialism*, 1905 (Constable); the most powerful polemic against the most fashionable philosophy of the present generation.
8. L. T. Hobhouse, *Democracy and Reaction*, 1904 (Fisher Unwin); a brilliant analysis of the difficulties confronted by democratic states.
9. E. Bernstein, *Evolutionary Socialism*, 1909 (Huebsch); the best criticism of the orthodox Marxian socialism.
10. J. Ramsay Macdonald, *Socialism and Government*, 1909 (Independent Labour Party); by far the best account of political institutions from the standpoint of socialism; the best modern defence of the party system in politics.

A New Beresford, and a New Method in Reviewing

IT is only now, after reading the first chapter of the newest J. D. Beresford, "The Jervaise Comedy" (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.50), that I have suddenly realized that the conventional way of reviewing modern novels is all wrong.

We reviewers are in the habit of reading all that there is of the reviewed book (or all that we intend, or have time, or can endure, to read of it) before setting pen to paper (or finger to typewriter key); and having achieved that supposed duty, we sit down and write our review upon the impression left by the book as a whole, and chiefly by the finale, which is the thing we have read last. I am speaking of male reviewers; I don't know when lady reviewers read the last chapters.

But in this we are quite wrong, simply because the modern novel is not written to be savored in any such way. Its object is not an after-effect, but a present-effect. As, for instance, with eating and drinking. We take medicine not for present enjoyment, which is nil, but for subsequent benefit; and so, in a different sense, with bread-and-butter. But we take ice cream for present enjoyment solely. Champagne and whiskey-and-soda, those extinct drinkables which are so frequently mentioned in our current literature, are reputed to have been taken by some people for present enjoyment, by others for after-effects, and by most for both; and there are novels, even in this day, which can be read with something of both the present and subsequent effects of a good champagne, but they are not typical of the age. The object of the present-day novelist is usually that of the manufacturer of ice-cream; his product has a certain food value, and he uses in the manufacture a lot of intellectual material containing proteins and calories, but what he is after is the titillation of the palate during consumption. And the time to evaluate his product is while it is trickling down the throat.

The style of reviewing which I am proposing has its difficulties. It requires much self-denial to put down the spoon when half-way through the ice-cream, grab pen and paper, and set to work to describe the flavor. One would much rather go on and finish the dish. But if the ice-cream is to be properly criticized, this method is the only one. It is not fair to wait until one is sated with ice-cream, and then write down one's impressions about ice-cream's flavor.

And take this first chapter of "The Jervaise Comedy"; how exquisitely the ingredients are mingled and the temperature adjusted to impart that agreeable shock of ethereal

chilly sweetness which comes with the first spoonful of good ice-cream! What do I care, at this stage, whether the catastrophe of the book be well-precipitated or not, whether the characters maintain their glamor of midnight mystery when I get to know them better, whether the author can keep up his air of detached spectator pointing out to me the movement of High Comedy? Probably by about the fifth chapter I shall be skipping whole pages of wearisome analysis, as I did in "Jacob Stahl," or wishing, as during "House-Mates," that the common-place people who take up so much space in life were not beginning to take up so much space in literature. But meanwhile—

The vicar and his wife are leaving the Saturday night dance at the Hall, Thorpe-Jervaise, at midnight precisely, because a vicar (and his wife) must not partake in revelry during the Sabbath hours, and equally must not remain to dampen the revelry of the laity. The revelry is, naturally, suspended while they prepare to leave. The great doors are opened, and the scent of night-blooming stocks is wafted in among the dancers, grouped in the hall and on the stairs, absorbed in the business of getting rid of the vicar. And it becomes known among these revellers that the Hall's new chauffeur, three months on the job, who is wanted to take the vicar home, is nowhere to be found. And then Frank Jervaise comes in from the search. "He stood there a moment, posed for us, searching the ladder of our gallery"—the group on the stairway and in the upper hall; "and the spirit of the night-stock drifted past him and lightly touched us all as it fled up the stairs. Then he came across the Hall, and addressing his sister, asked, in a voice that overstressed the effect of being casual, 'I say, Olive, you don't happen to know where Brenda is, do you?'"

No, she didn't. Nobody did. Frank was asked by one of the guests whether the car was still in the garage, and he said that it was, but I know from the way he said it that he doesn't really know whether it is or not, and I don't know myself, and—

To shift the metaphor a little away from the dish of ice-cream. Isn't that a pretty good cocktail with which to start the dinner? I haven't been able, in this summary, to give all the aroma or the tang of it, but the reader will please take that on faith. I must get on with the dinner. "Beresford, you may serve the soup."

* * * * *

So Beresford takes Jervaise and me to the Home Farm, incidentally remarking that Jer-

vaise is a lawyer with a professional bullying manner and "a sudden scowl which made him look so absurdly like a youthful version of Sir Edward Carson." The occupant of the Home Farm is Anne, sister of the chauffeur; and the latter is not at all an ordinary chauffeur, but one who has "been in Canada and the States and all kinds of weird places" and is probably off sleeping somewhere in the woods; "he sort of got the habit in Canada or somewhere. He often says that sometimes he can't bear to sleep under a roof." This is what Anne tells us: she is not pretty, but either beautiful or plain, according to the way you feel about "the light of her soul." And she tells Jervaise that she has an "intuition" that Brenda has not run off with the chauffeur. Jervaise desires her, and Beresford, who is playing a part which he calls Melhuish, a playwright, and which he evidently intends for Mr. Somerset Maugham, is obviously going to fall in love with her at sight.

It is not altogether the soup. Part of the effect is due to the light wine of literary dexterity which is served with it. Here is a taste. Beresford, or Melhuish, or Somerset Maugham as I maintain it really is, is not particularly comfortable on this expedition with Jervaise. "We had come into a wood and it was very dark under the trees. I wondered why I should restrain the impulse to strangle him and leave him there. He was no good, and, to me, quite peculiarly objectionable. I should certainly have resisted the impulse in any case, but my attention was diverted from it at that moment by a sudden pattering of feet among the leaves of the great trees under which we were walking — light, clean, sharp, little dancing feet, springing from leaf to leaf — dozens of them chasing each other, rattling ecstatically up and down the endless terraces of wide foliage. 'Damn it all, it's beginning to rain like blazes,' remarked the foolish Jervaise."

* * * * *

Jervaise and Melhuish, walking back from the Home Farm, come to the obvious conclusion that Anne must have been lying, but — what was she lying about?

* * * * *

As I suspected, the car is gone. At least, we know it is gone now (3.30 a.m.), but we don't know if it was gone at midnight.

There being nothing else to do, the family break up to retire. Melhuish (accompanied by me) goes out into the odor of the night-stock, wanders down the road, and meets a man whistling.

* * * * *

And the man whistling turns out to be another whimsicalist, just like Melhuish. And he also turns out to be the chauffeur. He regards the Jervaises with a Canadian-trained eye. "They've squatted," he observes, "that's what they've done. Set themselves down here in the reign of Henry II, and sat tight ever since." The chauffeur's father was a hereditary tenant of the "estate," but his mother was a French governess. . . . He does not feel called upon to explain anything, and Melhuish does not ask him to.

And at breakfast we (Melhuish and I) learn that Brenda is breakfasting in her own room, with "the beginning of a nasty cold brought on by her foolishness." At least, that is what her mother says, but Miss Tattersall, one of the guests, tells us that she doesn't believe Brenda came back at all last night. As a matter of fact, Miss Tattersall has actually sneaked into Brenda's room, and the bed wasn't slept in.

And the chauffeur walks up to the front door and rings the bell.

* * * * *

An entremet of the lightest kind. Nothing at all but a half-seen kiss, between Frank Jervaise and Anne. But the meringue that is whipped up over it!

* * * * *

The Jervaises are deeply annoyed with Melhuish (and me). They have discovered that we didn't sleep in the house on the night of the tragedy; and they are suspicious. I can't blame them, but Melhuish is angry.

* * * * *

. . . Of course it couldn't be kept up. But what fun it was while it lasted, and how unfair it would have been to wait until one had been annoyed by the conclusion of the book, and so fail to set down one's thorough enjoyment of the beginning. About the middle, it suddenly turns from comedy into social drama, and then into social melodrama, with the French governess for goddess-from-the-car. Mr. Beresford had to wind it up somehow, of course, but was it necessary to be so very solemn about it? And couldn't the method of subtle suggestion, rather than direct statement, have been kept up to the end?

And here I discover a weakness in my new system of reviewing. If the interest in your book peters out in the ending, why, the interest in your review will peter out too. And a review must close on a good strong chord.

Well, what better chord than that of damning the public? After all, it's the public's fault that novels have to have a happy ending. "The Jervaise Comedy" would be much more of a comedy with an unhappy one.—B.K.S.



Morning-After Literature

George, W. L., "Blind Alley," McClelland & Stewart, Toronto \$1.75.

IN "Who's Who," Mr. W. L. George describes himself as: "Educated successively as an analytical chemist, an engineer, a barrister, a soldier, and a business man; having proved a failure at all these trades, took to journalism about 1907; has contributed to most London publications on topics ranging between the art of the troubadours and the finance of railways; specially interested in feminism and its subsidiaries; marriage and divorce problems, fashions, votes for women, and sex questions generally; in politics an aggressive pacifist, an opponent of the idea of nationality and a republican"; and gives as his favorite recreation "Self-advertisement." In "Blind Alley," Mr. George displays all his characteristics and favorite recreations, even in his preface saying that "I have no doubt in my mind that 'Blind Alley' is my best work."

The story deals with the fortunes during the late war of Sir Hugh Oakley and his family.

Sir Hugh Oakley was what is called a practical man; son of a diplomat, he found in his line mostly country gentlemen, here and there a soldier, and most notably, his grandfather, killed at Trafalgar. He himself had been intended for the diplomatic service, but that shrewd, hard streak in him which was suggested by his bony nose had brought him to desire some practical association with life. He had thought of politics, of the amiable spaciousness of Liberal Unionism, but at bottom he preferred realities. So he has drifted into an old private bank, allied to the Oakleys, of which they had always been a little ashamed. Sir Hugh found no prejudice in himself; he had enjoyed those twenty years in the bank, and would leave the Oakleys a little richer than he had found them, which was not done in the family. Now he had retired and his activities were mainly local, concerned with the County Council, with the harbor board, with all things that needed the unusual combination of good breeding and good brains. (p. 11.)

But of "that shrewd, hard streak in him which was suggested by his bony nose" we find little trace either in Sir Hugh himself or in his family. Sir Hugh himself develops into a rather hesitant Pacifist, who is helpless before the arguments of the local grocer, who is brought up before him for trial as a Conscientious Objector. He finally, in a burst of nerves, enrolls in the Foreign Legion, but is discharged after some pulling of strings by his wife, and returns to his country seat. His son, Stephen, an Oxford undergraduate, returns from the war shell-shocked, bitter, unendingly epigrammatic, half unfit for work and half afraid of it. His elder daughter, Sylvia, goes in for plain straightforward sensuality with the aid of a series of husbands and lovers. Monica, the younger, has a long affair with the owner of the munition factory in which

she is employed, an affair which only the scruples of the gentleman prevent from being pushed to its apparently inevitable conclusion.

Mr. George writes with skill and a cynical insight into character. Monica and her hard-headed but hesitant lover, and her mother Lady Oakley, a dignified High Tory sentimentalist devoted to the Spectator and to the "Great Thoughts of Horatio Bottomley," are types recognizable by anyone who was in England during the war. But though he doubtless loves his characters, Mr. George is essentially a pupil of H. G. Wells in being even more in love with his ideas. His novel is definitely an instrument of propaganda. His aim, as he says in his preface, is "to show a complete world society in the midst of a world movement," i.e., to give us a picture of England as she was, is, and should be. His picture is not inspiring. England and the English have during the war rushed into a "Blind Alley" with trampling and shouting, swinish as the herd of Gadara; indeed Mr. George evidently wishes that the blind alley might at the last moment open out into a steep place, down which the whole rout might rush to their destruction. This Hot Gospeller of aggressive pacificism can see nothing in the war but futility and dirt and a contagious madness. All his women in sheer excitement forsake the guides of their youth; even Lady Oakley's maid carries on a series of minutely described amours till she ends as an apparently prosperous street-walker in Piccadilly. He tells us nothing of the splendid heroism with which during the war thousands of English women devoted themselves in a thousand self-sacrificing ways to the service of their endangered country. To him as he passes by, all this is nothing but a restless craving for excitement, dangerously akin to sensuality. All the best men are killed off, and the pretentious rotters and bounders are left in control of the future. For a time the author has hopes of the salvation of the world through President Wilson, but at the end it is obvious that even that unsullied cosmopolitan is to be overborne by the sordid forces of nationality, and patriotism. For though Sir Hugh "realized that until all mankind stood under one flag, enjoying only local home-rule, war would continue," he cannot help feeling that the capitalists, the diplomats, Mr. Lloyd George, "and other wicked persons" are going to make this ideal difficult of attainment, even with the help of the President.

Mr. George is thus not only an aggressive pacifist, but an aggressive pessimist. He wields his Damascus blade with rare skill, but in a cause which he knows has against it some of the deepest instincts of humanity. He is saved from despair by his interest in "femin-

ism and its subsidiaries." Unfortunately, his interest in woman is so exclusively occupied with her sexual foibles and failings that we sigh at times for a breath of the fresh air of Sir Walter Scott, or if Sir Walter is too hopelessly and romantically out of date, then at least for the clean judgment of George Meredith.

On the literary side he leaves little to desire. His style is crisp and yet flexible, his insight clear and yet subtle. Such phrases as that the ideal of the average English Public School is "clean living and no damned thinking," or

that the battle of Loos "was muddled on the playing-fields of Eton" dwell in the memory. But with all his literary skill, all his knowledge of human nature and not merely of "feminism"—all his shrewd, ironic insight into our failings, his book is essentially evil; the chalice is wrought with skill, but its contents are drawn from the fountain of Salmacis. His is the first English novel which shows that the war is now definitely over, and that literature is now beginning to reflect the dreary mood of "the morning after."

W. L. G.

Canon Scott and the "Boys"

The Editor of the Canadian Bookman.

Sir,—The reference to the Rev. Frederick George Scott in Mr. Lighthall's article, "always in the thick of danger and adored by the men," is a deserved tribute to one who has, I think, done more to make poetry a living force among the present generation than any of his fellows. Hundreds of men at the front who had very little use for poetry before they knew the "heroic chaplain" came to the conclusion that there must be something to it if it was written by a man like him.

Canon Scott was for some time chaplain to the 14th Battalion. Down at Valcartier in 1914 he told boys on his first Sunday that he had just had a wire from his son to say that he was coming down, having joined the 14th. "I have wired him," he said, "that I have him beaten by twenty-four hours."

When at the front he had more than once to be peremptorily ordered out of the line by his superior officers, who were obliged to consider his welfare when he would not do so himself. It was currently reported among the "boys" when I was there that Brigade Headquarters always kept him locked up when we were to go over the top. He was then Brigade Chaplain.

On the night of Hill 70, just at the point where we first descended into a trench, he had a little shelter where he was caring for some sick boys. He stood at the entrance as my platoon got down into the trench, and I heard him ask the first man what unit we were.

"The 14th, sir."

"Good." (And then to the next man) "God bless you, boys; give them hell!"

Just then a shell-shock case inside called his attention. I know that on such occasions as this the kindly old man, by his sympathy and his utter disregard of danger, bucked up many a man whose nerves were gone, and sent him back into the line fit and ready to do his part.

I saw him two days later in one of the forward trenches—in fact, a trench taken from the Germans on the day previous. He had a haversack full of cigarettes, and gave us each one. No man was better known among the "boys." I have heard men from various other brigades speak of meeting him in the line.

His manner was peculiar. He walked in an odd, swaggering way, and spoke very carelessly and heartily. Men who saw him for the first time not infrequently formed the impression that he was drunk, but this was soon dissipated by a few minutes' observation, when it became clear that he was merely tremendously excited and utterly absorbed in the work in hand. Those who knew him well are aware that he is an earnest teetotaler.

I am confident that a collected edition of his poetical works, if such could be brought out in the near future, would be subscribed for by thousands of Canadian soldiers in token of their deep gratitude for his self-devoting services to the Canadian forces. Yours, etc.

HAROLD H. METCALFE.

Montreal.



In Joseph's Garden

By NORMA E. SMITH

A H there's the tomb. . . . Now I will kneel and pray,
 While spicy lilies o'er my body sway,
 Concealing me from Syrius, and his men;
 They must not know I have crept back again,
 Crept back again at night
 To pray for pardon,
 Crept back to be near Christ
 In Joseph's garden."

"I thought this day would never, never end,
 A day of days, when not a foe or friend
 Would speak to craven Peter in his trial.
 I have lost everything by my denial.
 I have crept back again
 Crying for pardon,
 Here, I am near my all
 In Joseph's garden."

"How bright the moonlight makes this lovely place,
 It casts a tracery of finest lace
 Through myrtle boughs upon the rich man's tomb
 Where rests God's Son within its silent womb.
 The helmets of the guard glisten like gold,
 As, leaning on their spears, their watch they ho'd.
 Unknowing, Simon Peter watches too,
 Praying for pardon,
 Only a foot or two away,
 In Joseph's garden."

"They seem afraid, these men, and keep together.
 They seldom speak a word. I wonder whether
 He will arise as He foretold to me
 On the third day in glorious majesty?"

"All, all I have or love is locked in there,
 Jesus, my Jesus, who our life did share,
 Walking, and loving, teaching, and forgiving.
 What right have I, of all men, to be living?
 I, who denied Him when He loved me so,
 I, who stood by, and left him in His woe,
 I, Simon Peter who have lied, and fled,
 What right have I to watch the holy dead?
 Father forgive, forgive,
 Have mercy—pardon
 And grant me peace, O God,
 In Joseph's garden."

"How cold it is; I'll rise, I must away;
 The east is breaking forth in rose and gray.
 The Captain Syrius yawns and looks around;
 It will go hard with me if I am found,
 But O, to leave him shut in there, alone,
 Hidden from loving eyes by walls of stone.
 I must see John, and come with him again.
 It comforts me, and helps me bear my pain.
 Oh if He would but rise
 I know He'd pardon
 That mad denial,—now
 In Joseph's garden."

Genetics—The Science of Breeding

By W. L. LOCHHEAD

GENETICS is one of the youngest of the sciences and has not yet won a place worthy of its importance in the mind of the average citizen. The reasons for this half-hearted acceptance are not hard to discover. Most persons find it difficult to give up traditional views of heredity that have been bred into the bone for thousands of years and have become part of their religious belief. Moreover, enthusiasts have sometimes made extravagant claims which could not be made good when subjected to the cold test of critical analysis and experiment.

All sciences, however, have passed through like periods of opposition and ridicule arising from the mistakes of the devotees, but once their foundations have been fairly fixed the gales of opposition and ridicule have only made them stronger.

Genetics as a science could not possibly have appeared earlier than it did, for a vast amount of preparatory work had to be done. "In the fulness of time" it appeared. It had to wait until biologists had made many contributions to our knowledge of cell-structure, especially that of the germ-cells, and to the phenomena of fertilization.

It was Galton who first gave a life-long study to the problems of heredity. His results, based on statistical evidence, are formulated in the two well-known laws of Ancestral Inheritance and Filial Regression. These laws were, however, of little help to the breeder, as they were based on averages, and are incapable of direct application in practice. Nevertheless Galton's work paved the way for later researches which have been fruitful of results.

It was Weismann who gave expression to the fruitful idea of *unit characters*, which was further elaborated by Mendel and DeVries. Their idea is that each animal or plant consists of thousands of *units* or entities which combine to give it its form and function. Moreover, each unit character is represented in the germ plasm by a special transmissible factor, or factors, capable of being inherited independently of the factors of other units.

It was Weismann who broke down the old theory of the *inheritance of acquired characters* that had long hindered progress toward a satisfactory explanation of the mechanism of heredity, and showed that hereditary qualities are handed down through the germ cells that unite at fertilization. Such old beliefs as are implied in the following phrases were shown to be untenable.—"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge"; "The breed goes in at the mouth"; "The corn-crib cross." On the other hand there are many old sayings that imply the modern idea. "Every

good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit"; "Like father, like son"; "One cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles"; "The child is a chip of the old block"; "Wooden legs are not heritable, but wooden heads are"; "You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear."

Since the germ cells are the carriers of the hereditary characters it is obviously of great importance to the breeder that he should know what characters are heritable and what are not. This knowledge the geneticist is trying to obtain through his experimental investigations, and already a long list of heritable characters has been made for many of our cultivated plants and domesticated animals.

Mendel made use of *unit characters* in his memorable experiments on the hybridization of different strains of garden peas whereby he laid a solid foundation for the science of Genetics. He discovered that when a pure tall strain was crossed with a pure dwarf strain all the hybrids were tall, but when these hybrids were self-fertilized segregation occurred in the progeny into tall plants and dwarf plants in the ratio of 3 to 1. Of these tall plants of the second generation one-third were pure tall like those of the first generation.

Likewise similar results in crossing were obtained with other pairs of characters were studied. Mendel explained the uniformity of the results on the supposition that the characters reside in the sex cells, and that sex cells, male or female, of a hybrid can contain only one of a pair of contrasted characters, not both.

Coincident with the experimental work conducted by Mendel's followers, were the illuminating researches of biologists into the minute structure of the cell. In the germ cell is the nucleus which contains a certain number of little bodies called chromosomes. Each species of plant or animal possesses a characteristic number of chromosomes of a definite size, and sometimes a specific shape. These bodies were observed to behave in such a manner that it was believed that they formed the actual mechanism involved in the transmission of hereditary characters, and carried the character-factors. It has even been possible in one or two instances to assign a definite location for the character factors in the chromosomes. Thus the chromosomes represent groups of characters which are inherited together, since they go with the chromosomes.

The chromosome theory has undoubtedly given a great impetus to the investigation of the mechanism of heredity which has so long baffled the scientific breeders.

Genetics is a twentieth century science, for Mendel's fundamental laws of hybridization were brought to light in 1900. During the nineteen years that have elapsed an immense amount of new and confirmatory work has been done, so that now this new science has cast its "swaddling clothes" and has assumed a position of dignified prominence. Breeders of plants and animals are now attaining results by the adoption of well-defined genetic methods, and not by the hap-hazard methods of a generation ago. The production of improved forms has been greatly accelerated, with a corresponding increase in the value of the animals and plants produced.

But Genetics does not limit its field of operation to plants and to animals distinct from man; it concerns itself also with better human breeding. This latter phase is called Eugenics, and has received considerable study, the result going to show that human characters behave in a Mendelian manner, and that it is quite possible to improve upon existing methods of production of human beings. Many careful investigations of family records reveal the fact that both good and poor qualities are inherited according to Mendelian laws. Many defects such as feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, deaf-mutism, and disposition to tuberculosis and other diseases are undoubtedly inherited, and to put no hindrance to the breeding of unfit and degenerate persons exposes our country to the gravest risks of retrogression, especially when it is recognized that the population is being largely recruited from inferior stocks. The Eugenist has proposed the following measures for the improvement of the race,—More stringent marriage laws; sexual segregation of defectives; stricter control of immigration; and measures of sterilization of dangerous defectives. He also advocates the improvement of social conditions that prevent the marriage of desirables, and a campaign to enlighten the public regarding the ideals of eugenics.

Excepting L. H. Newman's "Plant Breeding in Scandinavia," no Canadian work on plant and animal breeding has yet made its appearance. The reason for this backwardness cannot be the absence of investigators, for Canada can lay claim to several important new plant productions. The reason is, probably, the neglect of the universities and colleges to provide for adequate instruction and investigation in Genetics. They have been content to await developments elsewhere before embarking upon new lines of research in a branch which is very intimately connected with agriculture. It is to be hoped, however, that Canada will soon be in a position to make contributions to the literature of this rapidly expanding and important science.

Fortunately, however, interested students have access to several excellent works from American and British publishing houses. Some of these books deal with Genetics in an elementary way so that the general reader can readily un-

derstand the facts and principles placed before them. Others are more technical and are intended for students of the subject.

Following is a list of some of the best books that should be placed in public libraries:

ELEMENTARY.

- "Heredity," by Jas. Watson. T. C. and E. C. Jack, London.
- "Evolution," by Thomson and Geddes. Williams and Norgate.
- "Plant Breeding," by H. DeVries, 1907, Open Court Pub. Co.
- "Plant Breeding," by Bailey and Gilbert, 1915. Macmillan Co.
- "A Manual of Mendelism," by James Wilson, 1916. A. and C. Black.
- "Mendelism," by Punnett, 1916. Macmillan Co.
- "Genetics," by H. E. Walter, 1913. Macmillan Co., N.Y.
- "Plant Breeding in Scandinavia," by L. H. Newman, 1912. Can. Seed Grow. Assoc.
- "Plant Genetics," by Coulter and Coulter, 1918. Univ. Chic. Press.
- "Eugenics," by E. Schuster, 1912. Nation's Library.
- "Being Well-Born," by M. F. Guyer, 1917. Bobbs, Merrill Co.
- "The Third and Fourth Generation," by Downing, 1918. Univ. Chic. Press.
- "The Kallikak Family," by H. H. Goddard, 1912. Macmillan Co.
- "The Jukes," by R. L. Dugdale, 1877. Putnam's Sons.
- "The Jukes in 1915," by A. H. Estabrook, 1916. Carnegie Inst.
- "Biology and Social Problems," by G. H. Parker. Houghton, Mifflin Co.
- "The Human Harvest," by D. S. Jordan.
- "Heredity in Relation to Eugenics," by C. B. Davenport, 1911. Holt & Co.
- "Parenthood and Race Culture," by C. W. Saleeby, 1912. Camb. Univ. Press.

ADVANCED.

- "Heredity," by J. A. Thomson, 1908. Murray, London.
- "Variation, Heredity and Evolution," by Lock. London.
- "Breeding and the Mendelian Discovery," by Darbishire. Cassells.
- "Principles of Breeding," by E. Davenport. Ginn and Co.
- "The Mechanism of Mendelian Heredity," by T. H. Morgan, 1915. Holt and Co.
- "Mendel's Principles of Heredity," by W. Bateson. Camb. Univ. Press.
- "Genetics and Eugenics," by W. E. Castle, 1916. Harv. Univ. Press.
- "Genetics in Relation to Agriculture," by Babcock and Clansen, 1918. McGraw-Hill Book Co.
- "A Critique of the Theory of Evolution," by T. H. Morgan, 1916. Princeton Univ. Press.

Writing With Rusty Iron and Blood

By BRITTON COOKE

Veblen, Thorstein, "The Higher Learning in America," Dent, Toronto, \$2.

Do., "The Instinct of Workmanship," Dent, \$2.

Do., "The Nature of Peace," Dent, \$2.

Do., "The Theory of the Leisure Class," Dent, \$2.

ORIGINAL thinking, and especially that kind which dares to take into account data from current human affairs, is too rare an article to be belittled because on the one hand it has received too much acclaim from the undiscerning or because, on the other hand, it is possible to find in it occasional examples of incomplete observation and false deduction. Much more indiscriminating praise has been laddled over the works of Dr. Thorstein Veblen than he merits very much. On the other hand it is to be regretted that this continent does not yield a greater number of men with the same gentle mania for diligent thinking.

Dr. Veblen is sometimes called "one of the New Republic crowd." Whether that is to his credit or discredit is difficult to say. It does mean, however, that he is patronized by the painfully self-conscious and uncommonly solemn Intellectuals who have been slowly achieving a class consciousness in the United States in the past ten years. Naturally one of the first reactions of such a newly-discovered class consciousness has been against what was popular, therefore against what was obvious, therefore—in order to be safe from any danger of choosing the obvious—against what was lucid or clear among the new things coming before them. Dr. Veblen is not clear. His greatest misfortune, a clumsy, finnick, redundant and totally damnable manner of writing, has established his fame among the parlor thinkers and timid hankers after intellectualism who probably constitute the main body of the New Republic's subscribers and Dr. Veblen's readers. That of course is no comment on the merit either of the New Republic or Dr. Veblen's work. The New Republic is not without its excellent points, one of them, the fact that Veblen's work in that journal show signs of good editing, totally wanting in his books. But for the moment consider Veblen alone.

Four volumes of Veblen have we just been through. It has taken a winter and more fortitude than modesty would permit us to describe. By way of light reading in the intervals of Veblen one might take Bertrand Russell on, say, Vector's Analysis, or some good standard piece of stodginess on logic or logarithms or clinical diagnosis of incipient leprosy. Dr. Veblen in a book is like a Ford on a long journey—his short contributions ride comparatively smoothly on the asphalt of the New Republic. If there is any possible means of getting all the bumps out of a given measure

of English, Veblen will find it. Chart, compass, pencil, paper and the Grace of God are all that can save you if you would really wrestle with Veblen—from disaster. His involutions, redundancies and picky-pesky adverbs and adjectives rival preambles of Royal Proclamations, insurance policies and surveyors' descriptions of city real estate. Once in a great while a little grim irony creeps through—the easier to recognize today because it occurs easier and oftener in his New Republic paragraphs—but it yields the impression that it came grudgingly, as from one whose life has perhaps been hard, and who occasionally forgets to be impersonal toward the phenomena we call "the rich." But of inspiration—not a tittle. Of spark or sparkle, of sudden insight or flashing revelation—not a moiety in Veblen.

It is not proper to call him an American. He sees like a pair of hairy eyes in one of Dostoevsky's prisons. He writes as Tom Sawyer would have had the Nigger Jim write when "rescuing" him: a good pen? No, it must be a piece of rusty iron filed to a point. Ink? No. It must be blood.

At a hurried glance Veblen's works appear as magnificent cliffs, pinnacles, towers, minarets of intellectual endeavor, rising abruptly from the soft plains of literary dalliance. Veblen himself, a sort of High Executioner of Wisdom, appearing and disappearing with baleful mien, between the lines granting admittance to the high places in his keeping, to those only who are capable of solving his riddles. Thus at first glance! On second? Just a dear good earnest and thoughtful man observing with feverish eyes through a knot-hole in life and writing with cramped fingers on the top of a shoe box. The dear man has a positive gift for getting himself gummed up with words. They get on his fingers, in his hair and down his neck. They bedevil and bewilder him—but he plucks them doggedly down and jams 'em in his books—so and zo—and zo!

Like a man lost in a great city, he has discovered some interesting out of the way corners. Thus the doctrine of "Conspicuous Waste" the theory of "Pecuniary Causes of Taste" and "Instinct of Workmanship" are worthy of note. He has given names to a number of phenomena that needed names. In his "Theory of the Leisure Class" he has in some cases traced an interesting relationship between phenomena which many of us may not have considered related. But nothing of much import hangs upon his discovery, and in some cases his "discoveries" are far from convincing.

It is too easy to quote absurd examples of the absurd "style" of Dr. Veblen. Were it

not like a ball-and-chain on the leg of a man who might otherwise run instead of hobbling, one might consider his affliction a sort of perverse gift of the gods. As for strained reasoning, let us mention his claim that "the patriarchal tradition—the tradition that the woman is a chattel—when coupled with his theory that drunkenness "tends to become honorific, as being a mark of the superior status of those who are able to afford it" and therefore a vice reserved for the Lord of the Manor, is a serious contributory cause for mankind's inherent disapproval of drunkenness in women. He apparently takes no account of the not unnatural anxiety of the male population to avoid the uncertainties and disorders likely to follow if the more delicate emotional equilibrium of women was as openly exposed to the influence of intoxicants as the less sensitive organization of the male body.

Or take his conclusion that "the greater prevalence of dissipation among printers than among the average workmen is . . . attributable at least in some measure, to the greater ease of movement and the transient character of acquaintance and human contact in this trade."

Or, that the treating habit comes from a desire to show that one is prospering (and there-

fore efficient)—rather than the desire to be a "good fellow."

Or, that horse-back riding originates in a love of display.

Or, that we love grassy lawns because our ancestors were herdsmen.

Or, that the last items to go from the poor home to the pawnshop are the trinkets of the wife—a case in which he neglects altogether the sentiment which moves women to retain their wedding rings and pawn boots, instead.

Innumerable holes might be picked in Veblen. In many instances, so finicky, tricky and mincing is Veblen in qualifying his statements, one might accuse him falsely. In others, there would be room for debate. But there will never be many men to debate with Veblen. It would be too tiresome and would mean so little in the end. That is why, having unconsciously intimidated the culture bounds of the United States by his resounding abstrusities, Veblen is likely to be given a big name for the present. Such credit will tend to dwindle as the continent grows wiser and Veblen's books older.

But do not condemn Veblen. He works hard and honestly, if not perfectly or with light. This continent could do with more men of his sincerity.

More From the Russell Diary

Russell, Rt. Hon. G. W. E., "Prime Ministers and Some Others. A Book of Reminiscences" Dent, Toronto, \$3.

EVER since the publication of "Collections and Recollections" in 1898, a new book by G. W. E. Russell has been something to look forward to: Its author was a rising Member of Parliament, yet with sufficient leisure to be a diarist and a diner-out; an admirable raconteur with a keen eye for human foibles, and yet at heart of a deep religious seriousness; a Russell, and therefore full of the great Whig tradition, and yet by some odd chance as open to ideas as the Russells are usually impervious to them. His stories, his sketches of historical characters, his essays on men and manners, have been an unflinching delight and not seldom an instruction and an inspiration.

The present volume is unfortunately the last we shall have from his pen. It consists, first of sketches of Prime Ministers whom he has known from Lord Palmerston to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Of these the best is that of his old chief and hero, Mr. Gladstone.

These are followed by a series of sketches of friends, such as Canon Scott Holland and Lord Halifax. Essays on religion, politics, and education follow, and two short stories which show that had he turned to this kind of work he might have achieved distinction.

In a sense it is an old man's book, and at once slighter and less buoyant than his previous works. Before its publication the cream had been skimmed off his diary, and the author had made on men and things most of the comments which his heart drove him to utter. But though inferior to "Collections and Recollections" the present book has enough of kindly charm, enough of humor, of anecdote, and of serious thought to make it well worth adding to our shelves, and we can still find in it such gleanings from the precious diary as the following:—

The great Liddon, always excellent in the aptness of his scriptural allusions, once said with regard to a leader who had announced that would "set his face" against a certain policy and then gave way, "Yes, the dear man 'set his face' but he did not 'set it as a flint'—rather as a pudding."

The World Against The Great Soul

EXCEPT that it contains no passages descriptive of experiences upon the sea, the latest novel of Joseph Conrad might well be selected as the most typical example of all his important qualities of mind and of craftsmanship. Nor indeed is the sea ignored in "The Arrow of Gold"—it could not be cited as a typical Conrad if there were not at least the roar of the surf and the scent of drifted seaweed and the sense of immense horizons somewhere in the background, just at the end of the narrow, dimly-lighted, echoing side streets of Marseilles within whose thick-walled houses the passion of "Monsieur George" and "Madame de Lastaola" achieved its brief and intense existence. Monsieur George is a "very good gun-runner," and at other times in his life the passion for gun-running or for any similar risky exploit upon salt water would doubtless have been the most interesting element in his character: but not at the time when he, with his youth, his honor, his idealism and his touch of Quixotry, came into fleet and flashing contact with that great lady, peasant-born, who had in her "something of the women of all time.

The loneliness and tragedy of a great spirit in this world of sordid commonplace is the finest material that an artist can find. It may take many forms, but one of the most dramatic is that of the woman who possesses the power (who is possessed by the power, rather) of awakening in their most overwhelming form: the passions of men. The commonplace world, by an inevitable instinct of self-preservation, sets itself to destroy, to eradicate, such creatures, just as it sets itself to limit, to paralyse or to destroy greatness in any form which it cannot turn to its own petty purposes. The face of Helen may have launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium; but we may rest assured that Greek shipmen and Trojan tower-defenders alike took an ample revenge upon the woman who wore that face, and that neither Paris nor Menelaus did much to protect her. Genius, in whatever form it may appear, is foredoomed to defy the world and to suffer the penalties of that defiance.

The realistic formulas which have dominated our fiction for a generation past have not favored the portrayal of this struggle of the exceptional against the ordinary. They have demanded our attention for the ordinary itself, for the ordinary man or woman, and for the struggles which he also is doomed to carry on against the forces which make for the extinction of personality. The fact is that genius cannot be portrayed in the realistic manner, and that insofar as realism has succeeded in depicting genius (which it has usually avoided trying to do) it has been by compromising with its principles, by using frankly romantic stage trappings and machinery, and by a distortion of perspective such as a con-

scientious realist ought to spurn. But we are now returning quite definitely to an interest in genius, in people who are big, not as the attempted geniuses of the realists are big (as Mr. Dreiser's, for instance), merely by the number or enormity of their crimes or appetites or tyrannies or brutalities, but by the intensity and range of their influence upon others. And the marvelously subtle, suggestive, mezzotint method of Mr. Conrad is pre-eminently adapted to the new task of fiction. He has always been occupied with extraordinary, powerful, bizarre personalities; but he has never, we think, aimed quite so high as in this lurid portrait of the great courtesan who attached herself and her fortune to the cause of Don Carlos of Spain and in so doing drew into the conspiracy and into her own circle the young sea-lover and adventurer who became its gun-runner. We have used the word "courtesan" with reluctance, because it implies a certain separateness, as by pre-natal destiny, from the rest of womankind, and Mr. Conrad is most careful to show us that Dona Rita, Madame de Lastaola, is merely a woman with a genius for compelling the love of men, and a position and upbringing which have compelled her to develop it. But probably any other English word equivalent to "courtesan" would have the same implications. Mr. Conrad avoids the error of attaching to her any more definite classification than that provided by the Parisian journalists who, with boulevardian malice, christened her "the heiress of Henry Allegre."

Conrad has certainly never done anything finer than the building up of the picture of this "grave, indignant and fantastic soul" in a series of masterly scenes of revelation contrived with all those atmospheric accessories at which he is so clever, and culminating in a passage of breathless horror and astonishing originality. More astonishing still, in a writer not born to the English tongue, is his style, in the sense of the selection and arrangement of words. There are still traces of the foreigner about his English—half-French idioms, the uncustomary preposition in phrases, rarely a solecism or archaism in his use of a word. But his feeling for the value and impressiveness of pictorial words is so exquisite as to suggest that possibly to some minds it may be an advantage not to have acquired one's writing language too unconsciously and automatically in childhood.

Some recent Conrad books have left the feeling that the art was too great for the subject-matter. There can be no such complaint concerning "The Arrow of Gold." Its subject-matter is nothing less than the supreme tragedy of an inevitable, excessive, overmastering love, the kind of love for which this world has no place.

Mr. Sinclair to the Rescue of Bolshevism

NOBODY knows the uses of the novel as propaganda better than Mr. Upton Sinclair. His "Jimmie Higgins" (Boni & Liveright, New York, \$1.60), is a pamphlet against military interference with the Bolshevist regime in Russia. This fact one only discovers on page 244, when the hero is transferred from France to Archangel. Up to that time, with the skill of the born propagandist, Mr. Sinclair has been securing our sympathy by conceding every possible point that he is not going to need for his immediate argument. In fact the first 243 pages of his book are a history of the spiritual progress of the International Socialists in America, up to the point of national patriotism and hatred of German autoeracy which most of them eventually reached, written with a detachment and fairness that disarms the most rabid adherent of Capitalism. The hero, a distinctly lovable but very ordinary American workingman, gets to the stage of shooting Germans at "Chatty Terry" with complete satisfaction, and finds the American army a delightfully democratic and even rather Socialistic institution. But presto, the scene changes to Archangel, and the hero, now a sergeant and an honorable-mention, finds himself compelled by his international principles to fraternise with the Bolsheviki whom he has been sent to fight, and to seek to undermine discipline among the soldiers of his company; the American army as suddenly changes into a structure of brutality and tyranny, in which a former New York police officer is permitted to apply the most exquisite tortures to men merely suspected of conduct subversive to discipline; and for merely being found with a Bolshevist proclamation the hero is tortured into permanent insanity. And the reason for this sudden change is simply this, that the war against Germany was a war against capitalists, and Mr. Sinclair doesn't like capitalists, whereas

the war against the Bolsheviki (if the expedition to Archangel was a war against the Bolsheviki) was a war against persons opposed to Capital, and therefore not proper to be warred upon.

If there is such brutality as Mr. Sinclair represents in the American army, it was certainly not exercised merely upon persons who sympathized with the Bolsheviki. Provided that he has ample evidence of the truth of this portrait which he draws, Mr. Sinclair may be justified in using the method of fiction to draw attention to what he regards as existing evils. But he is not justified in tagging his charges against army discipline on to his personal views about the Bolsheviki campaign, and by doing so he has certainly impaired very greatly the prospects of his being able to effect any good in the matter of army discipline. And of course his claim that an American soldier has the right to judge the rights and wrongs of the policy of his country in a conflict in which its government is already engaged is simply a part of the loose thinking and utter indiscipline of the Sinclair mind. If a soldier has the right to persuade his fellow-soldiers to desert the service upon which their government has sent them, there is an end of all military discipline, and of all national security; democracy does not require that the army shall be asked to vote every week as to whether they think the enemy before them needs to be fought any longer. At least it doesn't outside of Bolshevist Russia, but then Mr. Sinclair would like to turn the whole world into a Bolshevist world.

This is obviously not a literary criticism. A literary criticism would merely say that the book is superficially clever, utterly without depth either in its psychology or in its general ideas, and wrenched out of all artistic proportion by an atrocious conclusion.

What To Do About Mexico

"Mexico To-day and To-morrow," by E. D. Trowbridge (Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.00), is a comprehensive and well-informed account of the recent history and present problems of Mexico, written by one who has an exhaustive knowledge of the country and a thoroughly sympathetic feeling towards its people. It deserves to be read by all who are interested in Mexico either as a disturbing factor in the peace of the continent or as a country of vast economic possibilities, in which large sums of Canadian and American money have been invested. Mr. Trowbridge does not claim that the Mexican people are as yet capable of a democratic form of Government, but he feels

that great progress could be made if the foreigners who have invested in Mexico would show a willingness to bear their share of the terrible burdens which have been imposed upon that country by years of civil warfare and misgovernment. It is evident that a get-together policy is as much needed in Mexico as anywhere else, and it would seem as if a good deal could be achieved by the foreign owners of Mexican properties if they would organize and commit their interests unitedly into the hands of one or two able and statesmanlike representatives who could make it their business to establish an understanding with the best elements of the Mexican people.

A New "Greenmantle" Story

COLONEL John Buchan is perhaps the most extraordinary example of combined industry and literary skill in English literature today—but then he is Scotch. He spent the last months of the war acting as Special Correspondent at the front, but this did not stop his book-writing. Simultaneously with his work in the field, Colonel Buchan has been writing "Nelson's History of the War," "Thirty-Nine Steps," "Greenmantle," and his latest book, "Mr. Standfast" has just been published by Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto (\$1.50).



COL. JOHN BUCHAN.

In this enthralling present-day romance, Dick Hannay, the hero of "Greenmantle" and "The Thirty-Nine Steps," makes a welcome re-appearance. The magic names of those brilliant novels will kindle enthusiasm in all who have read them to renew acquaintance with this daring adventurer. The extraordinary, yet not incredible, enterprises, the breathless escapes and dazzling audacities, through which Hannay pursues or is pursued by the most dangerous spy in England, the secret workings of the Hidden Hand in their countless ramifications, are set forth with all Col. Buchan's masterly art, and are interwoven with a love-romance at once tender and spirited. Our old friends Blenkiron and Peter Pienaar are literally to the front once more, and the latter is the Mr. Standfast of the title. It is worth mentioning that the book is manufactured entirely in Canada, and is a very creditable piece of bookmaking.

Colonel Buchan has had a variegated career—from a literary point of view. Although little more than forty years of age, he was writing when his contemporaries included Robert Louis Stevenson, Crockett, and Ian Maclaren. When an undergraduate of Oxford he produced "Sir Quixote," which immediately sprang to success. The son of a minister of the gospel in Glasgow, and a man for whom his University associates predicted a great future, he has realized the hopes of his early years in full measure. There is a clarity, a force and breeziness about his writing that is well suited to narratives of adventure, whether in the field of reality in the Great War, or in the freer, but not more varied and surprising field of fiction. "Greenmantle" is now in its ninety-third edition in England.

Aspirations of American Youth

Something like an old-fashioned three-volume novel is "Our House," by Henry Seidel Canby (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.60.) It takes reading, but it repays the effort. Robert Roberts is a Quaker, of Millingtown, and we are introduced to him at the time of his graduation from college when hopes are high, and ambition runs rife. The story concerns itself with Robert and his struggles to find himself as a man and a writer, and Mr. Canby gives us a painstaking and thoroughly readable character study of American youth at its best, the youth with high purpose who wants to succeed and yet to keep his pure ideals, his lofty purpose. A bit given to self-analysis, Robert is almost priggish at times, but he is saved by his innate rectitude and good breeding.

Excellent character studies, too, are Johnny Bolt, Robert's college friend, who looks on and comments in quaint sarcasm at Robert's struggles, and ends himself in tragic collapse; Cousin Jenny, the Quaker godmother whose homely philosophy helps Robert through many difficulties, and Mary Sharpe, the girl who is his inspiration and his friend, and to whom he wins through after many spiritual vicissitudes.

It is a placid book. The struggles are all mental and spiritual, and it is to its character analysis that we must look for its charm. If it were a play, one would say it is all talk, and little action, yet there is much that is genuinely worth while in its philosophy. It should be of value to the boy who has just graduated, and who is trying to fix his philosophy of life.

“The Vision for Which We Fought”

THE latest volume in the Citizens' Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology, a notable series which derives much of its distinction from the fact that it is edited by Professor Richard T. Ely, of Wisconsin, is "The Vision for Which we Fought; A Study in Reconstruction," by A. M. Simons, himself a Wisconsin University man and in recent years a well-known socialist editor. Mr. Simons discusses at length the growing power of labor, tracing its progress throughout the War, and pointing out that the establishment of a number of new principles such as the living wage, the eight-hour day, the right to organize, etc., has constituted "a transformation for which labor has been struggling for almost a century and which seemed near a century away when the war came." He points out very forcibly that the character of the international relations of labor has changed during the war. The international of labor was formerly supernational, something outside of and above the nation. "Labor was considered almost an outcast within its own country, and felt closer bonds of union with the workers of every nation than with the social body of which it was a constituent part." Now this supernationalism is turning towards real nationalism. When labor to-day leaves its national boundaries it goes as a representative of its nation to deal with representatives of other nations. The various labor commissions to and from the United States in the last two years were "the beginnings of a new diplomacy."

The immense increase in the functions of the state leads Mr. Simons to discuss the growth of the system of administration by special Boards and Commissions, and he does not commit the error of praising this development merely because it is socialistic. Nor is he

alarmed at the fact that in some directions the operations of government have become momentarily more autocratic; for this, he argues, only means that "in a time of emergency democracy has shown itself sufficiently efficient to vest real authority in those whom it has chosen to wield such authority."

Discussing the split between the dogmatic socialists who retained control of the American Socialist Party in the interests of an antiquated Marxism, and the broader socialists who seek to avoid invoking such chaos as exists in Russia, Mr. Simons remarks that the latter body includes a constantly growing mass of socialists "some of whom are much inclined to reject the name as an incubus." In this body he includes "the organized workers of the English-speaking world, along with great masses of forward-looking people in every nation, constituting a solid foundation of at least 15,000,000 organized men and women workers, and acting as the accepted leader of twice as many more." This body will lay less emphasis upon a "sterile parliamentarism" than the old socialist movement did, and will look largely to the use of the new administrative organizations already mentioned; it will not fight against its Governments; it is a part, and a large part, of the nations which they govern, and it will aim to draw the nations together.

It will be seen that Mr. Simons is in no wise afraid of community action on the largest possible scale. This is a healthy attitude, since there is nothing to be gained by being afraid of anything which is inevitable. His confidence is not due to recklessness or apostolic fervor, but is the result of a sane and careful consideration of the present conditions not merely of the state and of industry, but also of the human mind. (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.60).

Various Ways of Trying to Think

Mr. Alfred W. Martin, who is well-known in Canada as a lecturer and writer upon modern religious thought, and who is a graduate of McGill University, is the author of a volume, entitled "Psychic Tendencies of To-day," in which he discusses, from the standpoint of a broad-minded religionist, some of the more recent phases of speculation concerning Spiritualism, Christian Science, Theosophy, ghosts, and that very vague body of doctrine described as New Thought. The volume is characterized by Mr. Martin's usual disposition to find all the good that he possibly can in everybody

else's teachings, and it may therefore be recommended to those who feel that the world is going more or less insane in consequence of the general repudiation of authority. The author explains that he is not a Spiritualist, not a Philosopher, not a Christian Scientist, not a New-Thought-Representative, and that he does not know what it means to be prejudiced for or against any of these movements. This is an attitude which few of us are able to take, but which most of us should be able to admire. The book may be a help to disturbed minds. (Appleton, New York, \$1.50).

The Angellic Host In Industry

By MALCOLM W. WALLACE

NORMAN Angell's new volume, "The British Revolution and the American Democracy." (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, \$2.00) is written primarily for American readers, and is an attempt to place before them the nature of the present social unrest in countries which have developed political consciousness to a higher degree. Mr. Angell's thesis is this: that while in America the word "democracy" has a purely political meaning, in Europe it has been extended to include control of their industrial life by the workers. It involves a profound change of attitude towards the institution of private property. The growth of socialistic sentiment is due not to the propaganda of theorists but to the many war measures adopted by all the belligerent governments.

Much of the book is devoted to expounding the programme of the British Labor Party—an illuminating analysis even for readers who are familiar with these proposals. Mr. Angell prefers to expound rather than to advocate, and while he evidently considers very radical changes inevitable and desirable in a high degree he is by no means unappreciative of the dangers involved. To the latter subject he devotes the last three chapters of the book.

Mr. Angell's cure for the failures of political democracy is not in an autocracy, whether of Labor or of a governing class, but in more and better democracy. In Parliament he would have representation not only of geographical areas, but of trades, industries, professions—a suggestion evidently appropriated from the programme of the Guild Socialists. But he recognizes that machinery can only facilitate the development of a spirit of co-operation and justice, and it is on the development of this spirit that any hope of a lasting improvement must be based. One great gain derived from the experiences of the last five years is that the old fatalistic, *laissez-faire* attitude to human ills has been killed. We have seen a spirit of co-operation produce miracles in the way of increased production; we have seen

a whole people better fed and clothed than ever before. The achievement of war-time in these respects will remain a challenge to peacetime.

The danger to individualism involved in any increase of Socialistic activity on the part of the State appears to Mr. Angell very real. To him the Servile State is no mere bogey. Repression, control, coercion, have characterized our war governments, and if from them is born a new social order, will it not inevitably seek to control our minds and bodies in a correspondingly arbitrary manner? May not our boasted liberty be utterly submerged? One of the strongest and most constant motives in history Mr. Angell finds in the deep-seated hatred of those who have the insufferable impudence to disagree with us. This "herd-feeling" has been given a great impetus by appeals to patriotism and by the activities of the censorship. The last chapter, "Why Freedom Matters," rehearses in a fresh, stimulating way the arguments in favor of freedom of thought and speech from Socrates to Milton and Mill. "By suppressing the free dissemination of unpopular ideas we render ourselves incapable of governing ourselves to our own advantage, and we shall perpetuate that condition of helplessness and slavery for the mass which all our history so far has shown." . . . "The idea that a tiny minority, by means of physical force, can impose tyranny upon the mass, is obviously an illusion. That tyranny must be imposed by capturing the mind of the mass. The quality of any society depends upon the ideas of the individuals who compose it, and those ideas upon freedom and independence of judgment."

And thus it comes about that the political heretic is the saviour of society. Mr. Angell gives a temperate, clear and thought-provoking presentation of his case. It is impossible to doubt the great value of such a book today, when the greatest of society's immediate needs is a more widespread, more intelligent acquaintance with the ills of society and the proposals that have been made for alleviating them.

"The Shrieking Pit"

"The Shrieking Pit" is a "corking good" detective story, written by Arthur J. Rees, who for many years was connected with Scotland Yard, and who therefore, writes with authority. It concerns the unravelling of a murder mystery, which, on the face of it, condemns an innocent man by purely circumstantial evidence, but which presents, to the train-

ed detective, many unusual features. The elucidation of point after point is a most interesting study in logical deduction, and running through the whole story, like a golden thread, is a charming bit of genuine love interest to add the romantic touch—a good book for the tired business man. (Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50.)

"The Red Lantern"

By EDITH WHERRY

MANY people have been asking me lately how I came to write "The Red Lantern." To answer this question completely would require a volume as long as the novel itself, since the origins of the book reach back to my earliest memories of childhood days spent at the old mission at Peking, where my father labored as a faithful Ambassador of Christ for more than half a century. It was that mission and that ancient city of Peking which I knew and loved that I described in "The Red Lantern." And many of the incidents of my novel were suggested to me by things that I actually saw and heard. For example, one day when I was a little girl I happened to look out of an upper story window of our house which commanded a view of our Chinese neighbor's courtyard. There, in plain sight, was a brand-new, empty coffin. Presently out of one of the buildings hobbled an old woman leaning upon the arm of her burly son who gallantly helped her into the coffin to see if it would fit. It did fit, and I saw the old woman return thanks to the gods even as Madame Ling does in my story.

It was in the public gardens of Shanghai, where I walked one afternoon with my mother, that I saw a band of children all dressed alike in hideous serge uniforms. They were so odd-looking that I asked my mother what they were, and for the first time she explained to me the meaning of the word Eurasian—compound of Europe and Asia—and added that for the most part these children were illegitimate and outcasts from the society of both their fathers' and their mothers' people. A great pity for these poor beings took root in my soul at that moment, and years later became the inspiration of my novel dealing with the problem of the Eurasian which has as its background and larger symbol the warring instincts of the East and West as they were most fully manifested in the furious insanity of the Boxer uprising of 1900. The fact that my own father was one of the besieged in those memorable days no doubt did much to stimulate my imagination and make me keen to write of what he had lived through and described to me in details as vivid as those of the Ancient Mariner.

When I saw "The Red Lantern" picture for the first time on its opening day at the California Theatre, I lived over again in memory the agony of suspense which I had endured in that summer of 1900, as well as the great relief and rejoicing which followed that suspense when my father's cablegram came with the assurance that all the foreigners were safe. That cablegram was the first news to arrive on this continent telling of the lifting of the Siege of Peking by the Allied Armies.

Of Nazimova's superb art as seen in the interpretation of Mahlee, my Eurasian heroine, I can say little because I feel so much. Simply to affirm that it completely satisfies me, is perhaps enough—is perhaps the highest praise that an author can give to an actor or actress who from the dream image of the written page brings a character to sentient throbbing life on the stage or screen. My favorite picture in the film is that of Mahlee (Nazimova) in her exquisite poses against the dragon door in the palace of Jung Lu. This seems to me to have all the quality of an interpretative dance—the true symbol of Mahlee's untamed soul caught like a bird in a cage.

Some months ago I had the great pleasure and satisfaction of visiting weekly the Metro Studios where I saw Nazimova and the others at work on parts of "The Red Lantern" film, but the completed picture made even a greater impression upon me than I had anticipated from these fragments. Verily before my eyes the Soul of the East and of the West appeared pitted against one another in mortal conflict like two huge clashing forces of nature.

But though "The Red Lantern" seems to prove that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," it is nevertheless one of my profoundest hopes that a day will yet dawn when East and West will indeed meet in love and brotherhood. And if I have helped, through the intense sympathy I feel for the Orient and which I have tried to express in my books, to bring that day a little nearer, and in the meantime to make men visiting Eastern countries on business or pleasure pause and consider soberly before they commit the crime of a Sir Philip Sackville, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain.



Dr. Beland—A Gentleman in Germany

MY "Three Years in a German Prison," by Hon. Henri Beland, M.P. (Briggs, Toronto, \$1.50), is obviously a book which claims place in any good Canadian library, public or private. But this not wholly due to any exceptional interest in events which happened to the most distinguished of Canada's civilian victims of German tyranny, for Dr. Beland's experiences as a prisoner were not more thrilling than those of many another who has narrated the tale of life in a German war prison. The real value of this book is as an index of the character of a typical cultured French-Canadian, as it reveals itself when thrust into the crucible of contact with an uncivilised, brutal and (for the moment) all-powerful enemy. That the French-Canadian in question is one who has paid a large part in shaping the destinies of his country, and may in future play a yet larger, merely adds to the interest of the revelation. Dr. Beland stands out throughout the book as a dignified, upright-minded, generous and honorable gen-

tleman. Such a personage, when he becomes an author, cannot avoid rendering justice to those about whom he writes, and Dr. Beland does full justice to the very few Germans with whom he came in contact who showed gentlemanly instincts (one of the best of them was an Alsatian.) But the majority of the characters who appear in the pages of this book are just what we have learnt the official German to be from the pages of many similar writings of the past three or four years—stiff, unintelligent, incapable of tact, boorish, and in many instances cruel and malicious. In a singularly impartial and impersonal concluding chapter, Dr. Beland puts down these vices to the charge of the education and leadership inflicted on Germany by her ruling class, and pleads for "Justice, Toleration and Magnanimity." And if one who has suffered so bitterly and so directly from the wrongdoing of Germany can thus plead for Magnanimity, it is not for those who have suffered less to argue against it.

Democracy After the War

THIS book elaborates, in a rather problematic strain, the ideas which have long been associated with Mr. Hobson's name. The enemy of Democracy is not one, but a whole group of reactionary forces, of which the chief are Capitalism, Imperialism and Protectionism. In their train follow inevitably Militarism, State Absolutism, intense Nationalism, etc. These constitute an essential unity, and against them the tax-reformer, the temperance reformer, the free-trade, the educationalist, the socialist are powerless until they co-ordinate their efforts in the larger enthusiasm for a real Democracy. One effect of the war has been to saturate the popular mind with sentiments and ideas favourable to Imperialism, Protectionism and bureaucratic Socialism, making for a close state under class control with the empty forms

of representative government. False patriotism and class domination masquerading as national unity have poisoned the Church, the universities, the Press and places of amusement. The hope of the future lies in internationalism, and such a genuine cultural education as shall produce in every social environment a considerable minority of able and informed minds, and a majority whose minds are sufficiently intelligent to choose, to trust, and to follow the leadership of this intellectual minority. Only then may we hope for a real Democracy in which "an ordered popular will can flood all the main channels of national life, intelligently controlling all the major organs of government and influence, State, economic system, Church, Press, schools and universities, and the recreative and relief adjuncts."

An Unusual Autobiography

"The Little Daughter of Jerusalem," translated from the French by Myriam Harry, (Dent, Toronto, \$1.60), is a mildly interesting autobiographical novel describing the author's childhood in the sacred city. Mlle. Harry is the author of several novels and volumes of verse in French. She is the granddaughter of a Russian Jew, but her father was a convert

to the English Church, and her mother a German deaconess. There is a curiously pagan and oriental note in all that she writes, and those who are interested in an entirely novel point of view upon much that the average English or French writer takes for granted will find her books stimulating.

Songs of the Spruce Woods

D. E. HATT, a "Y Man" at Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C., has had published a collection of poems under the title "Sitka Spruce: Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands." These are dedicated to the aeroplane spruce loggers with whom he lived and worked, and for whom they were originally written.

Many of them tell of that section of the country; some of the characters, quaint, rugged, and homely, such as are found among logging men. They are written in a vivid snappy way. They must appeal to the men of whom they are written, and they strongly appeal to us. There are verses of humor, description and inspiration.

We never saw the word "conkey" before, but we have now a very clear idea of its meaning. It gets at the heart of the matter, so to speak.

CONKEY.

Sometimes you cut a noble tree,
At least that's what it seems to be—
But after it is down you see
● It's conkey.

'Twas not the kind of tree you thought,
For all its heart had gone to rot,
You saw your labor come to nought,
'Twas conkey.

A hollow and a worthless trunk,
Fit only to be used as junk,
What others have sometimes called "punk,"
That's conkey.

A man who has an evil heart,
And yet pretends to play the part
Of gentleman, is never smart,
He's conkey.

So watch yourself, my logger friend,
The way you live and how you spend,
Lest Peter tell you at the end,
"You're conkey!"

No comment is necessary here; the point is too obvious to be missed:

AS YOU WERE!

When a sergeant is drilling a squad of his men,
If by chance a mistake should occur,
He brings them to book with a word of command,
And his language is this, "As you were!"

If you keep this in mind you will soon understand,
The matters to which I refer
When I preach you a sermon that's straight to the point
And take for my text, "As you were."

If you hail from Land's End and pretend you are Scotch

And get tripped when you tackle the "burr,"
Go back to the tongue you were first taught to speak,
Be content to remain, "As you were."

When you've trusted a man who appeared to be straight

But found him a skunk and a cur,
Get rid of his friendship as soon as you can,
You are far better off "As you were."

If you meet with a girl who seems decent enough

But you find her beginning to purr,
As you value your life and your bank-roll say
"Scat,"

Or, what means the same thing, "As you were."

For, unless you can love her as long as you live,

And can get the same treatment from her,
You will wish, but the wishing will do you no good,
You could wake up again "As you were."

Let me say in conclusion, and stick to my text,

Don't make the mistake, my dear sir,
Of thinking that you can do just as you please
And be ever the same "As you were."

For your life in the future, whatever it be,

Will resemble this life, I aver,
And in Heaven or Hell you will perfect the type
Of just such a man "As you were."

Here we have a woodsman's idea of separating the sheep from the goats. There must be a bit of inspiration in these verses:

WITH THE HAMMER.

Follow the scaler over the logs,
Be careful your feet do not stammer,
The water is wet if you drop in the drink,
And be lively there now with the hammer.

As soon as the scaler has finished his work
On a log it's your time to slam her,
Be sure you are right and then run to the end
And give her the mark with the hammer.

If you're not on the job at the critical time
Other logs may roll round her and jam her,
Thus giving you rather a difficult task
To get in your work with the hammer.

And if she rolls over and tumbles you off
In the water, my friend, mind your grammar,
Tread water until you recover your breath
Then hit her a swat with the hammer.

And what's good for the logs will be good for yourself,—

Don't be a pretender or shammer,
And some day the Scaler will measure you up
And stamp you "M.B." with his hammer.

The selections given above do not fully represent the variety and range of the collection, being all of one general type, but it is the type in which Mr. Hatt's work is most original and characteristic.

Letters to the Editor

"CANADIAN CANTICLES."

The Editor of the Canadian Bookman.

Sir,—I was, I confess, considerably surprised to observe that Professor Allison, in his article in your last issue on William Wilfred Campbell, includes among the works of that eminent poet the volume entitled "Canadian Canticles." I hope that in the new edition of Campbell's works which Professor Allison is editing, the reasons for attributing this volume to him will be made plain.

The volume bears no signature. Campbell was not given to anonymous publication, and even if it be admitted that there are things in "Canadian Canticles" which would not have added to his reputation, still there are several poems quite good enough to have had his name attached to them.

For myself, I have always felt that there was strong flavor of feminine authorship about the Canticles, and while the writer was undeniably influenced by Campbell I cannot find the authentic Campbell touch in more than a few lines, which might easily have been achieved by a follower, while there are numerous poems which seem to me quite foreign to Campbell's habits of thought and expression.

Is it possible that Professor Allison means that the Canticles were a collection of the work of several writers, in which Campbell had a share—and possibly performed some of the work of selection?

Yours, etc.,
CURIOUS.

Toronto.

THE TOUCH OF MELLOWNESS.

The Editor of the Canadian Bookman.

Sir,—Books may be called the capitalizing of human experience. They record the activities of men in those various spheres in which what one man does is of interest and value for his fellowmen. Now, since each man's experience is very limited, his life must become very narrow unless he has the advantage of the experience of other men. Moreover, the tasks of scholarship are so enormous that it is only by co-operation that any progress can be made. For such co-operation it is necessary that the results attained by the research of one man should be made available for others, so that the stones that compose the building of scholarship may all be built into the kind of structure that may from time to time be needed. But besides this, every man needs at some

time, and some men need very often, that stimulus that comes from the impact of one mind upon another.

All these things come to some men in a very large way by personal contact with their fellowmen, and it is surprising how well-informed and how highly developed the minds of certain people become simply by meeting and talking with men of distinction. But for most people the opportunity to meet with men of distinction comes but rarely, and hence this means of self-improvement is not, to any large extent, within their reach. What, however, is thus denied them is put within their reach by means of books. It is not always considered how great a privilege a good book puts within our reach. A great essayist points out how, through means of the printed page, we may in our own houses be introduced at once into the society of the best minds of the world. I remember years ago hearing Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, referring to an inexpensive edition of Longfellow's notes on Dante's "Divine Comedy," and pointing out how men in our age may have such a help to their studies at the cost of a few pipefuls of tobacco. No such opportunity, he said, was possible to young men in his own youth.

But there is, perhaps, peculiar need of cultivating, in the right way, the reading habit among Canadians. That Canadian people can take up a task and master it in an amazing way is evident from the record of the Canadian divisions overseas. But while our resolutions and resourcefulness thus make amazing results possible in such a sphere as this, it is nevertheless clear that our remoteness from the centres of European culture has left some sides of our national character weaker than they should be. We need a certain touch of mellowness and maturity which can come only from vital contact with minds that are the heirs to centuries of experience. It is not that the Canadian people do not read. It is rather that they need to have developed and cultivated in them a taste for reading that is solid and that will bring up their minds in a more symmetrical way.

It is for such reasons that we must welcome the appearance of the Canadian Bookman, which, besides keeping us in touch with the best products of the minds of older countries, may also help to call out the peculiar contribution to scholarship and literature that the Canadian mind is undoubtedly able to make.

Yours, etc.,

J. L. GILMOUR.

McMaster University, Toronto.

PEDAGOMANIA.

"Pedagomania," by "a Bachelor of Arts," (Dent, Toronto, \$1.50), is a slight but at times amusing skit on the two systems of teaching at present in vogue in England—the Ancient and the Modern. It is not really suited for a Canadian reader, as most of it is only intelligible to those familiar with the smaller residential schools in Great Britain, and of these criticism much deeper and much more amusing can be had in such a book as Mr. H. G. Wells' "Joan and Peter." The best chapter is No. 5 on methods of teaching, which is best because it is the most serious and gives one or two really useful hints.

THE TOPICALITY OF TARZAN.

A. Britnell, Toronto, is the Canadian publisher of the latest Tarzan volume by Edgar Rice Burroughs, entitled "Jungle Tales of Tarzan," which contains further astounding adventures of the human youth who was brought up by the apes. Whether Mr. Burroughs perceived when he created this character the wonderful possibilities which it would afford for the profitable exhibition of the masculine form divine in the movies, or whether he merely had extraordinary luck, we do not know. But when we consider his career in the great business house of Sears, Roebuck and Company, and in the office of "System," we are inclined to the view that he is not the man to stumble into a big business proposition by pure accident. However that may be, Mr. Burroughs has acquired the art of keeping the character of his semi-animal hero going by means of a constant fresh supply of incidents. (\$1.50).

WHAT WAR HAS DONE FOR MEDICINE.

The pleasure and profit derived from reading Woods Hutchinson's "The Doctor in War" (Allen, Toronto, \$2.50) are much the greater because the author possesses the technical knowledge to deal with his subject as well as the ability to set it down in a readable form. His manner of dealing with statistics is a happy one, and although practically all that he says under this head was already known to us, still by his skillful handling he would almost convince one that war was really a healthy recreation. Especially to the layman, what he says about the purely technical work of the surgeon will prove informing; medical men were already familiar, from other sources, with what he relates.

One was rather surprised, however, to read that the surgeons at the front expected silk-worm gut in sutures to be absorbed in one week's time.

Although an American, Dr. Woods Hutchinson is very liberal in according praise to the British medical organization; and it is interesting as well as surprising to read that the Italian front was so well equipped and managed medically. Altogether it is a book which will well repay the reader. A. R. P.

A CLASSIC OF FRENCH WAR HISTORY.

"The New Book of Martyrs," by Georges Duhamel, is a collection of little stories of the French hospitals, written by a doctor in the French army who combines in an astonishing degree the qualities of literary style and intense human sympathy. The present translation is somewhat slipshod and unduly literal, but the excellence of the original workmanship cannot be disguised. One feels that the French volume would afford an excellent text for class study in Canadian schools. (Dent, Toronto, \$1.50).

LILAC AND ICE-CREAM SODA.

"Green Valley," by Katharine Reynolds, purports to be a description of life in "a little one-horse town" vaguely situated somewhere in the Eastern States. We have never ourselves happened to come across a community so completely dominated by gentle sentimentality as this little village in which everybody loves everybody else and even the villains exist only to provide a motive in life for the amateur parson. It may be that there are such places, but our own experience suggests that the majority of American and Canadian villages are much more like that which forms the scene of Zona Gale's "Birth." But whatever be the truth of the matter there will be a lot of people who will prefer to read about Katharine Reynolds' villages, however fictitious they may be, just because they are so sweet and sunny and happy and affectionate and full of lilac and ice-cream soda stores and unmitigated affection. (Goodchild, Toronto, \$1.50).

"ORDER" FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Macmillan, Toronto, has recently issued two of the neatest little pocket "guides to procedure" that we have ever seen, and the amount of out-of-order-ness in Canadian meetings of either sex should henceforth be materially diminished. For there is, it appears, one "order" for the woman and another for the man; or at least there is "M.P.'s" "Canadian Parliamentary Guide," which is obviously not for ladies exclusively, and there is "Mrs. Parsons' Manual for Women's Meetings," which equally obviously is not at all for men. Either book may be had in different bindings for 50c, 75c or \$1 respectively. Upon investigation we conclude that the differences between the "order" of man and that of woman are not great. Women, however, apparently need more instruction about it, and Mrs. Parsons' volume, as indeed also that of "M.P.," is designed to impart the instruction needed by the average person taking part in a meeting, not the chairman who may have to rule on delicate points. The present reviewer once knew a very good lady who maintained that rules of order in a ladies' society were "not ladylike"; but that attitude is becoming rare, and most women will now admit that it is ignorance or disobedience of the rules that is really unladylike.

REV. GEORGE ADAM'S BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

The Rev. George Adam, of Emmanuel Congregational Church, Montreal, is, if not precisely the author, at any rate the creator, of a book of stories for children, just published by George H. Doran of New York. The actual writer is Max Henkey, a journalist now engaged in reconstruction work. The forty-two stories include tales of all the latest inventions used in the war, tales of bravery and daring, stories of how great things are done and how every boy and girl can be just as great and brave as the heroes whom the world reveres. There is always a moral, but it is not too obvious to have an effect upon the youthful mind.

MISS SAXE'S "QUEBEC COUSIN."

The latest addition to the "Little Cousin" series of the Page Company, Boston (cloth, 60c), a series intended to convey to children in light and imaginative form an idea of the life and manners of other children in various parts of the world, is a book which will attract wide attention among Canadians. Written by that sympathetic author and child-lover, Miss Mary Saxe, Librarian of the Westmount Library, "Our Little Quebec Cousin" is worthy of the best standards of the series to which it belongs, and which has enlisted the pens of many clever writers. Nobody is better qualified to convey a picture of the charm of child life in the rural parts of this Province, and Miss Saxe has done full justice to the subject in a style which will enlist the interest of children everywhere. The book is dedicated to Dr. George H. Locke, Toronto Librarian, who more than anybody else has been responsible in Canada for the movement which has brought the children and the library into such close relations.

METHODIST BOOK ROOM NOW THE RYERSON PRESS.

A new name, and one ennobled by very great traditions, enters this summer into the publishing field in Canada, but not a new business enterprise. With the retirement of the venerable head of the Methodist Book Room, the senior publishing house of the Dominion, the books issued from that press to be handled by the book trade, will cease to bear the imprint of William Briggs, and will be accredited to "The Ryerson Press," thus commemorating the name of the founder of the institution and one of the great leaders of religious organization in Canada.

The Rev. Dr. William Briggs, who has now retired from the post of Book Steward, which he has held for two-score years, has not by any means withdrawn his interest from the institution, and is still to be seen daily at his office in his capacity of Book Steward Emeritus, to which he was elected by General Conference last year. His successor, the Rev. S. W. Fallis, has now taken office after an extended trip through Canada in the interests of the Book Room.

NURSE BENSON

An airy little trifle is "Nurse Benson" (Toronto, Oxford University Press, \$1.50). Founded on the comedy "Nurse Benson," by R. C. Carton and Justin Huntly McCarthy, and done into book form by the latter, it naturally has some excellent character studies, which are drawn with a fine idea of comedy value. The plot is simple. Gillian, Lady Dunsmore, has taken a course in V.A.D. work, and when the opportunity occurs for her to masquerade as Nurse Benson, an elderly, homely person who has undertaken to nurse a young, handsome, wounded V.C., and is compelled to relinquish her post at the last moment, Gillian steps into the breach, and assumes Nurse Benson's name as well as her patient. Needless to say, complications are numerous and amusing. Captain Tibbenham, the V.C., is charming, but Tibbenham's mother, whose husband has made a fortune out of Tibbenham's tonic, is the vulgar new-rich type, who would bow down to kiss the feet of a title, but does not hesitate to be rude to a nursing sister, in her "service." Needless to say, she is appalled when she finds the captain has fallen in love with his nurse.

The action of the book is swift, the story is well told, and it is just the book for a lazy hour in the hammock, or to beguile a tedious railway journey.

THE SECRET CITY.

Russia and the Russians were never of such interest to Canada as at the present moment, when so many of our boys are returning from the Siberian front, with all sorts of stories about Russia as they have seen it. Perhaps no English writer knows his Russia with such authority as Huge Walpole, and so it is that one settles down to his newest book, "The Secret City," feeling that now one is with a man who knows. Like "The Dark Forest," to which this book is almost a sequel, it is told in the first person, and is by that the more interesting, in that it confirms in you that conviction that this man knows.

You are introduced into a Russian family, consisting of Vera and Nina Michailovna, and Vera's husband, Markovitch, together with all their relations and friends. To Markovitch's house, there comes a young British attache to board, and through him is introduced another Englishman, Gerald Lawrence. Their relationships with the Russian household form the human interest of the story, but the background is the chaotic condition of Russian life before the revolution, and during the first stages of the outbreak. Such a situation could not fail to afford its opportunities for the dramatic, of which Mr. Walpole has not been slow to take advantage. The book is not only intensely interesting, but one feels, when laying it down, that it has been really worth while, and that it has given us an addition to our knowledge in the most delightful form.

THOMAS LANGTON'S INTERESTING LIST.

Thomas Langton, Toronto, is Canadian publisher of several of the more interesting volumes of the season. These include the latest product of the pen of J. C. Snaith, a very thoughtful and yet entertaining study of social and economic changes in England during and after the war, with the title of "The Undefeated." It is the romance of a fine English family, hard hit by the war, struck down by the new and changing conditions of the world, but finding itself in the end, and emerging freed from its old limitations of customs and family feuds and prejudices. Mr. Snaith is one of the really important of English novelists, and this book adds materially to his literary credit.

Grace Miller White's "Judy of Rogue's Harbor" is good "storm country" adventure stuff, with lots of heart thrills, and "The Riddle of the Purple Emperor," whose author is not named, is a detective romance concerning the movements of an ill-omened diamond bearing the imposing name mentioned in the title. There is a double murder mystery and unlimited excitement. This class of fiction appears to be enjoying a decided return of favor.

THE CITY OF COMRADES.

There is something about the "down-and-outer" that appeals to all of us. Perhaps it is the feeling that "there, but for the Grace of God," goes oneself—perhaps it is just the sympathy for the under dog, but certainly the feeling exists. And when the down-and-outer is struggling to raise himself from his apparently hopeless condition, and is putting up a good fight, he commands our respect as well as our sympathy. Such a character has Basil King chosen for the central figure of his latest book, "The City of Comrades."

Francis Worsley Melbury, son of Sir Edward Melbury, of Montreal, naturally has a peculiar claim on the Canadian public, and the story of his transition from a drunken tramp, who had broken into a house with intent to steal, back to the useful, respected member of society is of absorbing interest. He begins by joining the "Down and Out Club," an association formed by men who have themselves "straightened up," and through the association he secures a position with an architect. The process of his regeneration, together with that of his "buddy," a queer old Englishman, affords the opportunity to introduce some picturesque characters.

When the war breaks out, Melbury goes to the front with the Canadian army, and returns, minus an eye, and plus a limp, as Major Melbury, prepared to talk to the American public about its duty (this was before America had "come in"). An excellent account of the ship's escape from a submarine is given in the account of the return journey. A charming love story runs through the book, which is quite one of the best of the new novels. Mr. King has

a happy faculty of impressing the reader with his undying belief in the importance of Canada, without being in the least obtrusively patriotic, or perhaps one should say, jingoistic. Certainly he gives the Canadian heart a glow, and makes one feel a little happier in one's Canadianism, besides giving us a story which is thoroughly readable from cover to cover.

TALES OF A DOG, EAGLE & SKUNK.

To those of us who believe the dog the most sagacious of all animals, the nearest to the human, and who love him for his companionship and wisdom, "Jim, the story of a Backwood's Police Dog," is one of the best of Major Charles G. D. Robert's entertaining stories of animal life. Jim was no thoroughbred. His mother was half Newfoundland, half bloodhound, and his father a splendid, pedigreed specimen of the old English sheep dog. With such an ancestry, it is no wonder that Tug Blackstock, Deputy Sheriff of Nipiwaska County, had little difficulty in training Jim as his assistant in tracking down the backwoods malefactor. Six episodes of Jim's career, each a complete story, form three-quarters of the book, which every dog-lover will thoroughly enjoy. Just for good measure, Major Roberts gives us a novel sidelight on the war, in the experiences of an eagle, who sees his first aeroplane battle; an army mule who goes into no man's land to rescue the master whom he loves; and an entertaining little tale of a skunk who goes out to conquer and is conquered. (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.50.)

PROHIBITION AND NATIONAL SALVATION.

Mr. Arthur Mee has written a book of 190 pages entitled "Who Giveth Us The Victory." It is published in Canada by William Briggs, Toronto, at \$1.35. He claims that the war has shown us "that all these years we have had power to life up our people to a level of happiness beyond their dreams and that we threw this power away . . . that at any time we could have abolished poverty and hunger, and distributed wealth with something like justice." It will be observed that Mr. Mee is an optimist who thinks that the world can be made over without the slow and laborious process of making over the individuals who are in it. The book will probably have a great appeal to those who are temperamentally open to this kind of teaching. But they will not find very much direct instruction as to the manner in which the new era is to be brought about. In fact, Prohibition is almost the only positive recommendation in the whole book; and in spite of a most flattering reference to this Dominion as being now "financially independent, free from the parasite of drink from sea to sea," Canadians will hardly be willing to accept Prohibition as being in itself a sufficient means for bringing about the millennium.

Books Received

Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell, "Old-Dad." Dent, Toronto, \$1.60.—How a dear, sweet girl learned to love her dear, sweet male parent. A literary chocolate sundae with the same flavoring as "Molly Make-Believe."

Adams, Henry, "The Education of Henry Adams; An Autobiography," with an Introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge. Allen, Toronto, \$5.—Although published in the United States just before Christmas, this very remarkable book is still increasing in sale and popularity there, while Canada has recently "discovered" it. It is a piece of American biography of the highest importance because of the literary skill and charm of the writer and the intimacy in which he lived with high official and literary personages from 1858 to 1905. One of the great books of the year, and beautifully manufactured, with a copious index.

"**A. E.**," "The Candle of Vision; Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.50.—Meditative essays, by Ireland's chief non-political dreamer, dealing chiefly with psychic experiences, "disconnected glimpses of supernature."

Alarcon, Pedro de, "The Three-Cornered Hat." Knopf, New York, \$1.25.—A well-translated version of a modern Spanish novelist's telling of a very old traditional comedy, which has afforded material for many writers in the Romance languages, but is little known to English-speaking people.

"**American Year Book: A record of Events and Progress for 1918**," Appleton, New York, \$3.50.—The ninth issue of this admirable annual, "intended for the needs of writers and searchers of every kind." So far as possible the editing of each technical department is in the hands of the leading society devoted to that subject, and the actual writing is in many cases done by presidents and other officials of such societies and other prominent experts. All sciences, arts and phases of public and social activity are treated separately. There is a fairly complete index.

Anonymous, "Harold Tennyson, R.N.: The Story of a Young Sailor." Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.25.—An artless narrative, not without the charm that comes of intimacy with charming people, of the short life of the third son of the second Lord Tennyson, first Governor of the Commonwealth of Australia. The young man, who died in the service of his country, was evidently a youth of great promise, but whether his career justifies all of the very large amount of detail included in these 300 pages is open to some question.

Anonymous, "Patricia Brent, Spinster." McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50.—The story of a young lady of twenty-four, with no "gentlemen friends," who to startle her boarding-house announces that she is engaged, and is then compelled to produce an eminent soldier and member of the Peerage as her affianced husband—such a tale would not be very plausible unless told with great art and all the accessories of comedy. This one is. Very light but very amusing.

Bojer, Johan, "The Great Hunger." Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.50.—A Norwegian novel, well translated, interesting both for the poetic beauty of its pictures of an unfamiliar social life and for its profound feeling concerning the meaning of life itself. Like Mr. Wells' latest work, it is the tale of a modern Job; and Bojer's hero finds his triumph in a not dissimilar way. "I went and sowed corn in my enemy's field that God might exist."

Bosanquet, Bernard, "Some Suggestions in Ethics." Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.—Some penetrating ideas on the difficulties that arise when the individual's own good ceases to be his motive and that vague object, the good of "others" or "society," is substituted; also on Punishment, Stupidity and other problems.

Bosher, Kate Langley, "His Friend Miss McFar-

lane." Musson, Toronto, \$1.50. We believe that Bosherites will describe this as a pretty good Bosher—not up to the best, but well up to the average.

Bragdon, Claude, "Architecture and Democracy." Dent, Toronto, \$2. Review next issue.

Brooks, Van Wyck, "Letters and Leadership." Dent, Toronto, \$1.—Review next issue.

Bryce, Viscount, "Essays and Addresses in War Time." Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.75.—Lord Bryce's views on "War and Human Progress" and "The Principle of Nationality" are perhaps more deserving of attention than those of any other English-speaking man; and nobody has so powerfully combated the cynical German morality which seemed at times during four years as though it might dominate the world. That morality has collapsed so utterly that some of these writings seem now like so much beating of the wind; but they needed to be said, and they need not to be forgotten.

Cunliffe, John W., "English Literature During the Last Half Century." Macmillan, Toronto, \$2. Somewhat disconnected, but informing and interesting, studies of the leading novelists of the period. Review next issue.

Follett, Wilson, "The Modern Novel." Dent, Toronto, \$2.—Review next issue. A discussion of ideas and principles, by no means a mere catalogue of authors—but the "Brief Selective and Suggestive Bibliography of the Novel in English" at the end will be very useful to study clubs and librarians.

Foxcroft, Frank (edit.), "War Versè." Goodchild, Toronto, \$1.25.—There is justification, though not always the highest, for most of the selections, which include Letts, Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Katherine Tynan ("New Heaven"), Hardy ("Wife of Flanders"), Chesterton ("Sedan"). The Canadian war poetry is but slightly represented.

Grenfell, Wilfred T., "Labrador Days." Allen, Toronto, \$1.50.—More tales of the heroism and simplicity and shrewdness of the fisherfolk whom Dr. Grenfell has served in two ways—by making them happier and by making them famous.

Higham, Charles F., "Scientific Distribution." Dent, Toronto, \$1.50.—A rather broad title for what is practically a study of the services performed by advertising in securing a better distribution of goods than would otherwise be obtainable. A useful corrective to the orthodox economist's view of advertising, as a non-productive extravagance resulting from excessive competition.

Hughes, Rupert, "The Cup of Fury." Harper, New York, \$1.75.—The cup of this paragraph is not large enough to contain our fury. But we doubt if even the Hughesites will find this novel up to standard.

Hyndman, H. M., "Clemenceau, the Man and His Time." Goodchild, Toronto, \$2.—The author, one of the most intelligent Socialist leaders of England, is a staunch friend and admirer of the "Tiger" Premier. The biography, while complete enough on the personal side, is also a sort of history of French politics and French Socialism from the time when its hero fell foul of the Imperial police in 1862. No index.

La Motte, Ellen N., "Civilization: Tales of the Orient." Doran, New York, \$1.50.—An ironic but significant title for a series of very searching tales, almost all concerned with the breakdown of moral character which often occurs in men (and women) of the "superior" races upon contact with the "inferior" ones. They are very artistically done, but one ventures to hope that cynical contempt for even the best Chinese is not universal among Englishmen in the East.

Lowes, John Livingston, "Convention and Revolt in Poetry."—Review next issue, but we hasten to state that this is the most discerning and poetical work on poetry that we have read for a long while.

McArthur, Peter, "Sir Wilfrid Laurier." Dent, Toronto, \$1.—A pleasant sketch, anecdotal and rapid of the life and personality of the late statesman. Mr. McArthur should remove the "erratum" slip from the front of the book. It says that a passage referring to Montalembert and Lacordaire as "undertaking to conquer in France freedom of education" should read "undertaking to contend, etc." The word that Laurier really used, of course, was "conquerir" in the sense of "achieve." A little French is a dangerous thing.

Overlach, T. W., "Foreign Financial Control in China." Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.—A complete and unbiased account of the loans and concessions of the various foreign powers in China up to the end of the war. Indispensable to the student of the present-day commercial and economic position of China, and valuable to any interested in trade in that country.

Raymond, E. T., "Uncensored Celebrities." Dent, Toronto, \$2.50.—Mr. Raymond is a journalist who writes for very radical newspapers, and whose chief concern is to pull away the props supporting the majesty of anybody who happens to possess birth or station. The trick is not difficult—a certain cynical dwelling upon the artificial aids which have gone to favor the greatness even of the greatest of us;—and each performance of it, taken separately, may be effective enough. Thirty-three performances of it all in one book are wearisome in the end. And when a writer is squeezing the last ounce of derogative deductions out of his facts, as Mr. Raymond always is, he should be sure that they are facts. In the case of Sir Auckland Geddes, for example, about whom we in Canada do know something, quite a lot of Mr. Raymond's facts are not. Some of his phrases are nice, as of Lord Northcliffe, "in his office . . . surrounded by stipendiary cherubim and seraphim, raising an eternal chorus of 'Brainy, brainy, brainy.'"

Reed, John, "Ten Days That Shook the World." Boni & Liveright, New York, \$2. This is the first of a series of volumes in which Mr. Reed, who is a Socialistic editor of New York, and was close to Trotsky and Lenin throughout the Bolshevik Revolution, proposes to tell all he knows of that tremendous epoch. This book only exhibits the process by which the Bolsheviks seized power; the next volume will tell how they employed it up to the date of Brest-Litovsk. Mr. Reed holds that the Bolsheviks were the only party in Russia capable of carrying on government after the fall of the Old Regime. He leaves an impression that the Russians may possibly be enjoying themselves in their internecine strife, so intense is their enthusiasm for their political-social opinions.

Roche, Arthur Somers, "The Eyes of the Blind." McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50.—A particularly successful war detective story by the author of "Loot," "Ransom," etc. Not to be put down until finished.

Rostrevor, George, "Escape and Fantasy." Macmillan, Toronto, \$1. A small book of very individual poetry, by one of the younger English poets who is exquisitely skilled in expressing the eternal aspects of the beauties of nature. Not to be omitted by collectors of the new verse.

Ruck, Bertha, "A Land-Girl's Love Story." Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.50.—Just what it says it is, namely a light romance woven around the adventures of one of the young women who went farming to help England win the war. Mrs. Oliver Onions, the author, has a neat touch.

Rutledge, Lieut. Stanley, "Pen Pictures from the Trenches." Briggs, Toronto, 75c.—Well-written letters from the front by a promising young Canadian officer who afterwards transferred to the Air Force and was killed in a training accident. A worthy addition to the accumulation of Canadian war sketches.

Scott, Leroy, "A Daughter of Two Worlds." Allen, Toronto, \$1.60.—The daughter of a professional criminal, brought up in the dance-hall to the management of which he has retired, is sent under another name to a fashionable boarding-school and succeeds by her brains and beauty in effecting an entry into the best society. A daring and original plot very

plausibly worked out in more or less realistic manner. With a little more depth in the study of character, this might have been a big novel.

Swinerton, Frank, "Shops and Houses." Doran, New York, \$1.50. Nobody who read "Nocturne" ought, or is likely, to miss this more extended story by the same author, who adds to his skill in depicting London suburban life an almost uncanny insight into the neurosis of womankind. But the "happy ending" of this book is a trifle astonishing and not a bit Swinertonian.

Tarbell, Ida M., "The Rising of the Tide." Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.50.—Was it necessary for Miss Tarbell to join the innumerable throng who have undertaken to tell in fiction (and she is not used to fiction) the spiritual adventures of the people of the United States in the Great War? With the knowledge gathered in years of economic and social study, and with her critical temperament, she does it much better than most of her fellows, but the subject is impossible.

Terhune, Albert Payson, "Lad: A Dog." Dent, Toronto, \$1.75.—The like-story of a perfectly wonderful Scotch collie. May safely be given to any dog-lover and to quite a few cat-lovers. The latter may find some of the tales told about this animal difficult to credit, but the dog-lover knows that there is no limit to what may be true about a dog.

Vanderem, Fernand, "Two Banks of the Seine." Dent, Toronto, 90c.—An instructive but unpleasant French novel of the realistic order, dealing with the life of a University professor and touching on the operations of Jewish high finance.

Warner, W. H., and Kaplan, De Witte, "Mothers of Men." Dent, Toronto, \$1.60.—German officers have to be brutes in English and American fiction nowadays. Von Pfaffen abducts innocent young Marie and tells her he will marry her, but instead he kicks her out when tired of her. She goes to Paris and marries a nice young Frenchman without mentioning her past. Then the war comes along, and—well, of course these things do happen in wars. The ending is happy.

Wemyss, Mary, C. E., "Oranges and Lemons." Allen, Toronto, \$1.50.—Another of this writer's pleasant stories of English country life, full of quiet comedy and charming people—especially kids. Those who remember "The Professional Aunt" need only be assured that this is almost if not quite as good.

Wheeler, W. Reginald, "China and the World War." Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.75.—The author is a professor in Hangchow College. He has given a rapid and impartial sketch of the recent development of China, and appended a number of important historical documents, especially relating to the claims of Japan, and an excellent bibliography or "five-foot shelf" of books on China.

Williams, Ben Ames, "All the Brothers Were Valiant." Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.50.—A short but terrible story of struggle of wills and muscles between two brothers of a New England ship-captain family. The final fisticuff encounter is a superb piece of writing, as far above the common fight-scenes of modern "virile" fiction as Homer is above Jeffery Farnol. Mr. Williams has done a notable book.

Woods, H. Charles, "The Cradle of the War." Little Brown, Boston, \$2.50.—Mr. Woods, who is known to many Canadians by his addresses to Canadian Clubs and other audiences, is one of the leading experts on the Near East. His book is a recent history and physical geography of the Balkan States, with due reference to their political influences. We know of no better text-book for any who desire to study this fascinating branch of international politics.

Young, F. Brett, "The Crescent Moon." Dent, Toronto, \$1.75.—A story of Central Africa during the war; of the ways of the Germans and of the natives, and the rivalries of the missionaries; of "the three men who died at Luguru: of James the martyr predestinate; of Godovious consumed in the flames which he had kindled; of M'Crae whom Eva Burwarton had loved." Written with knowledge, feeling and a profound faith in the destiny of Africa.

Canadian Bookman



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C. H. Gould

CANADIAN BOOKMAN

OCTOBER, 1919.

A Book Which Is Needed

A BOOK which ought to be published, but which no commercial publishing house will undertake because it would offer no prospect of profit, is a directory of the Canadian military heroes who have won distinction in the war. It should be a complete list, in alphabetical order, of all members of the Canadian forces who have received any form of military distinction, with the full particulars of the acts or services for which such distinction was awarded. It should contain also, where possible, a brief summary of the military career of the individual and the engagements in which he participated. It might be convenient to preface it by a rapid sketch of the war, exhibiting, in their proper perspective, the chief engagements in which Canadian forces distinguished themselves. If it were possible to add to this list a fairly complete compilation of the Canadians who similarly distinguished themselves in other Imperial forces, the value of the book would be enhanced, but such an addition would obviously offer considerable difficulties. As to the main list, of distinguished Canadians in the Canadian forces, there is no possible difficulty except that of expense. Since the book is not likely to be published by private enterprise, it is obviously the duty of the Government to undertake its production.

While we are on the subject of volumes in the nature of "Who's Who," it may be timely to remark that Canada suffers greatly from the lack of an adequate biographical directory of living Canadians of distinction in all walks of life. Since the last publication of the late Mr. Morgan's admirable work, which is now many years old, we have had no Canadian "Who's Who," except a volume to which admission can be procured by practically anybody upon payment of \$25, \$50, or \$100, and from which practically all the distinguished Canadians who do not care to part with such a sum are sternly excluded. Such a volume may be worth the admission fee to those who go into it from business motives, but it is absolutely useless so far as the requirements of the general public are concerned, and it gives an altogether false idea of the type of men who are really prominent in Canada and should constitute the proper sub-

ject matter for a Canadian "Who's Who." We earnestly hope that this serious deficiency among Canadian works of reference will shortly be overcome by some enterprising Canadian publisher. Both Great Britain and the United States have admirable annual publications of the type to which we have referred, and Canada should surely be able to support such a volume, if published, say, once in every four or five years.

The Price Of School Books

The rising cost of production of practically every article in use by civilized man is felt most by these industries whose selling prices are limited either by long-term contracts, or by legislative authority, and which are therefore unable to pass on their increased costs to the consumer.

It is not generally known that the publishing business, in one at least of its branches, is included among these victims of the fixed-price condition. School books are manufactured under long contracts with governmental authorities, in which the price and the quality of the product are alike rigidly fixed.

Naturally these prices, which were acceptable to the contracting publishers two or more years ago, are utterly inadequate at the present time to meet even the bare physical cost of production. The manufacture of school books, except where some concession has been made by the Governments concerned, is therefore being carried on at a loss.

There is a type of mind which will urge that, in cases such as this, the Government should exact its full pound of flesh from those who have made contracts with it. There is just this much to justify such an attitude, namely, that the other parties to the contract would undoubtedly have exacted their full contract rights, if the cost of production had moved in the other direction. We contend, however, that this is not the sole consideration to be borne in mind. Contracts between a public authority and a private firm are on a somewhat different footing from contracts between private individ-

uals. Even in the case of private individuals, it is improbable that a group of purchasers would enforce against a group of sellers the exact terms of a long-term contract, if such enforcement meant inevitable ruin to practically the entire membership of the second group. Even in business, there is a certain amount of give and take in recognition of the changed circumstances resulting through great economic movements. How much more certain is it then that Governments, which are not in business for profit, but for the general good of the entire community, should abstain from enforcing contracts to the detriment or possible destruction of an important class in that community.

Some of the Provincial Governments of Canada have already seen the reasonableness of this argument, and have made concessions, more or less adequate, to the producers of their educational books. Others are seemingly disposed to stand upon the letter of their rights. The question is admittedly a difficult one for politicians, for the public is extremely sensitive to any increase in the cost of a compulsory purchase such as school books, but there is no valid reason why the Canadian public should get its school books at less than cost, whether at the expense of an unfortunate publisher or at the expense of the Government through a grant to mitigate the publisher's losses. The price of school books will ultimately have to be made proportional to their cost, and there is not much to be gained by deferring the date of adjustment. The increased expense could be more than compensated to the consumer by the adoption of a more permanent and consistent policy in the selection of school texts, and the institution of a system for repurchasing used textbooks in good condition and selling them at a reduction to subsequent users.

In several Provinces of Canada, there is a tendency to make school books much more fussy in appearance, and consequently more costly in production, than there is any need for them to be. The majority of school books are short lived at the best of times and should be manufactured with that idea in view. The parent is not entitled to a book which costs more than he pays for it, but he is entitled to the lowest priced book compatible with service.

The Paper Cover

THESE are indications in the air of a demand in England, the United States and even in Canada, for a less expensive style of production for new publications, and notably for the abandonment of the expensive, uncomfortable and frequently ugly cloth cover with which publishers insist upon decorating even the most rubbishy or unsaleable novels. The prevailing increase in the price of volumes of fiction, an increase which is natural and inevitable so long as the present costly article is put on the market, is not viewed altogether with resignation even by the well-to-do section of the public which constitutes the buyers of new novels. It is rather a painful experience to spend \$1.75 or \$2.00 in the purchase of a work by an unknown author, and to find, after reading the first three chapters, that neither the purchaser nor anyone in his household is likely to derive any pleasure or benefit from it. Yet that is the risk which must be taken when one purchases any of at least 50% of the current output of new novels. The risk could be greatly lessened by the adoption of the French practice of issuing novels with paper covers for all ordinary domestic purposes. A substantially made paper-covered novel is just as useful as the ordinary carelessly-bound novel of English and American practice. For libraries, of course, a binding is necessary, but the library is perfectly capable of providing this for itself, or if it is not, the publisher could easily turn out a small edition in standardised cloth binding, which would be much better adapted to library purposes than the present style. It is no longer the cover which sells a new volume, but, so far as the physical appearance of it is concerned, the slip cover or wrapper of glossy paper, printed in gorgeous colours with a lovely girl or an exciting pugilistic encounter represented upon the face.

The success of the fiction magazines is undoubtedly due to some extent to the fact that, by cheap production, they are able to give entire novels of just as good quality as most of the \$1.60 output, at a fraction of that price. It would seem to be good business for the book publishers to make some concessions to meet this competition.

The Late C. H. Gould

By C. W. COLBY

THOSE who never saw C. H. Gould will be able to learn a great deal about him from the portrait which forms the frontispiece of this number. Never has a photograph expressed more faithfully the countenance of one who was *integer vitae scelerisque purus*. The fine features, the erect carriage, the expression which is at once acute and sympathetic, the poise, the dignity, and the self-respect of the just man, are all depicted here to the life.

Gould was so kindly that even those who knew him well might be excused for laying stress upon his warm heart to the subordination of those firmer qualities which have their place in every well rounded character. But all who were thrown with him closely for years realized that where duty and principle were involved he possessed bed-rock stability. His was a rare, inextricable blending of kindness and firmness, the instinct of mercy and the sense of justice being well established in their proper relation. It so often happens that those whose principles are lofty suffer a great loss of usefulness from austerity of manner or austerity of temper. Correspondingly, the good are frequently too easy-going. But in Gould the fundamental traits were kept in such due, harmonious relation as to render him a very unusual being.

To his duties as Librarian of McGill he also brought an exceptional combination of qualities. To begin with, he had taken a very high degree in his university course, specializing in Greek and Latin literature. Then eight years of active business life had given him a practical grasp of affairs which most librarians lack, however accomplished they may be in the technique and method of their profession. Further advantage he drew from his innate sense of thoroughness, which led him steadily to enlarge the wide knowledge of languages which he already had when he entered upon his work at the Redpath Library, and which made him resolve that there should be no department of library administration which he would not master. He was extremely modest, and few even among his closest friends understood what a high international place he had reached in his profession. It was the good fortune of the writer to attend an annual meeting of the Lib-

rary Association which was held at Bretton Woods during the time when Gould was President, and to observe the manifest signs of the standing which he possessed among the leaders of his own guild. Had he been susceptible to the inducements of a larger salary and the control of a larger library, he would not have remained in Canada.

With his accomplishments as a musician, and his skill in design, Gould might well have fallen a victim to the temptations which entail the loss of energy through the pursuit of too many avocations. It is proof of his firmness that he was not led by aesthetic aptitudes to stray into the by-paths of the dilettante. Having decided upon his life-work, he held to it without swerving—at least to the extent that he never suffered his subsidiary interests, however attractive or admirable, to interfere with the major concern of librarianship. The Psalmist exclaimed, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up!" So, too, might it be said of Gould—with the qualification that he never suffered excessive zeal to render him preoccupied or distraught. A large, constructive imagination enabled him to place before his mind a picture of what the Redpath Library should be in the life of McGill, Montreal, and Canada. This conception was clear in its details and based upon his belief in what Montreal should do for the cause of enlightenment throughout the whole Dominion. Even though the collections under his care were notably enlarged, he had a standard which rendered him impatient of partial results. It is a temptation to quote Latin regarding one who had such a love of the classics, and the fine phrase of Lucan about Caesar comes to mind in recalling Gould's mental attitude toward the large accomplishment which he achieved. "*Nil actum reputans dum superesset agendum*" is a phrase which suggests exactly his desire to go on and up from the foothills to the crags of the real mountain. For Montreal his ideal was a library which should be in keeping with the population and wealth of a metropolitan centre. Nothing short of this answered to his view, and he never ceased to labor for its attainment as a clear-purposed goal.

A man so constituted never thinks of how

he can spare himself, and what to many would have seemed supererogation to Gould was nothing beyond the routine of the task he had assumed. He gave up vacation time, and made inroads upon his health, to establish the Library school which held its sessions at McGill during the summer. One source of great happiness to him was that through the support of the late Colonel Bartlett McLennan, D. S. O., and other members of that family, he was enabled to establish a system of travelling libraries which brought select and standard books within the reach of outlying communities throughout the whole extent of the Dominion. The same desire to be helpful manifested itself in all Gould's relations with his colleagues, and in his willingness, to give his time and his immense knowledge to friends who approached him for assistance. Those who fill successfully such an office must know what it means to "suffer fools gladly"; and this lesson also he had learned.

One further fact about him should be brought into high relief. Unlike many administrators, he did not suffer the cares of his task to encroach upon his love of reading. "Even in a palace life may be well led"; and Gould's example shows that even a modern librarian can maintain his own interest in literature.

Montreal and Canada have lost one whose standards were of the highest, and whose services were as great as was the spirit in which they were discharged.

Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.

This was Gould's spirit no less than that of the architect who reared King's College Chapel. He is gone, but his work remains, and the truest recognition of what he wrought will be shown by those who carry on in the same ungrudging way his determination to give McGill Library a national status and function.

The Quick and the Dead

By ROBERT WATSON

(Author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman")

BUILD him a monument;
Hew it from granite;
Greatest of sculptors
Chisel it, plan it,
—Stately, immense,—
Laurels and flowers,
Strew them in showers.
Spare no expense.
Thus shall the nations,
The new generations,
Know how we honor and rev'rence our dead.

Search every manuscript!
Herald his fame!
Bid for his masterpiece!
'Blazon his name!
—Pension his kin!—
Ye who aspire,
Snatch from his fire.
Follow him — win!
Thus shall the nations,
The new generations,
Learn how we cherish the works of our dead.

Whisper it shamedly,
—Starved and neglected—
How he fought doggedly,
Shunned and rejected;
Striving alone.
"Mad with a vision!"
Hark, the derision!
Dark desolations.
'Tis thus that the nations
Hoard up their plaudits to garland their dead.

Raise him a monument.
—Heed not the stones—
Build it of agony,
Blood-sweat and bones.
Build it of tears.
Angels compassionate,
Heavenward fashion it.
Nobly it rears;
Bidding the nations,
The new generations,
Honor the quick as they rev'rence the dead.

Two Great British Writers Speak to Canada

By SYDNEY WALTON

FEELING that such a quarterly as the *Canadian Bookman* should appeal to Englishmen interested in literature, I recently undertook, in the intervals of "war work" in London, to collect from men of letters in England some opinions of Canada's literary future, as indicated in that magazine. Naturally, the initial step was to apply to the greatest living master of fiction and poetry, Thomas Hardy, now in his eightieth year, and living in strict retirement on the outskirts of his beloved Casterbridge. Against his doors all manner of requests for advice, criticism and comment beat in vain, and this is well, for there would be no leisure for his latter days if he spoke for only a tithe of those who desire to hear. Happily Mr. Hardy in his great kindness did not refuse all comment. He looked carefully through the second number of the *Canadian Bookman* and observed that the quarterly had made a promising beginning. He remarked that he was glad to see that the *Bookman* bestows a good proportion of articles upon poetry. "This is at it should be," he remarked. "Take care of the poetry and the prose will take care of itself. The articles are very suggestive. 'Free Verse and the Parthenon,' for instance, is particularly good, as is also that of Alfred Gordon on 'What is Poetry?' Such articles directly help real literature as distinct from commercial matters."

From praise, Mr. Hardy passed to criticism. "Why," he asked, "does the paper stultify its earlier articles by advertising 'the best sellers'?" Of all the marks of the unliterary journal this is the clearest. If the *Canadian Bookman* were to take a new line, to advertise eulogistically the worst sellers, it might do something towards its object, as they are generally the best literature." Mr. Hardy added that he was compelled to say this, though he has occasionally been one among the guilty.

Mr. Zangwill, just free from passing the proofs of his fine new novel, "Jinn! the Carrier," the ripe fruit of some years hard work, was asked how Canada can best seek to express herself and free her bookstalls from cheap imported fiction. "Believing in the truth of the proverb that the poet is born not made," he

replied, "and recognizing that literary eugenics is a science yet unborn, I feel it difficult to answer questions assuming that art can be raised artificially. I would refer you to Lowell's treatment of the analogous question of the production of an American poetry. It is in his essay on James Gates Percival in "My Study Windows."

It had been resolved unanimously that we must and would have a national literature. England, France Spain, Italy, each already had one, Germany was getting one made as fast as possible, and Ireland vowed that she had once had one far surpassing them all. To be respectable, we must have one also, and that speedily. That we were not yet, in any true sense, a nation; that we wanted that literary and social atmosphere which is the breath of life to all artistic production; that our scholarship, such as it was, was mostly of the theological sort which acts like a prolonged drought upon the brain; that our poetical fathers were Joel Barlow and Timothy Dwight — was nothing to the purpose; a literature adapted to the size of the country was what we must and would have. Given the number of square miles, the length of the rivers, the size of the lakes, and you have the greatness of the literature we were bound to produce without further delay. If that little dribble of an Avon had succeeded in engendering Shakespeare, what a giant might we not look for from the mighty womb of the Mississippi! Physical geography for the first time took her rightful place as the tenth and most inspiring Muse. A glance at the map would satisfy the most incredulous that she had done her best for us, and should we be wanting to the glorious opportunity? Not we indeed! So surely as Franklin invented the art of printing and Fulton the steam-engine, we would invent us a great poet in time to send the news by the next packet to England, and teach her that we were her masters in arts as well as arms. Percival was only too ready to be invented.

"But although the Muse of Physical Geography cannot evoke a greatness corresponding to bulk, she can stimulate a refreshing variation in content, and therefore a Canadian writer who took his nature second-hand from English literature — as the early American poets took the English lark — would be ludicrously missing his opportunities. Canada with its

great spaces, slowly yielding to man, its French and English provinces, and its mingling of all races in a rival 'Melting Pot' to that of the States, offers boundless scope for the novelist. I, myself, if you remember, though not a Canadian, placed the opening scenes of my novel, 'The Master' in Nova Scotia. But there is no reason why Canada should seek to keep out 'cheap fiction' unless 'cheap' is used in a qualifying sense. Why should she not get the best alien art at the lowest prices?"

The question of clubs and coteries was raised and his views invited. "Certainly clubs and coteries can help in fostering local talent," Mr. Zangwill replied, "so long as they avoid the spirit denounced in Lowell's Essay. The competition of alien art is apt to be so crushing that some help should be given to the delicate native growth. From an essay by Miss Amelia Defries, who recently lectured before the University of Toronto, I learnt with some surprise that the picture collections of Canada are chosen with extraordinary taste. This would prove the presence in the country of real artistic feeling. Miss Defries suggests, however, that there is a tendency to foster *only* alien and non-contemporary art. This is the opposite error to that derided by Lowell, and should be equally avoided, whether in art or literature. Something should perhaps be done to foster the *exportation* of native art. I am amazed to find from that excellent organ the *Canadian Bookman*, which you have brought to my notice, that I have been as ignorant of many of the subjects of its criticism as of its own existence. Even of the just deceased William Wilfred Campbell, whom it pronounces one of the

greatest of Canadian poets, I have never heard. Indeed, of all the long list of 'Canadian Poets of the Great War,' the work of only two is known to me."

"Will poetry or prose be the greatest desideratum?" was the next question, and he said that in his opinion the greatest desideratum everywhere is that imaginative and dynamic interpretation of life which is behind all that is best whether in prose or poetry. The Universities can help through electing Professors of Literature who will understand that Literature is a spirit which may blow today as it blew yesterday. They can give modern literature a place in the curriculum. By the schools and universities, and—for dramatic literature—by subsidized communal theatres, the best literature in the world can be brought before young Canada. Also by the cheap editions which are like seeds wafted everywhere, fertilizing and enriching unforeseeably.

Finally, Mr. Zangwill was asked whether "slang" should be encouraged or repressed. "Slang," said Mr. Zangwill, "being only classic phraseology in the making, should be left to fight its own battle in the struggle for dictionary survival. A vivid phrase filling a felt gap should not be discouraged merely because it is new, nor should a neologism be patronized merely because it is vulgar. Let me utilize the opportunity to say that no scum of the streets or the backwoods can vie in foulness with the spirit imposed from above, if it is true, as a young Canadian soldier told me, that he was induced to volunteer for the great war by a poster representing that fine shooting was to be had, ammunition free."

One Day's Ending

By AGNES M. FOLEY

LIGHT, like the flash of a flame in the sunset sky,
 The sudden swift dip of a wing, as a gull sweeps by.
 The grey-green water warmed with a touch of rose,
 The boats coming in with the tide at the long day's close
 The weather-stained wharf and the salty smell of the sea,
 The tangled strands of seaweed edging the shore.
 And brown-legged children, shouting in youth's high glee,
 A mother, eyes-shaded, watching them from her door.
 Soft spirals of smoke curl lazily out on the breeze,
 How vivid the flame and the gold on the green of the trees!
 The birds at their evening prayers in each hidden nest,
 How sweet is the world when the Day makes ready for rest!

Architecture and Democracy

By RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

UNDER this title Mr. Claude Bragdon republishes a number of essays on varied subjects. The first three, which give the title to the book, are written under the emotional stress of the war, the others deal with those mathematico-mystical ideas which Mr. Bragdon finds so inspiring.

To the artist the interest of the book lies largely in the exposition of an architectural philosophy comparatively new to America, the philosophy of structure as the basis of design. The followers of this school hold that the "style" of a building is created not by any copying of ancient models, but by the modern materials, purpose and structure of the building. Such terms as "Gothic," "Classic" or "Renaissance" they regard as purely historical and having no real bearing upon the architecture of the day. There have of late years been signs that these ideas were making progress in America and Mr. Bragdon's essays are welcome evidence that this is indeed the case.

Independent artistic thought is still in its infancy in America. Up to a few years ago she has been dependent on Europe in all art, but particularly in Architecture. The buildings acclaimed as the finest in America have been copies, more or less accurate, of European buildings, "correct style" was regarded as the first essential in Architecture and it was regarded as inevitable and praiseworthy that every American building should have a European prototype.

This school of "adaptation" or more plainly of copyism did not originate in America. It flourished in Europe during the first three-quarters of the XIX century and, even now, is dying hard. It was peculiarly rampant in Victorian England. Here Greek buildings were copied by one school, Gothic by another and the exponents of the different "styles" fought with the utmost bitterness under the belief that their "styles" really represented different ideals. They were quite unconscious that a later generation would slump all their styles—Greek, Gothic or Egyptian—under the common term of Archaeological copies.

To the many historical styles of Europe the architects of the United States added one other. Believing that all art centred in Paris, they studied the living traditions of the Ecole des

Beaux Arts, imported them to their native land and practiced them as another dead historic "style."

Even the worst philosophy cannot kill an artist, and in the hands of able men this system has produced many imposing buildings. But it is hidebound by its first principles. It is evident that had the ancient Greeks confined themselves to scholarly and accurate copies of Egyptian monuments, had the Romans similarly copied the Greeks and had our own ancestors in turn copied the Romans, we should never have advanced beyond adaptations of the pyramids. There is fortunately an influence which makes impossible the reproduction of ancient buildings and that influence is social and economic—not artistic. New methods of construction, new materials and new economic needs have compelled changes in the old models and it is by these changes that Architecture advances. The school of copyism can advance only through its failures.

An illustration from America will make this clear. The congestion of New York and of other great cities made it necessary to economise ground space as much as possible, at the same time the rise of the steel industry and advances in engineering made possible the erection of very lofty buildings. The result was the skyscraper, a building whose proportions could not be made to harmonise with any known "style" of architecture. The horrified critics, failing to recognize any of their historic trademarks, condemned them as monstrosities. Yet the skyscraper is the one genuine contribution of America to Architecture, and in the case notably of the Woolworth Building in New York, it has produced a monument of great beauty.

Architecture is created by the economic conditions of its day and it must express them. If wood is the principal building material, the architectural forms will be such as are easily made in wood. Where stone is more easily procured the forms will be modified into the best economic forms for stone. Steel, concrete and a congested site produce the skyscraper. The artist may guide the form and render it beautiful or expressive, he cannot create it excepting in obedience to practical needs.

This view of the art of Architecture as arising out of the structure and purpose of the building is in accord with modern science. The physiologist tells us that the human hand is not an ingenious instrument made for the purpose of writing, but that the desire to write—amongst other things—has led to the development of the hand. The feather of the bird, the fin of the fish were not ingeniously made for their purpose—their purpose made them.

The naturalist holds that function produces structure, and the architect of today holds that function produces "style."

But there is in Architecture more than structure and purpose, there is emotion. Just as structure and purpose are dictated by the economic needs of the builder so the emotional appeal of the building will reflect his character. From this also there is no escape. The United States is a great commercial nation, its greatest contributions to the art of Architecture are its commercial buildings. Vainly does America build churches or capitols, they are but feeble ghosts of Europe. Her commercial buildings are at least American. The accurate and scholarly copies of European buildings do indeed show the value attached by the nation to learning, just as clearly do they show that American learning is dependent upon Europe. On a lower plane the mechanical character and the low emotional grade of most of the ornamental detail shows too clearly the mental culture of too large a part of her handworkers. More than any other art, Architecture lays bare our virtues and our shortcomings impartially and without mercy.

The Woolworth building in New York is the counterpart of Beauvais Cathedral in France. The French Cathedral is the supreme expression of a religious people, the Woolworth is that of a commercial people. Beauvais Cathedral was built in sheer pride to be the biggest cathedral in France, the Woolworth is an advertisement. Both are beautiful and are expressive of the ideals which created them.

The academic tradition has too long led us in circles as though "bushed" in the forests of antiquity, this philosophy of structure offers a straight though difficult path. It is the path trodden by our ancestors, though it may be unconsciously, and by every genuine artist, and it is the path onwards to a living Architecture.

Mr. Bragdon's pursuit of the fourth dimension is amusing, and for once a fourth dimension is made clear to the simplest comprehension. But mathematics have never produced any or-

namement worthy of consideration. Mr. Bragdon's very decorative drawings owe their claim not to their mathematical ornaments but to their arrangement and balance of black and white.

To Mr. Bragdon symbolism is a quality inherent in every object and to be discovered by patient thought. Thus he is apt to discover that even the simplest object eventually symbolises all time and all creation, forgetting that when anything is a symbol of everything it ceases to be a symbol of anything in particular. Symbols are really only useful when they are quite clear and generally understood. So the star and crescent may symbolise Islam, the lamb innocence; the owl, wisdom; without any mystic or difficult connection between the symbol and the idea it symbolises.

There is nothing really mysterious or esoteric about symbols and a mysterious symbol is really just a bad symbol. Mr. Bragdon gives on plate XV a "Symbol of Resurrection," an Egyptian figure rising out of a mummy-case. But this is not a symbol, it is a representation—worse, it is dressed in those very fragments of a dead style which Mr. Bragdon elsewhere condemns. To quote from the Preface:

A skyscraper is only a symbol—and of what? A condition of consciousness, that is, a state of the soul. Democracy even, we are beginning to discover, is a condition of consciousness too.

But every activity of our lives is necessarily a condition of consciousness. It could hardly be a condition of unconsciousness. Mr. Bragdon's idealism is confused by a good deal of this loose thinking, and this is the more a pity since there is much sound sense underneath. A philosophy of art is necessary, but it must be a clear, simple and logical philosophy.

Unfortunately loose thinking is at the root of most of our present troubles. What is Democracy? If we could get Mr. Bragdon's ideal of Democracy we should achieve great things but unfortunately the Democrats are not yet agreed on the subject. Democracy has, in fact, become a meaningless parrot cry. The next few years will produce a system which we will call by that name. It will be the old system modified by economic causes and it will produce an architecture which will be the national thought in visible form. So much is certain. We must pray and work that the thought and the form will be noble and worthy. The old academic school is dying; the new schools are rising stronger and stronger every day and these essays mark a step in the progress.

Making Canada a Unit

By MAIN JOHNSON

IS Canada a nation, or not?

This subject has been argued a good deal within the past ten years, and with particular intensity during the recent debate in the Peace Treaty in the Canadian Parliament. Almost every conceivable side was taken in the controversy, with the result that much light was thrown on an admittedly difficult and anomalous situation. It appeared to be the prevalent opinion that Canada either was a full-fledged nation within the British Empire already, or was rapidly approaching the status of equality with the mother country.

It was largely the constitutional aspect of the problem that was discussed in Parliament. The political and social sides were but briefly considered. These phases of the subject are dealt with in two recent books dealing with Canadian public affairs, both written by Canadians—"The Birthright," by Arthur Hawkes, and "Wake up, Canada," by Charles W. Peterson.

For this reason, both books are timely. Their scope, moreover, is by no means limited to the problem of Canada's nationhood as such. Both volumes deal with a wide range of topics of both current and permanent importance.

They both pay attention, for example, to the problem of Canadians of French origin and to the language question. This particularly complicated and controversial subject is also discussed in another recent work, "Bridging the Chasm" by Percival F. Morley. The difference between Mr. Morley's book and those of Mr. Hawkes and Mr. Peterson is that the former limits its attention exclusively to the "French" question.

These three emphasize the fact that whether our national problems are being well handled or not by those in authority, they at least are being discussed by publicists outside of Parliament more frequently and more boldly than in the past. In Great Britain and the United States there is a constant flood of literature dealing with economic, social, national and international problems, but the Canadian output, until quite recently, has been slim. The increased attention being paid to our own perplexities is a sign of increasing national conscious-

ness and of growing national maturity. It is clearly the result of the enlarged responsibility as well as glory coming to Canada as a result of her participation in the War.

What Mr. Peterson says about his own book is true of all three. "I regretfully realize," admits Mr. Peterson, "that this is a scolding, preaching, fault-finding sort of book.—And Canada is not used to having her institutions libelled in book form." What Mr. Peterson means is that his book is not of that soporific laudatory type which has too often led to self-complacency. All three authors under review are critical in their outlook, and that is one of the chief recommendations of the books. However one may disagree with certain of their views, and they are all provocative of dissent at some point or other, they at least do not lull one into believing that Canada's pathway is easy, and that care and alertness are unnecessary.

Mr. Morley's book, owing to the simplicity of its theme, is the most unified of the three volumes. The other two cover a wide range of topics, and the co-ordinating element is none too strong. Mr. Hawkes at least aims at providing one, but "Wake up, Canada" is frankly, on Mr. Peterson's admission, "somewhat rambling". At the same time it has the closest reasoning of the three.

The primary object of "The Birthright", according to Mr. Hawkes, is "to support the aspiration that Canada shall receive from all her children, of whatever origin, as intense a devotion as that which any other country inspires in its citizens". It favors a Canada within the British Empire, but thinks that the larger salvation for this Canada within the Empire must be achieved "through the exaltation of the Canadian spirit". As examples of this exaltation, he gives these. "I have found out by experience that the cot of my child in Canada is infinitely more splendid for me than the tomb of my grandfather in England," and "I have received the sacramental birthright of a father of the native-born". He thinks that the old, colonial idea has had this result, "Probe Canadian conditions in any sector you choose, and you will meet this ever-recurring menace to the national health—that a virile people,

splendidly endowed, have been fenced off from the ultimate facts of political life". Such a restriction, thinks Mr. Hawkes, has led to "political anaemia."

On the French question, Mr. Hawkes' sympathies are strongly with a real *bonne entente* between the English and French sections of the country. What he is seeking is the "Canadian Canadian" without hyphination of any kind. He is obviously favorable to the aspirations of citizens of the French origin, and says a good deal about the "French question" being much more national than provincial.

"On the English side," he says, "it would seem that little advance can be made until it is recognized that the French in Canada have out-distanced their English brothers in developing a deep and abiding sense of nationality, and that they base their claim to equality of treatment in their native land—not in their native province, be it observed—on what they believe to be the principles of the justice which was guaranteed to their fathers, and must not be withheld from their sons."

Mr. Hawkes realizes that there are other Canadians besides those of either Anglo-Saxon or French origin. He recognizes the cosmopolitan character of our population, and appeals for a basis of native loyalty strong enough and broad enough to include all our peoples.

Mr. Hawkes has been connected not only with "*bonne entente*" movements and with efforts to assimilate the strangers within our gates; he has also been connected with the new farmers' activities, especially in Ontario. A considerable section of his book is taken up with the agrarian movement, and its potentialities. For one thing, he thinks that the agriculturists, both in the East and in the West, with their fresh outlook and their freedom from old-time partisanship, will help in bringing Canadians to examine the ultimate basis of their politics.

"The Birthright" includes an indictment of the Union government for the "autocracy" of its rule during the War. It gives special prominence to the disputes arising from the cancellation of exemptions from military service, and, in an appendix, gives the text of the judgment of the Supreme Court of Alberta in the contest between that court and the Federal Department of Militia.

"The Birthright" is written in a conversational, almost at times an oratorical style, and it is "easy to read". The make-up of the

book is unusual. The chapter-headings, for instance, are "breezy" — "Handicap and glove", "Ho! for a Christening," "Dazzling and Jeopardous", There are sub-heads to the chapters too, reminiscent of the old days when such devices were in common use. Here is a sample, under the main heading "Mothers of the Native Born".

Beginning with a bishop and several knights, who dreaded the feminine advance; pays homage to the pioneering maternity, indicates similarities between some modern notions about women and the creed of Chief Matonabee, who said, "They do everything, and are maintained at trifling expense;" and, through a sketch of a Doukhobor community in Saskatchewan, pleads for recognition of the value of the "foreign mothers" of the native born.

Mr. Peterson's "Wake Up, Canada" is not as sprightly as Mr. Hawkes' book, but it is at least as provocative of thought. On the question of nationality, he agrees broadly with Mr. Hawkes. "It seems clear," to him, "that a more distinct sense of Canadian nationality must be developed amongst us, sooner or later, or we shall partly fail in our mission to provide homes for multitudes from overseas and elsewhere. We cannot be satisfied with the position of a 'polyglot boarding house'".

At present, he thinks, we are endeavoring to cultivate a sense of "dual nationality," and, as a result, "our status is beclouded and intangible". "Can we," he asks "readily assimilate foreign populations on such a basis?"

On the French problem, Mr. Peterson is sympathetic towards the French, but not to the same extent as Mr. Hawkes. He does think, indeed, that in many ways a dual language is "very advantageous or could be made so". "If every child in Canada," he says "spoke English and French with equal fluency, the country would unquestionably be the gainer". The thing to do, he believes, is to study each other's point of view, to be mutually sympathetic, and, "above all, to practice courtesy and toleration".

He recognizes, however, practical difficulties. "Canada", he says, "is quite satisfied that Quebec should be, and should remain, a French province, but the people of Ontario and the West are naturally loath to encourage language complications. There is, of course, intolerance on both sides, but the French would perhaps be well advised to accept reasonable com-

promise instead of standing out for the whole pound of flesh".

Mr. Peterson, like Mr. Hawkes, describes and attempts to estimate the farmers' movement, but he also discusses a problem almost neglected by the author of "The Birthright", the industrial question. Not only does he mention the possibility of Labor Parties as well as Farmers' Parties, but he devotes considerable space to the question of industrial relations, which have been of much vital moment to Canada this year, and which have been re-emphasized at the recent Industrial Conference. Mr. Peterson is rather conservative on the labor problem, but at least he is moderate, and attempts to be impartial. An idea of his attitude may be gained from such sentences as:

The worker's problem is not to invent some silly new social system, but to see that he gets his proper fair reward now.

"Wake up, Canada" covers a wide field, including such topics as "Political Parties and Classes", "Business Government", "Our transportation problems", "The Single-Tax Controversy", "Industry and the Tariff", "Rural Credit", "The Returned Soldier", "Education and Sane Standards."

The third book of the trio, "Bridging the Chasms", by P. F. Morley, is "a study of the Ontario-Quebec Question". Mr. Morley is a citizen of Toronto, and describes himself as "a Canadian of English-speaking parentage and Protestant upbringing who has on various occasions had the opportunity of sojourning among our neighbors of the Lower Province and has learned to know them and to appreciate their point of view". Mr. Morley has been "driven to the conclusion that it is within the power of the English-Canadians to bring about the solution of our race problem and to promote better relations between the two peoples". Professor Squair, of the University of Toronto, while not committing himself to all of Mr. Morley's positions, "approves in

the main of what he has written". "Canada's race difficulties", believes Professor Squair, "will be solved 'not by might nor by power' but by the tolerant spirit".

Although the general trend of Mr. Morley's opinions is toward optimism, he begins his book with the sentence, "The English and French in Canada have not yet attained to the state of brotherly love", and he thinks that the disputes arising out of the War have made things worse. "If we regarded the events of the past few years", he exclaims, "as an augury of what is to come, we should indeed be driven to despair". But, he adds, "perhaps our chief hope lies in the very seriousness of the crisis through which we have passed without disaster".

Although he does not hesitate to mention what he considers to be failings in the French-Canadians, and although he does not hold them entirely blameless in the misunderstandings and quarrels that have arisen, Mr. Morley quite evidently places his sympathies on their side and feels that the English Canadians are even more to blame. He is unfavorable, for example, to Ontario's famous regulation 17. He quotes the text of this document, analyses it clause by clause, and points out how it annoys the French.

Mr. Morley is a believer in "unity in diversity" and thinks that a United Canada will be the richer "for the accident of a biracial population". He looks forward to a "resultant Canadianism, a federation of peoples of diversified forms of thought and culture, bound together by a fundamental oneness of sentiment".

Among the remedies he proposes for the present situation are a greater interest by "Ontarians" in Quebec province and Quebec history, and a more widespread and efficient teaching of the French language in the English province, thus giving, as he believes, a greater sympathy with the people whose original mother tongue is French.

White Butterflies

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

Where go the butterflies
One after One;
Happy white butterflies
White in the sun.

But that one is tired, perhaps,
And that one fears night?
—Happy white butterflies,
They're gone out of sight.

Bliss Carman's Rare Editions

By R. H. HATHAWAY

BLISS CARMAN (how many, I wonder, are aware that the poet's full name is William Bliss Carman?) has been away from Canada so long, and so seldom does mention of him or of his work appear in the literary columns of our newspapers and magazines, that it undoubtedly will come as a surprise to most readers of the *Canadian Bookman* to be told that the original editions of his books and pamphlets are, and long have been, sought by collectors here and there all over the United States almost as eagerly as the gold-miner delves for that precious metal or the diamond-digger searches for that most desirable stone. Yet such is the fact, and concrete evidence of it is a beautifully-printed little pamphlet privately issued by Frederic Fairchild Sherman, the New York art publisher, in an edition of 75 copies, and bearing the title, "A Check-List of the First Editions of Bliss Carman."

Mr. Sherman prefaces his check-list with a "Note," in which he says:

A complete set of the original issues of Mr. Carman's various works in poetry and in prose may well be, in the not very distant future, an almost priceless possession if indeed any such a collection can ever be brought together. His earliest publications, the broadsheets and leaflets of song privately distributed, numbering upward of 25 items, are already practically unobtainable, and it is doubtful indeed if many copies of them have been preserved. As for the pamphlets and books privately printed, they, too, are difficult to find and invariably expensive if obtained either at auction or from the bookseller.

The implications of these statements, made by one who is not a Canadian, but an American (Mr. Sherman, I might say here, is a brother of the late Frank Dempster Sherman, the Southern poet, and is himself a poet and writer of no mean gifts), may startle many persons who are not aware of, or have not kept pace with, the growth of appreciation of Mr. Carman's work which has been going on in the land of his adoption; but if any question them, all they need to do is to ask any leading New York or Boston dealer in first editions to quote, "St. Kavin: A Ballad" (50 copies printed at Cambridge, Mass., in 1894, "for the Visionists and the guests of their house in Boston"),

or "The Girl in the Poster" (100 copies printed by Will Bradley at the Wayside Press, Springfield, Mass., in 1897), or any other of the rarer and more desirable Carman items. The publications of no contemporary American poet, as a matter of fact—so far as my knowledge goes, at any rate—are so sought after or bring such high prices at public auction as those of our own Canadian poet, Bliss Carman.

Mr. Sherman, in his check-list, describes no less than 88 separate items, the first being a broadsheet containing "Through the Twilight," "A Woman's Exile," etc., issued at Fredericton, N.B., in 1887; but amazing as that number may seem to those who do not know how fertile a writer Mr. Carman is, or how many and various are the privately-issued booklets and broadsheets and leaflets with which he has delighted his friends and admirers for many years past, perhaps a dozen or more items are to be added to it, some of them issued since the publication of the pamphlet, and the others overlooked by Mr. Sherman in some way.

The first *book* in which any work of Mr. Carman's first appeared was "The Canadian Birthday Book," edited by "Seranus" (Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison), and published by C. Blacket: Robinson in Toronto in 1887; the first publication in book form with his name on the title-page (mis-printed "Carmen," by the way), was a curiously-printed little quarto pamphlet, in stiff pink paper covers, issued (without Mr. Carman's knowledge until long years after, when it was brought to his attention through the present writer) in the "Canadian Series of Booklets" by the Copp, Clark Co. of Toronto, in or about 1889, and containing the poem, "Low Tide on Grand Pré"; while his first book proper was the well-known "Low Tide on Grand Pré—A Book of Lyrics," published simultaneously by J. L. Webster & Co., New York, and David Nutt, London, in 1893. A few months prior to the issue of this last, however, a little anthology, entitled "Later Canadian Poems" and edited by J. E. Wetherell, appeared in Toronto, containing, among new work by a number of the other young and promising poets of that time, eight poems of Mr. Carman's, some of them being here first published, and only three being included in the later "Grand Pré" volume.

Mr. Sherman mentions all these items (I may say here that I can claim credit for discovering the importance of "The Canadian Birthday Book" and "Later Canadian Poems," as well as unearthing the pamphlet issue of "Low Tide," and bringing them to Mr. Sherman's attention), but one important item omitted by him is "Younger American Poets, 1830-1890," edited by Douglas Sladen, with an appendix of "Younger Canadian Poets", edited by Goodridge Bliss Roberts, issued in New York (and probably also in London, but I have never been able to trace a copy with a London imprint), in 1891. The importance of this volume lies chiefly in the fact that, among other poems of Mr. Carman's published therein for the first time, it contains his magnificent elegiac poem on Matthew Arnold, "Death in April," which for some inscrutable reason he has never seen fit to republish, and which, consequently, is to be found only in "Younger American Poets," and in the issue of the Atlantic Monthly for April, 1888, where it for the first time saw the light of publication.

Another omission is the report of the New York Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission, published at Albany, N.Y., in 1913, which includes "The Champlain Country: An Ode," written for and read by Mr. Carman at the Champlain Tercentenary celebration at Lake Champlain, N.Y., in 1909.

Besides the books named, Mr. Sherman makes no mention of the exhaustive anthology, "The World's Best Poetry," issued in 1904, first in ten volumes and later in five, which had Mr. Carman for its Editor-in-Chief.

Among the principal later Carman items not included in Mr. Sherman's list are the following:

"April Airs: A Book of New England Lyrics," post 8vo., bluish paper-boards. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, 1916.

"Four Sonnets." Post 4to; stiff paper covers. 438 copies printed for private distribution at Christmas, 1916.

"The Man at the Marne and Other Poems." By B.C. and M.P.K. (copyright, 1918, Bliss Carman). Small 4to, stiff pale-blue paper covers. The Ponus Press: New Canaan, Conn., 1918.

An item which properly should find place in a Carman bibliography, though it is not by Mr. Carman, is "Lester the Loyalist: A Romance (in verse) of the Founding of Canada," by Douglas Sladen (a small oblong book, printed on Japanese flowered paper and bound in Japanese silk boards), which was published at Tokio in 1890, and in which—so Mr. Sladen has publicly stated—the portrait it presented of the hero is that of Mr. Carman.

I cannot resist the opportunity offered here of expressing the belief that it is time, and more than time, for the publication of a complete collected edition of Mr. Carman's work, and that it is to be hoped that his various publishers will get together and see if the matter cannot be arranged. Only then, indeed, will we Canadians and the world of poetry lovers at large, realize what a gift to his time is the genius of Bliss Carman. It is true that there are two noble octavo volumes (printed at the Chiswick Press in London) which announce themselves as containing Mr. Carman's collected poems, but they bear a date of nearly fifteen years ago (New York: The Scott-Thaw Co.; London: John Murray; Boston: Page & Co., 1905) on their title-pages, and therefore have none of the considerable body of fine work which Mr. Carman has done in the years which have passed since then.

Mr. Carman's work of this period may not possess all the buoyant youth and zest of living manifest in his work of earlier days, but I, for one, dare to assert that the quiet serenity and large tranquillity of its utterance, the sweep and range of its thought, and the beauty and clarity of its expression, make certain, if there had ever been any doubt of it, Mr. Carman's right to the laurelled crown among the English poets of this our day and time.



A School for Reviewers

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE *Canadian Bookman* has been so frequently asked for advice as to the methods to be adopted in reviewing for different kinds of Canadian periodicals that it has seemed desirable to draw up a few general principles, illustrated by practical example, for constructing reviews for the leading types of Canadian publications.

The idea that book reviewing consists in reading the book and then saying what you think about it is erroneous, but widespread. It is responsible for the conviction entertained by nine-tenths of the population of Canada who have passed beyond the first year of the High School course, that they are each and severally capable of writing just as good reviews as those of any established Canadian reviewer. From the standpoint of pure literature they may be right, but from the standpoint of the requirements of the periodical they are quite wrong. There are certain standards and traditions which must be observed if one is reviewing for, say, the *Canadian Medical Journal*, the *Toronto Globe*, the *Bee-Keepers' Bulletin*, or the *Cobalt Nugget* respectively, and failure to appreciate these traditions is responsible for the inability of many persons who know all about books to write the proper kind of review.

There are many recipes for book reviewing, and as many ideals of what book reviewing should be. To the publisher, a good book review is one which promotes the sale of the book, and no other book review is of any consequence. To the author of the book, a good book review is one which says, or at least suggests as clearly as possible, that the author is a clever fellow; it need not state (unless the author is his own publisher, in which case the rule enunciated in the preceding sentence governs) that the book is a clever book or a good book, but failing that it must at least intimate that the author could undoubtedly do something tremendously brilliant under some different but conceivable set of circumstances. This is a fortunate provision of nature which enables reviewers to tell the approximate truth about even such books as are written by their friends and still remain on friendly terms; to lie about the book which is being reviewed would be a deliberate misleading of the public, but to lie about some potential future volume which your friend may never

write is merely tactful. To the reviewer, on the other hand, it is probable that the only review which is really a pleasure to write is that which utterly damns the book about which it is written. There is only one important class of cases in which a favorable review is actually a source of gratification to the writer, and these are so rare that they scarcely call for consideration. There is a certain pleasure enjoyed by the first discoverer and proclaimer of a new masterpiece or a new talent, but this pleasure is insecure and short of life, since it disappears as soon as the masterpiece is acclaimed by the multitude and the discoverer's sense of superiority and possession is gone.

Of the recipes for book reviewing current in Canada, that which seems to be most popular with readers is the Frivolous-Disrespectful. It is not often met with in the daily newspapers, which (in Canada) have a profound distrust both of frivolity and of disrespectfulness, but it is cherished by the weeklies which aim at "brightness," and particularly shines in an old-established Toronto weekly with a large circulation. It is done somewhat like this:

Last week the office boy laid upon our desk a volume of tales by a person named Tchekov—and then sneaked away before we could throw it at his head. The manners of office boys are becoming simply intolerable. When we were an office boy, if we had ever had to give the Book Editor a copy of Tchekov—but we digress. This person Tchekov we judge by the smell and other internal evidences to be the same as the Mr. Chekoff against whom we warned the readers of this Book Page some six months ago, not to mention the Tschekow whom we accused of interfering with the supply of human cheerfulness about two years back; and we suspect him of being the uncle or nephew of that Tschaikowski who wrote the piece of music with a peal of bells and a siege battery in it which was attacked by the local orchestra recently and driven back with heavy losses. We also strongly suspect Mr. Tchekov of being a Bolsh. He would make an admirable member of the Committee of Supplies for the Moscow Guillotine, it being his firm conviction that any living Russian would be far happier if dead. He may be right at that.

We would not be understood as wholly disapproving of Mr. Tchekov's latest volume. It contains passages which should be read by every lunatic in the Dominion, in order that he may realize what a very moderate case he

is compared with a Tchekov hero or heroine. On page 38 is one of the most profoundly significant, beautifully placed rows of asterisks we have ever seen. We read this row of asterisks to a friend who is rather a specialist in Russian literature, and he assured us that it was the most lucid and luscious row of asterisks that it had been his good fortune to read for many moons. He also explained the extreme frequency and high artistic development of the use of asterisks in Russian literature, by pointing out that the Russians are largely illiterate and incapable of grasping the meaning of the printed word, so that the appearance of a row of asterisks, with its clear pictorial representation of something that the author is ashamed to talk about, comes to them as a distinct and happy relief. It occurred to us that if we were Russians we should like to be illiterate.

The above method has this serious disadvantage, that its frivolous tone allows the reviewer no opportunity to air his own stupendous knowledge. Fortunately for the stupendously-knowledged reviewer there are other publications in Canada in which he may hang out his multifarious accomplishments to the wind and to the gaze of the multitude, like a patchwork quilt, upon the clothesline of the Book Page, between Finance and Fashions, or between Fashions and the Farm, in the back section of Saturday's paper. The object in this case is not so much to entertain the reader as to overawe him; and the method has reached its highest pitch of excellence in recent numbers of a leading Montreal morning newspaper. It works out as follows:

This is the eighteenth volume on the subject of Subliminal Consciousness in Deep-Sea Fishes that we have read in the last three weeks, seven of these having been purchased out of our private purse at a very considerable expense. We were perfectly competent to deal with the subject before having read any of them, but there is a certain satisfaction to be derived from noting the errors which have been committed by the leading authorities, and from which they might have been preserved had they consulted our own treatise published in these columns some months ago, in which we demonstrated the falsity of the notion that the dogfish is incapable of appreciating dithyrambic pentameter.

Professor Diving Bell writes as if he were wholly unaware of the changes which have taken place in the conception of the submarine world and its relations with the future life since the appearance of his first volume seven years ago. In his bibliography at the end of the present book he does not so much as mention our own article referred to above, although he does include the "Shark Morality" of Prin-

cipal Finn, which we demolished to such effect that its author never even attempted to reply to our criticisms. We mention this omission, not out of personal pique, but simply to show that the reader who relies upon Professor Bell's volume without the aid afforded by our articles in these columns is adventuring into a quicksand without taking a map.

Having thus warned the reader of the absolute unreliability of Professor Bell's latest volume, we may now pass to the more cheerful task of recording its excellences. For anyone desirous of penetrating through the husk and shell of the technical terminology of ichthyological psychology to the gist and drift, or perhaps we should say the core and bent, of the modern doctrine concerning the Fish-Soul, this book, while inferior to Baedeker in length, Waddington Williams in strength, Benedetto di San Marco in vigor, von Falkenhayn in rigor, Vallance in subtlety, Villeneuve in variety, and Wau Lung Li in range of research, is still notably in advance of Wapentake's "Submarine Reactions" in quality of paper and binding, and is more readily propped against a coffee-pot than any of the gigantic volumes of Poisson or the Gills.

As to the fatal errors and omissions that we has just pointed out, Professor Bell may claim that he is supported in his attitude by all the leading ichthyological, psychological and submarine journals at present published, from the ponderous *Two Oceans Quarterly* to the light and frivolous *Sargasso Weekly*. He may claim, we say, but the claim will not save him, for we have already demonstrated, and if space would permit could demonstrate again that the *Two Oceans* knows nothing of psychology and the *Sargasso* has never sounded the depths of its subject-matter. Nor does the Professor better his case by quoting the *London Times* and the *Rockefeller Foundation Report*; for it is our deliberate and reasoned conviction that the *Times* is a fool and the *Rockefeller Foundation* hopelessly ignorant and corrupt.

Our judgment is, in short—and we warn Professor Bell of the futility of entering an appeal against it—that his "Live and Dead Fishes" is one of those numerous volumes which, had they been submitted to us for revision before publication, or better still, had they been written by ourselves, might have achieved a large measure of popularity and performed a service of the highest importance. But the present-day author is a stubborn being. He refuses to be guided by those who offer themselves for his guidance. He rushes into ill-considered print without proper inspection and tuition. He sometimes goes so far as to issue a second edition without paying any attention to our strictures on the first. What on earth does he suppose we are running a Department of Omniscience for?

Every now and then a new manager, taking charge of the Canadian branch of a large Brit-

ish or American publishing house, conceives the idea that the market for his cheap reprints might be enlarged by getting them reviewed in the rural weeklies. He proceeds to send out copies of the works of Walter Scott, Jane Austen, "A.L.O.E." and one or two less universally known worthies of the last century; and the editor of the Smith's Corners Sentinel, somewhat perplexed but delighted at receiving something which can be used for a Christmas gift to his aunt, and determined to show his gratitude and at the same time encourage favors to come, sits down and turns out an article resembling the following:

We have received from the enterprising and public-spirited firm of Dent, Nelson, MacMillan & Co., of Toronto, several examples of their well-known and admirable Knapsack Edition, and which can be procured at the book and drug store of Mr. Widdicombe, on Queen Street, or of the publishers. To those of our readers who are already provided with the essential foundations of a home library, such as the Illustrated Family Bible, the Life of Sir John Macdonald or Sir Wilfred Laurier as the case may be, and the "History of Slavery" in three volumes, and who desire to extend their collection, we strongly recommend these neat and inexpensive books, as containing a larger number of words for seventy-five cents than any other edition with which we are familiar. There is a large selection to choose from. Some

of our readers may have already read Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby" or Scott's "Ivanhoe". They will find a plentiful supply of new material in this edition, suited to all tastes. We ourselves, owing to our admiration for the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, were much attracted by the title of a book by Mr. George Borrow, entitled "Wild Wales"; but if we may venture a word of criticism about a book issued by so famous a publishing house, it will be the suggestion that in his future writings Mr. Borrow aim at a greater degree of system and arrangement. In spite of the brilliance of his descriptions, "Wild Wales" is much inferior to several recent guidebooks of the same country which we were privileged to consult on our tour of the British Isles a short time ago in company with the winners of the Smith's Corners Sentinel Beauty Contest; and indeed we doubt if we should have succeeded in piloting that beautiful bevy of Canadian feminine charm through the mountain regions of the Principality, as we learned it is called, had we been relying wholly upon this work of Mr. Borrow's. It seems to us that an author who undertakes to give a description of a country should not obtrude his views about prize-fighting, the Bible and alcoholic stimulants upon his readers at all times and seasons, and Mr. Borrow's views are not such as to commend themselves to the law-abiding population of a Province which enjoys total Prohibition. Some of our readers may however be interested in his accounts of the methods adopted by old-fashioned Welsh people for the manufacture of stimulants at home.

The First Farmer of the West

By H. GREEN

THERE in the vast of God's untarnished plan,
 Like a small mole upon the earth's broad back,
 Rose once a rough-hewn, miserable shack,
 The lonely habitation of a man.
 There, since the prairie's first thin grass began
 To show beneath the slush that marked the track
 Of the slow-melting, northward drifting pack
 Of ice, mankind had lain beneath a ban.

But when the builder of that hut espied
 Those plains, his thought leapt through an age and dwelt
 Upon the prospect of a land of grain
 Would feed the world, long after he had died,
 And with the thought contentment came. He felt
 Life held enough if he could till the plain.

Fruit on High Boughs and Apples in the Grass

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

A WHILE ago the whole visible expanse of the lake was the colour of pale amber, and its surface was as unbroken as a cloudless sky. The spikes of the tall young balsam trees made a serrated blackness against the deeper amber of the west. As the stars appeared we said "It looks like frost," and came in. Here we have kindled the pine roots in the great split granite fireplace. Wisdom is reclined on the window seat smoking an "Azora" which he proclaims is sweet and good. The Red Lady is curled up on cushions by the fire.

Outside we had been talking about culture in Canada. This is something like the run of our conversation:

Wisdom: There ain't no such thing.

Me: What do you mean? Not a culture that is home bred and grown, or no culture at all here in Canada?

Wisdom: Oh, there's culture here in Canada. We have imported Englishmen. Scotch and Irish, too, I suppose; only they haven't been so propagandish. Oxford is English. . . . We've had certain professors, certain proofreaders, certain vagabonds,—

The Red Lady: But no Canadians?

Wisdom: Who?

The Red Lady: Stephen Leacock?

Wisdom: To be cute about being anti-prohibition isn't to be cultured.

The Red Lady: I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of the "Nonsense Novels."

Me: What do you mean by culture?

Wisdom: Well, now look here, Art, just when a conversation begins to get interesting you ask an irrelevant question. Why not let us have a pleasant talk. You know that everybody who is anybody talks about culture. But it's never defined. In really polite circles no one asks for a definition. But as we're out camping and in more or less intimate mood, I'll define it. In a phrase, I think culture is a love of letters. Hackneyed? Of course it's hackneyed. Every good definition is hackneyed. . . . We've imported people who have that love. They are the despair of Canadian landladies. We haven't grown people who have it. There are plenty of us, good Cana-

dians, who dabble in books and love artistic libraries, and know a little about pictures and music and sculpture, and appreciate beauty in a sunset or a woods or a lovely garden. But who of our native writers or painters or musicians gives the impression of loving letters, of pursuing the commentary upon humanity and the arts that is between the covers of books, really pursuing it as an end in itself? True, our people climb dark stairs to rooms over the Arcade in Toronto or are members of clubs in Montreal or Ottawa. But haven't you noticed the way they watch themselves doing it? The true lover of letters never watches himself doing it. He is absorbed in the zest of his pursuit and the unconscious by-product of his absorption is an atmospheric emanation. There is, after all, something about these Oxford fellows when they're bona fide. It's their disinterestedness in themselves. It's their love of letters. Take our Universities. Begin East and go West. What do you find? Buildings. And students interested in games and text books. Take the "Oxford Experiment" at Victoria College—

The Red Lady: It seems to me you got something out of that.

Wisdom: Certainly I did. I got the beginning of something. I began saying "autumn" instead of "fall"!

Me: Then are we Canadians hopeless?

Wisdom: No! The most hopeful possible thing is that we're beginning to wonder about ourselves. Take this book of Van Wyck Brooks', "Letters and Leadership." I think it's significant because when he says America he might just as well say Canada. We're all in the Western hemisphere and we're on the same continent. Here, let me read:

But what have we to put beside these finer elements in European life that the war has not been able to destroy and that are even now giving birth to whatever the future seems to hold of promise for the human spirit? A good deal, I should say, but little indeed in presentable form. That

is what enables our unkind critics to assert, with a certain air of plausibility, that we really have nothing at all. . . .

Frankly, with full recognition of the facts of historic necessity, what is the present aspect of our American life? We have been a primitive people, faced with an all but impossible task. But is it not abundantly evident now, that we have accomplished this task and that most of the customs we developed in the process of meeting have long since passed into the limbo of "good customs that corrupt the world"? The struggle that has hitherto engaged us has been a struggle not between the more creative and the less creative in man, but between man and nature, and the impulse that has determined it has come not from the pressure of humane desires within, but from the existence, the allure, and the eventual decay of material opportunities outside. . . .

But it is the American village that most betrays the impulse of our civilization. . . . How many thousand villages, frost-bitten, palsied, full of a morbid, bloodless death-in-life, villages that have lost, if they ever possessed, the secret of self perpetuation, lie scattered across the continent. . . . communities . . . that signify some lost cause of a material kind that has left humanity high and dry. . . . Nature has been robbed and despoiled and wasted for the sake of private and temporary gains, and now, having no more easy rewards to offer, it is taking its revenge on a race that has been too impatient and self seeking to master its inner secrets. . . .

And then there is the "Spoon River Anthology". The immense and legitimate vogue of this book is due to its unerring diagnosis of what we all recognize, when we are confronted with it, as the inner life of the typical American community when the criterion of humane values is brought to bear upon it in place of the criterion of material values with which we have traditionally pulled the wool over our eyes. . . .

The democracies of Europe are richer than ours in self knowledge, possessing ideals grounded in their own field of reality and so providing them with a constant stimulus to rise above their dead selves, never doubting that experience itself is worth having lived for, even if it leads to nothing else. And thus, however slowly they advance, they advance on firm ground.

In short, owing to the miraculous rapidity and efficiency with which we have been able to effect the material conquest of the continent, a prodigious amount of energy has been thrown out of employment which our society is unable to receive and set to work. All the innate spirituality of

the American nature, dammed up, stagnant from disuse, has begun to pour itself out in a vast flood of undisciplined emotionalism that goes—how often—to waste.

Is it imaginable, however, that as time goes on and side by side with other nations we come to see the inadequacy of our own, we shall fail to rise to the gravity of our situation and recreate, out of the sublime heritage of human ideals, a new synthesis adaptable to the unique conditions of our life?

Me: Have you no more?

Wisdom: Now he's wordy. I admit it. He's a bit high-falutin', I suppose you would say. His book, I know, has the sound of lofty discussion displaying itself and taking itself very seriously. He sounds too self-conscious. A lot of his ideas are like fruit on high boughs; not so good after all when picked and deprived of the glamour of loftiness. But his book means something. It's America getting concerned. And when we get concerned on this continent we'll begin to be appreciators. We'll begin to be lovers of letters. Why, I knew a preacher who built a trellis across his lawn so he could do his reading in the summer unseen by passing parishioners because if they saw him reading they'd think him lazy and wouldn't support him. Van Wyck Brooks is a sign that preachers (to go on with the very local illustration) may not need trellises much longer in this country and will not continue under their characteristic temptation. I mean the temptation to be more ashamed of being readers than door-yard gossips.

The Red Lady: That's all very well, and I agree with you about Brooks. I think he's a hopeful young American even when you pick him. But here is this book of Cunliffe's. Will you let me say of what I think it is significant?

Wisdom: Well, now, Cunliffe, he's an Englishman ———.

The Red Lady: All right. But lots of people are reading his book in Canada. And while it is a simple little book, its ideas are like apples in the grass—if you will allow me to continue your metaphor; or simile, is it?—like apples in the grass, available, unpretending, sometimes soft and punky and flat, it is true, but often mellow and finely flavored and well developed; they might even have fallen in a silent autumn night; and with this added virtue, that children may gather them. He is introducing, if

you like, many Canadian children to letters. Yes, he is! His appreciations of modern writers are real appreciations. There's a vitality of kindly enthusiasm about them that is culture, that is love of letters as you would say.

Wisdom: Oh, but—

The Red Lady: And you're too pessimistic about Canada. Do you remember that little essay of Hilaire Belloc's on "The De-

cline of the Book"? It was you dear Englishmen of whom he was speaking when he complained there was little love of books left in England. Here is my challenge: Relative to the population, do you think there is less born and bred Canadian culture—I'll use your definition, though I'd like to discuss it and enlarge it,—less love of letters, in Canada than, say, in England?

"The Heart of Cherry McBain"

MR. Douglas Durkin, who not many months ago, as Douglas Leader Durkin, came out with a volume of quite creditable verse entitled "The Fighting Men of Canada", is still pretty deeply absorbed in fighting at the time of his debut in the novel-writing fra-



DOUGLAS DURKIN.

ternity. There begins to be an urgent need for a card-index of the great fist fights in recent Canadian literature, with number of rounds, nature of finish, and fighting weight of the participants. Lacking such an index, we cannot say positively that Mr. Durkin's fight

is absolutely original in one particular, but we believe that it is. The hero is beginning to show signs of distress, for it is a gruelling contest, and he has not long recovered from a little episode of having his head split open by assassins in the dark. So one of his supporters rushes from the ring and leads back the heroine, none other than Cherry McBain, the railway contractor's daughter. The hero's eyes fall upon Cherry's face. "Her look was one of pathos and appeal, but she was smiling". And the result is all that the enthusiastic and enterprising supporter of the hero expected. The hero rallies, and after a few minutes which would have been worth millions to any movie company "the big foreman went down in a heap to the ground". This we believe to be a new touch in fiction fisticuffs, and to have important merits for moving-picture purposes.

Mr. Durkin can write excellent narrative and description, and his literary abilities seem to us to be worthy of much better material than this outworn theme of the youthful fighting man who wades in and subdues a mutinous railway construction gang and saves the gang boss and his lovely daughter. However the publishers seem to want construction camps and fist fights, and presumably they know their public best. We are convinced that there are deeper and finer themes than this in the Canadian West and that Mr. Durkin knows them or will find them. "The Heart of Cherry McBain" is the book of a writer who has not yet found himself, and is unduly influenced by the work of those who are reputed successful in the field of the Western novel. (Musson, Toronto, \$1.50).

The Survival of the Quickest

By ELSIE GIDLOW

THE Malady of the Century is the desire to be printed and published. The vice of the Century is doing it. No one can imagine what a bulwark of books could be built up if every person who wished to write, wrote, and every person who wrote, published. Should this condition ever exist the paper and printing industries would become the mightiest in the world; one third of the population of the earth would be employed by paper-making, printing and publishing concerns; and at the end of a century there would most probably be no survivors of the genus man.

It is difficult to explain this new disease, this mania that is beginning to afflict so many persons in this age. The under-education of the educated is one answer to the question, an answer of paradoxical appearance, possibly, yet a logical one. Much talk there is everywhere of educating the masses; rabid, unscientific, unthought-out talk without base or foundation. It is not the masses that require educating; it is the educated. The masses do little harm, unless they are allowed to go hungry, when they are likely to start beheading each other and making asses of themselves. (Pardon the pun!) But an under-educated educated person is dangerous because not knowing enough he, therefore, knows nothing, and usually publishes, or desires to publish, a book on it.

Imitation, one of the principal instincts of the human as well as the lower animal, may be also advanced as a part explanation of the prevalent desire to write and publish. Too many persons have interpreted the "all men are equal" doctrine as meaning that any man can be or do what one man has been or done. They forget that it is only in the sight of God that men are equal.

Incontrovertibly, biographies of famous writers, especially of the café-frequenting, indolent, garret-born, impractical type, act as indirect incentives to the younger members of the huge host of graphomaniacs to write and publish. The Quartier Latin of the great cities, Greenwich Village with its long haired men, its short-haired women, and its reputation, possess an allurements for them that is hardly resistable. The prospect of bohemianism appears delightful; to "be unconventional," wear shabby clothes carelessly, with a devil-may-care smile

for appearances, and eject a masterpiece occasionally, after the manner of a hen laying an egg. The truth is that this type will die with the memory of it and the books about it.

The literary laborers of the day take the elevator and save shoe leather, bathe daily, and shave clean; live in respectable flats, and talk about the dignity of the profession. Most of them belong to a union; they hardly ever run away from their wives, or with someone else's. They work a specific number of hours a day, substitute "best seller" for "masterpiece," and spend their spare hours studying Freud.

It has been said that the mania under analysis may be caused by a general need for expression. Personally, I prefer to believe that it is quite as likely the result of repression.

Be all this as it may, many benefit by this new and growing mania, therefore, according to a pleasant currently accepted philosophy, it must be good.

Among one hundred people with like general inclinations and ideas, there are probably two who are wise, forty-seven indifferent (one a genius, or at least possessing talent), and fifty foolish. Among one hundred people whose metier is writing, the fifty foolish ones will write and try to sell; the forty-seven indifferent ones will write and be content with writing; the genius—well, he might do anything, one never knows what a genius will do; and the two wise ones will make money, for one will start a bureau of literary criticism, and the other insert "ads" in newspapers and magazines to the limit of his capital, worded somewhat like the following:

WRITERS!

I will teach you how to sell what you have written and write more. Ten lessons for \$25 . . . etc.

or:

I instruct you how to write saleable stuff on a money back guarantee . . .

or else:

Send us your material and we will revise and place it for you. We only charge \$20, to cover cost of postage, etc., and return this trifling sum if we do not dispose of your *first* contribution for more than *double* that amount.

A story-placing agency is satisfyingly remunerative and safe—safe, because the Fame-

chasers who patronize it are usually ashamed of themselves.

When the "agent" receives an answer to his ad, he sends the Fame-chaser a nicely worded circular that looks just like a personal letter. It is worded seductively, and rarely fails to intrigue the victim. It usually opens with a paragraph of sympathy, for, of course, the Fame-chaser has complained in *his* letter that he has vainly sent his work to innumerable magazines. The sympathy paragraph is followed by another, detailing the marvellous successes of the so-and-so agency in pushing to recognition, after due revision, etc., even the most hopeless matter; so that with such good material to work upon as that of the present applicant's, indubitably, the results will be phenomenal. The Fame-chaser is then invited to submit more of his work, which he does, innocently, trustingly, expectantly, for he is one of the fifty foolish. Then weeks of silence follow, broken, ultimately, by a brief note explaining that all the magazines have so much on hand that it would be unwise to attempt to dispose of an unknown writer's work at that particular time, and that they are waiting for a more auspicious opportunity. After another silence, the Fame-chaser may receive the joyful information that a piece of his work has been placed, though with difficulty, owing to his name being unknown, and for a very small sum. He is told, however, that it is politic to allow editors to publish his work, even for no remuneration, so that his name may become known. It is mentioned, incidentally, that the trifling sum received for the accepted work was barely sufficient to pay for postage, and other expenses incurred in placing it. This may happen several times, then the Fame-chaser will receive a cheque for \$5 or \$10. That is to convince him that he is being dealt with honestly; also, to keep him interested. The whole performance often continues indefinitely.

Some of the agencies are more honest. They place the stories, etc., sent to them, and give the author one third, occasionally even one half, of the amount they receive for it.

The correspondence courses are much more simple. The instructor, who is often a "professor" (he professes to know something), sends the Fame-chaser, at regular intervals for a certain period, lessons on the art of short story writing, long story, essay, editorial, novelette, and everything-else-writing. As these lessons contain only what any mortal who attempts to write is most certain already to know, he (the mortal who attempts to write) is invariably

convinced that he knows everything knowable about writing, or else, that he is a genius to whom rules will not apply, and in either case, counts the \$25 or so that he is charged small pay for the knowledge he has gained!

Once there were some bureaus of criticism which really criticised, but they all failed because the writers whose work they criticised stopped writing. The bureaus of criticism now in existence, therefore, firmly believe in encouragement, which they dispense for moderate sums.

Two years before the war, a young man possessing a supple pen and more talent than genius, decided that a course of journalism would benefit him. He had heard (no one knows where!) that an accomplished journalist could *make money*. The only obstacle in his way was a very slender purse. Being of a cheerful disposition, he naturally felt that so *small* a difficulty could be easily overstepped. So he started a bureau of literary criticism "to help young writers." That was the wording of his card and his advertisements. He meant, of course, "to help one young writer," but being worldly wise, or better, wise to the world, and experienced in Christianity, he thought the first form would bring more satisfying results. He had calculated that in ten months' time he should have made and saved enough to pay his way through journalistic school. He was wrong. Within three months' time he had made sufficient for that purpose, but was too busy to think about it. At the sixth month he began taking on assistants and forgot the school of journalism. At the end of twelve months he bought an Overland, a mansion and a wife. He owns a newspaper now.

This story has a moral that those who know the game will perceive. Still, those who do not might appreciate it as well, so I'll be obvious. The moral is then: If you want to make money by writing, teach other people how to do it!

The head of a publishing firm in the United States, a woman, incidentally (whose name I will not give, for she might be offended, and I want her to publish me later on), had for an ambition the idea of "discovering" genius and bringing it before the appreciative. This required capital, and she hadn't any, so she cleverly conceived the idea of using mediocrity as a ladder for genius. She advertised extensively that she was anxious to consider the work of young writers (any unpublished writer is a "young writer"; this is courtesy). Naturally, she was overworked from the first week the

"ad." made its appearance. Carefully she sorted all the MSS she received, returning the utterly impossible, and by a species of legitimate hypnotism based upon human, especially literary-human weaknesses, persuaded the remainder to have their MSS published at their own expense and risk. The several worth-while writers whom she subsequently brought out are her sufficient justification. And in addition many mediocrities were cured, almost painlessly, of the conviction that they had written a book which would revolutionize thought, literature or the world, and made to serve, unconsciously, a useful purpose in the world of literature.

Well known on this American Continent among the younger "young" writers are the several "Amateur Press Associations," worthy, respectable institutions each possessing a history, a board of officers, and an official organ. The three principal ones now existent have members in each of the United States and in most of the Canadian Provinces. Membership is easily attainable, for it is only necessary that the applicant assure the lady or gentleman who is acting as secretary at the time, that he desires to write, that he does write, or has written and wishes to write in the future. This assurance must be supported by a "credential," i.e., a sample of the applicant's literary creations, and one dollar membership fee. The membership fees pay for the publication of the Official Organ which is supposed to make its appearance every two months, but usually doesn't. Every member (each Association normally possesses about two or three hundred) is expected to issue a paper or contribute to one, else he is considered "dead." These papers may be of any size or thickness from a 2 x 6 journal to a regular magazine. Those published usually contain delightfully varied matter, antediluvian politics in poor prose, painful poetry reminiscent of

Pope's translation of Homer's Iliad or the ancient pastorals, and high-school essays on pre-Spencerian science. Each Association holds an annual convention in the city which it is conceded has been most "active" during the previous year, and elections take place for a new set of officers; the "amateur journals" published during the year past are judged, and the best essay, story, poem, editorial, etc., awarded the association's laureateship.

Many of the members have their own printing presses, and cull extreme delight from the setting up of the type for their journals, but the majority have them printed . . . as one man was delighted to discover. This is how it came about: In a weak but fortunate moment, this man (who had a publishing business but no business) wrote a poem. It was immediately discovered, and he was nominated as a member of one of the societies. It did not take him very long to realize what a fortunate turn his wheel of fate had made. Half a year from the time of nomination he was printing the personal magazines and amateur journals for nearly all the amateurs who were members of the Association.

It is evident that exploitation is the first law of civilization. When a field becomes overcrowded and stifling, a rebel rises up and revenges himself upon the remaining many for being there by exploiting them. Which is eminently natural, according to all the laws of life.

Only genius, as always, is excepted. Veritable genius advances civilization by warring against it. That is, it advances future civilization by warring against present civilization. And its reward—not that genius requires any, for it is its own sufficient reward—is the appreciation of the posterity it has created.

For all else, the rule of life has become: The survival of the quickest.

Hope

By F. W. GRAY

THUS shall they say in years to come,
 When men travel again foot-free
 "Here women died, here children sighed,
 By death released."

So shall men speak in lanes of France
 When the poplars have grown again:
 "This church they razed, this altar blazed,
 A devil's feast."

Thus shall sailors whisper at sea
 Where the water lies cold and green:
 "Here babes were sped, here rest the dead,
 Weakest and least."

Thus shall men say mid rounded graves
 Where the rusted guns keep guard:
 "Lo, here lie they, who in their day,
 Destroyed the Beast."

Dora Sigerson

THE visit to Canada this summer of Clement K. Shorter, the well known English critic, editor of the *Sphere*, and author of "The Brontes" and "George Borrow," did more, probably, to draw attention to the work of his late wife, that brilliantly gifted member of the group of contemporary Irish poets, than to advertise Mr. Shorter's own productions. The latter, indeed, would be the last idea that Mr. Shorter could have entertained, for he is one of the most unassuming and unpretentious of authors, and related with great gusto while in Canada a whole series of stories tending to show how entirely insignificant a man may find himself in the Western States even though he be a leading editor and literary authority in London. On his arrival in Seattle, for instance, he was summoned from his bedroom in the hotel about midnight by the representative of one of the local morning papers who demanded an interview. Not ungratified at this supposed tribute to his reputation, Mr. Shorter complied, but speedily found from the groping questions of the reporter that the latter had not the slightest idea who he was.

"Why on earth did you want to interview me, then?" inquired Mr. Shorter, when he had extracted this admission of ignorance from the newspaperman.

"Oh," said the latter, "that's easy. I looked you up in the register and I saw that you came from London and had one of the most expensive rooms in the hotel, and anybody that comes from London is good enough for an interview on a quiet night like this."

Mr. Shorter's wife was Dora Sigerson (the *i* is short and the *g* hard), whose "Collected Poems" appeared in 1907 with an Introduction by no less an authority than George Meredith, and whose "Love of Ireland," published in 1916, contains the gems of the former collection and a few new verses. She also wrote several exquisite fairy tales and children's tales, and one or two successful novels. "Love of Ireland" is a small volume containing only thirty poems, but it will live as long as anything in the modern Irish literary movement, for the poems are the utterance of one of the most elusively delicate, elfin-like voices of all the delicate choir; one of the most magical notes in

the strange melody
Of an island that sings.

But for all its elusiveness it is wonderfully deep and passionate, inspired by that flaming dream of a free and noble Irish nationality which seems at the present moment as though it might tear the English-speaking world asunder, but which must surely issue some day and somehow in that spiritual if not literal realization to which all great and true dreams should come at last.

The domestic life of the Shorters (they were married in 1896, when he was 39 and she considerably younger) was extraordinarily sympathetic and happy. It requires much fineness of character for a husband, himself engaged in literary work, to recognise that his wife's abilities are of equal importance with his own; that indeed, being in this instance direct and creative while his are derivative and critical, they may even be more important. Clement Shorter seems to have been specially endowed with the faculty to recognise and do honor to the creative faculty in women. His appreciation of the Brontes was matched by his reverent admiration for the work of Dora Sigerson and for the lofty character which expressed itself in that work. There were no children, and the death of Mrs. Shorter a few months ago left her husband in a state of loneliness and spiritual depression from which he sought relief in extended travel, starting out in company with H. W. Massingham, editor of the *Nation*, but losing his society through ill-health at an early stage of the trip. Mr. Shorter's impressions of the United States and Canada are appearing in the current issues of the *Sphere*, and are full of interest and novelty.

Most of the readers of the *Canadian Bookman* who have any sympathy with modern Irish literature are doubtless familiar with the work of Dora Sigerson, but for those who are not, a very few examples should suffice to set them looking for more. Here are three poems from "Love of Ireland," selected more for their characteristic quality than for any degree of beauty not to be found in their comrades:

CEAN DUV DEELISH.

Cean duv deelish, beside the sea
I stand and stretch my hands to thee
Across the world.

The riderless horses race to shore
With thundering hoofs and shuddering hoar,
Blown manes uncurled.

Cean duv deelish, I cry to thee
 Beyond the world, beneath the sea,
 Thou being dead.
 Where hast thou hidden from the beat
 Of crushing hoofs and tearing feet
 Thy dear black head?
 Cean duv deelish, 'tis hard to pray
 With breaking heart from day to day,
 And no reply;
 When the passionate challenge of sky is cast
 In the teeth of the sea and an angry blast
 Goes keening by.

God bless the woman, whoever she be,
 From the tossing waves will recover thee
 And lashing wind.
 Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,
 Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm
 And lips so kind?

I not to know. It is hard to pray,
 But I shall for this woman from day to day,
 "Comfort my dead,
 The sport of the winds and the play of the sea."
 I love thee too well for this thing to be,
 O dear black head!

ALL SOULS' EVE.

I cried all night to you,
 I called till day was here;
 Perhaps you could not come,
 Or were too tired, dear.

Your chair I set by mine,
 I made the dim hearth glow,
 I whispered, "When he comes
 I shall not let him go".

I closed the shutters tight,
 I feared the dawn of day,
 I stopped the busy clock
 That timed your hours away.

Loud howled my neighbour's dog
 Oh glad was I to hear!
 The dead are going by,
 Now you will come, my dear,

To take the chair by mine—
 Until the cock do crow—
 Oh, if it be you came
 And could not let me know!

For once a shadow passed
 Behind me in the gloom,
 I thought your loving eyes
 Would meet mine in the gloom.

And once I thought I heard
 A footstep by my chair,
 I raised my eager hands,
 But no sweet ghost was there.

We were too wide apart—
 You in your spirit land—
 I knew not when you came,
 I could not understand.

Your eyes perhaps met mine,
 Reproached me through the gloom,
 Alas, for me alone
 The empty, empty room!

The dead were passing home,
 The cock crew loud and clear,
 Mavourneen, if you came,
 I knew not you were here.

ALL SOULS' NIGHT.

O Mother, Mother, I swept the hearth, I set his
 chair and the white board spread,
 I prayed for his coming to our kind Lady when
 Death's sad doors would let out the dead;
 A strange wind rattled the window-pane and
 down the lane a dog howled on.

I called his name and the candle flame burnt
 dim, pressed a hand the door-latch upon.
 Deelish! Deelish! my woe forever that I could
 not sever coward flesh from fear.

I called his name and the pale Ghost came;
 but I was afraid to meet my dear.

O Mother, Mother, in tears I checked the sad
 hours past of the year that's o'er.
 Till by God's grace I might see his face and
 hear the sound of his voice once more;

The chair I set from the cold and wet, he took
 when he came from unknown skies.

Of the Land of the Dead, on my bent brown
 head I felt the reproach of his saddened
 eyes;

I closed my lids on my heart's desire, crouched
 by the fire, my voice was dumb.

At my clean-swept hearth he had no mirth,
 and at my table he broke no crumb.

Deelish! Deelish! my woe forever that I could
 not sever coward flesh from fear.

His chair put aside when the young cock cried,
 And I was afraid to meet my dear.

Two Hours of Good Horrors

One does not expect a sheepfold placidity from a novel bearing the title of "Cursed," which is affixed by Mr. George Allen England to his latest output (McLeod, Toronto, \$1.50), but even then one is not prepared for the extreme "blugginess" (that is really the only word) of Mr. England's pugilistic and knife-sticking encounters. This tale of the brutal and drunken sea-captain who is pursued by the

malediction of a Malay witch-woman whose daughter he stole is quite the most vivid piece of barbarism that we have come across since Stevenson. It is only one side of Stevenson, totally lacking in the fine psychology and tragic justice of the greater writer; but it will grip the reader in a series of thrills of horror for a good two hours.

Building Up a Church Library

By A. W. SWAN

THE Sunday-school library is not commonly regarded as a very great influence in the life of the nation, nor are such libraries usually mentioned in the same breath as the great free libraries of cities like Toronto. Where there are large free libraries with an extensive branch system having special children's sections, reading-hours, etc., the scope of the Sunday-school library is limited, but Canadian cities having such library systems are few, and in the majority of the smaller towns there is ample scope for the church library to be built into something of real value, not so much in competition with the public library, but as a specialized branch for the children.

The city of Sherbrooke boasts a population of 25,000, of whom 7,000 are English-speaking; from the English point of view it is therefore equivalent to a city of 7,000. There is a public library, but as it receives rather languid support, and is not particularly well housed, the books on the shelves have a somewhat wearied appearance, for which they cannot altogether be blamed. The churches are energetic and have Sunday-school libraries of the usual type. Now it chanced that one of these Sunday-school libraries had fallen on evil days, and the pastor, being an energetic man, called on one of his congregation to sail in and rescue that library from being merely a collection of books pining away upon their shelves.

The first thing to do was to take an inventory. Result: Some 400 books of the good old pious (and dull) school, the great majority of the highest tone—but hardly for the modern generation. No wonder the circulation had dropped to six and seven a Sunday.

"How long is it since any books were added?"

"About two years."

"Well, fifty dollars will do to begin with."

The only difficulty about obtaining this sum from the congregation was the very novel one that to people of generous habits this seemed rather a small sum to collect. This difficulty was readily got over by combining the proposed fifty dollars with a larger sum for a lantern for church use—and in short order that money was collected.

"Then was battle joined": the next trouble was the selection of the new books. The Sunday-school superintendent had very vigorous ideas as to all books for the library having a "strong moral and religious tone," which had a sinister ring to the newly appointed librarian, who always used to prefer jam with his medicine when he was a small boy. Now there is no doubt that the books of a Sunday-school library should be sound, they should have a good influence, but the book with the obvious moral is very apt to defeat its own purpose. So after a strenuous argument the pastor and the new librarian were able to persuade the Sunday-school superintendent that they were as keen on good tone as he was, but that they preferred to have the moral of the story—if there must be a moral—in the background rather than in the foreground.

Librarians are seldom anxious to have a committee to help select books, and this librarian was no exception, and so, although a committee was appointed to help him in his labors, it is surprising how he forgot to summon it, and yet that \$50 seemed to go.

In great library systems such as Toronto, the librarians are given courses in "books suitable for the young." Unfortunately this librarian has not had the advantage of such a course, but remembering what he had himself liked at school, he proceeded to go after "White Fang," Thompson Seton's animal stories, Hans Andersen, and English school stories by Warren Bell and Wodehouse—and "nary a book" with a "strong moral and religious tone." Results began to appear, the circulation per Sunday increased 300 per cent, and the librarian had to take on an assistant. Then the children made the discovery that this librarian instead of giving them books that they *ought* to read, picked out books he thought they would probably enjoy, with the somewhat embarrassing result that instead of using the catalogue the youngsters would rely on the librarian's judgment to pick them out something to read. This was pleasant in a way, but children's tastes vary, and what is suitable for a boy of fourteen is seldom the right book for a little girl of ten. This demand for help in selection was useful to the librarian in gauging the popularity of

the new books as he added them to the library, and there were some rather surprising results in this direction. For instance, "The White Company" did not turn out to be so popular as expected, nor did "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island." On the other hand H. G. Wells' "The Wheels of Chance," which was put in as a pure experiment, proved very popular with the older girls and boys.

One astonishing feature was the demand from the infant department, and to meet it special measures had to be taken. The librarian was able to meet the demand for the older children out of his own knowledge of books, but it was at first rather a puzzle what to buy for the younger children. Fortunately, however, there has arisen in the past few years quite a school of writers such as Thornton Burgess with his "Paddy the Beaver," Kipling with "Puck of Pook's Hill" (only why is Kipling so expensive?). Two very popular additions were "Best Stories for Children" by Marjorie Benton Cooke, and "The Kingdom of the Winding Road," and Andrew Lang's Blue, Green, Yellow and Red Fairy Books are seldom to be seen on the library shelves between Sundays.

At first the librarian wondered how the boys would take to Warren Bell's "Tales of Greyhouse," and other English school stories, but they proved instant favorites, in spite of the rather abundant references to cricket, which is little played in the Eastern Townships. These, with Owen Johnson's "The Varmint," together with animal stories of the "Jungle Book" type and engineering romances by such men as Talbot and Williams have a great appeal to all boys. These last have the considerable advantage of being exceedingly interesting and instructive without being in the least technical and dry.

The girls seem to be more attracted to the modern American "sugar" school, and much against his will the librarian was compelled to lay in a stock of Gene Stratton Porter. However, the girls are as interested in the wholesome English boys' stories as are the boys themselves, and hope lies that way.

A good deal has been said as to the lack of liking for books in Canadian youth. There is some truth in this. The average high school graduate is apt to greet with a blank stare a reference, say to Conrad, and H. G. Wells is known only by "Mr. Britling." But Canadian boys and girls cannot be altogether blamed for this, as they so early acquire the idea that because a book is good it *must* therefore be dull. Now it so happens that the majority of the books that have been added to this little Sunday-school library in the past fifteen months are good literature, but this has been kept a dark secret, books being recommended only on the grounds that they would be liked. This has produced very gratifying results—hiding the medicine in jam applies here as elsewhere.

A word of advice to brother Sunday-school librarians:—Secure a steady income from the church board, independent of the usual Sunday-school fund. The only trouble about this is that the librarian is beset with temptations such as overwhelmed this librarian not long since when he was in Montreal. In a certain well-known bookshop his roving eye fell upon those immortal works of E. Nesbit that used to appear at the end of the Strand magazine: "The Enchanted Castle," "The Treasure Seekers," "The Story of the Amulet," etc., while a voice murmured in his ear "Better take advantage of this sale—20% discount,"—and lo! his first three months' allowance has changed hands!

Autumn

By HILDA MARY HOOKE

RAIN; and a mist; and greyness folding the sky:
Only the vaporous clouds, and a faint mist swaying by.

Drops on the silent trees—not a twig has stirred
Since the noiseless homing flight of a southbound bird.

Tangled paths in the wood-ways wrapped in mist,
Where the wild rose clings, and the bare brown creepers twist.

The bloom on the elder berries is rubbed with rain,
And the purple Michaelmas daisies are out again.

Clouds; and a mist; and the wind's monotonous tune:
And a dream of a friendly face and a far off June.

The Great Strike at Ottawa

A Chapter from "Polly Masson," by W. H. MOORE

IT was not an ordinary deputation which occasioned Sir Henry's urgent call for his Minister of Public Works. And upon arrival at the Capital, Larned found its business still undispached. The Prime Minister came from his office as soon as his secretary had announced Larned's arrival.

"It's a devilish awkward situation," he began hurriedly. "I am glad you are here."

"Missed my train yesterday," said Larned shortly.

"I knew you would have come if possible. I wouldn't have sent for you if it had not been positively necessary. We are facing a crisis; we are threatened with the strike of several hundred thousand public servants."

"Good Lord! Have we that many?" exclaimed Larned.

"Yes, and more. The extension of Government-ownership and operation is gradually concentrating the industry of the country under our administration. But there is no time to discuss that now. Let me briefly run over the immediate business in hand. A deputation has arrived demanding a forty-four hour working week, an all-round substantial increase in wages, and the right to have all conditions of employment arranged with a central committee. That is, in brief, the demand. We met yesterday, and our session extended over hours; we have already spent the morning with them. But we should not delay. I left Rooks and Howell with the deputation; they will need our assistance."

Sir Henry introduced Larned to the representatives who had waited upon the Government; and the proceedings, interrupted by the Prime Minister's absence from the room, recommenced. They were solid looking men, these artisans, baggage-checkers, and postmen, chosen to present the cause of Labor. The last deputation Larned remembered, had happened to consist of bankers; and for grooming, keenness of face and precision of speech, he could not but feel that the present deputation was its equal, certainly not its inferior.

"I think, Sir Henry," said the spokesman, who arose to his feet as the two Ministers entered, "we have now placed the Government in possession of our case. We have told you what we want; we have told you why we want it. The day is at hand when Labor must be admitted to its own. Forty-four hours a week is all any man should work; the remainder of the week is required for recreation. The principle of collective bargaining must be followed to its natural conclusion. Upon that we are fully determined. We are a committee, duly appointed under the credentials submitted, and are authorized to open offices at the Capital. We

are to be a permanent institution. Hereafter, all matters affecting Labor are to be discussed and decided with us. Yesterday you intimated your desire to meet us on wages and, so far as we are concerned, there is nothing more to be said."

With these words, the speaker, who was chairman of the deputation, resumed his seat.

Sir Henry looked at his colleagues enquiringly, as if inviting their comment.

"May I, as a newcomer, ask one or two questions?" enquired Larned of the Prime Minister.

"Certainly. That is what we want. The matter is of very considerable importance; it cannot receive too much discussion."

Larned turned to the chairman. "If the Government refuses to accede to your demands in the matter of—let us say—the committees' representation, then what?" he asked.

"We are instructed to call the men from their work." was the firm reply.

"You treat us as ordinary capitalists."

"Why not? You are operating railways, tramways, hotels; you are running cold-storage warehouses, grain elevators, power-plants, and other things which were at one time operated by private capitalists. Surely the right of Labor to recall its services did not cease when you took possession. Such a contention is unthinkable. If we are denied the right to strike, then we are no longer free."

"We are representing all the people," argued Larned. "Our enterprises are conducted in their behalf. Like you, we are the servants of the people. Surely there is a distinction to be drawn between the Government in business and—let us say—a joint-stock company!"

"None, so far as Labor is concerned."

"There is a difference: when men defy their employers, it is called a strike; when they defy their Government, it used to be called—a revolution."

"Not nowadays, Mr. Larned," laughed one of the men good-naturedly. "Anyway, there isn't much in a name."

"There is much in the name I have just used," replied Larned gravely. "The alternative to ultimate authority is anarchy."

"I object," protested the Honourable Mr. Rooks. "The Minister is using words that are quite uncalled for in this conference."

"How far are you affiliated with Labor organization beyond the Government service?" asked Larned, paying no attention to his colleague's interruption.

"We are in alliance with them." was the reply.

"May I ask if you would feel it quite proper to withdraw the services of—say—the postmen

to support a strike of—say—the garment-workers?"

"Certainly. The cause of Labor is common. You must recognise that as fundamental. The day has arrived for the One Big Union, the representatives of which will decide all matters affecting Labor.

"And enforce its decisions by paralysing the country's services?"

"That is within our power; but we hope it will not be necessary. You may be assured we shall resort to such a drastic measure only when absolutely necessary."

"Only when in your judgment it is necessary," suggested Larned.

"Y-e-s," admitted the chairman.

"All public servants are not members of your organisation?"

"No. You are employing men and women who are not organised, and on the railways you have some men who, organised, are not under our jurisdiction. That is a matter we shall ask you to discuss with us later."

"How are you concerned in the welfare of people you do not represent?"

"It is not exactly *their* welfare in which we are concerned, but the terms of their employment naturally affect our men. Labor is a single, living body which must protect itself against the action of all its members. No matter in what part the wound, it must be bound up, or the body will in time bleed to death."

"But the State is also a body, the supreme body. It is made up of Capital, Capitalistic Labor, and Labor. We are charged with protecting all alike, and further, with ensuring that each perform its proper function. Your representation is limited; it does not include even all Labor. The school-teachers, for instance, are not under your jurisdiction."

"No. But they may come in. We hope to have them."

"Nor are the clerks who, in offices, are performing valuable but nondescript work for scanty pay."

"We will make them welcome."

"If it is your aim to represent all society, then you are in reality seeking to set up a new form of Government."

"We aim to represent nothing but the Labor of Society."

"You leave to us the widows and the orphans," suggested Larned.

"And the capitalists. We do not pretend to represent them. We do propose to protect ourselves against them."

"You have no confidence in our disposition to protect Labor. You distrust us."

"We ask for your assistance. That is why we are here."

"No, no, no. You are not asking for our assistance," protested Larned. "You are demanding that we, like a machine, shall register your decisions. If you had come to us saying: 'We believe we are subjected to injustice, we ask that you investigate and correct that injust-

ice: then you would have been within your rights. I will go further: If you were to have added that unless we corrected it, you would have us removed from office on the next polling day (while I might think you were damnably impolite), I would have to admit that you were within your rights. But you are here with the threat of destroying, or at least weakening, society, if we do not comply with your already made decision, and I say you have trespassed beyond—the rights of citizenship."

The chairman did not reply, and Larned continued: "So far as I am concerned, I shall not be a party to surrendering to any body of men the authority with which the people have entrusted me as their representative."

"We too, are representatives," the chairman replied. "Remember that."

"Yes. You are representatives. You come speaking to us as one Government addresses another. Then it remains only to determine which is the stronger: those you represent or those we represent. There cannot be conflicting governments within a single State. That is the crux of the issue."

"You are indulging in plain speech, gentlemen," said Sir Henry. "I had hoped that the conference would proceed in a more conciliatory spirit."

Mr. Rooks smiled blandly at the reproof which Sir Henry had evidently delivered.

"If I may say so, plain speech is what we want," replied the chairman. "There is nothing to be gained by side-stepping. Yesterday we spent nearly the whole day together, and to-day the best part of the morning, and for the first time we have found someone who is willing to call a spade a spade."

"And to call revolution, revolution," said Sir Henry gravely. "I think, since it is the wish of the deputation, you had better continue with plain speech, Larned."

"Recently, while travelling in the West," continued Larned, "I overheard some discussions on this subject, and was set thinking as I had never thought before. I would like to go further—if you have no objection—and ask some questions which, although not directly applicable to the object of your deputation, are pertinent to the main issue involved. Am I to understand that you wish to take the direction of Industry from Capital?"

"We want a voice in its direction."

"But, again, is there not such a thing as authority?" asked Larned. "Must not the lead of industry necessarily remain with Capital?"

"Why?" asked one of the men.

"I do not blame you for challenging my statement, since the doctors of Labor have covered the subject with a froth of words. But when the froth is blown away, is it not true that central direction is necessary? It must rest with either Capital or Labor; it cannot be divided," said Larned. "Labor may represent, may, if necessary, by strike, protest, but Capital must direct. Remember, I am not speak-

ing dogmatically; I am searching for truth. But I suggest that Labor is largely liquid, and Capital largely fixed. If that be so, then the direction of industry necessarily rests with Capital. If you enter my employment—and for the moment assume that I am financing a printing-plant or a boot and shoe factory—if you direct that business into disaster, you are free to take your Labor elsewhere, but I am ruined. My investment is in good-will and organisation, as well as machinery. I cannot take my capital across the street and with you begin all over, for my capital has been destroyed.”

“Capital and Labor must travel together,” interposed Sir Henry.

“There must be a lead-horse to the tandem,” insisted Larned.

“The present organization of Society is directed toward the production of Capital,” protested one of the men.

“The Government’s first consideration should be for Labor,” insisted Mr. Rooks. “That is my feeling.”

“In a sense you are right,” said Larned, speaking to the men and again ignoring his colleague. “The object of industry is the production of Capital; and it is essential to the existence of Government that there be Capital. But we are necessarily interested in Labor, for it is a constituent factor in the production of Capital. Neither you nor we must forget that Labor is a means to an end. Both of us must keep our eyes on that end—if we are to avoid disaster. It is Capital which we, as a people, must produce. Capital is the medium of exchange with foreign countries. We pay our debts and our interest on them with Capital, not with Labor.”

“You have left the human element out of your reckoning,” protested the chairman. “You are not in touch with the toiling masses. I wish I could take you through the great plants of your own city of Badmington, in which men and women are sweating at their toil; then you would feel the throb of humanity.”

“Personally, I do not blame any man for striving to reduce the hours of his labor. But are we, as the trustees for all classes, justified in reducing your hours of labor by lengthening the laboring hours of others? I am told that our farmers work beneath the broiling sun twelve and fourteen hours a day, and even in the winter months not less than ten hours a day.”

“We won’t do that,” asserted one of the men promptly.

“Is there a throb only to the humanity of the town?”

“You are trying to draw us from our argument,” said the chairman, showing for the first time evidence of anger. “You can’t do it. We won’t be led away on a side issue.”

“Canada is only one of several countries,” continued Larned placidly, “all in active competition. Do not be annoyed when I remind

you that we were elected to guard and promote the interests of all Canada. It is primarily an agricultural country; it must compete with other countries in the world’s agricultural markets. Should there come a time when this country cannot compete, then it ceases to be solvent. What we as workers in Canada, may have—and I use the term *workers* in its most general sense—is to be determined not alone by what we want, but *by what we can get* through competing with the men of other lands. We are not a law unto ourselves. Only those countries are really free to do as they please who have shut themselves off from the outside world. And we call them barbaric.”

“The eight hour day is coming the world over,” protested one of the men.

“When it comes, then we may have it, and not before,” said Larned definitely. “We may introduce it when and as we please, but we cannot maintain it.”

The members of the committee laughed scornfully.

“I am afraid you are behind the times, Mr. Larned,” said the chairman good-naturedly.

“There is no eight-hour day with a Saturday half-holiday for the farmer,” insisted Larned. “I am told he has some work to do even on Sunday.”

“Let the farmer establish the eight-hour day.”

“But the farmer is not free to work as little or as much as he likes. He has to face a competition against which we are powerless to protect him. By the way, as I think of it, there may be a way out. Would you object if we were to allow the farmers of this country to import Hindu labourers?”

“Yes, sir,” shouted the men in unison.

“Why?” asked Larned.

“It is not for us to tell you, Mr. Larned. You know as well as we do that the Hindu will not make a good citizen. He is not on our level. Furthermore, you cannot limit his labor to the land, and we do not propose to compete with him.”

“And yet the farmer and his sons must sell their principal product in competition with the product of his labor. It is true there is a difference in the quality of the wheat produced by India and Canada, but the price of the cheaper regulates that of the dearer. India is one of the world’s greatest wheat exporters, and Canada has to meet its competition to stay in the running. The hundred-acre farm is the foundation of all our industry. You of the shop cannot compete with the men of the shop elsewhere. At present, fully thirty per cent. of your wages is not earned out of your product; it is contributed by men engaged in unprotected industries under laws passed in the belief that diversified industry is in the general interest of the State. But is any Government justified in compelling men who work ten hours and twelve hours a day to hand over a part of their

earnings to men who refuse to work more than eight hours a day?"

"That is for you to decide," said the chairman.

"I am glad you have left something for us to decide," replied Larned grimly. "But are you not, in reality, taking away from us the power to decide even that? Remember, Labor is largely liquid. It flows toward the spot with the shortest hours and highest wages. No law can be devised that will keep free men working sixty hours a week on the farm while the factory is offering high wages for forty-four hour's work."

"We limit the number of apprentices," explained the chairman,

"You ask us to protect you in the price of your product and then limit the amount of the product," suggested Larned.

"The capitalist does the same thing," argued the chairman. "He has his combinations in restraint of trade."

"If you are right in your contention, then it only serves to prove that both parties who receive protection are withholding production from those who give it at the sacrifice of their own earnings."

"I suppose you are referring to the farmer again," said the chairman. "He must look after himself. We are not concerned with his case."

"But we are; and you ought to be, for if he cannot buy his necessities in this country at a price which will enable him to compete with—say—the Danes, the Russians, and the Hindus, then the factory and the field of Canada are ruined alike. Make no mistake: a country is not economically stronger than its basic industry."

"But the Hindus haven't the up-to-date agricultural machinery our farmers possess."

"Until now we have been preserved by the backwardness of our competitors. But it will not continue. Already great improvements have been made in the agriculture of India and Russia, and more are in progress. Unless they are followed by a substantial increase in the standard of living in those countries, then *all the living standards of this country will be reduced.*"

"Not ours," said one of the men defiantly. "We can find plenty of work in the States."

"We shall be sorry to lose you. But if we cannot support you in the standard of comfort you demand, we cannot support you. That is all there is to it."

"You used the expression 'capitalistic labor' a little while ago, Mr. Larned," said one of the members of the deputation. "Did you mean the farmers?"

"The farmers are capitalists and laborers. They are to be included in the term. But there are many illustrations of men who have invested money in the vocation they follow."

"It is our aim to be capitalistic laborers, as you call them," and the chairman. "*Tool-users must be tool owners.*"

"I know nothing in our laws to prevent you."

"But we cannot compete with the large aggregations of capital of today."

"No. You cannot compete," admitted Larned. "But let us not forget the reason why you cannot compete. Tool-users were once tool-owners, the artisans' ownership having been swept away in the Industrial Revolution. Are we to call the results of that revolution bad? Men have been calling them the foundation-stones of civilisation. The Industrial Revolution brought the factory system and the factory brought specialisation. The process of production was quickened and cheapened, and the men who used the tools (they no longer owned) gained hours for education and recreation that were only dreamed of before the day of the factory. They live in better houses, wear better clothes, and eat better food. But, unfortunately, that is not all. There is another side to the account. There usually is. Specialisation took the joy out of work. And that is wholly sad. No longer does the cabinet-maker have to be reminded of his meal-hours and bed-time. Craftsmanship is gone; we have Labor in its place. But I must not continue in digression. All I ask you to remember is that we can never have the sweet without the bitter."

"That is just the point," interrupted the chairman; "the capitalist has the sweet and we have the bitter."

"I often wonder who are the capitalists," said Larned. "If you mean the men who are financing the industries of this country, then I tell you they have a deep draught of the bitter, for they owe several hundred million dollars to foreign investors. Do you want to assume those obligations? Do you want to assume the task of borrowing more money when more is required for further extensions of industry? Do you think that the foreign investors would let you have it?"

The chairman shifted his feet uncomfortably. "I am not prepared to answer that question," he replied, as Larned paused for an answer. "This is an age in which co-operation is to succeed competition. All progressive men are agreed upon that."

Larned smiled. "Doubtless you think me a reactionary. Well, that cannot be helped. We have attained our present industrial development through the spur of competition. To abolish it under Democracy is to go back. If it is the will of the people, I have nothing to say; but that will must be exercised at the polls."

At this stage of the conference there was a pause. The men had apparently finished their representations, and as none of the Ministers desired to continue the discussion, Sir Henry arose as if to declare the conference ended.

"I hope we now have a clear understanding of our relative positions," he said. "My Ministers have talked to you frankly and you have been as frank with us. You recognise the importance of the issue and realise that I must take it before all my colleagues in council assembled. We shall not delay our decision, but we must have time for consideration. I must ask you to exercise patience. You owe at least that to the country."

"The men are restive; we cannot hold them much longer," said the chairman, as he, with the others of the deputation, arose to depart.

"What remarkable ideas they have of Government," said Sir Henry, as the door closed behind the last of the visitors. "To think that postmen may go on strike without creating a defiance of the Government tantamount to revolution! If postmen may strike,

then why not soldiers? We cannot admit such an absurd principle."

"Wherein does a postman differ from a section-man on our railways?" asked Larned.

"There is all the difference in the world."

"One is responsible for carrying the letters of His Majesty's subjects, and the other for carrying His Majesty's subjects themselves."

"What has come over you, Larned?" enquired Sir Henry. "You surprised me by your plain speech to-day and now you surprise me again."

"I am trying to free my mind of the cobwebs spun by the spiders of socialism," said Larned, "and have already learned the folly of attempting to preserve mankind by destroying man."

(Printed by kind permission of the Canadian publishers, J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto.)

A Trip to London

By J. A. DALE

HOW did we come to find a way
That led right back to London Town,
And, breaking through the urgent day,
Escaped the crowd where memories drown?

Could first steps of a chartless quest
Give paler promise of romance?
For shopping may begin with zest,
But soon it proves a sorry dance.

All we wanted when 'twas done,
And tired steps we teaward bent,—
A steaming pot, a piping bun,
In just another "Good Intent"!*

Dear magic spell! the far blue-skies
Came melting down in pearly haze,
And through it peered the quickening eyes
And tugging hands of bygone days.

As in our hearts warm shadows fall,
There slowly wakes a London moon:
In sleepy Thames lights break and call,
And voices of old Chelsea croon.

Backward through remembered days
A ghostly boat divides the stream:
We follow all his winding ways,
Willing captives of a dream.

Our young feet roam in fields we'd camped on,
Unworried wait at Boulter's Lock,
Laze away from Kew to Hampton—
On the Thames who heeds the clock?

If to Bablock Hythe we'd got,
Or caught in tangles of the "Cher"—
But here comes tea, and piping hot!
And here in Montreal we are.

That was how we found a way
That led right back to London Town,
Escaped awhile the insistent day,
The surge where dreams and memories drown.

* This kindly resort, once in the shadow of old Chelsea Church, has found less romantic quarters in King Street.

The Derelict

By BEATRICE REDPATH



BEATRICE REDPATH.

T WAS comfort for him just to know
 That lives were not all fashioned so.
 That life was not a hellish plan
 To wring the heart out of a man;
 'Twas comfort of a curious kind
 To learn that some on earth could find
 Such things as love and kindness,
 And lives to bless: and lives to bless.
 Somewhere he knew the dawn held gold
 And did not push so wan and cold
 Against the smutty window blind;
 Somewhere he knew the skies were lined
 With amber clouds; while suns crept through
 Drawn shades to rooms all walled in blue,
 Where petals golden at the core

Fell slowly to the shining floor.
 And here a quiet hand to press
 In secret love and friendliness:
 Voices, intimately known:
 Sheltered corners where alone
 One piled one's dreams.

With curious pain
 He'd wonder over and again
 Why all of life that he had seen
 Should be so gray, so drab, so mean.
 And sometimes, just at night, he'd lie
 And wonder, looking at the sky,
 If Someone was not playing fair,
 Someone outside. . . . Someone out there.

Two Poems

By LORNA W. INGALLS

THE WENDIGO.*

BUILT I an altar never man may see,
Hidden behind mine eyes' tranquility,
Carved in similitude of drifting snow,
That shone—an inner shrine—to Wendigo.
And for my sanctuary these I stole:

The flame of glowing coal,
The smoke of forest-fire,
Spring-song of frogs in choir,
Timidity of doe,
A river's rapid flow,
Light from the Will-o'-wisp,
A snake's sly warning lisp,
Famine of timber-wolf,
A waterfall's deep gulf,
The Arctic's cold and wind;

All these, painfully gathered, safely shrined,

O Soul, await the Red Man's Wendigo—
And what that is shall never white man know.

SEISMIC.

There are some notes so low—
There are sound-waves so long—
(Where seismic shock makes seas o'erflow)
That though the earth rock to and fro
No ear can hear their song.

There are some souls so rare—
Some hearts of fire and hope
Who in their core such wonders bear
That though men know the fire is there
No mind can grasp its scope.

* Any unusual thing in nature the Indians ascribe to the Wendigo, a fabulous creature only known by such tracks as broken branches, the sounds of the wind in trees. One might call it the Spirit of the Wilds. L.W.I.

Letter to the Editor

"IN FLANDERS FIELDS."

Editor Canadian Bookman.

Sir: I notice that Sir Andrew Macphail, in some admirable pages on the form of this poem, refers to it as a sonnet ("In Flanders Fields and Other Poems", Briggs, 1919). It is of course closely akin to the sonnet, and to other exotic verse-forms transplanted with more or less success into English. But technically it is a rondeau.

This is worth pointing out, because the sonnet has been acclimatised in many a noble example, and becomes a natural medium of English poetry; while the rondeau has proved too difficult for English. As Mr. Gleeson White says of the triolet, you can best appreciate its difficulty and its peculiar excellence when you have written a few hundred.

These "troubadour" forms are the daintiest bric-a-brac of verse, and it is extremely rare that they prove the natural channel for any strong and sincere feeling. The rules are rigid,

and the rhyme-schemes very hard in English: their master craftsman is Austin Dobson. As I have mentioned the triolet, I may add that while recalling several good examples, I only remember one in which the delicate form has flowered naturally in the expression of deep feeling—Robert Bridges' "When First We Met". But I recall no example of the rondeau to approach this triumphant one of John McCrae's.

It owes its sure immortality to its combination of poetic excellences. The mood from which it rose is deep and earnest and widely shared. It glows before us in radiant pictures of the imagination—the poppy, bloodstained and anodyne; the torch, tragic and challenging; the lark's rainbow of music above the storm of the guns. It is worked out, without strain or effort or any least falsity, in song whose burden is easily remembered, and whose final perfection is its flawless form. Yours etc.

J. A. DALE.

Walt Whitman's Apostle

By ST. GEORGE BURGOYNE

THE telegraph editor of a morning newspaper hurried downstairs to the local room with a piece of flimsy in his hand and said: "Traubel the Socialist is dead. Somebody give me a 'shirt-tail' for the telegraph item. Died at Bon Echo, Ontario, yesterday."

It was past midnight on September 9, when the news came. The writer recalled the first visit of Walt Whitman's biographer to Montreal in the spring of 1910, but the news item and the local reference, known in the newspaper game as a "shirt-tail," were crowded out. The subject deserved a kinder fate, but Horace Traubel — Socialist, poet, biographer, friend of the oppressed and preacher of the brotherhood of men—would have been the first to understand the omission. Being crowded out was no uncommon experience with him. He devoted his life to the welfare of the multitude crowded out from the rights and privileges which the upper crust of Society enjoys — and he questioned the sincerity of that enjoyment. The working pressman, the newsboys, cabbies, policemen, milkmen, the laborer and others whose occupations bring them into contact with life stripped of its veneer were his friends. Among the Captains of Industry he had acquaintances, but it was not his mission to hammer the plutocrats — he pitied rather than blamed them, realizing that the social system was largely responsible for conditions.

In the come-and-go of newspaper work one meets many characters. The memory of some fades quickly and the others never dim. In the latter class stood Traubel, not by reason of the niche he had carved for himself—for to number among one's friends such persons as Walt Whitman, Robert Ingersoll, Richard Watson Gilder, Gordon Craig, John Burroughs, Ellen Terry, Julia Marlowe, Edwin Markham, Joa-

quin Miller, Jack London, Upton Sinclair, Sir John Hare, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Sir Henry Irving, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Maxim Gorky, and Eugene Debs, to mention a few at random, infers standing in one's profession—but for the broad tolerance and love of humanity he displayed. One left Traubel's

presence, after a talk, with the feeling that class distinctions were a very little thing—that the ear might harken and the will obey that old injunction: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." The humble in the public places stood for something more, the under-dog kindled one's sympathies. This play upon the feelings Traubel effected without preaching, for men with a message today are no more loved nor heeded than the lowly Nazarene of nineteen hundred years ago; but the narration of experience, anecdote, and incident revealed his creed and his sincerity carried conviction.

Horace Logo Traubel—though he never used the "Logo," signing his earlier work "Horace L. Traubel," and dropping the middle initial twenty years ago—was a picturesque figure, of medium height, with clear blue eyes, and a wealth of snow-white hair. His profile was a trifle reminiscent of Mark Twain, and these points struck the writer when, on the evening of March 24, 1910, he was assigned to interview the poet in the home of a friend of his in West-

mount. In the "den" with his host sat Traubel, and, as many and various questions were discussed, the poet suggested "being quite comfortable." Off came coat and vest, and in his shirt sleeves Traubel chatted far into Good Friday morning. He was an engaging talker who did not mince his words. If evil, defect, or abuse existed he voiced his views without restraint in language that was refreshingly frank. There was



HORACE TRAUBEL.

no straining for oratorical effect, for he used the simplest of words, words with a "punch"—the language of the older days when writers did not seek to smother their ideas with verbal embroidery, the quaint and forceful language that John Masefield has swung into his poems. Through the evening we talked, and, since an interview was the object of the meeting, Traubel drew aside the personal veil a bit. He had rubbed along the ragged edge of existence, following various occupations—selling newspapers, working as a compositor, twelve years as a bank clerk, artist in a lithographing establishment, bookkeeper and paymaster in a factory, these were a few of them. The typesetting knowledge stood him in good stead in the production of his paper, the *Conservator*, which he published for twenty-nine years. On the occasion of the interview he said it was being produced at a financial loss. This monthly, treating many and diverse questions in the broadest manner, went not only to the Socialist leaders, but also among writers, mainly novelists, musicians, actors and such like who read it for the reviews.

It was, however, as an associate and confident of the poet Walt Whitman that Traubel's purely literary talents have become more generally known and appreciated. With the late Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, of London, Ont., and Thomas B. Harned, he was the literary executor of the dead poet. In 1907 he published "With Walt Whitman in Camden," and two other volumes followed this initial issue. He had planned to make this tribute to Whitman a twelve or fourteen volume work, but death came when only three had been published. The manuscript for the remaining volumes, however, may yet see light, as Traubel had completed his work before death came. What remains now to be done is a mere matter of editing.

Horace Traubel was born at Camden, N.J., December 19, 1858, and as a child was led by the hand by Walt Whitman when he went about communing with nature. Together under the stars they reclined on the top of lumber piles near the river exchanging views. His father kept a small stationery shop and had the ambition that his son become a portrait painter. Doing practical things, however, was more to the son's taste, and literature was the gainer thereby.

Traubel talked of his work with the justified pride of an artist. Sidelights on the characters and deeds of many persons in music, art and industry he also gave. Love of the theatre brought in Gordon Craig, with his ideas of stage-setting, and Forbes-Robertson, Ellen Terry, Julia Marlowe, Sir Henry Irving, and Sir John Hare, as players in many roles. He held to the Baconian theory respecting the authorship of the plays of Shakespeare, but was not rabid on that point. At that time, too, "Chants Communal," a book of prose poetry, was being translated into German, and in part into Russian, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish and Japanese. "Optimos" ("The Cheerful Whole") was then

receiving its finishing touches in preparation for the press, and this work was also translated into the languages above named. His other writing covered a wide range of subjects—contributions to Socialistic journals throughout the world, critical introductions to books, dramatic and musical criticism. He took his pleasures at the play, opera, concert and baseball game. The ringside, bringing together so many diverse types, was another place where he studied character.

Traubel, who used neither spirits nor tobacco, drank quantities of strong coffee at the supper which followed our talk. It was 2 a.m. and he was, as it were, "waking up" and looking forward to a spell of work correcting and revising the manuscript of talks with Whitman on many and various occasions—the original notes being jotted down on any handy scrap of paper. He told how he had gathered the data, and how Whitman said in reference to the biography: "Be sure you write about me honest. Whatever you do, do not prettify me." The talk turned to music, and another side of his endeavors was revealed—the words of three little songs which his hostess played and sang for us, her composition admirably fitting the simplicity of sentiment and words.

The following night there was more talk, and Traubel referred to his marriage, in 1891 to Anne Montgomerie. This took place in the bedroom of Walt Whitman, his closest personal friend. Whitman, wishing happiness for all, and feeling that his time was drawing near, was anxious to see the ceremony performed. Whitman died the following year.

The chat closed at 3 a.m., when Traubel felt it was time to turn to his writing. The next evening at ten o'clock a telephone message called me to Traubel, who said: "Come out. Same party. Not closed, merely adjourned." And out I went and listened to discussions until nearly 3 a.m.

Traubel never wore an overcoat, and without insistence on the point seemed to think those who did so were pampered, and when he made a visit to Montreal in the winter he could be seen about town in the coldest weather with no extra protection against the elements—small slouch hat, ordinary house apparel, gloves in hand, and the only Bohemian touch was a large flowing black bow necktie.

Traubel's intimates in Canada, who saw him as he passed through Montreal five or six weeks ago on his way to Bon Echo, a short time before the illness which closed with his death, realized that the end was not far off. Eighteen months ago the poet had been stricken with paralysis and was nearly blind. It was his first visit to Bon Echo, where members of the Walt Whitman Fellowship of Canada, formed in Toronto in 1916, were wont to gather, though he had endeavored to make the trip before. Into this congenial atmosphere Traubel went to seek rest and relief from suffering.

During the last few days of his life Whitman's biographer lay in a coma, but during his

spells of consciousness he surprised his friends by the clearness of his brain, and, shortly before his hour struck, told those gathered around him that Walt Whitman had appeared and, beckoning, told him that his time was come.

Dramatic scenes marked the funeral service in New York. A large number of friends had gathered in the old Church of the Messiah, since known as the Community Church, and as the coffin was being drawn from the hearse the cry of "Fire" was raised, and a short time later only the blackened walls remained of the edifice built in 1825. The body was transferred to the People's House, headquarters of the Rand School of Social Science, whose activities were curtailed by the United States government agents during the war, and there Dr. Wiksell, of Boston, a very old friend, was in the chair throughout, among the speakers being Thomas B. Harned, Traubel's brother-in-law. Burial was made in Camden, the remains being placed in the public vault, those in charge having fail-

ed to get in touch with the last representative of the Whitman family. The body will either lie in the Whitman vault permanently, or be buried as near the "good grey poet" as possible.

Horace Traubel, son of a German Jew and a Christian mother, took no sides during the war. He held that his life's mission was above such conflict. He deplored the war, and while many Socialistic journals fell under the ban of the authorities, Traubel's premises in Philadelphia were never visited nor was the privilege of the mails denied him, for he held to his usual course—voicing sympathy for the down-trodden and pleading for a wider Comradeship, just as Whitman wrote:

I dream'd in a dream, I saw a City invincible to the
attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth;
I dream'd that was the new City of Friends; nothing
was greater there than the quality of robust love
—it led the rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of
that City,
And in all their words and looks.

Art and War Memorials

ART and War: Canadian War Memorials", the splendid volume of reproductions of paintings executed for the Canadian War Memorial Fund produced in England by Colour Limited and published in Canada by the Musson Book Co. Ltd. (Toronto, \$7.50), is decidedly the gift-book *de luxe* of the season. We do not suggest by that statement that it is not a book to buy for oneself, but merely that it is especially suitable for presentation to anybody who is interested not alone in the achievements of the Canadian forces in the Great War, but also in the latest developments of representative art. For most of the work herein contained is too far from the old-established conventions of the "battle-picture" to make much appeal to those whose minds are still governed by those conventions. Mr. P. G. Konody, the eminent critic and expert who is in charge of the collection, has written for this volume an Introductory Essay in which the basic ideas of Lord Beaverbrook's grandiose project are fully and lucidly explained, including the plan for their permanent housing, which provides for a very ambitious structure, presumably at Ottawa, in which "the pictorial decorations will dominate a vast interior or series of halls which will be so arranged as to vistas and open communications that the story of them may be open and the magnitude of the great event epitomised by the amplitude of its pages". It is perhaps scarcely surprising that Mr. Konody's enthusiasm should have led him into a slightly unorthodox use of the word "epitomised".

There are 48 color plates, of the perfection

which we have learnt of late to associate with the name of Colour Limited, and eight black and white reproductions. Almost all of the brilliant list of British and Canadian artists engaged by the Memorials Fund are represented, some of them (Captain Simpson, Captain Varley, Captain Beatty, Lieutenant A. Y. Jackson) by two or more plates. Precisely why three pictures by Romney, West and Lawrence ("Joseph Brant", "The Death of Wolfe", and "Sir Alexander Mackenzie") should have been included it is hard to say; and we should ourselves have preferred it if the collection could have been restricted altogether to men and incidents of the front or near-front, and the portraits of politicians and statesmen dispensed with. That would doubtless be too much to expect, seeing that the fighting men were away fighting while the politicians were at home getting up the memorial.

Amid the utmost diversity of styles and tastes, there is nothing that can be absolutely dismissed as meaningless or meretricious. Some will possibly apply that term to Gunner Robert's "Gas Attack," but we are by no means disposed to do so. It is gratifying to find that among the moderately conservative painters Canadians can stand up for themselves with the best British company. Captain Maurice Cullen's "Seaford" and Captain Simpson's "Witley Camp" are admirable work in the soundest school. There are several excellent portraits of Victoria Cross recipients, a remarkable composition by the late Byam Shaw, and hospitals, huts, logging operations, poison gas and "action pictures" in profusion.

Theodore Roosevelt: Joyous Comrade

By J. A. DALE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was in many ways favored by fortune, but in none more than that his youth survived into middle age. With robust physical, mental and moral power, he had the will and leisure to devote them to the public service. This is simple fact, and it involves no judgment on his policies to say that he won a picturesque place in history, fired the imagination and affection of great numbers of people. A mind of broad, simple, conservative type, with little turn for theorising and real hunger for action, his constant and whole-hearted intercourse with people kept him elastic and athletic. No contemporary of his eminence equalled him in zest for physical adventure: yet he remained essentially within the narrow circle of his home environment.

It is no wonder he felt as Mr. Bishop tells us about this book ("Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," edited by T. B. Bishop: McLeod, Toronto, \$2). "Only a short time before he died, he said to me, as we were going over the letters and planning this volume: 'I would rather have this book published than anything that has ever been written about me.' As his children began to grow up, it touched him that they still wanted him for their playmate, a deep delicate compliment which only a father can fully appreciate as he nears the threshold of middle age. It is then no wonder that in the last days of retrospect he wished to be remembered as one found worthy of so perfect a tribute."

It is in this light that these letters must be read, and their winning quality appreciated—not for any sidelights on affairs of state. Among the affectionate domesticities, the "great fun," the notes of travel and adventure, there runs an increasing stream of interest in the concerns of the growing boys. At school and at college, the chief theme is the relation between sport and study. He was proud of the athletic prowess of his boys, who were brought up from childhood in the practice of manly sports. He will even wish their getting "smashed" if the cause is good enough—for example to make a school or college team. He is very typical in regarding roughness as a part of manliness. But he is deeply concerned that his boys shall keep a just sense of proportion. "I don't want you to sacrifice standing well in your studies to any over-athleticism. . . . Character counts for a great deal more than either intellect or body. . . . Athletic proficiency is a mighty good servant, and like so many other good servants, a mighty bad master." He quotes Pliny's letter on the degenerate Greeks of his time,

whose devotion to athletics keep them from being dangerous to their conquerors; and he suspects that the "British officers in the Boer War had their efficiency partly reduced" by "an inordinate and ridiculous love of sports."

This is his most serious theme. There is very little literary discussion. He loves his Uncle Remus and, being very wise for an Olympian, knows his Kenneth Grahame. He often talks of Dickens, of whom he is "very fond," and makes his contribution to the inevitable contrast with Thackeray, for whom he had very great admiration. In helping to form Kermit's taste, he agrees that Tom Pinch "is a despicable kind of character; just the kind Dickens liked, because he had himself a thick streak of mandlin sentimentality. . . . It always interests me to think how much first-class work he did, and how almost all of it was mixed up with every kind of cheap, second-rate matter. . . . There are innumerable characters he has created which symbolise vices, virtues, follies and the like, almost as well as the characters in Bunyan." He finds Thackeray a gentleman and Dickens a cad, especially in "the ill-nature and malice" of his own character as shown in Martin Chuzzlewit. "He was utterly incapable of seeing the high purpose and real greatness which (in spite of the presence also of much that was bad and vile) could have been visible all around him here in America to any man whose vision was both keen and lofty." But at the same time, "the characters in which American shortcomings and vices and follies are typified are immortal, and moreover can be studied with great profit by all of us to-day. . . . He was in his element in describing with bitter truthfulness Scadder and Jefferson Brick, and Elijah Pogoram, and Hannibal Chollup, and Mrs. Homing, and the various other characters great and small that have always made me enjoy "Martin Chuzzlewit." Most of these characters we have still with us."

He likes his novels to have a good, if not a happy ending, "so that our sorrow at the tragedy shall be tempered with the joy and pride one always feels when a man does his duty well and bravely." It was largely his experiences as Police Commissioner "with squalid misery and unspeakable infamy" that disinclined him to meet it "unnecessarily in fiction": for he had no objection to "portraying foulness and suffering when they must be portrayed." A witty friend of the reviewer, when asked if she had read "No. 5 John Street," replied "No. You see I live at No. 6; it would be different if I lived in the suburbs!" Not a critical judgment, nor meant to be: but very human and in-

telligible to any who have lived in John Street—not for literary purposes, but of necessity.

So also he liked a good, if not a quiet life: his immense zest filled the days with interest and made them satisfactory in memory. "I realize to the full" he said "how very lucky I have been: and . . . whatever be the out-

come, I am not only content but very thankful for all the good fortune I have had. . . I have been able to accomplish certain things which will be of lasting importance in our history. Incidentally, I don't think any family has ever enjoyed the White House more than we have." Happy and significant incident!

"Right and Wrong Novels"

THE Library of French Fiction"—merely a name, yet it conjures up to the reader such delightful hours of quiet enjoyment, engrossed in charming and delightful stories of French life, habits and customs, hours full of interest, charm and pleasure—instead of which Mr. Barnet J. Beyer introduces us to a very dull ordinary book, the first of this series.

If "Jacquon the Rebel," by Eugene le Roy, is a sample of the other volumes on the bookshelf of Mr. Barnet J. Beyer's Library, we can only express our regret at his choice. In 1899, when "Jacquon the Rebel" was published, le Roy may have been hailed as an excellent storyteller and his style may then have been ranked with the best novels dealing with the life of the provinces (so we are assured in the prefatory note); but to-day, twenty years after—translated—it is ordinary, mediocre, lacking entirely in the "artistic merit" which, we are assured, is first and foremost essential for a novel to possess, to attain the distinction of being selected to this Library. Many people believe dullness is synonymous with cleverness—if such were the case, this translation would be very clever, for it is exceptionally dull.

The story is a very old familiar one. The peasant Jacquon, son of very poor and humble parents, thrives in an atmosphere of hate and rebellion against the nobility and gentry of the surrounding country-side; this resentment, accentuated as time goes on, by the imprisonment of his father for poaching, and his subsequent death on the gallows, increases till he eventually takes the law into his own hands. He burns the forests, the chateau and also the Comte de Nansac, thus ridding the neighbourhood of a much hated and tyrannical master. For this he is imprisoned. After his release he falls suddenly and passionately in love with the Comte's daughter and the reader may well wonder if

the old old story is to be told again—but, no! Mr. le Roy thinks better of it. He chooses for Jacquon a woman of his own class. They live happily ever after with thirteen children to keep them company. This is the gist of the four hundred and fifteen pages, but to winnow this the reader is obliged to sift paragraph after paragraph of minute detail, of no consequence, of no value—for instance:

"Fumbling among the cinders on the hearth, my mother found a live ember, and succeeded by blowing hard in lighting the lantern. Then having made the fire, she peeled the onion, cut it into small pieces, and placed the frying pan over the fire, with about half a spoonful of grease in it. This was all that remained in the house. When the onion was fried, she filled the pan with water, cut up the bread in the soup-tureen and when the water had boiled down enough poured it over the bread. Ordinarily it was the custom to put a pinch of pepper in the soup to give it a little savor. But we had none left. . . ."

The realistic situations depicted in certain chapters are crude translations . . . the charm of the French-turned phrase is lacking.

Mr. Beyer will perhaps not be offended if we write a word of warning. Nothing will be more welcome to thousands of readers on this continent than a Library of French Fiction, as designed in the prefatory note. But such books must be carefully chosen and not only the taste of school-boys considered. The great French novelists are very great: the lesser lights are far finer writers than most of our own or English novelists. The field of selection is vast. We do not want the old classics which have been translated already a hundred times or more in various editions. We wait for some of the best of the comparative modernists—for Murger, Lavedan, Anatole France, Benda, Bazin, etc.

"Polly Masson" and Our Polyglot Politics

MR. WILLIAM HENRY MOORE continues to astonish Canada. Perhaps Canada is too easily astonished. We take certain things for granted which are not really granted at all, and we are astonished when anything occurs to upset our assumption. We take it for granted, for instance, that nobody does anything without a selfish motive; and we take it for granted that a desire for literary reputation is one of the lowest forms of ambition, and that nobody who has achieved (or has a chance of achieving) wealth or political power or industrial influence or any other of the higher objects of ambition can possibly be influenced by it. Mr. Moore is rich and politically influential; he cannot, therefore have written "The Clash" or anything else for the sake of literary reputation. But he did write "The Clash," and he has since written a novel entitled "Polly Masson." What the devil does he mean by it?

These assumptions, it appears to us, are too tall. After all, contemptuous as we practical Canadians may be of literary reputation, there are places in the world where it is held in higher esteem than political achievement or financial success. And it is vastly more durable than either. Dr. Johnson is as much alive as Mr. G. K. Chesterton (nay, so is Boswell even), while the potentates and landlords to whom he dedicated his works are as dead as last year's daily paper. It may well be that Mr. Moore, at all events during an interval between his other ambitions, has ambition for literary reputation and is writing books in order to obtain it. He has started late, it may be urged; but those who advance that objection do not know how long Mr. Moore has been exercising his prentice pen in the columns of the fortnightly which he is reputed to control. Moreover, the delay may not be his fault. The *Canadian Bookman* had occasion to point out three months ago how deplorably strong is the clutch of "business," of the "practical life," even upon some who have established themselves as writers before becoming men of action. How much stronger must it be in the case of one who became a brilliantly successful business man before he ever wrote a line of pure literature! Now that a Public-Ownership-craving nation has relieved Mr. Moore from his executive duties, his literary ambitions at last have free play. That is all.

"Polly Masson," his latest work, will do much to further them. Let us hasten to explain that it is not notable for any of the qualities which have distinguished the successful Canadian novel in the last decade or so. It has no sentiment, very little character-drawing, hardly any comedy (if we except a very subtle irony

which broods over the whole thing like summer lightning over a hot evening), a minimum of action, no fist-fights, no communings with nature in her untrodden wilds, no sex stuff, no glad stuff, no cowboys, down-trodden working girls, goat-ee'd farmers, drunken fishermen or lumberjacks, heroic evangelists, North-West Mounted Policemen nor "huskies." In spite of the lack of all these things, we believe the book will succeed. If it does, it will be because it is full of ideas.

It will at once be seen that this opens up a vista of tremendous changes in the Canadian novel. Whatever the Canadian novel may or may not have been in the past, it has not been a novel of ideas. Its writers have never been actuated even by the desire to make their readers understand Canadian life better and think about it more correctly. It has been a juvenile novel of romance and melodrama and sentiment. Its sole claim to Canadianism has been due to its efforts to present, by American technique, a superficial "local color" supposed to be characteristic of some small section of the vast territory of the Dominion. We believe we are right in saying that it has been almost exclusively read by young persons and single ladies. Mr. Moore's novel will be read by men, and by those women who seek to justify their new possession of the ballot by taking as much interest as men in the affairs which the ballot determines. We have earnest hopes that it will be followed by other novels, some of them perhaps better novels on the purely artistic side, which will also be read by men. If we are not mistaken, it means that the Canadian novel will at last abandon its scrupulous avoidance of all the really vital social and economic questions which give to Canadian life its real interest—and which our Canadian novelists have apparently hitherto been too young or too backwoodsy or too parlorized to appreciate.

"Polly Masson" is the story of a few months in the political and sentimental career of a young Canadian politician of great ability and also of great sincerity. Canada owes Mr. Moore a debt of profound gratitude for this if for nothing else, that he has portrayed *William Larned*, leader-elect of one of the great Canadian parties, as a thoroughly honest and high-principled man, playing the game of politics because by that game alone can he advance the ideals which he cherishes for his country's future. Mr. Moore is himself a university man, of the generation which is now providing the very men who are steadily taking over the reins of government from the hands of their elders. (He was, for instance, a fellow-student of the Hon. W. L. M. King, but *William Larned* is not

to be taken as an individual portrait of the new Liberal chieftain, even though Mr. King's lineaments were doubtless included among those which make up the composite.) We believe that *Larned* is a perfectly just and accurate picture of the type of university graduates of the last decade of the nineteenth century, who are now coming to the front in politics; and we are very glad that the persuasive power of imaginative fiction is being enlisted to correct the abominably low opinion which Canadians have of late entertained of the character of their rulers. Mr. Moore's character-drawing is not deep; his training is that of the politician, who must form a working judgment of many men in the course of the day's work, rather than of the artist who can devote weeks to probing the subtleties of a single interesting mind. But his rapid sketches are lifelike, just and well-balanced. If they are concerned more with the ideas than the feelings of the people portrayed—well, we have already remarked that this is a novel of ideas.

There are plenty of fields of action in which a rising young statesman can be displayed to advantage by the fiction-writer, but perhaps none more interesting than that which has absorbed Mr. Moore for several years, and which he treated scientifically in "The Clash"—the relations of the two great races in this Dominion. This is the field in which he has chosen to display his *William Larned*, and the French cause is personified in the charming but also rather slightly-sketched character of *Pauline Masson*, daughter of one of the ancient seignourial families in the St. Lawrence district of what is now Ontario. And here again Canada owes Mr. Moore a debt of gratitude. The picturesque but not very highly-cultured *habitant* has been so persistently portrayed to English-speaking readers as the sole population of the French parishes, that a vast number of people are wholly unaware of the existence of one of the most valuable elements in the Canadian nation—the ancient French-Canadian aristocracy of birth and breeding. English-speaking Canadians who are themselves cultured, and who know the French-Canadian by personal contact, in any of those sections of the country where the contact can be effected, are better acquainted with this class than with any other, for it is the class of French-Canadians which mixes most freely and least suspiciously with all presentable persons who come to hand; but thousands, perhaps millions, of English-speaking Canadians have to form their views of their French fellow-citizens without any personal contacts whatever, and to these an intelligent

portrayal of the upper-class French-Canadian in fiction must be immensely instructive.

The story is narrated almost entirely by dialogue, which at times passes over the imperceptible line which separates dialogue from debate. Mr. Moore is at all times more interested in his ideas than in his characters, or rather is interested in his characters only as mouthpieces for ideas. We do not regard this as a fatal defect, since it is a charge which could be brought against a vast number of eminent authors from Plato to Bernard Shaw. The dialogue is uniformly interesting, and usually quite easy and natural. The speakers are for the most part persons whose ideas are more important than their inner personalities—politicians of all sorts and sizes, Ottawa social leaders, London Imperialist organizers, Orange lodge magnates, reporters of the plutocratic press, government contractors, and so forth—types rather than individuals, and types of mentality rather than of character. There is little action, hardly any conflict, except the conflict of ideas. *Miss Masson* is perhaps the only individual who expresses her personality in deeds as well as words, and the most exciting thing she does is alternately to waylay *Larned* and to run away from him. It is typical of the book that it closes on *Larned's* decision to withdraw from active politics when he marries *Polly*. Mr. Moore leaves us to assume that he is going to do something to promote the new *entente* of which this marriage is the symbol, but he gives us no hint of what that something is going to be. Can it be that he has a sequel in mind?

We have said enough to suggest that "Polly Masson," despite its intimate touch upon certain real aspects of Canadian contemporary life, is not a wholly satisfactory novel. Its people are not three-dimensional; they do not stand out against their background; they cast no shadows. It requires the technique of an accomplished novelist to achieve this effect of solidity, and Mr. Moore is only beginning. It is as a forerunner that we welcome "Polly Masson"; as the probable progenitor of other and more skilful works which will exhibit the same lively interest in a real and highly interesting Canada—works by a more mature and artistically experienced William Henry Moore, it may be, or perhaps by other writers who would not have seen the possibilities of the new path in fiction if Mr. Moore had not first adventured upon it and cut away some of the underbrush. We hope, nay, we are confident, that *William Larned* and *Pauline Masson* will have a numerous literary progeny.



L'Isle Royal: The French Occupation in Cape Breton

By F. W. GRAY

LOUISBOURG from its Foundation to its Fall, 1713-1758," by Senator J. S. McLennan (Macmillan, Toronto, \$8.00), is a notable contribution to Canadian historical literature.

In its imposing bulk, generous uncut margins, and its costly illustrations, the book is reminiscent of leisured works that were not infrequent in European libraries in the remote days before the war, but which Canadian culture has not developed in large numbers.

Senator McLennan belongs to a family not unknown in Canadian literature, William McLennan, a brother, having shown in "Songs of Old Canada" and in his volume of short stories, "Old France and New" a sympathetic insight into French influence on Canadian life and manners that has not been excelled.

In "Louisbourg, 1713-1758" Senator McLennan has likewise shown an understanding of France that it is not merely a result of comradeship in war, but of lifelong study of French history. This work is exhaustive of its subject, and has been written after years of research. The numerous foot-notes and references evidence the thoroughness with which the original documents have been consulted, and from the standpoint of historical accuracy and detail Senator McLennan's work will undoubtedly remain the standard reference on French Louisbourg.

The almost meticulous accuracy of the references does not, however, detract from the interest of the narrative, which is full of quaint anecdote distilled from the mass of crabbed and archaic documents that must have been read before so monumental a work was possible.

The drinking habit seems to have been a failing of the inhabitants of Cape Breton at all times.

The chief drawback to the prosperity of Louisburg was unquestionably drink. It impressed Verville so much that he says, in explaining the ineffectiveness of the work going on, that the troops who should be at work escape daily to roam the woods, and to get drunk.

At a later date — 1719 — when a suggestion was made to move the garrison to Port Toulouse (St. Peter's), a petition to the King recited that, "If the King will pay the actual cost, they would gladly go to Port Toulouse, and leave behind the tavern-keepers, who made up two-thirds of the population of Louisbourg."

This is reminiscent of a description written after a lapse of a century by Richard Brown,

who, in writing about the collieries near Sydney, records the daily routine of the miners.

All hands, being summoned to breakfast by the ringing of the bell, abandoned their work, and rushed to the Store, whence each, having swallowed a glass of raw rum, went to his breakfast. The same process was repeated with regard to dinner, and again at 7 p.m., when the day's work was done.

The lapse of a further century has not seen the custom pass into entire obsolescence in Cape Breton.

Senator McLennan has not only enlivened his record by selections of incident that reconstruct the social life of a French colonial garrison of two centuries ago, and show that human foibles are much the same in all ages, but he has viewed history with a statesmanlike vision, and the greatest value of the book lies in the lessons drawn from the course of events at Louisbourg as instancing the influence of naval power upon the rise and fall of empire.

In a postscript to the preface of 1914, written in June 1918, it is remarked that the views expressed in the book as to the importance of naval power "are being confirmed on every sea". A much more convincing confirmation has since been witnessed at Scapa Flow.

Admiral Horace Hood's assistance in preparing a chart showing the position of Boscawen's ships at the taking of Louisbourg in 1758 (which is one of a number of charts that are included in a pocket at the end of the volume) is acknowledged in the 1914 preface, and in the 1918 postscript a very restrained reference to this gallant sailor's death is made. But the name of Hood did not cease with this death to be represented among the great commanders of Britain's sea forces.

I ordered them (the Third Battle-cruiser Squadron) to take station ahead, which was carried out magnificently, Rear-Admiral Hood bringing his squadron into action ahead in a most inspiring manner, worthy of his great naval ancestors.

So wrote Admiral Beatty reporting the Battle of Jutland to the Lords of the Admiralty. What a pageant of our national history is called up by this continuity of naval tradition!

Admiral Lord Hood, Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Captain Alexander Hood, are names associated with those of Rodney and Nelson, and, probably not unintentionally, Senator McLennan's restrained reference to the Admiral Hood whose name will be linked in our histories with the most striking demonstration of maritime power of our times is illuminating as lightning, and illustrates by one sentence the

truth which the work elaborates with careful detail.

Senator McLennan refers to the administration of Louisbourg, and other French colonies, as being "dominated by a theory which has had some influence to within memory of the living, namely, the conception that colonies were entirely for the benefit of the mother-country."

The writer of a memorial on the settlement of Cape Breton stated: "Colonies are necessary only as they are useful to the state from which they take their origin; they are useful only in as much as they procure for these states new advantages and solid means of extending their commerce."

When the interests of the French merchant clashed with those of the colonist, the latter had to give way. "There does not seem to be any evidence", writes Senator McLennan, "that the French had, as had in a misty instinctive way the English, the foreshadowing of the Imperial idea of mother-country and colony, sharing burdens and mutually adapting production to a common profit."

The author's personal knowledge of Cape Breton is revealed in the following sympathetic description of the varying moods of an Island to which the thoughts of those who have known it intimately always recur:

Cape Breton has weather as dreary and disappointing as well can be conceived. There are weeks in Autumn when a dull earth meets a laden sea, in winter when the ground is white, the sea sombre. In spring the sea is white and glistening with drift ice, the land dreary with dead vegetation, in early summer the sea and land are dank with fog, and at any time occur gales of wind which are always

blustering and often destructive. Although by the accounting of the meteorologist the difficult or unpleasant conditions predominate, the good weather so far surpasses in degree the bad, that, the latter past, it seems but naught. On fine days the moorland is a sheet of glowing russet and gold, the rocks are so noble a background for the most pellucid of seas, the clouds which hang in the over-arching blue are so monumental in shape, the line of the coast which dies down to the eastern horizon is so picturesque in outline, that they, seen through an air sparkling, limpid, exhilarating in the highest degree, make of Louisbourg a delight which must have appealed to its people in the past, as it does to the visitor of to-day. Above all, when the inhabitant reached the turning-point of his promenade at the ramparts, he looked over an ocean which stretched unbroken to southern polar ice. That ocean was the only highway of important news. On it mysterious sails appeared in the offing and pirates plundered. Each ship which worked in from its horizon might bring tidings of adventure or of consequence to the onlooker or the community. With such a prospect life might be hopeless but it could not be permanently dull.

The dedication is to "My Son, Hugh McLennan, who, a student at Beaux-Arts, Paris, enlisted in August 1914 in the Canadian Field Artillery, and was killed in action near Ypres, April 27th, 1915". Hugh McLennan enlisted with the 17th Battery from Sydney, which mobilized in August 1914, and was one of the first of that devoted corps to fall in the tremendous and critical struggle of the first spring-time of the war. On this stricken field fought side by side French and English from the old lands, and their descendants from Canada. The circumstances under which Senator McLennan's work appears add poignancy to his wise conclusions, but we could wish that the dedication had been spared him. Hugh McLennan was an only son.

Methodism and Materialism

Bertrand W. Sinclair's "Burned Bridges" (Briggs, Toronto, \$1.60) is a good yarn and makes enjoyable reading, especially when one considers that it is published under the auspices of the Methodist Book Room, whose broadmindedness in sponsoring it is a refutation of the popular conception. Wesley Thompson is a young Methodist minister who is sent by a Toronto Missionary Board up into the Athabasca wilds to bring the light of Christianity to the Indians and white settlers in that country around the trading post of Lone Moose. Wesley's laudable ambitions are somewhat damped on arrival when he finds that the Lone Moosers neither seek the light or worry over their soul's salvation. The damping process is accentuated still further by the conditions in which he is compelled to live and through the materialistic arguments of the heroine, Sophie Carr. Sophie and her father eventually succeed in

weaning Wesley away from the narrow tenets of Methodism and the young missionary renounces the teaching of religion and learns to stand on his own feet as a worker in various manual occupations. When the Great War came along, Wesley felt the call of duty and enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps, returning wounded. After some heart-burnings he wins the sophisticated Sophie and all is rosy when he takes charge of a Soldier's Settlement scheme in Northern British Columbia. The story is well written and very interesting, but one feels that the writer is endeavouring to emulate Jack London's "Sea Wolf" by using a light readable fiction as a background for the expression of materialistic beliefs. Wesley would have made a better hero had he stuck to the main principles of his theological training and endeavoured to apply them to conditions as he found them.

May Sinclair on Family Horrors

THE year has certainly not produced a more clever novel than May Sinclair's "Mary Olivier: A Life." If it comes to that, the century now one-fifth over may not have produced a more clever set of books than Miss Sinclair's half-dozen masterpieces. We may not like cleverness, but we have to admit it and admire it and undergo its fascination. (Miss Sinclair's writing holds one exactly like the swift, inexplicable movements and the steady, inhuman gaze of a snake.)

Even with men, in spite of the large proportion of their time which is passed away from home, in relations with their fellow-men, the atmosphere of the domestic interior is very often the predominant influence in the moulding of their character and the making or marring of their lives, but it gets scant recognition in the average novel except at the brief period when the choice of a mate (that most individual of all actions in the modern Anglo-Saxon world) is affected by family considerations—from the crude form of parental authority and economic control down to the infinite gradations of subtle contacts by which parents, brothers, sisters, cousins can bring their wills to bear on the chooser. At which period, by the way, the sum total of family influence is often less than in any other year and any other act of a man's life. But if home influence is powerful with men, how vastly more compelling and determining must it be with women, whose outside contacts are smaller and less important and less under their control, whose life is lived mainly between the front and back doors. Miss Sinclair, appreciative of this truth and of its neglect by contemporary fiction, has set herself to the portrayal of the most subtle currents in the domestic life, and of characters who are more than ordinarily responsive to those currents. And being intensely concerned for the freedom of the individual, and knowing how to play upon that sympathy for individual freedom which is now pretty strong in most of us, she finds the vast majority of these currents contemptible, debasing, fettering, selfish, destructive both to those who impart and those who receive them. It is an over-statement, but it is an over-statement of an important truth.

It is difficult to imagine a more appalling set of family influences than that in which Mary Olivier spends her entire life except for the twelve days during which she asserts her individuality sufficiently to go and live with the man of her choice—whom she cannot marry because to marry him would mean saddling him with the impossible incubus of her selfish mother. Miss Sinclair's method, of imparting the story solely in the form of impressions made upon the mind of Mary, has the regrettable result of leaving us somewhat in the dark as to the origins of the unlikable characteristics of Mary's relatives, which range from selfishness and drunkenness to complete insanity. To understand a little more might be to pardon a little more—but pardon is the last reaction that Miss Sinclair wishes to set up in us. We see Mary pardoning them and loving them in spite of their atrocities, and it makes us more angry, with them than ever. We do not see Mary getting any good out of it, because Mary was not conscious of getting any good out of it, as people seldom are conscious of good from their thwarted instincts and their fettered powers; but a more omniscient viewpoint might perhaps show us that the sacrifices were not all on one side.

Mary was the kind of girl who should not have been immolated on the family altar. She was portentously clever, like Miss Sinclair, and uncompromisingly truthful and conscientious, ditto. She realized with appalling keenness all her mother's defects

while loving her just as devotedly as ever—which, of course, is a perfectly correct depiction of family affection. The whole family were monopolists, each wanting the exclusive affection of such of the others as they were interested in, and violently jealous of any share accorded to anybody else. The mother literally destroys the lives of some of her children (and actually brings about the deaths of two) by her persistent obstruction of their instincts for self-development, her passion for keeping them in subjection to herself—not a disciplinary, harsh subjection, but that more insidious form which is compatible with all the shows of outward affection.

At the close of the book Mary is relieved of



MAY SINCLAIR.

all her relatives by death and of all obligation to her lover by his marriage to somebody else. We trust not to misrepresent Miss Sinclair's thought when we say that apparently she feels that only in this ruthless abolition of all personal ties is there any possibility of happiness for such a character as Mary Olivier. It is an interesting, and tenable, theory. Mary assures herself that had she married her lover, Richard, she would have put on one more fetter and one that would have endured for a lifetime; she would have lost her own full fruition, her "real self." And "if there's anything in it at all,

losing my real self would be losing Richard, losing Richard's real self absolutely and for ever. Knowing reality is knowing that you can't lose it." Mary was a Kantian. It may be difficult to take the Kantian view of things, but that does not prove that it is wrong.

Sometime in the near future we hope to have time and space to expatiate on the amazing qualities and defects of Miss Sinclair's style, which in this book has hardened and defined itself to an amazing intensity. Reading it feels a little like being gone over very hard with a small-tooth comb.

Rose Sidgwick

By J. A. DALE

THERE will be some of our readers for whom the name of Rose Sidgwick will call up gracious memories and keen regrets. Some will remember her as one of the British Universities Commission which visited Canada and the States last winter. They may have heard her speak at the University Club in Montreal, and will recall the clear thinking, fitting language, musical voice and personal charm. It was a finished example of the difficult after-dinner art which has so many laborers and so few masters—an art to the practice of which many be called but few chosen.

By heredity and early associations, as well as by ability and personality, she was destined to a leading part in the movement which is bringing women more and more into enlightened citizenship. Few men of their generation combined with such attractive and persuasive force the Arnoldian qualities of "light and leading" and "sweet reasonableness" as Henry Sidgwick in Cambridge and Arthur Sidgwick in Oxford. What distinguished them was the possession, in their different degrees, of the powers of critical analysis and generous enthusiasm. These were at the service of a forward-looking mind, stimulated by practical sympathy with the concerns of humanity. All university faculties contain men of markedly different attitudes toward the movements that are transforming society under their eyes. Oxford is not alone in being at once "the home of lost causes," of forlorn hopes, and of causes destined to win. The Sidgwicks had open eyes and warm hearts, and they reacted eagerly along the lines of their temperament.

They left abiding marks both in scholarship and in practical affairs. All students of politics and ethics know the finely-dividing and delicately balanced mind of Henry Sidgwick. Both were pioneers in the higher education of women—Newnham stands as a monument of Henry, and his wife who was its Principal. Students of psychology know him as one of the

brilliant group who founded the Psychical Research Society, and realize the value of his almost over-critical mind in the sifting of the chaotic evidence and elusive data which that most difficult science has set out to organize. Both could be relied upon for wise counsel and practical help, because of their keen sympathy with whatever seemed to them vital—because of their humanity, in the widest and deepest sense of that beautiful word. Like true teachers, they lived as much in the lives about them as in their own, and were always "spending and being spent." This was true not only in their university work narrowly conceived. For instance, Arthur Sidgwick was one of those who, with York Powell and Sidney Ball, with the past and present Masters of Balliol, gave their countenance to the beginnings of the movement for the further education of adults from the elementary schools, which developed into the Workers' Educational Association.

Many similar instances could be given. But I prefer my last note to be a recollection of his radiant enthusiasm for the subject he was teaching. For him there was little that was dead in his Greek or Latin. The *Odyssey* and the *Aeneid* shone out in their original beauty and sang their resistless music as he read them with thrilling voice and shining face. He knew them for what they are: the expression, on the lips of true men and great artists, of thoughts immortal because ever recurrent in the experience of man. It could not be said of him that he only appreciated these qualities in the ancients; he rejoiced in the finest expressions of humanity wherever he found it. Both of them sought and loved whatsoever things are lovely and true and of good report. Rose Sidgwick inherited their spirit of scholarship, of kindness and service, as she inherited their ability and charm. Her sudden untimely death from influenza on the way back to England has robbed the younger generation of educated women of a career rich in promise.

Birds of Peasemarth

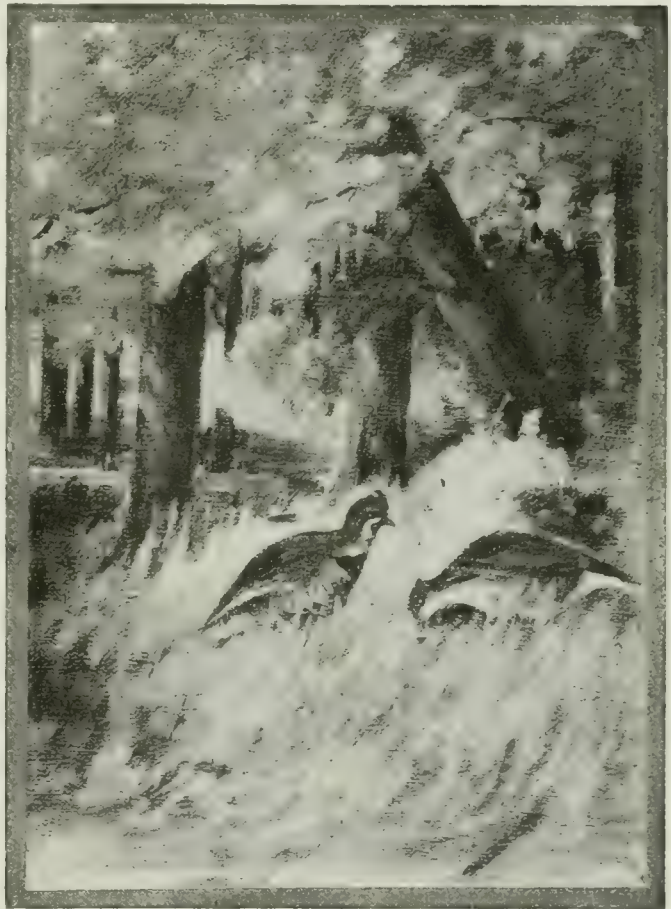
THERE are authors who write nature books because a publisher has offered them money to do so, and who would just as soon write treatises on theology or conchology; and there are authors who write nature books because of an irresistible urge to communicate to others their own passionate enthusiasm for the affairs of the sub-human world. There need be no hesitation about setting down Miss E. L. Marsh, author of "Birds of Peasemarth" (Musson, Toronto, \$1.50) in the latter class. This book is the record of a devoted and loving observer of bird life; one, too, who inherits her love of the flying creatures from her parents, the founders of Peasemarth Sanctuary, and the earliest discoverers of what a great naturalist has called one of the greatest bird homes in the world.

"Birds of Peasemarth" is not a mere poetic rhapsody upon the beauty and wisdom and charm of the feathered population. It is also a very practical statement of the case for the bird on economic grounds. And there is need for this case to be stated as often and in as many different ways and with as much eloquence and appeal as possible. For the old follies and prejudices which have led to the destruction of so many millions of little songsters and pest-removers are by no means dead. Dead they may be among that small element of the population which keeps an alert mind and reads books and magazines and is open to new ideas; but among at least 90 per cent of Canadians the old contemptuous or hostile attitude towards birds still persists and still needs to be broken down. Miss Marsh tells many stories that illustrate this. The tale of the barn swallow is particularly touching. This bird is confiding by nature and fond of barns and outhouses for its home, and as a result it has for generations been the prey of every small boy with an airgun or small rifle. Instead of being persecuted he ought to be assisted in his fight against unkindly nature, for he has already enemies enough. The European Sparrow, for whom few enlightened bird lovers seem to have much affection, is his deadly foe, and the cat and the red squirrel are no more sympathetic. Miss Marsh is not merely defending him by converting his human enemies; she is also helping him in his job as a house-builder. And what a house-builder he is!

No one could watch a Swallow build without the greatest wonder and admiration. They can plaster a nest on a beam or wall so firmly that it will remain a fixture for years. Down in the mud puddles they find their plaster, and their beaks are their

trowels. They will work away in the puddles getting mud of the exact constituency required. Then away they go, plaster it on that wonderful little structure, and back they come for more. If the season is very dry they can be greatly helped, and sometimes attracted to a place, if some mud is kept near, on some old boards or in a broken box.

Though it may take time, ingenuity and patience to protect the Barn Swallows, it is well worth while, for every particle of food they take is lessening our insect pests. If forced out of our barns and sheds to nest they will be at the mercy of their natural enemies, larger and more deadly than European Sparrows, and when it is too late we shall wake to the fact that there are no more fork-tailed Barn Swallows.



The Home of the Grouse.

—From "Birds of Peasemarth."

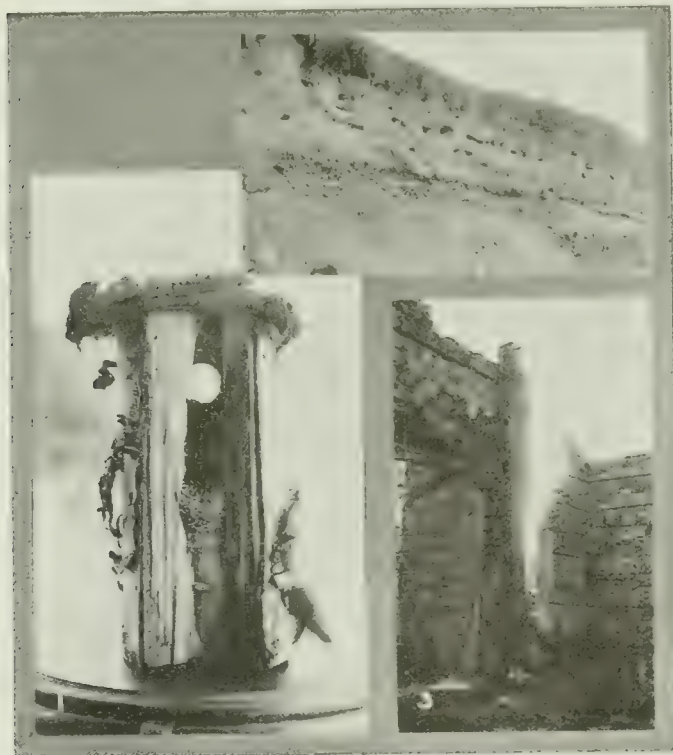
Often these birds search out some old deserted house or barn and there build their nests. This is for safety rather than from preference, for they seem to be naturally sociable creatures. Through sad experiences they have learned that in occupied buildings they are not always unmolested.

The farther away the Swallows are driven the more flies there will be about the buildings. Anyone who has the slightest doubt that they are the best fly catchers should watch them when they are feeding their young. Back and forth they flit, catching flies to fill the open mouths. Each day they are

bringing comfort to the four-legged creatures of the barn yard.

In the old horse stable here we have had, for many years, a Barn Swallow's nest plastered on the side of one of the beams. Other pairs nest about the old sheds, but this pair have clung to their nest in the horse stable. Each year they have hatched twice. Last year they brought out the first family in safety, and it was a family any Barn Swallow might well be proud of as they flitted about the yard catching flies for themselves. But they came to grief with the second lot. These were found one morning lying dead on the stable floor. A pair of European Sparrows that all summer had dodged our efforts to get them must have done the deed. So the next year we shall have one family of Swallows less to catch the flies in our barnyard.

In a stable not far away the fork-tailed Barn Swallows had nested in safety high above the horses for a number of years. Then came a summer when a new chore boy appeared, and scarcely had they begun to hatch their first nestlings, when down came the nest, and the little broken eggs lay scattered on the stable floor. The Swallows would not go into the stable again all summer, and all summer long the



(1) Bluebird's Nest inside Nest Box.
 (2) Burrows of Bank Swallow.
 (3) Temporary Chimney Erected for Swifts.
 —From "Birds of Peasemarth."

horses were tormented by a horde of flies. Had that boy, when a child at school, heard something of the value of birds and learned to regard them as friends and neighbors that Swallow's nest would never have come down, and the old farm horses could have taken their meals in peace.

The main theme of the book is the subject of attracting birds to particular (and of course appropriate) sites by giving them protection and comfortable nesting-places. That they learn to know what places are safe Miss Marsh has no doubt whatever. And obviously the Sanctuary, once established, must be perman-

ent. To win the confidence of the birds by giving them protection for a few years, and then to withdraw it—that were indeed an unpardonable, an unsportsmanlike act, and one which must recoil on the whole race of humans, just as the misbehavior of some motorists brings the whole army of car-owners into disrepute. And for the successful Sanctuary, as for successful benefactions in every walk of life, something more than a mere good intent is needed. There must be brains and real sympathy.

It is remarkable how many prospective Sanctuary owners disregard altogether the tastes and simple requirements of the would-be feathered tenants. Only yesterday an individual was talking glibly of his plans for a newly acquired possession, a few acres of land along the shore, where hitherto the trees and bushes, the vines and reeds and waving grasses had grown in wild profusion. Among them many a bird had found cover, food and home. Now the new owner dilated on what he would do to this spot of rare beauty. He would cut those reeds and vines and all the tall, waving grass; he would trim the overhanging branches of the trees. But his crowning triumph was to be at the mouth of the stream. It was where the Bitterns and Cranes and Herons had fished from time immemorial. Kingfisher nested in the bank, and Redwing in the overhanging bushes. The new owner would cut away those bushes, alter the bank completely, and make the place a harbour for motor launches.

"And then," he added, with a triumphant wave of his hand, "we will have it made a Bird Sanctuary."

It would indeed require a printed notice to show for what the place was intended. The birds would not weave their nests in those poor trees trimmed to spindling proportions. The shy Blue Heron would not come to live where pleasure launches had taken the place of reeds and bushes. The world of arrogant humans might say he had improved the place, but the wild things would go. As a bird sanctuary it would be as desolate as the house when the wedding guests were gone.

Very different is a real bird sanctuary, with its cool, shady retreats, its sheltering bushes and its profusion of dogwood and sumacs. It needs no printed notice to make known its purpose, hundreds of feathered songsters will proclaim its name. A visit there is an inspiration. Birds have nesting places, they have learned they are safe and that the food supply will not run out, and so they have returned spring after spring, bringing others with them.

Bird Sanctuaries, it will be seen, are not a thing for the society faddist, whose enthusiasms have no depth and whose ambitions dry up and wither on stony soil. They need (may we say?) a vocation. One must feel that one is worthy of the birds, and is capable of repaying their trust. The tenant with a two-year lease should not try to start one, nor the owner who intends to sell his farm as soon as he can get a profit on it. But to those who love the soil and streams of their own lovely land we can commend nothing more delightful than the establishment of one of these havens of safety in a world full of perils to all the flying kind. They will repay all that is put into it, a thousand-fold.

Reflections of a Bookseller

By MARY FLETT

THE indifferent passerby little realizes the upheaval that the war made in the life of the real bookseller. I do not refer to the salesman in a department store, who sells a book on logarithms and "The Book of Irish Verse" with the same lack of emotion, but rather to the little shop, where booklovers were wont to gather, and gloat quite as much as they bought; where every customer was a friend, and not, as now, merely what the word implies; where bookselling was a delightful occupation, and not a bartering trade.

Those were the days when buying a book was almost a sacrament, and a book was a sacred thing, but there were giants in the land then, and publishers' agents came "bearing gifts, aloes and cassia and myrrh."

People read poetry then—the real stuff, not this *vers libre*. They read fairy tales too, and if for their sins they could not quite believe them, at least they could pretend they did, and even that was something.

The novels were entirely different too. They actually had heroes and heroines, and though these were often dazzling in their virtue, still one was forced to admire them. It may seem presumptuous for a creator of pen and ink characters to outdo "The Great Artificer" by making his people of a greater virtue, but I am forced to admit that I prefer my heroes to have at least loveable faults while as for my heroines, I can take them without blemish, and never wink. A lily may be fairer for growing in a dung heap, but so long as I am limited to one in a vase on my desk I prefer to think of it as having grown in some sweet old garden. Evil smelling fertilisers may produce corn with the greatest number of proteins, but I do not want to be forced to think of them while I am eating, and that is precisely what the modern novelist would have you do. And as for spy stories, they had not come into existence, while today I see that even Christopher Morley has written one.

We mourn for Joyce Kilmer, that man who could write with sincerity:

"A poem can come from a fool like me,
But it takes a God to make a tree."

for Rupert Brooke, with his wonderful gift, for Bernard Trotter, and Alan Sigsbee, but there is a rapture in our grief for them; "The flame that fired their embers shall never die." But what of the men who read their books? For them our sorrow is more poignant, for even their race seems past. Though they still live in body, they have lost something that they once possessed. A young man, who was one of my dearest friends before the war, was recently welcomed back by me with an unbounded delight, and apart from the warm feeling that I

had for him personally was the expectation that we should be able to renew our mutual gloating over choice bits of poetry as in the past, but he soon shattered my hopes, by telling me that he had in some way lost all his taste for that sort of reading; whether it was that he was more restless, he did not know, but the fact remained that he could not settle down to a book with any degree of pleasure.

He and his fellows were the men who read Synge, Yeats and Padraic Colum; and A. E. was a password to a magic world, where they could "be one with the twilight's dream;" to whom Lady Gregory was more than an empty name, was in fact a key to unlock delight; and to them Irish stood for something unique in literature, and neither Sinn Feinism or a difficult race. But their fine sense of appreciation has been blunted, and I fear beyond repair, for it almost seems like a case of "We had a kettle, we let it leak." Well may we mourn for them, for their loss is greater than ours, for never again will they have the spirit to wander with Hilaire Belloc over "The Path to Rome" or travel with Robert Louis and his donkey, and with that I admit that they have been put to the final test, for where indeed today shall we find a man who would prefer a Modestine to a Ford, even though they develop the same virtues?

Gone are the whimsical books where the hero discussed for the reader's delectation and his own satisfaction the innermost workings of his immortal soul. Emotion has given place to motion in "the lexicon of youth." They all must fly, whether on sea or land or in the air.

This is essentially a mechanical age, and although a certain amount of imagination is necessary in even the most mechanical of inventions, still it is a commercialised imagination that does not tend to make man feel more deeply, to appreciate beauty more keenly, or in any way help the growth of the soul. In short it is imagination without a soul. With this comes a lamentable loss of repose, and with that loss comes necessarily the loss of day dreaming. No one dreams now-adays, nor do they think;—they calculate. The essay form of writing has suffered greatly from these changes, for in spite of the fact that they were supposed to belong to the "slippered age," it has always been the younger people who really preferred them. It was they who—psychologically true to form—read with particular relish the musings of "the Gentle Elia," and others of his ilk.

What bookseller of today, with an eye to the contents of the cash register, as opposed to the more picturesque till, would ever dream of stocking "Cranford?" And yet I remember

when that was a favorite book among young girls who fancied the quaint in good literature, and when it sold in quantities as a school prize. I can fancy the feelings of the modern Miss, were she presented with a copy. She might possibly be able to "dissemble her feelings," if she thought there was a chance of changing it for the latest work on engine trouble, but otherwise I shudder to think of the result.

The children are as bad as any in this craze for a modern line in literature. It is only their grandfathers, that today find pleasure in "Alice in Wonderland," and still love "Water Babies." Giving the motion picture all credit for the great good that it is undoubtedly doing, still I fear it is largely responsible for this change in the children. In spite of the most careful censoring they must see things that were never meant for childish eyes, and being still the children of Eve, naturally that is what they prefer. But what they will lose if they are never to know at first hand, from the pens of the men who made them, of John Ridd, Alan Breck, or Hereward the Wake, will never be made up to them by the modern heroes, who triumph over the elements in a way to make Moses, Joshua and Jonah look sick.

In this tale of change I must not forget the older women, for they are the most hopelessly changed of all. There was once a special class of literature published for them, known to the trade as the "bedside books." Thomas A' Kempis was the favorite in this series, but there were many others, such as "Gold Dust" and

"Daily Light." Well worn copies of these were to be found on many a bedside table, and from their pages came no doubt much of the inspiration that kept those women—of what seems now like another world—serene and sweet in all the storm and stress of daily life. I doubt if the literature they now affect, along the line of the upbringing of children—written mostly by theorists—or the books on parliamentary rules and procedure can have the same effect. But—I hear some one say—these books were retrospective and tended to make their readers morbid, and besides the need for them is gone. Woman today does not need to draw her strength from such sources. She has plenty within herself, gleaned from her fuller life that makes those oldfashioned methods entirely unnecessary. That may be so; all I know is, that if I could have one old lady dressed as they used to dress come in my shop, and ask for a book of "helpful quotations from the scriptures" to give to her boy who was going away to college, I should feel as if "the Blessed Damozel" herself had come to pay me a visit.

Strange to say, in the midst of the upsetting of all our preconceived ideas as to what is right and proper, it is to the middle-aged man that we look for comfort. Whether he is more conservative or lacks the spirit of progress, I know not, but whatever his fault or virtue, I have no quarrel with him, for he still reads, and reads the old standard books, thereby keeping the bookseller from feeling that he is an utter anachronism.

Acanthus

By F. O. CALL

BENEATH the sculptured marble portico
 Of a Greek temple, white against the sky,
 Carved capitals on pillars rising high
 Gleam like great blossoms in the noonday's glow.
 Proudly each column in the stately row
 Its crown of beauty wears; the sunbeams die
 Among Acanthus leaves that nestling lie
 Where they were carved three thousand years ago.

Eternal Beauty, thou wilt not be bound
 By time forged fetters, but dost find a home
 Where lofty pillars rise acanthus-crowned
 'Neath northern spire or gilded southern dome,
 Eternal Beauty, Everlasting Truth,
 Thou hast the secret of undying youth.

The Ready-Made Review

WHY criticise any novel when the publisher does so? This American habit which has lately sprung up of puffing one's own wares on the paper-cover is an obnoxious one. As the publisher's only desire is to sell as many copies as possible, it is natural that his praise is both unstinted and untempered. Publishers and booksellers in past days were generally people with a fine sense of the literary! Ichabod! (The last was probably the late Bertram Dobell.) Now both classes are merely commercialists, as much so as "Mr. Eno" or "Mother Siegel." The day of "sending out" a novel was a matter of personal interest to the firm, and a good or bad criticism of the book, a matter of moment. Everyone nowadays writes novels, or tracts, while many schools exist to train the uninitiated in writing advertisements. So I read on the paper cover of "The Hills of Desire," by Richard Aumerle Maher (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.50), that "Behind their old horse Donahue, Jimmy and Augusta go a-riding in search of health. Jimmy is ambitious to be an author, but his lungs are not very strong (this seems to be an inadequate reason), and so he decides to keep out of doors and seek inspiration and strength in the hills. His wife who is as thoroughly an enjoyable person as Jimmy accompanies him. . . ." Of course it would never have done for Jimmy

to have gone alone, for some Jezebel might have looked out of her window, and invited him to tiffin. So it is much better that Augusta went with him, especially as she is so "thoroughly enjoyable." The particular way in which this unique pair are so delectable is rather discounted by the next sentence: "And as for Donahue—well, perhaps he is the most 'important character' of them all." At this point our faith is somewhat shaken in Jimmy and his fascinating wife, so we are glad to have it restored by learning that Jimmie and Augusta "went on their travels and the experiences that they have are charmingly described. The story throughout has that quality of interest, of humanness, that distinguishes its author's two previous novels, 'The Shepherd of the North' and 'Gold Must be Tried by Fire.'"

Enfin! The school of advertisement—three birds at one pellet! . Nothing for the critic to do! The perfect simplicity of modern business! Shall I write what I think of this novel with the fascinating title? No, a thousand times no! If I disagree with the above criticism, nobody will pay any attention; all second reviews are useless. If I endorse (or even add a few superlative adjectives to the publisher's note), it would be superfluous. What then? Better leave it to the discriminating reader (with leisure) to find out for himself.—S. O. R.-H.

A Novel With Real Morals

The high tone of Mary Imlay Taylor's novel "A Candle in the Wind" (Dent, Toronto, \$1.60) is a pleasant change from the run of novels where moral issues are continually fogged. Diane Herford loves a young explorer, Overton, whose friend and travelling companion, Faunce, returns to tell of his death in the Arctic wilds. The laurels belonging to Overton are showered upon Faunce, and it seems to Diane that a man's life is like a candle in the wind. As a college youth Faunce had fallen in love with Diane, and he sets out now to win her. Attracted by his association with Overton, Diane at length yields to what she thinks are the dictates of her heart. Faunce is to lead another expedition, and she will accompany him as far as a woman can go. As she is donning her travelling garments after the wedding ceremony, an "Extra" announces the return of Overton with an English expedition. Confronted by his father-in-law and his old friend,

Dr. Cerry, Faunce protests that it is impossible that Overton can be alive. He and Diane go on their honeymoon; and at her father's place in the mountains she meets Overton, who declares his love and is informed of her marriage. The two men meet, and it is determined that for Diane's sake Faunce's desertion of his friend in the Arctic regions shall be hushed up. But Faunce, on his return to his hut, no longer able to bear the remorse that is eating into his life, tells Diane that he has become an addict to chloral. Diane in horror leaves him and returns to her father, who determines that she shall divorce her husband. Faunce, who through the intervention of his rival starts out upon the expedition, first confesses everything in the evening papers. Diane's discovery that she is moved more by love of Overton than by horror of Faunce's deed leads her to return to her husband, who by the intervention of Overton is retained as head of the expedition.

Beware the Teuton Professor!

PROFESSOR Alexander W. Crawford, who occupies the chair of English in the University of Manitoba, is the author of of a handy little volume entitled "Germany's Moral Downfall" (Abingdon Press, New York, \$1.00). The sub-title of Professor Crawford's book is "The Tragedy of Academic Materialism," and the motive which impelled him to the writing of it is to be found in certain paragraphs relating to the alleged mental and moral state of "a large number of American university professors," as described in a recent book by Professor J. H. Leuba entitled "The Belief in God and Immortality." From this volume Professor Crawford deduces that the higher education of American youth is passing into the hands of materialists and atheists to an extent little dreamed of by the public, and he has felt called upon to present his argument against a materialistic view of the universe in a form in which he may do something to combat this deplorable tendency.

Those who have read any considerable quantity of the literature which during the latter years of the war, and since its termination, has discussed the moral conceptions of the German people, will not find very much that is new in Professor Crawford's book, though his suggestion that the German inclination to a philosophy of force and power is due to historical studies confined to the ancient world and to the history of Prussia only in the modern world is an interesting one and capable of further development. It is undoubtedly true, as he points out, that German historians and philosophers have unanimously failed to learn anything from the progress of ethical ideals among the more civi-

lized European races since the Middle Ages, but it is difficult to trace connections of cause and effect in such matters with any definiteness. German materialism may be due to a neglect to study the history of non-materialistic nations, or the neglect to study may be due to German materialism. The disposition to ignore facts which clash with one's preconceived opinions and desires is at least as common in Germany as anywhere else.

Professor Crawford gives an ample supply of quotations to justify his account of the philosophy of the Prussian ruling classes. Much of his volume was originally written for publication in the *Christian Guardian*, of Toronto, a fact which may account for occasional carelessness of diction, such as the statement that "the Teuton mind, ever ready for any warrant for their social arrogance, seized upon and adapted his (Nietzsche's) thought and proclaimed themselves as the one race of supermen."

We are inclined to doubt whether the education of American youth is really in as much danger as Professor Crawford supposes. We have known too many instances of the most lofty-minded and idealistic instructors of youth being condemned as materialists because they failed to subscribe to the literal creeds of some religious body, and accused of defying morality, because they denied the applicability of certain mediaeval or pre-Christian rules of morality to the present time, but the spirit which Professor Crawford attacks is a spirit which deserves attack, whether, since its collapse upon the fields of Belgium, it be powerful or weak, dangerous or incapable of harm.

"Sapper," The English Robert Chambers

"MUFTI", the new full-length novel by "Sapper," otherwise Cyril McNeile (Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.50), is one of those books which cannot be laid down, but which one is not, at the conclusion, quite definitely glad that one took up. We suspect "Sapper" of aiming, now that the war is over, at being the Robert W. Chambers of England; that is to say, we fancy he is more solicitous about stirring his readers to excitement than about giving them his best knowledge of life and men and women. He is beginning to exploit, rather than to use legitimately, his wonderful skill in depicting emotional situations. In this tale a young woman who for family reasons is expected to marry a wealthy old dyspeptic is loved by, and comes to love, a gallant captain of the Expeditionary Force, the hero of the novel. She is unable to decide between love and the horrible sacrifice which presents it-

self as family duty. Upon the captain's becoming pressing, and the dyspeptic's being rather more dyspeptic than usual, she visits the captain's bedroom at night. But the captain, perceiving that her action is the result of nervous strain and bewilderment rather than decision, and being unwilling to take her except in free and clear-minded surrender, declines to take advantage of her indiscretion, and merely induces her to promise that she will take no final step for a fortnight. During the fortnight he is torpedoed and remains unconscious until that period is more than up, after which he recovers and returns to London to find that she has married the dyspeptic, and is performing bare-legged dances in London drawingrooms by way of relieving her feelings. The tale seems inexcusable, but the telling is vastly clever, and there will be great numbers of persons who will think that "Mufti" is a perfectly wonderful novel.

“Mare Nostrum”

THERE is a certain type of women which is plentifully represented in that inferior species of literature and drama to which we apply the title of melodrama, but which has seldom been made the subject of serious study and representation in the higher forms of art. This is the adventuress-spy type, the woman who by a seemingly easy transition passes from the use of her physical charms for the directly mercenary purpose of extracting a living from men, to the much more interesting and exacting business of using those same charms for promoting the secret objects of a government Intelligence Department. It is natural that she should be a subject of melodrama, for her life is crammed with incident of the exciting and intriguing character which is the very essence of that form of entertainment. It is not unnatural that she should seldom enter the domain of serious art (though most great novelists have tried their hands on her at least once), because her whole mental and moral attitude is difficult to understand, to describe, and to render in an artistic manner. The feelings of the audience towards her are almost certain, for one thing, to be governed by its feelings towards the national cause which she is serving or the man whom she is using as its tool, rather than by the circumstances of her own particular case; if she is our spy she is all that is noble, and her every trick is justified; if she is the enemy's spy, she is so vile that we cannot think badly enough of her. There are obviously difficulties about employing such a figure in a central role in a serious novel or play.

Yet the type is an intensely interesting one, deserving of the most sympathetic and careful study. It has been more in the public eye of late, since we realized the extent to which the German Secret Service had developed the employment of precisely this class of women. And in his latest novel, “Mare Nostrum” (Dent, Toronto, \$1.90), Vicente Blasco Ibanez has undertaken very successfully a full-length portrait of an international adventuress who has thus been made a part of the gigantic German intrigue-machine, and who enters into her devilish work with all the enthusiasm and zest of the intelligent and zealous employee, convinced (partly by self-interest and partly by *esprit de corps*) that the ends aimed at by the employer are lofty and the means chosen are legitimate. Freya Talberg, a woman of uncertain but apparently not German origin, who has lived from early youth the life of a fairly successful adventuress, has, when we meet her, become an important part of the German espionage machine in Italy, and is assigned to the task of securing the services of a famous Spanish ship-captain and owner for the purpose of conveying fuel to German submarines in the Mediterranean. The operation would

not, probably, be particularly interesting if the captain were not a very notable figure, one of the biggest and most lifelike in Senor Ibanez' portrait gallery. Freya's conquest of his senses, the means by which she retains her ascendancy when his better self begins to protest, his final regaining of freedom after the horrible tragedy in which one of the German submarines is the means of the death of his beloved son, and his subsequent efforts to serve the Italian and Allied cause, to bring to justice the authors of the submarine plots in the Mediterranean, and thus to undo as far as possible the results of his temporary infatuation, are depicted with wonderfully effective detail. The conclusion is in keeping with the bigness and power of the characters. Freya, who because of her genuine love for the captain has become an object of suspicion to the German espionage machine, is permitted by her fellow-conspirators to fall into the hands of the French, and meets a spy's doom with theatrical courage, wearing, as her defending counsel narrates, “a dress of pearl gray silk, bronze stockings and low shoes, a great-coat of furs, and a large hat with plumes. Besides, the necklace of pearls was on her bosom, emeralds in her ears and all her diamonds on her fingers. ‘I die in my uniform like a soldier,’ she said to the lawyer. And the captain, shortly after reading this account of her end, goes down with his ship by a submarine torpedo, seeing the vision of Freya as he sinks into the abyss. Both are victims, physically and spiritually, of the German doctrine which places the interests of Germany above all moral law.

“Mare Nostrum” (“Our Sea”) is the name of the captain's vessel, and is symbolic of the author's conception of the Mediterranean as belonging to the Southern races, the Meridional blood, which dwells all around its northern shores, so that the intrusion of the armed forces of any hostile North-European power is a veritable pollution of sacred waters. The book is a characteristic Ibanez, with the usual profusion of vividly described detail, making its scenes stand out as if under the intense sunlight of the Mediterranean; the usual cinematographic flitting from scene to scene, with no waste words either in the description, the stage direction or the dialogue; the usual Hispanic frankness and red-bloodedness; the old delight in life and men and women, simply for being alive. If the zest is not quite so keen as in “The Matador”, the extraordinary study of bull-fighting life which can now be obtained in a Nelson reprint for seventy-five cents, it may be because international adventuresses are not after all so interesting to an acutely Spanish mind as the exponents of the national Spanish game, or because the demand for another book to succeed “The Four Horsemen” led to much hurrying.

The Bounder and the Cad

Hodges, Arthur, "The Bounder" Allen, Toronto,
\$1.60.

I have no idea of what the word "bounder" really means: that is to say I have no settled conviction on the subject, for I have met so many, all differing in degrees of "bounderism", from a traveller I once saw in a dining car of an express, performing the delicate feat of eating petits pois off the blade of his knife, to the man who roars with laughter at the faded tenor, or gibes the unsuccessful artist, or keeps a piece of chewing gum under the lapel of his coat. But having no "Webster" within reach, I am perforce obliged to accept Mr. Arthur Hodges's portrait of Fred Filbert as representing a correct likeness. And I must say at once that I think that the case against him is grave. People however may act in a "bounderish" way on a certain occasion without being really bounders. The true question to be decided is as to whether the disaffection is permanent or passing. Dora St. David gave a party in her flat in honour of Fred Filbert (who of course had written a most successful novel) which he never attended. He was in the habit of smoking cigars without removing the band, and out of a lucky bet he had purchased himself a lustrous diamond ring. Perhaps it is prejudice on my part, but to me, men and jewelled rings never match: diamond cuts diamond.

But Filbert was not content to be a mere bounder, by a simple process he grew into a cad. Again I regret having no "Webster" wherein to find the true definition. A cad appears to me a more harmful, a more intense bounder. There is something of the criminal

lurking in the cad, as indeed there was in Fred Filbert, and both Dora St. David and the Doctor treated him rather foolishly for the former should have hated him, and a doctor should not try to force a man to marry a woman whom he thinks he has wronged—on circumstantial evidence that would give a jurist a severe cold—because—well! they never do it! Besides the woman surely ought to be consulted. In a novel such a scene is merely childish: in real life it is simply impossible. So why write about childish impossibilities, when one can write of delightful improbabilities? It is to be supposed that the scene mentioned above is intended to represent a tragic piece of reality, a slice of Life. There is too much tragedy in the world for it to be lightly handled. One of the essentials in real tragedy is its inexorability: there is no escaping even from its shadow. But perhaps this scene was only intended to be an interlude.

To pursue the path of the "Bounder" from one unpleasant episode to another would be superfluous. One may be born a bounder but out of life we absorb the necessary ingredients of developing into a cad. The result is as unpleasant as the "Rake's progress". Perhaps Mr. Hodges was merciful in labelling Fred Filbert "bounder": his name justifies any appellation.

If any readers want to find out the path of mean bounderism they have only to secure the novel. For ourselves we are satisfied to replace the book on our critical shelf, and with a sigh of relief that we have "done our bit" turn to some entrancing pages of Symonds, or a Turgeniev fancy.—S. O. R.-H.

"Lilies White and Red"

MME. HUARD has personally experienced so many tragic events during the past five years, that it must be a great relief to her own heart-breakings, to express her feelings through such a far-reaching medium and to publish to the world at large her experiences and her opinions culled at first hand, of the individuals, who have earned for themselves the hated sobriquet of the world's enemy, as she has done in "Lilies White and Red."

For the time at least, war-stories seem to be a drug on the market. Deeply graven on our hearts and in our memories are the atrocities, the cruelties, the abhorred barbarisms of the last fearful years. It seems to me that there can only be a very few who will still wish to continue to spend their leisure time dwelling on the horrors of this war. We can never forget them . . . but we must carry on! The books we read influence our mental humors. There is still so much in Life to direct our

thoughts into happier channels. So why overlook the Beautiful and choose the sordid.

The two short stories, "Mademoiselle Prune" and "The Cockerel," will however, suit and please those who enjoy this class of tale. They are charmingly expressed, tender and sympathetic, full of interest and the strong human quality. Mlle. Prune, an old lovable Frenchwoman, who is classed as a traitress by the townfolk for being merely courteous and civil to the German captain billeted in her modest home,—is the heroine of the first. Her daily life is described and her tragic end is surely one of the unforgivable episodes taken from life.

Toto, in "The Cockerel," a young boy embodying the gallant spirit of France in his small body, is delightful. Despite gruesome details we follow him, hoping that a just and happy reward will be meted out to him to repay him for his dangerous and thrilling experiences . . . and we are not disappointed. (Dent, Toronto, \$1.90.)—S. O. R.-H.

A New Robert Watson Novel



ROBERT WATSON,

If Mr. Robert Watson would set himself for a year or two to the exclusive study of conversation "as she is spoke" by ordinary human beings and not by the heroes and heroines of mid-Victorian novels, he would quite possibly turn out to be a fiction-writer of some import-

ance. Even a schoolmaster, in British Columbia, does not, immediately after exchanging the kiss of compact with his beloved, address her with a paragraph beginning: "Now my, dear, that relentless sun is hurrying on his western journey and dipping as he goes." Mr. Watson's people all talk like the letter-writing of people not accustomed to that exercise—stiffly, stiltedly, with affectation and laborious carefulness. In other respects his new novel, "The Girl of O.K. Valley," is a considerable improvement on "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," for it tells a dramatically effective, if far from original, story, in a thoroughly workmanlike way, and some of its characters are quite vital when not engaged in talking like copybooks. It might be worth while for him to turn his attention to dialect, for the most natural character in the present book is Meg Shaw, who talks broad Scots and make no attempt to be "literary." The book is described as a romance of the Okanagan, but it is difficult to desery anything in it that might not have happened in any of the numerous realms known to fiction where innocent heroines are persecuted and naughty adventuresses and scheming uncles are eventually brought to naught. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50).



REV. S. W. FALLIS.

Book Steward of the Methodist Book Room, Now
Known as the Ryerson Press.

Treasure Trove

By J. A. DALE

THE reviewer sat down, in a mood of dejection, to combine his duty to the Editor and his readers with some forgetfulness of present disappointments. Rather listlessly he began to turn the pages of the books entrusted to him, looking for the points on which he must form his judgment. Suddenly the pages gleamed under his slow-turning finger, and the "dull narcotic exercise" gave way to delight. The reviewer's table, like Heine's sea, hath its pearls; and this proved a veritable serendipity bed of most amenable oysters.

I wonder by the way if my readers know that strangely yet magically ugly word "serendipity"? Horace Walpole coined it after reading a forgotten story of some mythical princes of Serendip (i.e. Ceylon), who had the delightful faculty of finding something else whenever they looked for something. I suppose their life was like a cunningly contrived salad, in which the skilful maker has set you off on one line of expectation, to lure you into unsuspected pleasures. A strange word for a happy experience, Wilfrid Meynell, in "Who's Who," declares it to be his "recreation"—a pretty jest. Everard Meynell used to have in London (and has recently re-opened) a Serendipity Shop—a name which would tempt every lover of books and things, if only they knew what it meant. A rare word too; I only recall one other use of it, in one of Frank Swinnerton's stories. But it expresses well the sensation I had in coming across Sir E. T. Cook's "Literary Recreations" (Macmillan, Toronto, \$2), and John Buchan's Poems, Scots and English (Jack, 1917, now published by Nelson, \$1). And the reviewer has no better desire for his readers than that they should share his pleasure in the salad, without the unnecessarily sharp change from the vinegar mood in which he found it.

Sir Edward says he found in war-time "occasional respite from official work in putting together a few slight chapters of literary recreation." His work, at least when he was chief censor, must have called for relief, which his memory and note-books, rich with the spoil of long experience, were well fitted to supply. His chapters are not really slight, but they have the quality of good talk. They bring back to the mind of the reviewer many a jolly and fruitful evening in just such an Oxford society as that at New College to which some of these papers were addressed.

John Buchan's Poems are also literary recreations, of a busy man and tireless writer of excellent prose in many kinds, who also has found scope in the war for his remarkable gifts. Both his verse and his prose have that distinction which comes from the continual choice of the right word—a tact noticed long ago by G. K. Chesterton. But the real discoveries are the poems in Scots. I caught at once the contagion of the writer's hearty enjoyment of his fine full-blooded verse, and rejoiced in its healthy humour and pathos. I should not like to have to pass an academic examination on the meaning of all the Scots words: which proves my linguistic limitations, and also hints at a certain futility in examinations.

The themes of Sir Edward's papers and Colonel Buchan's poems I will not disclose; they shall be treasure trove for the wise.

Just as we go to press, I hear of the death of Sir Edward Cook—a sad postscript to his *Literary Recreations*. Yet there is something fitting and beautiful in its being the last book of so "compleat" a bookman. After a good career at Oxford and a few years of Extension lecturing, he turned to journalism, joining the Pall Mall Gazette under John Morley. This was a remarkable school of journalism, with no lack of variety and strong individualism either in its chiefs or its young men. W. T. Stead succeeded Morley as editor, and Cook succeeded Alfred (now Lord) Milner as assistant, eventually following Stead as chief. We are reminded of another point in the brilliant succession by the recent death of that winning and forceful personality, Henry Cust. Cook afterwards edited the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Daily News*.

Another work for which he will long be remembered gratefully is the series of Handbooks, to the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, and to the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum. But his chief title to fame is his monumental edition of the works of Ruskin, surely the most stately and devoted edition of any writer, and on the *Life of Ruskin* which he built out of his Introductions. And those who knew him will remember his love of art and letters, his immense fund of knowledge, and the charm of his conversation.



Four Clever Women Novelists

Mackay, Isabel Ecclestone, "Mist of Morning," \$1.50.
 McKowan, Evah, "Janet of Kootenay," \$1.50.
 Montgomery, L. M., "Rainbow Valley," \$1.60.
 Rogers, Grace McLeod, "Joan at Halfway," \$1.50
 (All published by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto.)

IT is perhaps significant of the present state of the Canadian novel that it is much better practiced by women than by men. While the men, following the lead of Ralph Connor, are endeavoring to achieve Canadianism by specialising on the different kinds of fist-fights which occur in different parts of the Dominion, the women are devoting their attention to securing the corresponding national coloring by a depiction of the scenery and the domestic manners of various sections of rural Canada; and of the two subject-matters we are bound to admit that the women's appears to be much the more characteristic of the country. Neither class of novel goes very deep into the essential qualities of Canadian life, but the picture presented by the women is not more sentimental than that of the men and is much truer and more representative.

It may be that the ablest male writers of fiction are lured away from Canada by the superior attractions of the literary field in the United States, while the women, less mobile by nature and circumstance, remain with us, so that the female output in fiction represents the best of which the country is capable while the male output is, with few exceptions, merely the leavings of a process of selection which exports the cream and lets Canada keep the skim milk. Or it may be (but we do not believe it) that life in Canada is less interesting and stimulating to the male mind than to the female, less adapted to male treatment, less productive of



L. M. MONTGOMERY,

the big clashes of character which appeal to the able male novelist. Or it may be that the Canadian public is not yet ready for the stern masculine view of its own life and problems (or that the publishers think it isn't) and that the women writers are cleverer at imparting that roseate tinge which is desired by the unsophisticated reader.

Anyhow, here are four novels, all of them from the autumn list of a single publishing house, all of them about Canadian life and all written by Canadian women: and each one of them in varying degree an honest, presentable piece of workmanship. The best of them, it is true, is the least Canadian. Miss Montgomery.



ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY,

who has long since taken rank as one of the most accomplished of living writers in conveying the elusive charm of healthy family life in which imaginative children and young people are included, has written a tale of the motherless family of a Presbyterian minister, which might doubtless be duplicated in almost any part of this continent—or anywhere else where narrow-minded people exist to take a wrong view of childish purity and ingenuousness. There is less of the characteristic quality of Prince Edward Island in this book than in any of its predecessors, but in other respects it is the equal if not the superior of anything that Miss Montgomery has done, and we know of no writer in the English language who could excel it in delicacy and charm. Beneath the elusiveness and the atmospheric charm of the Montgomery tales there is a wonderful firmness of character-drawing. She never repeats herself; every adult and every youngster whom she introduces is sketched before the reader's mind in a few lines, by little character-revealing actions and utterances, and every one is distinct and separate and consistent. Every novelist knows how difficult it is to make children stand out as human individuals, but in these three hundred pages or so Miss Montgomery does this for ten or a dozen of the most lovable and scandalous youngsters who ever got together in one volume. They elbow into the background a bunch of adults who would be interesting enough if the youngsters were not so much more so; and they leave us with a determination to get a sequel out of their author by hook or by crook, so that we may find out what becomes

of them after they grow up and the Great War has come to darken their young lives. "Anne" is present in this tale, but only in the very remote background, and so is Miss Cornelia, with her illuminating summings-up of every character in the village. And there are a few lovely bits of description. Is the charming term "cat's light" for twilight a Prince Edward Islandism or has it wider acceptance?

Mrs. Mackay's book is not all about children, or at least the children whom it does depict begin to grow into manhood and womanhood about a third of the way through the book. But the first third is the best third, written with that fine understanding of the childish mind which distinguishes Mrs. Mackay's poems. David Greig was a very interesting boy, but when he became the inventor of a priceless aeroplane engine, and the victim of the wiles of a heartless young saleswoman in the hat department, he was too much like several hundred other young men in modern fiction. The fact is that Mrs. Mackay has devoted too much attention to her plot, to the detriment of her atmosphere—and atmosphere is the line in which she shines. She has contrived a plot which would be admirable for the purposes of a highly-strung emotional tale in, say, the *Saturday Evening Post*, but which requires for its full development a group of characters who will "act up" to its emotional situations in the regular melodramatic manner. And Mrs. Mackay's characters are not melodramatic and don't act up in the least. They are not raised, as they should be, to the Nth power. They are just nice human persons such as one may meet in any Canadian boarding-house for young and impecunious people, and they would make admirable comedy or domestic-sentiment drama, but they are quite incapable of the "scene with a punch." David, having got himself entangled with the designing Clara, ought to tear his hair, lock up the cupboard of the inventions, and take to drink or prayer-meetings; but he just goes on working. When his aeroplane plans get stolen by German agents and the fate of the world is hanging in the balance, he lies in bed pondering about the wickedness of his half-brother, and the chance that some of that wickedness may run in his own blood too. As for Rosme, nice girl as she is, she really doesn't deserve David

or happiness because she makes so little effort to get them. If Mrs. Mackay would sell her plots to a movie man and let her novels grow naturally out of the very human characters which she knows how to put into them, there would be two excellent pieces of work, where now there is only one which is just short of excellence.

Mrs. Rogers has been known to Canadian readers for a great many years as Grace Dean McLeod, and a publisher's note informs us that her long literary silence is due to domestic duties. "Now that her domestic cares are lessening and Mrs. Rogers is able again to apply herself to the cultivation of her literary talents we may look for more frequent contribution from her." It is to be hoped that the promise thus held out is redeemed. Mrs. Rogers has an uncanny skill in the portrayal of those terrible feuds which occur in old-settled districts in families of great force and tenacity of character, and which fill households with men and women of embittered lives and thwarted purposes and provide all the elements of domestic tragedy. In this book also a child is the chief character, sixteen-year-old Joan who comes to live with her grim Scotch-Canadian great-uncle and great-aunt, and eventually (of course) ends the feud and redeems the family from the curse. But she is a very grown-up child, not a bit like the airy sprites of Miss Montgomery or the buoyant youths and maidens of Mrs. Mackay. The real central figure of the book is the great-uncle, a physical wreck hardened in spirit by his sufferings, and permeated by an intense conviction of his own uprightness which grows stronger the less upright he becomes.

"Janet of Kootenay" is devoid of children (we mention this because some readers may suppose that Canadian novels are all devoted to the study of juvenility), and is only partly a novel, the rest being a very breezy and presumably accurate account of pioneer farming in the Kootenay Valley as practiced by a lone maiden lady under thirty—with the result inevitable in a country so short of female population. We cannot imagine better "press-agent stuff" for British Columbia than this narrative of the adventures of a spirited and decisive and sensible young woman in Canada's mountain paradise.

The Canadian Bunnies

Those who recall the adventures of the "Roosevelt Bears" (the predecessors of the plush-covered Teddy-bear) in juvenile literature some fifteen or twenty years ago will have an accurate idea of the character and attractive powers of the "Canadian Bunnies" who, under the title of "Bob and Bill See Canada," are being led by their author, Alfred E. Uren, and their illustrator, W. Goode, on a most delightful

and instructive trip from East to West of the Dominion. We had intended saving all the children's book for simultaneous consideration in the Christmas number, but this volume is so Canadian and so pleasing that we could not resist giving it mention herewith. No child who loves rabbits (and all children love rabbits) can see this book without learning a great deal about the Dominion. (Musson, Toronto, \$1.25.)

The German Empire of Yesteryear

By W. S. WALLACE

"The German Empire, 1867-1914, and the Unity movement," by William Harbutt Dawson. Two vols. Macmillan, Toronto, 1919. Pp. xviii, 496; x, 535.

MR. W. H. Dawson, who has for some time been regarded as the leading English authority on the economic and social history of modern Germany, has published, in two volumes, an account of the history of that brief but portentous experiment in politics, the modern German Empire, from its inception less than half a century ago down to the beginning of the Great War which heralded its close. The war has naturally brought in its train the publication of a number of studies of modern German history, notable among which has been Mr. Grant Robertson's brilliant book on "Bismarck", but none of these have been of greater importance than the authoritative and comprehensive work which Mr. Dawson has now given to the light.

Like the historians of an earlier generation, and unlike some of the professional historians of to-day, Mr. Dawson has made his appeal to the "general reader". He has aimed at writing "something more than a compendium of facts or a work of reference". This does not mean that his work is any the less scholarly or erudite. With pardonable pride, Mr. Dawson points to the fact that his book is based on materials which he has been collecting "during a period of twenty-five years", and he makes the claim "that no essential authority has been overlooked". His tone is everywhere eminently fair and judicial. The standard which he has set himself is well indicated in the following passage:

Compelled by the conditions of my task to record, and in some measure to pronounce upon, events which are in a certain sense sub judice, I have honestly tried to preserve a dispassionate judgment, and to estimate known facts at their rightful value and significance. I frankly own to having written with more of the critic's freedom and less of the indulgence of the friend than might have been the case in other circumstances. It is doubtful, indeed, whether for a very long time, if ever, the history of German unity will be written again out of Germany with enthusiasm. Yet the only bias of which I have been conscious has been a bias towards scrupulous investigation and candour of utterance, for history that is not entirely honest is entirely contemptible, degrading to the writer and fraudulent and pernicious in its influence upon public opinion.

Examples of this impartiality are not far to seek. Mr. Dawson yields to no one in his reprobation of certain aspects of Bismarck's career, but he does not attempt to conceal his admiration for the truly Homeric qualities which that great man undoubtedly possessed. In the same way, he gives full credit to Bethmann-Hollweg, whom he describes as "a Prussian bureaucrat of the best type", for the pacific

policy toward Great Britain which that statesman strove to carry out, in the face of growing opposition, almost up to the outbreak of the war. Of the ex-Kaiser Mr. Dawson has little good to say: he turns on the weak spots in the character of William II a mercilessly bright light. But even here he is careful to distribute blame only where blame is due, as in the cases, for instance, of the Kruger telegram and the Daily Telegraph interview; and the effectiveness of his condemnation is mainly due to his restraint.

Mr. Dawson's method of treating his subject is a happy compromise between the chronological and the topical. After a few preliminary chapters dealing with the early adumbrations of German unity, such as the Bund of 1815 and the Frankfort National Assembly, he divides his subject matter into fairly well-defined periods; but within these periods he treats separately of the various phases of home and foreign policy. The result is that his narrative has a consecutiveness, and at the same time an orderly arrangement, often looked for in vain in the more elaborate treatments of German history.

The part of the book to which most readers will turn with the greatest interest is that dealing with the period preceding the war. Here they will find that Mr. Dawson is in a very cautious mood. On some questions he insists that judgment must be passed with reserve, on others that it must be suspended. It is noteworthy, for instance, that he studiously avoids any attempt to assess the culpability of the Kaiser in connection with the outbreak of the war. He does not, indeed, appear to be of those who think the war was made in Berlin. "A sort of fatalism," he says, "appears to have forced events forward to the disastrous climax." While admitting that Berlin knew beforehand of the terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, he does not credit Berlin with any hand in its initiation, but traces the German attitude to the adoption of the policy, against which Bismarck had repeatedly warned his country, of giving Austria a free hand in the Near East. He fully admits the influence of the Pan-German and military parties in Berlin, both bent on mischief; but his frank championship of Lord Haldane, in regard to the latter's relations with Germany, would seem to suggest that he does not regard the war as having been inevitable.

Without pretending that Mr. Dawson's judgments will be in every case final, it is nevertheless fair to say that his book is the most just, the most sympathetic, and the most readable account of the history of the German Empire which has yet appeared in English.

The Gay-Dombey's and a Preface

IT is quite delightful to learn from Mr. H. G. Wells's preface to Sir Harry Johnston's "The Gay-Dombey's" (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.75) that he classes himself as "an impure novelist and an impure critic". At least that is the reasonable conclusion to draw from the end of his would-be provocative preface. Nevermind! Mr. Wells writes his hundreds of thousands of words, and has received, perhaps more than any writer, the pen-worship of subservient critics, so he can afford to make them dance to his own shrill piping. However, the present writer thinking himself one of Mr. Wells' "intelligent readers," who though he has travelled a good deal - admits knowing nothing, let us leave Mr. Wells and his preface till such time as he produces his next offspring, which we confess we rarely read, though we delight in hearing others proclaiming from the housetops.

Sir Harry Johnston has hit upon an ingenious idea—that of introducing us to the descendants of "Dombey". The idea is original and amusing—far more than the book, (but this is Mr. Wells' fault for describing it as "abundantly, profanedly and unrestrainedly amusing" which led me to expect a direct inspiration from a premature combination of Oscar Wilde and George Meredith.)

The description of Colonial Governors is not overdrawn. Oddly enough (as it may sound to the prefacer) the critic has had considerable knowledge of the Administration in the Colonies. "The Governor snubs me with blunt answers, and yawns, when I venture to raise such points. . . He was really a doctor to start with. Then he came to the Gold Coast in the 'sixties and lived through an epidemic of yellow fever, till he accumulated nearly all the high offices in his own person by becoming Acting this and Acting that. At last he became really de facto Colonial Secretary. There he did rather well (he is a dogged, courageous person entirely without manners or charm. . .) If he can only stick it long enough he will be able to retire on a pension and his savings and return to St. Kitts or some other part of his beloved West Indies. . ."

As Wilde said of the good Americans, they all wished to die in Paris, so for some strange reason do the tropics attract the ex-Colonial Official. Perhaps because they are far re-

moved from Downing Street.

How much of the story of the "Gay-Dombey's" is autobiographical, we do not pretend to know, nor is it a matter of the slightest importance. Many of the incidents set out in the letters of Eustace Morven are probably fact, and in any event worth reading. One hopes that the Bishop who gave himself leave of absence "to consult with the clergy on the best methods of awakening spiritual life in West Africa and would pray for his adherents from 32 Bessborough Gardens, London," must have found a pleasant antithesis to the rude Governor. But we must confess that the humor (which Mr. Wells extols) seems of the bedroom carpet type, of which we need hardly give more than one example.

"Arthur Broadmead—that brilliant meteor, whose passage through the Colonial Office made it at least interesting and interested, was said to have been the result of a union between a Mr. Broadmead and a Miss Brinsmead: which if true, accounted for his perfect touch of harmony." As an example of the "abundantly, profanedly, and unrestrainedly amusing" it may appeal to Clapham or the Bowery, or even to Mr. Wells, but not to us, any more than the story of Bella being painted by the R. A.

It is not our intention, (for it is not the province of criticism) to set out the whole of the story: of how Eustace Morven became a titled member of Parliament: advocated suffrage for the nigger and died "doing his bit". Nor of Suzanne, and Paul, who with amazing impudence assumed Oscar Wilde's title for his wit "Lord Goring" though he never made "An Ideal Husband," or the romance of Bella De-lorme. A criticism is not intended to do this. Its endeavor should be to judge a book by the standard of whether it is well written or not: interesting or otherwise: a book for all time or for sometimes. Of "The Gay-Dombey's" one can say for the latter. Every readable book has its correct surroundings and we think this one would be enjoyed best after dinner in a hotel and seated in a comfortable arm-chair in a non-prohibition country.

In conclusion one protest we must make, namely that of printing in different type words on which emphasis is laid in dialogue. Even "pure novelists and pure critics" are not entirely bereft of understanding.—S. O. R.-H.



Among Bookish People

Dr. Gerard Lomer has been appointed Librarian of the Redpath Library at McGill University, succeeding the late Mr. Gould. He is an experienced member of the profession who has held high office in a number of important libraries on this continent, and is now in New York. He is well known at McGill, having had charge of the Summer School for Librarians for several years.

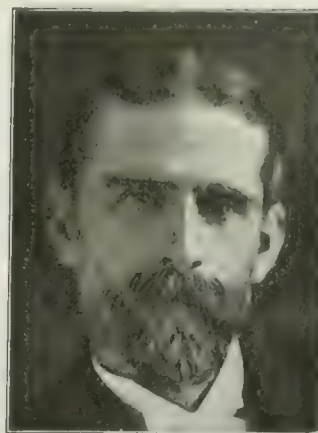
The resignation of A. G. Gardiner from the editorship of the London Daily News brings the first official admission that "Alpha of the Plough," author of some delightful books of colloquial and discursive comment, is the same person as the author of "Prophets, Priests and Kings." A good many Canadians were pretty sure of it already. "A.G.G." is generally regarded as the only great writer-editor of the present daily press of London, Mr. Garvin being now a weekly.

The following have been appointed a Public Library Commission for British Columbia:—Chairman, Malcolm B. Jackson, Victoria; Miss Helen G. Stewart, librarian, Public Library; Victoria; Garnet G. Sedgwick, University of British Columbia, Vancouver. Mr. Herbert Killam, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C., has been appointed Secretary of the Commission.

The newly elected officers of the British Columbia Library Association are: Honorary President, Hon. J. D. MacLean, Minister of Education, Victoria; President, Miss Annie B. Jamieson, Vancouver; Vice-President, Miss Madge Wolfenden, Victoria; Secretary, Miss W. F. Green, Public Library, Vancouver; Treasurer, Miss Dorothy M. Jefford, University of British Columbia, Vancouver.

Margaret Wilkinson, the poet, whose recent volume on the poets and poetry of today, entitled "New Voices," has gone into its third edition within a period of about six weeks, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, about thirty-six years ago. Her father was an American citizen; her mother a Canadian.

Henry Van Dyke has written another pleasing little book, "The Brown Soldier and the Maid of France" (Musson, Toronto, paper 60 cents, cloth \$1.25.) Warily and doggedly a French soldier plodded his way along the country road, a figure of flight, a broken man. His leave was at an end and, though an heroic fighter, he was too broken in spirit to return to the battle-lines, and had determined to escape to Switzerland. Flinging himself down in a wood-dell he found himself face to face with a priest who heard his whole story and told him



HENRY VAN DYKE.

to take courage and continue his brave defence of France. Miserably the soldier listened to him, and ultimately, on his advice, journeyed to visit the birthplace of the Maid. Here he went into the old church, filled with her sacred memories, and heard her spoken of on all sides. Later he turned and walked back to the spring in the dell. He was very tired; his head was heavy and his heart troubled. He lay among the ferns and presently became aware of some one near him. A girl was standing by the spring; she wore a red dress, her black hair hung down her back, and her eyes were the color of a topaz—it was the Maid.

The Musson Book Co. announces a new and final edition of the complete poems of E. Paul-



PAULINE JOHNSON.

ine Johnson (Tekahionwake), under the old title of "Flint and Feather." Besides the cloth binding at \$1.75, there will be one in velvet calf at \$3.50.

Mildred Aldrich's new volume, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home (Musson, Toronto, \$1.35), is presumably the final instalment of the "Hilltop" narrative. Mrs. Aldrich's description of the coming of peace to the Marne will be real news to most Canadian readers on many features of life during the months from the second battle of the Marne to the Dawn



MILDRED ALDRICH.

of Peace, and beyond. She gives us the reactions of the population to peace, the return of the soldiers, but more important still—and of greater human interest too—are her interpretation of political events and opinions about which but little has come to us. Not only as a volume of interpretation, but as one throwing an interesting and vital light on world events, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will take an important place among the real books of this publishing season.

J. A. Stevenson, author of "Before the Bar," is one of the numerous Scotsmen who have achieved intellectual success in Canada. He is only 35 years of age, was educated at Fettes College, Edinburgh, and Merton College, Oxford, of which latter institution he was a classical scholar. He came to Canada in 1906 and qualified as a member of the Manitoba Bar, but repented of the step, ere it was too late, and has taken to journalism. He is now correspondent in Canada for the London Economist, the London Daily News, the New York Evening Post, and the New York Nation, also the New Statesman, while among Canadian papers he writes for the Farmer's Sun and the Grain-growers' Guide. "Temperate but not a teetotaler and a neo-Presbyterian in religion."

The great demand for "The Grand Fleet, 1914-17," the book written by the Commander-in-Chief of the British Naval Forces during the momentous period of the war on sea, is an indication of the public interest in the work of the "silent service." The book, while somewhat technical, contains many interesting revel-



ADMIRAL LORD JELlicoe.

ations regarding the manner in which the British Navy had to adapt itself to the revolutionary conditions of modern naval warfare. The tactical evolutions and the log of the Battle of Jutland are described fully. This is the Admiral's own report of an engagement which has been the basis for much controversy among naval critics.

The story of the impulse that prompted Andrew Carnegie to his immense library benefactions is full of encouragement to people whose desire to serve their fellows is hampered by limited means. When the future millionaire was a boy in Pittsburg, Colonel Anderson, of Allegheny, opened his own library to boys, being in attendance himself every Saturday afternoon at his house to exchange books. The collection was a small one, numbering only four hundred books in all, but the permission to use it was greatly appreciated by the colonel's young friends, who awaited the arrival of Saturday, Mr. Carnegie has said, with an "intense longing." "It was when revelling in these treasures," he declared many years later, "that I resolved, if ever wealth came to me, that it should be used to establish free libraries, that other poor boys might receive opportunities similar to those for which we were indebted to that noble man, Colonel Anderson."

"Shakespeare for Community Players" is a book by Roy Mitchell, formerly Technical director of the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, and now director of the Hart House Thea-

tre, in connection with the University of Toronto, which will be opened by the Governor-General in November next. This book will contain many excellent pen and ink illustrations by Canada's foremost decorative artist, J. E. H. Macdonald. Dent's hope to have this book ready for publication some time in November.

Rev. Dr. Trevor Davies, who came to the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, a couple of years ago, after some considerable pastoral experience in England, adopted a somewhat novel plan to meet the needs of the cosmopolitan congregation in his down-town church, for the Sunday evening services last year. He hit on the scheme of picking on some of the masterpieces in literature, most of which are certainly not well known to the man on the street in Canada, of telling the story involved, and of drawing a religious or moral truth from these. The addresses made up in this way have been put in book form by the Ryerson Press, and are being brought out simultaneously also in Great Britain and the United States. In these addresses Dr. Davies touches on the fundamental truths contained in such literary gems as Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," Morley's "Life of Gladstone," Browning's "Pippa Passes," and others. They give unusual encouragement in the facing of life's battles.

A man named Byron Stauffer, who says and writes pertinent and sticking-to-the-memory things, is pretty well and favorably known all through Canada, but particularly in Toronto, where for years he held a church full every Sunday night in one of the down-town churches, and in Winnipeg, where he is doing somewhat similar work now. No one would take Stauffer for a preacher either if one met him on the street or on first looking at his literary material, but after one talked with him or after one read his matter for ten minutes, the "punch" toward something of a better life comes and leaves its impression. Some of Mr. Stauffer's writings for the last year or so have

been put in book form by the Ryerson Press, and are being published this fall under the title, "The Battle Nobody Saw." Chapter Eight, headed "Who Cut That Man's Hair," is somewhat indicative of Mr. Stauffer's methods, this one dealing along lines one certainly has seldom seen, with Samson and his life tragedy.

Douglas Durkin's story, "The Heart of Cherry McBain," is, so far as its local color is concerned, a record of his actual experiences in the Swan River district, to which he came as a boy of 11, making the 125 mile trip to the homestead in a "prairie schooner" drawn by oxen. When, still a lad, the author left to wrest his fortunes from a primitive world, he walked the 125 miles out of the valley. When he returned to it it was with the railroad—a working, sweating unit in the "gang" that was building it. Beginning as "water boy," he was successively promoted to time-keeper, cookee, and his stature increased, to axeman felling trees for "ties." It took three years to complete the road. After his railroad experience he was conductor on a Winnipeg street car for two summers, going to school in winter. He was a "singing act" at the Bijou theatre for several months at the time it was operated as a vaudeville house. One summer was devoted to keeping the books of a salmon packing-concern on the Pacific coast. He trained for the Methodist ministry and preached for a summer to the lumberjacks of British Columbia. Another time he was for several months missionary to the Indians 250 miles north on Lake Winnipeg. He furnished the piano act at the Starland theatre at another time. The four years following his graduation from Manitoba University were spent teaching in Brandon College. From there he entered Manitoba University as lecturer in English, being created professor a year ago. The past three summers Mr. Durkin has devoted to taking special courses in English at Columbia University. This summer he has held the post of assistant general secretary on the Canadian Educational Conference Board, and has had charge of the headquarters office in Winnipeg.

War Literature for Schools

Ontario has done well in its use of current material for history teaching during the war. It has done well in printing and authorizing for schools this excellent selection of prose and verse. (The Great War in Verse and Prose: selected by J. E. Wetherell: introduction by the Hon. H. J. Cody: Toronto, the Department of Education.) Here, for twenty cents, can be had a really representative collection, very well arranged and a model of good book-making—the printing and setting being noticeably good. In 168 pages the editor has got considerable variety of interesting and stimulating things, with of course some variation of standard. But think of 20 cents bringing our

children not only words from historic speeches and dispatches, not only a wealth of good stirring verse, but such treasures of memory as Grenfell's Into Battle; Brooke's Soldier, and The Dead; Seeger's Rendezvous; Binyon, For the Fallen; Asquith's Volunteer; Scott's Silent Toast; McCrae's Flanders Fields, and The Anxious Dead. This is an admirable contribution to the teaching of literature and history. The teachers and children who use this book will have many of the events, and much of the spirit, familiar to them from day to day during the war, expressed afresh for them in noble and memorable language.—J. A. D.

Mr. Locke's Literary Recipe

MR. W. J. Locke has a literary recipe. Nobody can have failed to notice the sameness of flavor which runs through all of his latest novels, like cakes baked from the same batter. But the nature of the recipe is still more evident in this volume of short "Far-Away Stories" (Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50), in which we have a chance to taste, as it were, half-a-dozen different-shaped buns of the same material in rapid succession. We may call it the recipe of Perverse Satisfaction, or of Inverted Happiness, or more particularly of Sublimated Self-Denial. The most typical example is that of the blind wife who, having married an inhumanly ugly husband, meets with a doctor who can cure her blindness, allows him to do so sufficiently to enable her to take one long look at her infant child, and cheerfully reblinds herself so that her husband need not worry

about his personal appearance. Four of these stories are concerned with blindness; one with a musician whose pet composition is stolen (and much improved) by an uninspired but technically clever composer, and who blesses him for the theft; one with a rich baronet whose wife, kept in subjection during her lifetime, leaves him of all her fortune but fifteen shillings "to buy himself a scourge to do penance for the arrogance, uncharitableness and cruelty with which he has treated myself and my beloved children"—and who promptly buys the scourge and admits the impeachment; the others are even more fantastic. But in all there is that overturning of normal valuations which does in truth, in the hands of a great artist, make the great tragic story. Mr. Locke is not always great enough.

Was Macaulay a Plagiarist?

Mr. Albert R. Hassard is a brave man. He has published a little book to which he has given the audacious title, "A New Light on Lord Macaulay" (Toronto: Rockingham Press, 1918, pp. 76). One might have thought that there was little more to be said about Macaulay than has already been said. It is true that Mr. Hassard does not think highly of Macaulay's biographers, even of Trevelyan; and he apparently feels that they have not said the last word about Macaulay. But this title probably has reference to a somewhat remarkable discovery which he appears to have made. This is nothing more or less than an extraordinary similarity between some of Macaulay's essays and certain passages in Lord Stanhope's "History of England." This similarity is so striking that it must have been based on plagiarism. The question that

Mr. Hassard proposes is this: "Was the stately Stanhope the disappointing culprit, or was the incomparable Macaulay the base, though mighty, echo of his erudite contemporary?" Mr. Hassard does not attempt to answer the question, though his suspicions are evidently directed toward Macaulay. That Macaulay, however, should have been guilty of conscious plagiarism is improbable. The true explanation of the similarity is perhaps to be found in Macaulay's amazing memory. He may have read Stanhope's pages in manuscript, for the two men were friends, and he may have unconsciously reproduced the ideas and even the phraseology of Stanhope when writing his essays. In any case, however, Mr. Hassard has brought to light a curious aspect of Macaulay's literary methods.—W.S.W.

Queen's University and Literature

Literature and Science did some notable fraternising recently at the great academic celebrations at Queen's University, when Chancellor E. W. Beatty and Principal Bruce Taylor were installed in their new offices and the University, taking possession for the first time of its complete plant (much of which has been in military hands during the war), embarked upon a new area both of purely educational service and of research activity. The recipients of honorary degrees included Professor Stephen Leacock and three prominent newspaper men—a measure of recognition of the science or art of publicity never before shown by any Canadian University.

The services of Queen's University to Canadian literature have been very great. Its former head, the famous Principal Grant, was one of the pioneers of true literature in Canada, both as a writer and as an apostle of good writing. The University staff now includes the names of a score of the ablest writers on their respective subjects in the Dominion, and the Queen's Quarterly exhibits a uniform excellence and interest far exceeding that of any other publication in Canada which depends on a single university for its intellectual and economic support.

While a greater emphasis is being laid for the moment upon research operations than on the other phases of university activity there need be no fear that under Principal Bruce Taylor the literary interests of Queens will suffer in any way. He is himself a scholar and writer of great ability, with the keenest sympathy for all honest craftsmanship. The research work of the University is engaging

attention at the moment because of the newly awakened public interest in the need for such work.

Recognizing this need the authorities of Queen's University have devoted a large part of their efforts to the provision of the necessary appliances and instructors for carrying on the most modern branch of University work. Mr. G. Y. Chown, the Registrar of the University, has contributed \$50,000 to the endowment of a Research Chair. Other work is already being done in different directions.



New Arts ("Kingston") Building of Queen's University.

Professor Clark, who holds the Chair of Physics, has established a laboratory for the investigation of substances under extremely low temperatures, with the use of liquid air and liquid hydrogen, the only laboratory of its kind in North America. Dr Reid has been investigating the causes and suggests cures for influenza, and has made valuable discoveries tending to combat the recurrence of future epidemics. Professor MacClement is an expert on the noxious fungi which would destroy our great Canadian forests if left to themselves. Dr. Lathrop has been carrying valuable research work on trench nephritis.

Autobiography of an Unusual Man

“THE Iron Hunter,” by Chase S. Osborn (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.75) is an unusual book, and after reading it one realizes that its author must be an unusual man. The book is actually an autobiography, of the kind that might be expected from a man who made his way by personal endeavour from a penniless condition to Governor of Michigan and a candidate for President of the United States. Mr. Osborn writes: “For forty years now I have lived in the robust north, and in Winter I have taken a run naked and rolled in the snow every morning before breakfast, when in the woods, say at four o’clock. In all that time I have known of only one young man who would follow my example, without being ridiculed into it or compelled in some way.” One can quite credit the statement.

The author claims to have visited virtually every accessible iron-ore deposit in the world, and his travels include a journey by reindeer sled across Lapland, in February, and trips to Madagascar, Africa, Burma, Ceylon, Cochin-China, Turkestan, and Persia, all connected with the hunt for iron-ore that Mr. Osborn conceived as his life work.

But the most interesting references, for Canadian readers, in this kaleidoscopic recital are in connection with the north shore of Lake Superior, and Mr. Osborn was unstinted in his praise of the open spaces and clean wildernesses of our Canadian Northland. “North of us lies the vastest unexplored territory in the world. I refer to the Dominion of Canada. It is rich, and where it is untouched by man, it is clean. There is not a drop of unwholesome water nor any poisonous insects nor reptiles between Lake Superior and the aurora borealis.” Mr. Osborn has the blood of the prospector in his veins, for he remarks: “I think the greatest charm of prospecting is not the hope of finding wealth, it is the life in the clean unhurt out-of-doors.” Describing the north shore of Lake Superior he writes: “Olivines and epidotes make floors of verde antique, and pegmatite shows red as blood above and also below the waters.”

A pleasing, and not overdrawn reference is to the work done in connection with the geology of iron ores in the Lake Superior country. “Such distinguished names as Douglas, Houghton, Brooks and Pumpelly, Charles Wright, Irving, Smythe, Lane, Winchell, Chamberlain, Seaman, Van Hise, Leith, Hotchkiss, Merriam,

Allen, Coleman, Miller and others are familiar to those who are interested. At the time when most of these men could have turned their knowledge into money they have been ethical to an extent that is praiseworthy. I do not know of one of these who took advantage of his chance to make a profit; not a single quack among them.” And so say we all. A further statement regarding the administration of Canadian mining law is interesting, coming from a man who is above all a typical citizen of the United States

“I had heard,” writes Mr. Osborn, “that nothing could be obtained from the Government departments at Toronto without paying for it; that from top to bottom there had to be bribery. I saw nothing of the kind during years of experience, and I do not believe a word of it. The fees of Hearst and McKay were reasonable and they told me they never thought of paying any ‘grease’ money or permitting graft.”

Our author tells of a “starvation hike” to an “iron dam” on the Vermillion River, of camping in such primeval wilderness that a bull moose walked over him while asleep, and winds up his chapter by stating: “Where I slept in the little open shed tent, and was unawakened by the moose that nearly stepped on me, there is now a flourishing mining town reached by a branch of a transcontinental railway. They did not develop there without much hard and enjoyable work.” This refers presumably to Moose Mountain.

An anecdote of “Dan Mann” tells amusingly how the Canadian railwayman was challenged to a duel by a Russian count in China, and exercised the privilege of the challenged to choose the weapons by selecting double-bitted axes, to the use of which the Russian, our author suggests wisely, demurred and the duel was off.

Mr. Osborn’s unusual cast of mind is evidenced in his suggestion that a new and permanent standard for money could be found on the basis of calories. Gold, Mr. Osborn, contends, is not really a norm of permanent value and the calorie does supply the markets and finances of the world with such a norm. Such a solution of the problem of coinage value fluctuation would not occur to the ordinary person. Mr. Osborn is evidently not an ordinary person, and his book is extraordinary, but well worth reading.—F. W. G.

SAML. PEPYS AND JOHN KETTELWELL.

The Diaries of Saml. Pepys Junr. are come to an end. There has been no finer piece of humorous reproduction of the style and spirit of an ancient writer within our recollection, and the closing volume, "A Last Diary of the Great War" (Lane, London, 6s.), is in no wise inferior to the preceding in wisdom or humor. In one respect the second and third Diaries should be of greater interest to Canadians than the first; for their illustrator is John Kettelwell, the portentously tall and fascinating young Oxford artist who visited Montreal some six years ago and exhibited a quantity of acutely original drawings and decorations at the Art Gallery, several of which are now in Canadian collections. The present illustrations are excellent examples of the rich humor of his conceptions, the strength of his line and the effectiveness of his blacks. Not a little of the pleasure derived from these volumes is the excellence of the typography, in imitation of that of the original Pepys' time, and the perfect suitability of the drawings to the style and subject-matter.

THE NELSON LIBRARY.

One of the pleasures of peace is the assurance of a renewed and unbroken supply of the volumes of that admirable edition of reprints, Nelson's Library, which has made such a vast number of modern and copyright works of substantial merit accessible to the ordinary non-wealthy reader. It is true that like everything else the Nelson books have gone up in price, but not more than was inevitable with the rise of labor and materials. The Library, which has now settled down to a red cover of substantial cloth with black lettering on the back, in place of the old blue and gold, is now retailed in Canada at 75 cents. The type is very large and clear. The edition is of exceptional value to the social student, from the number of important volumes which it contains dealing with social problems, such as the books of Stephen Graham, that astounding super-tramp and citizen of the world; but travel also figures very largely, and there are a few notable biographies, such as Brand Whitlock's "Abraham Lincoln"—a mere sketch, but one of the most moving and spiritual sketches in all American literature. Canada would be better off if three times as many of these books as are sold today could be placed in the hands of appreciative readers.

A COOL TALK ON PROHIBITION.

Under the title of "Before the Bar," Mr. J. A. Stevenson, one of Canada's ablest writers on social and economic questions, has endeavored to set forth with scrupulousness the "Pros and Cons of Prohibition." Nobody is likely to admit that he has succeeded, but the Prohibitionist is less likely than the anti-Prohibitionist, because Mr. Stevenson holds that Prohibition "is by no means our most important problem" (in which we at any rate heartily agree with him),

and that excessive emphasis on it "will distract attention from glaring social and political evils"; also that "we were moving swiftly to obliterate all the worst evils of the liquor trade, but the sudden jump into complete prohibition, which . . . has not really received whole-hearted popular sanction, may produce in time a disastrous reaction towards real alcoholism." His discussion of the rights of majorities is also not likely to please those who place the abolition of the liquor traffic before all merely abstract questions. The book is highly interesting and suggestive, but one wonders whether there is in Canada any large number of persons who can approach the question in the same dispassionate and inquiring frame of mind as the author, and who can therefore profit by his work. (Dent, Toronto, \$1.35.)

"FLAG AND FLEET."

Colonel William Wood, upon whose shoulders fell the mantle of Admiral Mahan, is recognized to-day throughout the English-speaking world as the one authority on matters naval, and has a number of books on that subject to his credit. His great love of the subject and his appreciation of being chosen by the Navy League to give his message to boys and girls, has enabled him to bring his beautifully clear style down to the compass of the young people in the upper grades of the Public Schools and the first year of High Schools. The narrative of "Flag and Fleet" (Macmillan, Toronto, 50c), therefore, is one that can easily be comprehended by them, and yet it is sufficiently interesting and touches on so many matters of historical incident that any grown-up may read it with the greatest pleasure.

Starting with the early man who escaped from or beset his enemies by using a log for transport rather than going by land, Colonel Wood unfolds a progressive story through the age of the rowers, the sailing age, the age of iron and steel, to the time when Britain's power at sea proved to be the cause of Germany's defeat.

The narrative is made picturesque throughout by thrilling incidents of sea warfare, always with a point of emphasis, and, between each book, a wonderfully well-selected series of poems illustrative of that particular part of the subject. The book is handsomely illustrated.

A SEWELL FORD BOOK.

"Shorty McCabe Gets the Hail" needs no further description to many readers beyond the fact that it is by Sewell Ford, author of the "Torchy" stories. For others it may be said that it is a collection of short stories of human character, of the American (O. Henry) class of literature. One of the best tells of the hen-pecked elevator-man whose dream of self-assertion was that some day he would run the elevator up and down at top speed full of screaming women, and refuse to let them out. When the war came, Todd was sent to sea as one of the cooks of a transport—a mule transport—and behold! from the deck of deserted ship af-

ter the crew had taken to the boats, the little man who had been spanked by his masculine sister, and had never amounted to a hill of beans, sank a German submarine by well-directed gunfire, and went to kingdom come with his gun as the bombs placed on the ship by the enemy exploded. (McLeod, Toronto, \$1.50.)

GALSWORTHY FOLLOWS GEORGE.

The subject of the tendency of the war to promote sexual laxity in those who knew their own lives or those of their loved ones might be cut short at any instant has been developed by a good many novelists. Mr. W. L. George went at it with his customary incoherency in "Blind Alley," and now, in "Saint's Progress," here is Mr. Galsworthy going at it far more artistically, restrainedly, judiciously—but with no more profit. Frankly, we do not believe that it is a subject for a permanent work of art. But there is some wonderfully deep character-drawing in this book, the "saint" himself being one of those unworldly, sublime and simple souls in whose portrayal this writer excels.

MR. MACKENZIE ON THE WORLD.

Compton Mackenzie's "Sylvia Scarlett"—it seems only a few weeks since we were hailing, with chastened interest, her first appearance in the world of fiction—has now pranced through two consecutive novels—or at least as consecutive as Mr. Mackenzie can be. The second is "Sylvia and Michael" (Musson, Toronto). Experts suspect that there will be a third. The present book wanders around the Balkans in wartime. We gather that life is no more restricted there in matters of sex—for ladies like Sylvia—than it was in France and England. Among the extraordinary hodge-podge of incident and comment which makes up a recent Mackenzie novel there are some stimulating views on the war, which the author does not consider as having purified the world to any extent. But if it had, Mr. Mackenzie would have had nothing to write about.

"A WOMAN'S WOMAN."

Nalbro Bartleys' new novel, "A Woman's Woman" (McLeod, Toronto, \$1.75) comes close to ranking with the serious studies of American social and domestic life by such artists as Edith Wharton and Gertrude Atherton. But it loses caste by sacrificing truth to the requirements of sentiment and melodrama as exemplified in the Saturday Evening Post—a high level both of sentiment and melodrama, but not as high as truth without those two adulterants. Miss Bartley's subject, a woman with great natural abilities who finds herself being cramped and crushed by servitude to her husband and children and left behind by their development, is a deeply interesting one, but the sudden blossoming forth of her heroine, and the equally swift col-

lapse of the family when left without her guiding influence, are beyond credibility. Besides, the collapse of the family destroys the whole thesis, by showing that the woman's work in her home was actually of the highest value and importance, and that she was a fool not to recognize that fact.

THE ABSOLUTELY SELFISH MAN.

It is evidently more difficult for a sincere and serious novelist to establish a reputation in America, in competition with the flaring covers of the best sellers, than it is in England. If Daniel Carson Goodman, author of "Hagar Revelly" and now of "The Taker" (Musson, Toronto, \$1.75), were an English writer, he would by now have acquired a very substantial following and each new book of his production would be watched for by that small but influential element of the population which is keenly interested in new ideas in the field of art. "The Taker" is an intensely conscientious study of the origins and progress of a peculiarly despicable type of character, which, however, is far from uncommon and exerts a very large influence in society, namely the man who in his sexual relations is utterly and unrestrainedly selfish. Mr. Goodman follows his "hero" from his early days under a weak and equally selfish mother to his final tragic close when, with his power to command the love of women destroyed, he has to face an old age for which he has not stored up one single resource for happiness. The theme reminds one of Dreiser, but Mr. Goodman's characters are far more human and comprehensible.

THE SOURCE OF FATHER'S MONEY.

Mary S. Watts is a distinct personality in American fiction, more so than ever now that she has added to her previous achievements (including "Nathan Burke" and "The Rise of Jennie Cushing") the penetrating and amusing volume of social serio-comedy entitled "From Father to Son." Doubtless not many families in the United States or anywhere else are seriously worried about the origin of their ancestral wealth, even though it came from the sale of patent medicines of a degree of fakishness which would not be tolerated today; but there are analytical times, and people are beginning to wonder now and again whether they have any real justification for being better off than others. The manner in which one young son of millions solved this problem is cleverly told in this novel, in which, however, the central idea is not so obtrusive as to impair the interest of the characters and events. If it helps to make some of the profiteers of the present generation realise that their manner of making money will perhaps be sternly judged by their own flesh and blood in after years, it will not have been written in vain. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

IVORY, GERMANS & FLOGGINGS.

"The Ivory Trail," by Talbot Mundy (MeLeod, Toronto, \$1.75), is a tale of African jungle adventure, made somewhat unusual by its portrait of German tropical administration and administrators. We presume that it is based on ascertained fact, for it would hardly have occurred to the wildest of fiction writers to invent the episode of the two German non-commissioned officers, one a Prussian and the other a Bavarian or something else less hardened, who, after a discussion on the cruelty or otherwise of flogging natives, made a bet as to which could stand the "kiboko" better, and actually endured forty-eight blows before the first of them murmured. We do not know whether to rejoice that the war, or the psychological changes in readers due to the war, or some other consideration, has made it necessary for adventure novels to be so extremely full of battle, murder and anything but sudden death; but of the new kind, "The Ivory Trail" is an excellent adventure story.

AN ARGENTINE NOVEL.

Mary J. Serrano has executed and Dent (Toronto, \$2.00) has published a translation of what is described as the leading novel of modern Argentine literature, namely "Amalia," by Jose Marmol. It is a picture of Argentine life during the reign of terror instituted by the savage dictator Rosas, and possesses sufficient merit to have secured its translation many years ago into Russian, Polish and German, but this is its first complete appearance in English. It is not altogether easy reading, on account of the unfamiliarity of the settings and of the habits and psychology of the personages, while the excessive punctilio and laborious periphrases of the dialogue, though doubtless excellent Argentine, are distinctly wearisome; but the reader who perseveres will get a better idea of South American politics than he could secure from many histories.



Quarter's Publications in Canada

PUBLISHERS, TORONTO.

A.	Allen, Thos.	215 Victoria St.
B.	Blackie & Company (Hector Prentor)	33 Richmond St. West.
C.	Copp, Clark Co.	495-517 Wellington St. West.
D.	Dent, J. M., & Sons	27 Melinda St.
G.	Gundy, S. B. (Oxford Univ. Press.)	27 Richmond St. West.
Gd.	Goodchild, Fredk. D.	266 King St. West.
H. & S.	Hodder & Stoughton	25 Dundas St. East.
L.	Langton, Thomas	23 Scott St.
M.	Musson Book Co.	25 Dundas St. East.
McL.	McLeod, George J.	266 King St. West.
McM.	Macmillan Co. of Canada Limited, The	70 Bond St.
M. & S.	McClelland & Stewart	215 Victoria St.
N.	Nelson, Thos. & Son	77 Wellington St. West.
P.	Prenter, Hector, (Morgan & Scott)	33 Richmond St. West.
R.	Ryerson Press (William Briggs)	Wesley Bldgs. Queen & John Sts

FICTION

AUTHOR	TITLE	PRICE	PAGES	PUBLISHER
Abdullah, Achmed	The Trail of the Beast	\$1.60	343	M. & S
Aikman, Henry G.	The Groper	1.60	282	M.
Allerton, Mark	The Lady of St. Lukes	1.35	318	H. & S.
Atherton, Gertrude	Transplanted	1.75	339	M. & S.
Barrie, J. M.	Alice Sit-by-the-Fire	1.00	139	C.
Bartlett, Fredk. Orin	Joan & Co.	1.65	386	A.
Bartley, Nalbro	A Woman's Woman	1.75	428	McL.
Begsie, Harold	The Convictions of Christopher Sterling	1.50	—	D.
Bell, J. J.	Kiddies	1.50	278	C.
Bellamy, Edward	Looking Backward. (new ed.)	1.50	337	A.
Benson, E. F.	Across the Stream	1.50	347	C.
Bindloss, Harold	Partners of the Out Trail	1.60	344	McL.
Birmingham, G. A.	Our Casualty	1.50	272	M. & S.
Bleackley, Horace	Anymoon	1.75	—	D.
Boyle, Jack	Boston Blackie	1.50	318	L.
Buchan, John	Mr. Standfast	1.50	339	H. & S.
Buckrose, J. E.	Marriage While you Wait	1.50	318	H. & S.
Burt, Katharine Newlin	The Branding Iron	1.65	310	A.
Butler, Ellis Parker	Goat Feathers	.50	30	A.
Byrd, J. Walter	The Born Fool	1.50	448	M. & S.
Canfield, Dorothy	The Day of Glory	1.00	149	C.
Cannon, Gilbert	Pink Roses	1.75	—	D.
Carter, Jefferson	Madam Constania	1.50	285	A.
Chambers, Robt. W.	In Secret	1.60	322	M. & S.
Chipperfield, Robert Orr	The Second Bullet	1.50	—	D.
Chisholm, A. M.	The Land of Strong Men	1.50	432	L.
Cody, H. A.	The Touch of Abner	1.50	—	M. & S.
Colmore, George	The Thunderbolt	1.75	—	D.
Comfort, Will Levington	The Yellow Lord	1.50	311	M. & S.
Cunningham, Albert Benjamin	Singing Mountains	1.50	315	M. & S.
Curwood, James Oliver	The Nomads of the North	1.50	318	C.
Dehan, Richard	A Sailor's Home	1.75	319	M. & S.
Delafield, E. M.	Consequences	1.50	344	H. & S.
Deland, Margaret	Small Things	1.35	326	C.
Dell, Ethel M.	The Safety Curtain	.75	336	C.
Dodge, Louis	Rosy	1.60	331	Gd.
England, George Allan	Cursed	1.50	349	McL.
Fletcher, J. S.	The Valley of Headstrong Men	1.50	315	H. & S.

FICTION

AUTHOR	TITLE	PRICE	PAGES	PUBLISHER
Ford, Sewell	Shorty McCabe Gets the Hail	\$1.50	313	McL.
Fraser, W. A.	Bulldog Carney	1.50	306	M. & S.
Galsworthy, John	Saint's Progress	1.60	404	C.
Galsworthy, John	Another Sheaf	1.50	336	C.
Goodman, Daniel Carson	The Taker	1.75	346	M.
Goodwin, Ernest	The Duchess of Siona	1.65	365	A.
Guest, Edgar A.	The Path to Home	1.25	192	C.
Hainsselin, M. T.	In Peril on the Sea	1.50	285	H. & S.
Hales, A. G.	The Adventures of Signor McGlusky	1.35	313	H. & S.
Hall, Holworthy	The Six Best Cellars	1.00	106	M. & S.
Hardy, Varick V.	The Lady of the Night Wind	1.50	315	Gd.
Hichens, Robert	Snake Bite	1.50	352	M. & S.
Hine, Muriel	The Hidden Valley	1.75	394	G.
Hodges, Arthur	The Bounder	1.65	150	A.
Hough, Emerson	The Web	2.00	511	C.
Ibanez, Vicente	Mare Nostrum (Our Sea)	1.90	518	D.
Irving, Washington	Old Christmas: Bracebridge Hall. (new ed.) illus. by Lewis Baumer	3.00	285	A.
Irwin, Wallace	The Blooming Angel	1.50	285	M. & S.
Johnston, H.	The Gay-Dombey	1.75	370	McM.
Jordan, Elizabeth	The Girl in the Mirror	1.60	297	M. & S.
Kaye-Smith, Sheila	The Four Roads	1.60	320	M. & S.
Kerr, Sophie	The See-Saw	1.50	360	L.
Kirk, H. E.	The Consuming Fire	1.60	183	McM.
Laing, Janet	The Man with the Lamp	1.75	—	D.
Lloyd, Ellis	Scarlet Nest	1.35	363	H. & S.
Locke, William J.	Far Away Stories	1.50	265	G.
Lyll, David	The Graven Image	1.35	320	H. & S.
Lyons, A. Neil	A London Lot	1.50	279	G.
Mason, Grace Sartwell	His Wife's Job	1.50	239	L.
Maughan, W. Somerset	The Moon and Sixpence	1.50	—	M. & S.
Means, E. K.	More E. K. Means	1.60	369	Gd.
Mearns, Hughes	The Vinegar Saint	1.50	419	C.
Merrick, Leonard	The Actor Manager	2.00	—	D.
Merrick, Leonard	Cynthia	2.00	—	D.
Merwin, Samuel	The Passionate Pilgrim	1.75	403	McL.
Miller, Anne A.	Huldy's Whistle	1.35	287	C.
Montgomery, L. M.	Rainbow Valley	1.60	341	M. & S.
Moore, William Henry	Polly Masson	1.75	339	D.
Morley, Christopher	The Haunted Bookshop	1.65	289	M.
Mundy, Talbot	The Ivory Trail	1.75	411	McL.
McCarthy, Justin Huntley	Nurse Benson	1.50	336	G.
Macfarlane, Peter Clarke	The Exploits of Bilge and Ma	1.60	—	M. & S.
MacKay, Isabel Ecclestone	Mist of Morning	1.50	407	M. & S.
MacKenzie, Compton	Sylvia and Michael	1.75	323	M.
McKowan, Evah M.	Janet of Kootenay	1.50	279	M. & S.
Niven, Frederick	The Lady of the Crossing	1.50	317	H. & S.
Norris, Kathleen	Sisters	1.60	—	G.
Osborn, C. S.	The Iron Hunter	2.10	316	McM.
Owen, Collinson	The Adventures of Antoine	1.35	311	H. & S.
Packard, Frank L.	The Further Adventures of Jimmie Dale	1.50	340	C.
Packard, Frank L.	The Night Operator	1.50	320	C.
Pedler, Margaret	The Hermit of Far End	1.35	314	H. & S.
Perkins, Lucy Fitch	Cornelia	1.50	202	A.
Pertwee, Roland	Our Wonderful Selves	1.75	—	—
Phelps, George Harrison	Go	1.00	126	C.
Post, Melville D.	The Mystery at Blue Villa	1.50	—	M. & S.
Punshon, E. R.	A Woman's Footprint	1.35	307	H. & S.
Raymond, Clifford	One of Three	1.50	285	M. & S.
Rees, Arthur J.	The Shrieking Pit	1.50	351	G.
Rideout, Henry Miner	Tin Cowrie Dass	1.35	—	D.
Rinehart, Mary Roberts	Dangerous Days	1.60	400	M. & S.
Rinehart, Mary Roberts	Love Stories	1.50	352	M. & S.
Rogers, Grace McLeod	Joan at Halfway	1.50	414	M. & S.
Rohmer, Sax	Dope	1.50	310	M. & S.
Rouges, Jean Des Vignes	Bourru: Soldier of France	1.90	—	D.
Rousseau, Victor	Wooden Spoil	1.50	312	M. & S.
Ruck, Berta	Disturbing Charm	1.50	306	H. & S.
Saunders, Marshall	Golden Dicky	1.50	—	M. & S.
Scott, Leroy	A Daughter of Two Worlds	1.65	458	A.
Scott, Mansfield	Behind Red Curtains	1.50	273	Gd.
Sinclair, May	Mary Olivier	1.90	380	McM.
Smith, J. Thorn, Jr.	Out O'Luck	.75	120	R.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher	Uncle Tom's Cabin, (new ed.) illus. by E. W. Kemble	2.00	529	A.
Street, Julian	After Thirty	1.60	273	M. & S.
Tarkington, Booth	Ramsey Milholland	1.50	218	G.
Thurston, E. Temple	The Forest Fire	1.50	248	M. & S.
Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor	The Starling	1.50	267	McL.
Tracy, Louis	The Bartlett Mystery	1.50	314	McL.
Vanderem, F.	Two Banks of the Seine	1.90	—	D.
Van Loan, Charles E.	Taking the Count	1.50	354	M. & S.

FICTION

AUTHOR	TITLE	PRICE	PAGES	PUBLISHER
Warner, William H. and Kaplan, De Witte	Mothers of Men	\$1.60	—	D.
Watts, Mary	From Father to Son	1.75	310	McM.
Wells, H. G.	The Undying Fire	1.50	229	McM.
Wemyss, Mary C. E.	Oranges and Lemons	1.65	296	A.
Weston, George	You Never Saw Such a Girl	1.35	240	M. & S.
White, Grace Miller	Judy of Rogue's Harbour	1.50	357	L.
Whitelaw, David	The Man on Dove Road	1.35	318	H. & S.
Whittaker, Joseph	Tumblefold	1.90	—	D.
Williams, B.	All the Brothers Were Valiant	1.50	204	McM.
Witner, H. C.	A Smile a Minute	1.50	204	McM.
Wyllarde, Dolf	The Holiday Husband	1.50	—	D.

NON-FICTION

Acharya, S. A.	The Book of the Cave	1.65	148	McM.
Allen, E. H.	The Room Without a Door	1.50	276	McM.
Arnold, J. H.	Farm Management	1.40	243	McM.
	Art and War (Reproductons Canadain War Memorials Paintings) By Canadian & British Arts	7.50	126	M.
Ashley, R. L.	Modern European Civilization	2.00	710	McM.
Bairnsfather, Bruce	Fragments from France, Vol. 7	.45	—	R.
Baker, George Pierce	Dramatic Technique	3.75	527	A.
Barbe, Louis A.	Sidelights on the History, Industries and Social Life of Scotland	10/6	319	B.
Barker, Elsa	Letters from a Living Dead Man	1.50	261	Gd.
Barker, Elsa	War Letters from, Living Dead Man	1.50	318	Gd.
Barker, Elsa	Last Letters from a Living Dead Man	1.50	246	Gd.
Bell, A. H.	Bell's Practical Mathematics	4/6	354	B.
Blackie's	Standard Dictionary	2/6	444	B.
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AUTHOR	TITLE	PRICE	PAGES	PUBLISHER
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Wynne, May	Comrades from Canada	3/6	—	B.

Books Reviewed

Atherton, Gertrude, "The Avalanche," McClelland, Toronto, \$1.35.—The slipcover calls this a mystery story, and goodness knows there is enough of mystery about it. But while the mystery will enthrall the reader as long as the book is in hand. Gertrude Atherton is far too fine an artist to write a story that is nothing but mystery—and would therefore be forgotten as soon as the mystery is solved. There are fine psychology, a keen analysis of California society, and a fine humanity in this book, which is so far from being a mere mystery story that it can be read again and re-read with growing enjoyment.

Aumonier Stacy, "The Querrils," Century, New York, \$1.60.—We could love Mr. Aumonier better if he did not write about such things as "odd, mysterious people in the wake of the cabinet minister, who lurked behind the jeremiad of activities which ululate at the back of the political arena." No wonder fussy people keep out of politics! It is a pity Mr. Aumonier should do things like that, and on an early page too, because he has an immensely interesting story to tell, about a class of people who are fairly new in fiction, but are becoming quite numerous in real life. They are the stuff of which the intellectual pacifist is made. They decline to face the essential facts of life, including human selfishness and weakness. When their pet cat, for the first time in a sinless life, catches a bird, they are horrified, and a visitor who remarks "Cats will be cats" is never asked again. The circumstances which compel them to abandon this attitude are rather too appalling to relate here, but we believe that Mr. Aumonier understands the "humanitarianists," the people without country, much better than any other living novelist does—or dares to confess he does.

Bindloss, Harold, "Partners of the Out-Trail," McLeod, Toronto, \$1.60.—We believe that in England, and to a lesser extent in the United States, Mr. Bindloss is regarded as a Canadian novelist. He has certainly written plenty of novels about Canada. They have, we believe, about as vital and contemporary a relation to present-day Canadian life as the late Mr. Verner's pictures of buffaloes (which were also quite readily accepted in England) had to Canadian fauna, and Mr. Bindloss turns them out with just about the same speed and facility. They ramble on with an extraordinary lack of purpose or vigor or definiteness; but apparently there are quite a lot of people who like rambling in fiction. Anyhow they are safe for giving to young children or putting in the Sunday School library. The present volume is one of them, and one of the least notable.

Burt, Katharine Newlin, "The Branding Iron," Allen, Toronto, \$1.65.—From which it is learned that there may be a worse husband than the man who marks his wife with a branding iron to impress on her the fact that she belongs to him. And after all it is an obvious advantage to have the brand to recognize her by when you come across her as a successful but disillusioned actress after years of searching. But the author will bear a pretty heavy responsibility if this method of ensuring marital obedience is widely adopted.

Carter, Jefferson (ed), "Madam Constantia," Allan, Toronto, \$1.50.—It is something of an achievement, in these days, to write a novel about spying in the American War of Independence and secure the reader's interest. Most of us have a feeling that things were done rather better than that during the last four years. However Mr. Carter's anonymous memoir-writer manages to produce some good thrills and a really presentable hero and heroine, and gets his atmosphere by a genuine knowledge of history rather than by "zounds" and "gadzoos" and

"prithee." A pleasant feature of the book is its recognition that there was much to be said on both sides of the Revolution.

Dell, Ethel M., "The Lamp in the Desert," Ryerson, Toronto, \$1.75.—A charming story by this most popular English women novelist, with plenty of thrills and an intense love element. The scene is laid entirely in India, and the book abounds in picturesque and unusual types of character.

Deprend, Jeffrey, "Embers," Musson, Toronto, \$1.50.—A curious and rather powerful novel, probably by a young man, with an intimate knowledge of French-Canadian life in country parishes, seminaries and asylums, but with a very secular attitude towards religion—possibly a medical man. Written in an irritating style of extreme jerkiness, each sentence a paragraph. Ambition leads Maurice Rodray of Lassel to study for the priesthood, sacrificing his father's plans for the future of the farm and his own love for Elaine Leblanc, whom he has wronged. At the last moment he repents and turns his back on the altar, but a series of tragedies set in motion by his earlier decision have reached their climax, and the two families are overwhelmed in desolation. The dramatic force of the episodes is undeniable, but the psychology is strained and, in the case of the episode with Valdetta Bergere, absolutely incredible.

Emerson, Willis George, "The Man Who Discovered Himself," Forbes, New York, \$1.65.—A good book for a Sunday school library, one of those stories where virtue is triumphant, and the old motto, "You can't keep a good man down," is once more exemplified. The hero, Marsh Gordon, is a consumptive who goes out into the Arizona desert, finds health, fortune and fame, and everything ends in sweetness and light.

Fraser, W. A., "Bulldog Carney," McClelland, Toronto, \$1.50.—Six brilliant stories of adventure in the North West Mounted Police territory, concerning a very sportsmanlike and gentlemanly criminal, by the author of "The Three Sapphires" and "Mooswa." It is unnecessary at this date to praise the adventure-story technique of Mr. Fraser. He satisfies the craving for excitement without insulting the reason. But cannot recommend adventure-hunting youth to go out West in the hope of finding the kind of life that Mr. Fraser writes about. Some people drift into that kind of life anywhere, others hunt for it in vain all over the world. There is as much of it in Toronto or Montreal or Bobcaygeon as there is in Alberta.

Haggard, (Sir) H. Rider, "When the World Shook," McClelland, Toronto, \$1.50.—"He and his daughter had been asleep for two hundred and fifty thousand years. Oh! Heavens, for two hundred and fifty thousand years!" There is plenty of interest and excitement before "he" is wakened up, nearly half-way through the volume, but it is nothing to what occurs afterwards. For "he" was the great scientist of his age, and had discovered how to change the balance of the earth by tinkering with the vast gyroscope which runs inside it, and had actually changed it before going to sleep, with results which are known to geologists. After taking a look at war as conducted by the civilized races of Europe in 1916, "he" wants to go down and give the gyroscope another little jiggle so as to wipe out everybody on earth except the Oriental races. Who stopped him, and why? Get the book and read it. Apart from a too great infusion of ethical and political speculations, it is a second "She"—a sort of "She" plus "A Voyage to the Moon" plus "The War of the Worlds," divided by six.

Hales, A. G., "The Adventures of Signor McGlusky," Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.35.—Those

who follow, as many excellent people do, the output of this publishing house with unflagging zeal are aware that Mr. Hales, who is himself one of the most interesting explorers and adventurers in the world today, has created a remarkable trio of characters, soldiers in an Anzac Highland regiment, the leading spirit of which is an amazing Scotsman named McGlusky. This is the fourth or fifth volume of the enterprises of this joyous and Kiplingesque creation, who has acquired a large following in England and elsewhere. The hero turns the tide of the Italian campaign by discovering a terrible plot in Venice. We cannot improve on the Times' description of the McGlusky stories as written with "inexhaustible gusto."

Hall (Holworthy) and Kahler (Hugh), "The Six Best Cellars," McClelland, Toronto, \$1.—The title is not the only clever thing about this book, which is an excellent example of the American short story of the comedy of circumstance. To give any hint of its plot would be to destroy the reader's enjoyment. A neat little book to give to your friends who have prepared for Prohibition—and to your enemies who have not.

Hay, Ian, "The Last Million," Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.50.—This (presumably) closing sketch of the last instalment of the English-speaking forces which opposed Germany is devoted to the American Expeditionary Force. The author is, as we well know by this time, the best collector and literary raconteur of nice-tasting anecdotes that the war has given us, and this collection is well up to previous standards. Indeed, considering that he is dealing with material with which he has only had a year or so to become acquainted, the performance is remarkable. Ian Hay has done wonderful work for the cause of civilization and also for the harmless entertainment of mankind; but we shall be glad to see him get back to straight novel-writing again.

Hine, Muriel, "The Hidden Valley," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75.—Sheila Travers, brought up in most approved English fashion, engages herself to Sir Filgate Hinkson, commonly known as Sandy. After a display of unbridled passion on his part, she throws him over and later marries, as a partner in work, a middle-aged member of Parliament. Not finding this union satisfying, she falls in love with another Sandy, who has made himself necessary to her by being on hand to enliven odd moments. Saved from her infatuation, she at length meets Logue, an artist, author of a rough sketch in her possession, which seems to symbolize her life and which she calls "The empty road." On the death of her husband she finds with Logue the hidden valley to which the empty road leads, and realizes all her dreams.

Ingersoll, Will E., "The Road that Led Home," Musson, Toronto, \$1.50.—A good picture of the life of the western prairies as seen from the standpoint of a young teacher who goes West to teach school and learns many lessons of life himself.

Dudley, E. Lawrence, "Spriggles" George J. McLeod, Ltd., \$1.60.—The inspiring tale of a nameless slum waif who ran away from the idea of an orphan's home into the arms of a hospitable pair who adopted him, then to another adopted home, and finally to college and to the study of art abroad, until he wins through all his difficulties, discovers his parentage and finds his real niche in the world.

King, Basil, "Going West," Musson, Toronto, 60c.—This very successful Canadian-born author of "The City of Comrades" and other popular novels, possesses the gift of knowing exactly what the big mass of the people want at any given time. It is not a gift which makes for great and permanent literature, but it makes for big circulations and, certainly in this case, for a widespread influence for good. This book tells how an American soldier who was killed

while killing a German in a bayonet encounter was able to look at the world after his death, and the impressions that the deeds and words of his loved ones made on him. If it helps some living persons to try to act so that their dead loved ones need not be ashamed of them, it will serve a good purpose.

Lynde, Francis, "David Vallory," McLeod, Toronto, \$1.60.—David had an exciting life. He comes home from college to find his father's bank in the act of busting; he goes out as engineer on a concrete job and gets innocently mixed up with a crooked device for putting poor concrete past the inspectors; the girl with whom he philandered in his puppy-love stage goes wrong; and then he gets blackmailed and shot and everything else that a really good hero of railway-construction romance ought to be. Nay, better; for in the concluding chapters he gets blockaded with his best girl and a lot of workmen in a caving tunnel, and they are all fished out just in time—which is distinctly better than the average in this kind of fiction.

Lyons, A. Neil, "A London Lot," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50.—A very entertaining and pleasant tale of a cockney greengrocer who went to the war, of his sweetheart who carried on with the business while he was gone, and of sundry other kindly simple people, not including the mayor of the East End municipality of Silverside, who was its leading landlord and an outrageous profiteer, and who distinctly "got his." The book is based, though there is nothing to make one suspect it, on a play, in which Miss Gladys Unger collaborated with Mr. Lyons; the play was called "London Pride" and the story was to have been called the same (indeed that title appears over the pages) until it was discovered that Miss Braddon wrote a novel bearing the same designation.

Mackenzie, George Allan, "In That New World Which is the Old," Musson, Toronto, \$1.25.—Religious verse, of much more than the usual technical excellence, and of notable sincerity. Review next issue.

Merwin, Samuel, "The Passionate Pilgrim," McLeod, Toronto, \$1.75.—The third of the "Henry Calverly Sequence" which began with "Temperamental Henry." Quite as exciting as its predecessors. The publisher explains that Mr. Merwin aims "to tell an entertaining story and to demonstrate the psychology of genius." Since he has succeeded in the former it does not, perhaps, greatly matter whether he has failed in the latter. "The psychology of genius" is not quite a matter to be disposed of in one book—or three. Mr. Merwin also touches on the ethics of newspapers, the errors of municipalities, and a whole lot of other live subjects; so that the reader who really insists on feeling that he is being instructed has every chance.

Niven, Frederick, "The Lady of the Crossing," Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.50.—Mr. Niven knows how to enlist the sympathy of a reviewer. In a Foreword he tells us that though it deals with the West of America, this book is not a novel of revolver shots. In that repudiation he does not include fist-fights, but the example here given would break the heart of any of the regular ten-round-to-a-finish novelists. The winner actually gets arrested for assault! From the name and other characteristics we rather suspect that the town of Kootenay, where this tale is laid, is in Canada, and that Mr. Niven talks about "the West of America" simply in order to get the American market. At any rate it is a lively, likable, lifelike little town, partly because, as Mr. Niven artlessly remarks, he has told his story in the way he did because "I was able to tell considerably more about the people I like."

Norris, Kathleen, "Sisters," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.60.—How a wife solved her problem, when she found that her husband and her younger sister, also married, loved each other. To run an automobile, of

which she and her brother-in-law were the sole occupants, over a cliff, so that her husband and her sister Cherry may marry without scandal, is the way out for Alix Strickland. She meets her death, but Cherry's husband is saved; though crippled for life, Cherry's love for him immediately returns; or at least she finds all the satisfaction she requires in waiting upon him; while Peter is left to wander the earth trying to forget. It seems unusual that so splendid a person as Alix should act in so foolishly romantic a fashion. One becomes "fed up" as one proceeds, with sentimentality.

Perkins, Lucy Fitch, "Cornelia," Allen, Toronto, \$1.25.—Cornelia, the heroine, younger daughter of the Dominie of a Dutch settlement in Chicago, has many experiences, beginning from the day when she is accidentally knocked down by Tim Ahern. Her subsequent association with his family leads to an attack of measles, an appearance in the Juvenile Court, the bringing home of a prodigal father; while Tim aids and abets her in her attempt to overthrow an unworthy candidate for the mayoralty, and joins with her when she alone confesses a misdeed which causes

her expulsion from school. A readable book for young and old. For Cornelia learns by proving that the way of her elders is best; and the psychology of her treatment by her brother and parents is a fine study for elders.

Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor, "The Starling," McLeod, Toronto, \$1.50.—A very beautiful tale of self-sacrifice (not in the least of the melodramatic kind, but the lifelong thinking for others which is one of the commonest and loveliest and perhaps deadliest things in the world), concerning a wife and a daughter who gave up all they had to give to stand by one-another in the task of living with an utterly selfish husband and father. A singularly moving portrayal of the tragedy which marriage may become between a coldly intellectual man and a highly-strung and temperamental woman.

Tracy, Louis, "The Bartlett Mystery," McLeod, Toronto, \$1.50.—One of the rattling detective stories for which Louis Tracey is famous, full of action, with the inevitable love interest deftly worked in. Should make a good "movie" play.



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CANADIAN BOOKMAN

JANUARY, 1920

Beginning The Second Year

WITH the present issue the Canadian Bookman starts upon its second year of publication. We commence that year more firmly convinced than ever of the existence of an important function which can only be fulfilled by a magazine of this character. When we commenced publication a year ago we had only a general estimate of the literary situation in Canada to justify us in this belief, but in the last twelve months we have received so many evidences of gratitude and appreciation from Canadian readers, and from readers outside of Canada who are interested in the Canadian literary movement, that our original opinion has been immensely strengthened.

When we undertook the publication of this magazine we were informed by many pessimistically inclined persons that even if there were a demand for a Canadian literary magazine it would be impossible to secure a sufficient supply of good writing of the kind desired, because of the extent to which Canadian writers are diverted from the Canadian field by the more attractive remuneration offered by American publishers. The prediction did not alarm us, for we were reasonably confident that there existed in Canada a sufficient body of able writers to supply all the requirements of a quarterly magazine and that the Canadianism of those writers was sufficient to induce them to give their services to a Canadian periodical without exacting the full sum in dollars and cents which they might have obtained, for a corresponding amount of exertion, from American publishers. That belief has been amply justified by our experience during the year, and we feel it our duty to acknowledge the debt which we owe to the large body of clever writers who have been glad to place their manuscripts and their brains at the disposal of the Canadian Bookman at what we may describe as preferential rates. With each successive quarterly issue the field of contributors upon which the Bookman is able to draw has been considerably enlarged, and during the next year we expect to be able to offer to our readers the output of a group of writers which we confidently believe to be equal in ability

and authority to that of any similar magazine in the United States.

If the Canadian Bookman were able to do no more than to offer these readers a quantity of reading matter similar in character and not superior in excellence to that of the American reviews and magazines, we should perhaps find it difficult to justify our existence upon the mere ground of production by a Canadian printing press. But we believe that in addition to their ability, the writers whom the Canadian Bookman has been enabled to gather around it possess an unmistakable quality of mind and spirit which we cannot describe by any other word than "Canadianism." Of this quality we are frankly proud and we shall frankly aim at its further development. It is possible to view any work of art from an absolutely detached and international standpoint, and the attitude of those who do so is entirely logical and defensible. But it is also possible to view any work of art in relation to its special value for the culture or self-expression of a particular community. Canadians have no lack of artistic criticism and instruction of the former kind, or at least they have no lack of criticism and instruction which, since it makes no reference to Canadian culture or self-expression, may for our purpose be considered as making no reference to any culture or self-expression at all. The country is flooded with American criticism and amply supplied with English criticism. Canadians have had hitherto a notable lack of criticism of the second kind, criticism written from a frankly Canadian standpoint and valuing the current output of the world's literature in terms of Canadian intellectual coinage. There is, after all, a rate of exchange in intellectual transfers as well as in commercial ones. There are times when the British sovereign or the American dollar of the mind, though it may be of the purest minted gold of the human intellect, does not pass current in this country for quite so high a value as our own coinage stamped with our own characteristic design; and the variations in the premiums and discounts upon the intellectual coinage of different outside nations are almost incalculable. A Chinaman today or a Canadian a thousand

years hence may be able to judge and value the works of art of all Western nations upon their gold content alone, but the Canadian of today is compelled to bear in mind the particular needs and the particular tastes of his own country.

This we conceive to be the justification for the existence of a Canadian critical magazine. Our experience of the past year has shown us that our opinion or feeling upon this matter is shared by a very large number of our fellow Canadians. We shall continue to do our best to put this opinion or feeling into action by printing the thoughts of representative Canadian minds concerning the current literature of our own and other lands. And we are confident that the more we do so, the more evident will it become to all observers that there is a characteristic Canadian attitude of mind, a special Canadian reaction to artistic stimuli, and that this Canadian attitude and reaction are well worth expressing. They are not, assuredly, an attitude and reaction of intolerance towards non-Canadian art. If they were, they would certainly not be worth expressing. Rather they appear to be an attitude and reaction of rather special if detached appreciation of all that is best in the other English-speaking literatures. It seems not unreasonable to look forward to a time when this special appreciation will command the attention of discerning people in many quarters of the literary world beyond the limits of Canada.

The List of Honors

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish a letter from the Canadian representative of a well-known firm of British financiers and publishers. This firm has compiled, according to our correspondent, "a complete list of officers, men and nurses of Canada and Newfoundland who have received honors for services in the war." We have not had the opportunity of examining this list, but from the reputation of the firm which is responsible for it, we entertain little doubt that it is complete and authoritative. As such it would provide at least the skeleton basis for the publication which, we suggested in our last issue under the heading "A Book Which is Needed." To meet the full requirements of such a book as we had in view it would only be necessary to supplement the names and other particulars of this list with an account of the deeds for which the honors were in each case awarded.

We remain very strongly of the opinion that it is desirable that this work should be published under Government auspices, and that the War Memorials Fund, which has shown such remarkable energy and efficiency in procuring a pictorial record of the Canadian fighting, is better qualified than anybody else to handle the task of procuring a printed record of the individual achievements of distinguished Canadians.

We sincerely hope that the Government and the War Memorials Fund will see their way to rounding out the task already commenced by publishing some such volume as that which we have described.

The Star Gazer

By J. A. DALE

EARTH-STRICKEN he sank
 To the narrows of pain:
 His universe shrank,
 His stars died in vain.
 Eyes blinded with mire,
 Stars drowned in the day,
 Dark waters rose higher
 Where prostrate he lay.
 Yet still through earth's mire
 And day's stony gaze,
 Hid sparks of their fire
 Made smouldering ways.
 He turned where the skies
 In quietness remain:

Unfaltering eyes
 Met his once again.
 Through shattering annoys
 And heart-breaking shame,
 Like silence through noise
 They lifted their flame.
 The peace of their light
 Cooled fever away:
 The pace of their flight
 Set the rhythm of day.
 They offered no word
 In the language of men,
 But stars that were blurred
 Braved darkness again.

A New "O Canada"

By HON. W. S. FIELDING

I HAVE heard the song "O Canada" criticized on the ground that for a national song it was too distinctly Canadian, that it lacked an Imperial note, and this point was deemed of some importance at a time when the whole Empire was straining every nerve in the war against a barbarous enemy. I am far from agreeing that the criticism was just. The Englishman, the Scot, the Welshman, or the Irishman is not deemed less loyal to the Empire when he sings of the beauty or the glory of his particular portion of the Kingdom; nor should anybody lack appreciation of the singing by Canadians of "O Canada!" either in the original French form of Hon. Mr. Justice Routhier, or in the form of one of the several English translations that have been made. Out of the criticism, however, this thought came to me: Why should not the stately music of Mr. La Vallée, with which all Canadians are now familiar, be the vehicle of a song at once Canadian and Imperial—a song of Canada, telling of the beauty of its scenery, the richness of its resources, the charm of its history, and withal, the pride which Canadians feel in their citizenship in the British Empire? The accompanying song is presented as an endeavor to respond to the question.

A NEW "O CANADA!"

O Canada!* 'neath Northland's brightest skies,
From loving hearts our songs of praise arise.
What grandeur in thy rugged heights,
What charm in wood and stream,
What beauty in the myriad lights
That in thy heavens gleam!

Refrain:

O Canada! let heart and hand
Yield loyal service in this freeman's land!
For freemen's rights and freemen's duties
stand!

O Canada! where health and wealth intertwine,
Where Northern blasts bear fragrance of the
pine!

From soil and mine and lake and sea
Come riches for thy dower,
Cascade and river joyously
Bring wondrous gift of power.

O Canada! thy page in story glows
With chivalry of fleur de lis and rose.
Adown the vista of the years
Heroic forms advance,
In light and shadow, smiles and tears,
The flower of Albion-France.

O Canada! thy sons will proudly share
Service that links with Empire's world-wide care.
Britannia's far flung lands are bound
With slender silken cord,
Yet strong as steel the tie is found
When foes take up the sword.

O Canada! for thee the day-star beams,
Youth visions see and elders dream their dreams.
An Empire's splendor thou canst share,
Thy wealth is labor's crown,
Shall not a land so rich and fair
Win honor and renown?

O Canada! may we our trust uphold!
Life's minor things must not our hearts enfold.
Not all the wealth of earth and sea
Can win thee worthy fame,
If service of our God and thee
Be not our highest aim.

* For adaptation to the music, the French form of the exclamation "O Canada!" is retained, the accent falling on the last syllable.

Teaching of French in Ontario

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT REQUIRES no little hardihood in these days to lift up one's voice in criticism of the sinless Province of Ontario. The reputation which it has long since achieved is itself a bulwark against the babble of noxious tongues. It requires no proof to show that in the Province of Ontario the human race has probably reached a higher stage of morality than has yet been achieved since Adam and Eve lived in Mesopotamia. Anyone who has been privileged to spend a Sunday afternoon in Toronto will bear ready testimony to the fact.

Nor is the present article directed in any way towards injuring a reputation so well established. It has no other purpose than to discuss why it is that the people in Ontario cannot talk French. In other words, this essay is purely a technical, educational discussion such as a University professor ought to be privileged to write. It is intended to be of interest only to those who have been brought into contact with the peculiar problem which it discusses. But even these people are probably very numerous.

The essential aspect of the problem is this. In Ontario most educated people have tried to learn French. None of them have succeeded. There are in the Province some 150 high schools and collegiate institutes all busily engaged in teaching French. Not a single pupil in any of them, learns a single word of it—in any real sense. The University of Toronto examined at its last matriculation some 1,000 students in what was called an examination in French and declared that they had passed the examination. In reality not a single one of these matriculants knew anything about French whatever—in the real sense. The matriculant could, that is to say, if one gave him time, mechanically translate with a pen and ink some written English words into some written French words. But this has but little connection with knowing French. On the contrary—it is a first-class way and method of making certain never to know it.

It is to be noticed that what has just been said has been said in absolute and superlative terms admitting of no exception. It is meant exactly so. The only apparent exception that

can be made is in the case of young people who have come from France or from Quebec knowing French, or some French, already. Even these exceptions are apparent rather than real. All the young persons concerned would be badly damaged by their contact with the French instruction in Ontario, and if they persisted in studying long enough would be in danger of losing their previous real knowledge of French altogether.

No criticism is here offered against the efficiency and the industry of the many hundred people who teach French in the schools of Ontario. They do what they are compelled to do to meet the strange and disastrous kind of test applied to their pupils. They have to prepare their pupils to pass the matriculation examination of the Universities; and they do so. Some of their pupils even pass with distinction; others carry away what is called honors, and are so badly damaged thereby for learning French that a residence of ten years in Paris would hardly effect a complete recovery of their native faculties.

And the most amazing thing about the situation is that if Anatole France and Monsieur Poincaré were sent up to write on an Ontario matriculation examination in French there is not the slightest chance that either of them would head the list: they would be beaten right and left by girls from Seaforth High School who never saw the red wings of the Moulin Rouge, and by boys from the Hamilton Collegiate Institute who wouldn't know enough real French to buy a cup of tea in the Café de la Paix. Indeed it is doubtful if Anatole France and Poincaré would pass at all. The whole examination being a test in English, they would probably be ploughed and have to be put under the care of an Ontario special teacher for six months.

The point that I am endeavoring to make and reinforce with all the emphasis of which I am capable is this: The ability to translate into English in writing is not a knowledge of French. More than this, it is the very opposite of it. It involves, if exercised persistently and industriously, a complete inability ever to have a knowledge of French. The

English gets in the way. The French words are for ever prevented from acquiring a real meaning in connection with the objects and actions indicated because the mind has been trained always and forever and hopelessly to associate them with English words instead of with things. The process is fatal. And the whole system is not only worthless, but it is a fraud and an imposition practised upon all those who learn French in the schools of the Province of Ontario.

For the proof of it I appeal to the candid confession of all those who were trained in this machine. If any of them happen to read this article (and the growing popularity of the *Bookman* renders it likely that a great many of them will read it) then I appeal to such people for corroboration of what I say. All that they learned was directed towards nailing the English word so tight to the French one that nothing can ever prize them apart.

I, myself, speak of what I know. When I was a little boy in England I learned to use a few small phrases in French, such as "Bonjour, Monsieur" and "Au revoir," in the proper and real way; not connecting them with any link to English words but letting them spring out of the occasion. Anybody who understands the matter will understand what I mean. An Ontario pedant will not. Later on I learned French in Ontario and entered, traversed, and left the Provincial University with all sorts of distinction in it. Part of the teaching, like parts of the curate's egg at the bishop's table, was excellent no doubt, but the base of it was worthless; and it had all been undermined and spoiled and for ever rendered futile by the unspeakable matriculation examination which preceded it and which was a necessary preliminary to entrance to the French classes. I mean it literally and absolutely when I say that I knew more French in the real sense of knowing it when I was a child of six years in England than when I was given first-class honors at graduation by the University of Toronto. In the first case I knew a little: in the second case I knew not a single word. All the energy and industry and determination that I had put into my college work: all the interest and fascination that I felt for the language: all the pride that I could have felt in really knowing and using it—was dashed to pieces against the stone wall of the barrier erected in my path. When I graduated I could not use a single word of French without thinking of English. I had

to begin painfully and wearily all over again at the very bottom. Somehow I had stumbled upon the secret of a true beginning, and I began to try to collate in my mind the French words and the objects and ideas and to exclude the English. But it was hard work. Toronto had left its fatal mark deep stamped upon my brain. But now at last, twenty-nine years after my graduation, thank Heaven, I am beginning to forget. The light is breaking. If I can forget a little more I shall soon be able to speak French as well as a Montreal cabman talks English. More than that I do not ask. But for my training at Toronto I might have spoken French with the easy fluency with which the girls behind the notion counters of the Montreal department stores rip off their alternate languages. But for such higher competence I can only have a despairing admiration. It is not for me. Yet let me speak as the cabman and the car conductor speak and I am content to depart in peace. For I shall know that if a French angel (such is the kind I should prefer) opens the gate to me and says "D'où venez-vous?" I shall answer "Je viens de Montréal," without first framing the thought in English.

Let us consider a little further the matter under discussion. The whole of the teaching of French in Ontario is directed towards passing the matriculation examination at the colleges. This examination is conducted on paper in English. It has therefore absolutely no connection with the use of the ear as a means of hearing language. In fact, language in Ontario is regarded as a thing seen but not heard. I am told that people from Ontario when they land at Calais or Dieppe are often seen to grasp their ears at the first tingling of the new sensation of hearing a language spoken. Moreover, the examination in question consists entirely, or almost so, of writing out English translations of French words and of translating written English words into French ones. I have just looked through several annual volumes of the paper inflicted at the matriculation of the University of Toronto and I see no other test than this. Even if a few other forms of exercise were introduced it would make no difference. The overwhelming preponderance of the translation test would vitiate every other.

The typical form of matriculation test is to hand out to the candidate a rapid fire series of silly looking little grammatical difficulties involving a queer sequence of pronouns or

something of the sort. Some such exercise as this is given:

Translate into French. Speak to us of it. Do not speak of it to them with me. Let him have some of it for them. Lend it to us, but do not lend it to them. Etc., etc., etc.

I should like to put Anatole France and a Montreal cabman down in front of this and see what utter hash they would make of it. The truth is that ability to do this kind of translation-gymnastics, this leaping in and out in a kind of egg-shell dance among the pronouns, can only be accomplished at a dreadful expense of damage in other directions. The wretched literalism involved is absolutely fatal. I do not say that a person who really knew French and knew English could not translate these stupid things. He might. But the prospect would make him tired. And probably in about half a page of this sort of stuff he would make a slip or two in whichever language was not his mother tongue. But notice. The highly trained girl from Seaforth High School (or is it a collegiate institute?) who has never seen the sails of the Moulin Rouge will make no slip at all. She will translate with absolute accuracy every last one of these rotten-looking sentences. Yet if the examiner said to her in French, "My dear child, you have answered admirably, come and have lunch with me at the Café Americain," she would blush the ruby red of detected ignorance.

But this juggling with pronouns and idioms is only a part of the idiocy of the Ontario translation system. There is plenty more to it. The pupil is not only taught to translate the ordinary common words that he would really need if he were ever, poor soul, actually going to use French, but he is taught right at the outset of his instruction a string of words, or rather the translation of a string of words, that he is never conceivably going to use at all. Just because these words have a peculiar plural they are dragged in at the very opening of the pupil's acquaintance with the language. Most of them he will never see again, except of course on an Ontario examination paper. *Bal, carnaval, chacal, nopal, regal, cal*, have, so it appears, irregular plurals. Who cares if they have? The way to learn an irregular plural is by happening to want to use the word often enough to learn it. That is the way in which an English child learns that the plural of foot is feet, and a French child that the plural of *bal* is *bals*. Similarly the words *baïl, émail, corail, soupirail, vantail, vitrail*, have irregular plurals.

But what of that? Wait till one wants to use them or runs up against them in the course of speaking or reading French. It is awful, and it is futile, to learn them in a list; and it is still more awful to parade the list on an examination paper as if knowledge of it were a real test of the degree of attainment of a person learning French. But no: the Ontario examination paper solemnly grinds out, "Have you put the callosities of the jackals under the air-holes of the stained glass windows?" Oh, help! help!

Surely any person of reason and common sense can see that the standard or criterion thus set up is absolutely artificial. We talk of the horrors of Chinese education. If it can rival in its stupidity the matriculation tests in French in Ontario it is stupid indeed.

Or take the verbs. The unhappy Ontario pupil learns them in a list. The Montreal cabman learns them by their use. When the Ontario pupil proposes to say "We shall see" in French, he starts off from the English "to see": French *voir*: future *je verrai, tu verras, il verra*—ha! ha!—he's getting near it now—*nous verrons*, we shall see! Triumph! Now the cabman (whether French by birth or English) has learned that group of sounds, "nous verrons," in a lump, associated with the idea. Or else he hasn't learned it at all. But if he has, he knows it and uses it in the real true sense of language. The Ontario matriculant, wanting to use it, stands dumb with a perfect fury of rapid conjugation boiling up in his mind till it boils over as *nous verrons*—half a minute too late for use.

Learned thus, language is a mere futility, a gymnastic drill, a waste. It cannot be understood, nor spoken, nor ever, on such terms as these, read with pleasure. All reading is converted into mental translation and merely sets up a sense of weariness in the brain.

Let me repeat that the whole origin and blame of this gigantic failure lies at the door of those who are responsible for the matriculation examination. Change that and all changes with it. Let us see how this could be done. Suppose there were a test in which the English language plays no part. Imagine first that an examiner dictated an ordinary page out of an ordinary French book and made the candidates write it down. I will guarantee that there would be no *nopal, regal, or cal* in it. This would indicate at once whether the candidate's ear had been trained to understand French sounds. In this test Anatole France and Ray-

mond Poincaré would stand clear ahead of all the girls in the Seaforth High School. Then suppose that the examiner dictated a lot of simple questions and had the candidates write down the answers—all in French; or that the examiner asked the candidates (in French) to write out any one of such and such well known stories or events, things so well known that anybody must know some of them. Or suppose finally that the examiner were permitted and paid by the college to talk with each candidate in French for about five minutes. At the end of such tests as these there would be an utter and absolute and complete weeding out of all the pupils who learn their French upon the present plan. They would be nowhere.

Moreover, if French were examined thus it

would as an immediate consequence have to be taught in such a way that each little bit acquired was a real and actual acquirement. Complete knowledge and use of two languages is hardly ever attained. The circumstances must be propitious and the effort continuous. But anybody who knows one French phrase so as to use it of itself and by itself knows already something—more in fact than many Ontario pupils after a year of study.

But of what use is criticism or protest? The immaculate Province of Ontario is so encased in the conviction of its own righteousness that if it fails to learn French, it will merely pass a law prohibiting the use of French by those who are fortunate enough to appreciate it.

The Spirits of the Lake

By ESTHER W. KERRY

I.

THERE'S sunset on the waters
The mountains darkening scowl
There's glory up and down the lake
From Orford back to Owl,
And as the twilight gathers
A stillness holds the air
As if the boys who loved the lake
In spirit hovered there.

Sometimes in early morning
When mists are all around
Comes ghostly on the listening ear
A paddle's dripping sound;
Or in the full moon's radiance,
Or when the white-caps swell,
It seems the soldier spirits seek
The lake they loved so well.

When Memphremagog dances
Alight in noon-day's blaze
Across her sun-split waters flit
The lads of former days:
Or from the cool green woodlands
Which grow along the shore
Their voices haunt from tree to tree
The lake they know no more.

There's glory in the sunlight,
There's glory in the wind,
And when the gale rides fiercest
Their spirits sweep behind.
Their glory is upon us,
And we were we but wise

Could better catch the brightness
They bring from Paradise.

II.

Where the sun touched water shivers
Into silver on the blue,
Where the night's a purple beauty,
And the dawn brings wonder new,
Where your own lake shines around us
Rippled by the summer air;
You are with us,
You are with us,
You who died to keep this fair.

Where the cedar scented sweetness
From Gibraltar's high rock steals,
As the idler drifts beneath it,
And the cooling shadow feels,
And the afternoon is stillness
Stirring not the lightest breath;
You are with us,
You who dying
Kept this precious in your death.

Round the lake we sailed and paddled,
Fished together in deep bays,
Where the circling mountains heat-veiled
Shroud them in a greyish haze,
Where the hills cry out to heaven
And the waters sing his praise;
All this wonder, all this beauty
Shall stand in the years to be;
You, for countless other children,
By your dying
Kept it free.

At the Sign of the Star

By FANNY M. SAXE

THERE is at least one time and season in the non-stop flying years, when slacking should be commended. To practice it at Christmastide—usual floodtide of activities—may not be all, is not claimed to be all of a true celebration of that once tranquil festival but rather, that it seems the right beginning therefor, according to early precedent.

It was a great vision and message that came to those slacking shepherds on the faraway hillside that first Christmas night, and as for the wise men with their gifts, whose ease and initiative the contentious will wish to point out, it may be pointed out, in turn, that each of those wise men emerged from a separate, unknown fastness, where, in quiet and receptive mind, he might well have entertained wisdom. The evidence that each had done so is indubitable. For, thereafter, following their guiding star, those wondrous-wise ones traversed vast, silent spaces of night, placed Divinely their worthy gifts and then, withdrew, without leaving an address. There was no more ado about it.

It is probable that the modern, strenuous way of recognizing the supposed season of Peace and Goodwill dates from the publication of that disturbing Christmas Carol, into which a genius poured the wine of life with such ebullient spirits, in praise and description of active goodwill, that since then, the Peace part of the celebration has not had even the Marley's ghost of a chance. In particular, a haunting spectre, "The Christmas Present," has never been laid; on the contrary, up to wartime, growing more and more obstreperous in whooping things up, it has played the Dickens, so to speak, with the yearly festival. The season has been stamped.

Reverting to our sheep and shepherds, of course, it is possible to slack and slack and never attain wisdom; yet, we sing the chance that, in quiet, wisdom might be thrust upon us. And is there not something to be said for certain other virtues which might accrue from the unfashionable fashion of slacking? Let us consider the question "by the light of common day"—the daylight saving way: For folk brimming with good-will towards their kind, and unkind, effervescing at Christmas, it might

inculcate that admirable virtue of restraint, admonished by Mr. Squeers, should they moderate their transports in celebrating. Or, for those others, who should sit tight taking all that might be put over them, in the name of Christmas cheer, would that not mean Fortitude—and if without reprisal be Magnanimous? And again—not to follow a fashion over which all the world were agog, must engage firmness; while, to "sit on such style and continue to smile" would seem to approach the heroic Now, not being a hero, and, moreover, holding compunctions vain in the matter of obligations the preacher, here admits to having celebrated Christmas, aforesaid, in the disturbing, otherwise way; snared and challenged in the annual gift fight to have given as good or worse than was got: to have bombed peaceful homes with large gifts, and, on all sides, to have mined and perhaps undermined, with small; to have gassed with sentiment, both rank and high-flown; to have sniped any person, once seen, with a Christmas card from quick-firing, revolving arms; to have vented explosive greetings on some, hardly able to grin and bear the strain. And at last when the day was ended to have retired on our side, suffering from the shock of benefits received. On the night after Christmas contemplating such benefits in their entirety who has not been a true case *cafard*—"Earth but our dwelling place," etc., etc.? Yet—here you are solemnly challenged at the point of a fountain pen—who has not hastily staggered to the feet again to pack away some of the entirely doubtful benefits towards Preparedness for another year? But the inquisitor desists and would replace painful memories with a proposed measure for reform.

Briefly stated it is this. That *whereas* a devastating war is ended and mankind engaged in an intermediate struggle towards the attainment of Peace, it is fitting and urgent that our Christmas celebration should better reflect the divine message; that, it may be, we should draw fresh inspiration for it across the "brawling centuries." To such end, or beginning, it is *Resolved* that, as the season approaches, we should form a league for slacking—and silence, to ponder these things in our hearts. Not an

anti-gift league—heaven forbid! Nor an anti-joy league—rather one that should free us from that worse estate. And if there should be any who could be heartened by the wearing of a badge or decoration it is further proposed as a

bye and bye law, or privilege, that such—perhaps all—should wear, either openly or concealed upon their person, the insignia of a star in reminder of the Slaeking Shepherds and those vanished wise men.

McGill's New Librarian

By ST. GEORGE BURGOYNE

TIME was, and that not many years ago, when the reputations and qualifications of aliens seemed to impress us more than those of our own people. Men and women, every whit as talented as those in like lines of endeavor abroad, were quietly appreciated by their associates, but when posts of responsibility became vacant the older lands were scanned for candidates to fill the positions. During past years there was a tendency to overlook, or to under-estimate, the talent in our midst, and many men and women who would have been a stimulating influence in Canadian arts and letters have become more generally appreciated only after the neighboring Republic has recognized their potentialities and afforded them the opportunities for development which the Dominion did not always afford. Happily the tendency now has changed and the practice is to encourage our own people.

The lamentable death of Mr. Charles H. Gould recently made vacant the important post of Librarian of McGill University—a position he had held many years with distinction, for he possessed the requisite qualifications in an unusual degree and coupled with them personal qualities which endeared him to a wide circle both within and without the University. "Who will succeed him?" was the question asked by many. Would the next incumbent come from across the ocean or from across the international border?

From across the border comes Mr. Gould's successor, but the appointment is simply calling back to Canada one of her own sons who will be at home at McGill.

Dr. Gerhard R. Lomer, who has been appointed University Librarian at McGill, possesses qualifications which Mr. Gould was not slow to appreciate. For several years Dr. Lomer was an instructor in the Summer Library School at McGill, established by Mr. Gould, and the first of its kind in Canada. When during the year preceding his death Mr. Gould was in indifferent health and was looking ahead to the time when he might have to curtail his activities and require assistance the question of who should carry on naturally arose. Mr. Gould felt that the post should go to a product of McGill, and Dr. Lomer's name was mentioned.

Early in 1920 Dr. Lomer will return to Montreal, where he was born. He comes of a family

long identified with educational and library work in this city. From the Montreal High School he went to McGill University, from which he graduated in 1903 with first rank honors and medal prizes in Mental and Moral Philosophy. The following year he took a Master's degree in English. He was later appointed a scholar and fellow at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, where he received the degree of Ph.D. and the Doctor's diploma in Education in 1910.

His educational activities have included two years' teaching English at McGill, and lecturing on Education at the Normal School, Montreal, for the interval between Dr. Robins' resignation and Professor J. A. Dale's appointment, after which he went to the University of Wisconsin, where he taught in the Department of English for three years.

In 1912 he was appointed instructor in English on the staff of the new School of Journalism founded at Columbia University by the late Joseph Pulitzer, and for the next five years remained on the staff of that School, giving instruction in English and representing the Department of Journalism on the College Entrance and Examination Boards.

During the past two years Dr. Lomer has been engaged in editorial work, first on the new University Edition of the Warner Library, and as assistant editor of "The Chronicles of America"—a series of fifty volumes published by the Yale University Press under the general editorship of Professor Allen Johnson. Dr. Lomer is the author of "Concept of Method," published in the "Columbia University Contributions to Education," and is joint author of "The Study and Practice of Writing English," and "Writing of Today."

Dr. Lomer was for several years a member of the National Education Association, the International Kindergarten Union, the American Library Association, and the National Board of Review for Motion Pictures. Of the last he is still a member of the National Advisory Committee, and was one of the first to use motion pictures in educational work in the training of journalists.

Dr. Lomer's mother is a member of the well known Lafleur family—a sister of Dr. Henri Lafleur, Mr. Eugene Lafleur, K.C., and Professor Paul Lafleur, of McGill University.

A Canadian Calendar

By JOHN MURRAY GIBBON

JANUARY.

Winter the Witch caresses
The sunny, windless skies,
While indoors on the hearth
We dream day-dreams,
Or through the faded flowers
Damascened
In blue and silver
Upon the windows
We watch her sweep the stars into the night.

FEBRUARY.

As in dreams
Once and again
The eager heart repels
Fears and impalpable phantasies,
So breathless
Upon the windblown, drifting trails,
Buffeted wayfarers
We struggle with snowswirls
Of February gales.

MARCH.

Our gentle alchemist, the sun
Dissolves each snowfield to a silvery lagoon.

Sweet-running maple sap!
You sing of frosty night and balmy day,
And sweet is the wind
That brings the robin to our North
To chug-chug with his mate
Over a new home in bare branches.

So our hearts too
Must dare a new adventure.

APRIL.

Bobolink and thrush,
Aerial pilgrims,
Chant in the orchard
Plainsong of spring.

Is there in the South
Altar more beautiful
Than apple branches
Twined in reredos
Of lilac and maroon?

And now the river
Bursting its cerements of ice
Reverberates
Gospel of resurrection.

Here, here
In April
Are the stairs of Heaven.

MAY.

Dawn of pearl and of mist
From the amethyst—
Morning stained with rays
Of chrysoprase—
Midday veiled with gauze
Spun from turquoise —
Afternoon sapphire
Skies to admire—
Eve a chalice full,
Crystal cool—
And as a moonstone, light
With dim lustre, Night.

JUNE.

Bareheaded and barefoot
With rosy bouquet
Humming, humming
In dances June,

June, and the bees
Honey hunting among the roses,
And in the orchard an oriole
Flashing his gold.

June with tresses of cinnabar
And coral lips
And eyes so blue, so blue—
Give me back my heart!

JULY.

I will to the mountains
Along cool trails amid the glaciers
And Alpine meadows framed with larch
And the red Indian Paint Brush.

I will to the mountains
And to the lakes of melted jade
Where the dark forest
Broods in stained reflection
Under crystalline skies.

There overhead
Steep, jagged cliffs
Rear their defiant shields,
Aeons of snow,
Against the shafts of July suns.

AUGUST.

Now the great trajectory
Of blazing glory
Is shot by the sun
From the low horizon
Across the August blue,
Spraying the leagues of wheat
With golden hue
And shimmer of heat,
Until into the dark trenches
Of night it plunges.

SEPTEMBER.

Bathing their wings in dew
The Winds of Far Away
Out of the Long Night flew
Here to the Early Day.

They called the world awake
And away the mists they rolled
From the fringe of the forest and lake
With its green and russet and gold.

Gold and russet and green!
They uncovered the gay Fall dress
And the silken red-gold sheen
Of the trees with their airy caress.

They brought a kiss from the Moon
As cool as their own cool lips,
As sweet as the rose in June
That the bee for its honey sips.

Kiss and away! But the Sun
Came up as a lover instead,
And never a maiden was won
That flushed to a rosier red
Than the fringe of the lake as they fled.

OCTOBER.

Falling, falling leaves!
And indoors
Cellars sweet-smelling with apples,
Fair hands busy with canning and stores for the
winter.

Morning in frosty apron,
Noon in a bonnet of blue,
Night with a cool dark cloak overtaking the day.

Once in a while a sky a-swirl with rain
And winds in wild cavalcades,
But always,
On the greensward,
Falling, falling leaves!

NOVEMBER.

Grey, gaunt and sere
Is the old year.
Flake upon flake
Falls the heartache,
Only for a while
The Indian Summer
Comes with a smile
A late-comer,
An afterthought,
So that naught
Of the old year
May lack good cheer,
And you remember
A sweet November.

DECEMBER.

There is a window in a quiet room
Over an orchard now of apples bare
Though in September no more sweet perfume
Filled any wind with a more fragrant air.

And in that silence through the window-bars
Through the deep azure that pervades the sky
Prick'd only by innumerable stars
I see a world of phantom passers-by.

I see the fairies of a winter's night
Float from the tree-tops to the path below
And pattern laces with the clear moonlight
And shadows of the branches on the snow.

And where the icicles hang from the eaves
Dropping their crystal pillars to the ground
I see the throne that only he achieves
Who wins a queen by all the fairies crowned.

Was that a sleigh bell or a magic note
Played in a dream to hearts that understand?
Surely I hear there with the dancers float
The clash of cymbals in an elfin band.

My Lady

By C. F. LLOYD

She walks amid the noisy crowd
And yet alone she seems,
A dainty creature shy and proud,
Like something seen in dreams;
Her eyes are bright as love's own star,
Brown pools of laughter, deep;
Her thoughts as pure as lilies are
And calm as folded sheep.

This is no heathen goddess bold,
Rich hued as Samian wine,
With sky-blue eyes and hair of gold
Like ore from India's mine;
She is my lady of delight,
And framed for homey ways,
For sunny rooms by love made bright
Where childish laughter strays.

My love's a casket richly wrought
And filled with spices sweet
As ever from the East were brought
By white winged galleons fleet;
No evil thing may near her dwell
For truth is in her eyes,
In noble deeds she doth excel,
By perfect love made wise.

No pagan dame with jewelled zone,
Not Venus' self shall e'er
Usurp my lovely lady's throne,
Her crown of glory wear;
For she's my lady of delight
Who doth my honor keep,
And all her thoughts, as snow, are white,
And calm as folded sheep.

The Unpopularity of Canadian History

By W. S. WALLACE

IT has been the custom of the writer for a number of years, in pursuance of his professional duty of instructing the youth of one of the Canadian universities in the outlines of Canadian history, to inquire, by means of a straw vote, how many of his pupils have conceived, as a result of their early reading of their school studies, an interest in their country's past. The result has been uniformly amazing. Fully ninety per cent of those interrogated have frankly and invariably confessed to a lack of interest in Canadian history; and an actual majority have indeed testified to a positive distaste for, and detestation of, the subject. These straw votes, moreover have been conducted among those undergraduates who, for one reason or another, have elected to read Canadian history; and it is a natural inference that, among those who have not elected to read it, the number among whom the subject is unpopular must be proportionately higher. Nor is the unpopularity of Canadian history limited to university undergraduates. Anyone who has had experience of such semi-academic organizations as the Khaki University in the Canadian army, the Workers' Educational Association, or even the reading circles which are to be found in some local centres, will not have failed to discover an antipathy to the study of Canadian history among Canadians generally. Such is this antipathy that the overwhelming majority of Canadians seem to make a point of forgetting promptly what little Canadian history they learnt at school; and the opinion may be hazarded that, even among educated people in Canada today, there are comparatively few who if they were pressed for an answer, could tell a stranger exactly how long the Dominion of Canada has been in existence.

The unpopularity of Canadian history with Canadians is the more remarkable when one considers how fortunate Canada is in having a history almost unparalleled, among young and comparatively undeveloped countries at any rate, in dramatic and picturesque interest. No one who reads the vivid and brilliant pages of Parkman, for example, can fail to discern the

exceptionally interesting character of the history of Canada under French rule; and even if the English period lacks some of the glamor of the French, it still presents many points of universal interest. The story of North American exploration, of how the map of Canada was rolled back westward and northward, is a story such as few countries are able to call their own; the story of the fur-trade, for long the basic industry of Canada, is as absorbing as any chapter of economic history in the Old World or the new; and even the political history of Canada, trivial and narrow though some of its details undoubtedly are, nevertheless offers some aspects of great interest and importance. The long history of the relations between the two races in Canada affords an illustration, such as is seldom to be met with, of how diverse national elements may exist, on the whole with mutual forbearance and concord, within the bosom of a single state; and the story of the growth of Canadian self-government or autonomy might almost be described as an epoch-making chapter in modern history. It is not always realized by Canadians that in the struggle for colonial Home Rule—for "responsible government in the Dominions"—Canada was the pioneer; and if the British Empire of today is a new and unparalleled experiment in government, if indeed it is, as one may venture to think, a sort of microscope or prototype of the League of Nations, part of the credit must go to those Canadian statesmen who led the way. Happy perhaps is the country which has no history; but happier still is the country which has a history of such surpassing interest as that of the Dominion of Canada.

To regret that Canadians do not take much stock in their country's past is not necessarily to regard history as the hand-maid of patriotism. Perhaps part of the trouble in Canada has been that history has been too often so regarded. Attention has been lavished on the war of 1812—one of the most meaningless and unnecessary wars in history—in the hope that the story of the obscure skirmishes which took place along the Canadian border during that

war might stimulate Canadian patriotism; and more important phases of Canadian history have been neglected, because they did not seem to contribute so directly to national pride. History must not be falsified, or perverted, or even placed in a wrong perspective, in order to foster patriotism. But it is foolish to ignore the fact, which all students of nationalism point out, that a common history and common traditions are among the most powerful elements contributing to the growth of a strong national feeling. In one particular, a common history is one of the few bonds which serve to bind together French-Canadians and English-Canadians; and if Canada is ever to achieve a common national consciousness in any notable degree, if she is ever to achieve, in fact as well as in name, that *national* status which has been assigned to her by the Peace Conference, it behooves her to make the most of the ties which link together the diverse elements in her population.

How Canadian history can be rescued from the unpopularity into which it has fallen is, then, a problem which should concern, not only teachers of history, but all those who care for their country—who do not despair of the commonwealth.

To diagnose the causes of this unpopularity is not easy. Possibly there is something in the atmosphere of a new and progressive country, where men's minds are set on the future, which is hostile to an interest in the past. Possibly the scarcity of historic landmarks in Canada predisposes Canadians to forget and to ignore the past. These are possible factors. But there are other factors which are obvious and indisputable; and there is not one of those which cannot be removed or remedied.

In the first place, the teaching of Canadian history in the primary and secondary schools of Canada has never had a fair chance. In the curriculum of studies, it has almost invariably occupied a subordinate place, with the result that very few schools have been able to employ a teacher primarily for the object of teaching it. In most cases, it has been taught by a teacher whose chief interest has lain in English literature, or in Greek and Latin, or even in mathematics, and with whom the teaching of Canadian history has been an unwelcome and super-imposed burden. That many teachers have succeeded, even under the difficult conditions imposed on them, in rousing in their pupils an interest in the story of Canada's past, cannot be denied; but it is obvious that the

majority of them, perhaps through no fault of their own, have failed to do so. That any of them have succeeded is, indeed, sufficiently remarkable.

In the second place, the text-books of Canadian history used in the schools have all been built on a traditional plan which is so irrational that one wonders how it has survived. They follow a slavish chronological order which has in it neither rhyme nor reason—which reminds one, in fact, of the primitive narratives of the mediaeval chroniclers. The most diverse matters are jumbled together on the same pages, generally under black-headed captions to each paragraph. A section on the Iroquois will be followed by an account of Bishop Laval or a sketch of Radisson's explorations; a paragraph on the Treaty of Washington will precede immediately an account of the Pacific scandal. The result is, in nearly every case, a lack of consecutiveness, an absence of that narrative interest in which half the charm of history lies. It is small wonder that the youth of Canada find text-books constructed on such a plan repellent reading. Most of the text-books, moreover, have the defect, grave in books intended for the young, of teaching history forward, instead of backward. They attempt to tell the story of Canadian political development, for example, without describing first, for the information of the youthful reader, what the government and politics of Canada are like today; thus working from the unknown to the known, rather than—as would seem to be more profitable—from the known to the unknown. Most of the Canadian history school-books in use today are well written and scholarly; nor should the authors be held responsible for the defects described, for they have been compelled to follow a senseless and stubborn tradition. If anyone is to blame, it is perhaps the provincial departments of education. But wherever the fault lies, it must be obvious that history school-books constructed so defectively could hardly be expected to challenge the interest of the youthful mind, and that the school-books of the past must bear at least part of the onus of the unpopularity of Canadian history.

What is needed, if we are to redeem our national past from popular oblivion, is a greater attention to Canadian history in the schools. The subject must occupy a more important place in the curriculum of studies, and we must entrust the teaching of it to teachers whose main interest lies along historical lines. Into

the hands of these teachers we must put text-books very different in plan from those now in use. These text-books must teach history backward, not forward—from the known to the unknown, and not from the unknown to the inadequately known. They must begin, in other words, with a description of Canada today. Then they must follow in their treatment of the events of the past, not a chronological, but a topical, method. An attempt must be made to disentangle the various threads or strands of which Canadian history is composed, geographical, economic, political, imperial, international. An account of the history of Canadian geographical exploration, from the voyages of the Norsemen down to the latest discoveries of the Geological Survey or Mr. V. Stefansson, might well come first — and he would be a dull teacher who could not invest this story, told perhaps with the aid of old maps, with an atmosphere of adventure and romance. Then might come an account of the colonisation of the country, from the story of the French convicts marooned on Sable Island in 1598 down to the story of the mushroom-like growth of the Great West. After this, the story of Canadian political development, including the relations between the two races, would follow naturally, and the story of Canada's relations with the Mother Country and with the United States. A connected account of Canadian relations with the United States, including the wars, the boundary disputes, the trade relations, the annexation movements, and so forth, would invest many a detail of Canadian history with a new significance and a new interest for Canadians; it would, moreover, enable the Canadian student to see the relations between the two countries steadily, and to see them whole.

If Canadian history is thus broken up into the various strands of which it is composed, and if each strand is followed through separately from beginning to end, much will be done

to revive an interest in their country's past in the minds of the rising generation. A "story interest" will be restored to Canadian history which is conspicuously absent from most of the Canadian history text-books of the past and present. Instead of a hotch-potch jumble of disconnected facts, there will be a consecutive narrative in which each fact will fall into its natural and significant place. An isolated paragraph, let us say, describing the political career of Thomas D'Arcy McGee might, by itself, be meaningless and un instructive; but placed in its proper perspective, in an account of the growth of Canadian nationalism, of which McGee was one of the early apostles, that paragraph would take on a new and luminous significance.

By such means as these, it seems possible that Canadians might redeem themselves in time from the reproach that they take little interest in their own history. For the present, with regard to the adult population of the country, there would appear to be little hope of greatly improving matters. The damage has been done, and cannot easily be undone. It is difficult to persuade people to like what they think they dislike. Perhaps the most hopeful remedy may be found to lie in the "movies." If some student of Canadian history, who is at the same time conversant with the mysterious art of photo-play writing, would only dramatise for the "movies" certain phases of Canadian history, he might not only reap a harvest of shekels, but he would also deserve well of his country. A photo-play written around the events of the Canadian confederation might be both interesting and instructive: if the title were not already pre-empted, it might be called "The Birth of a Nation." And a number of such photo-plays, written with the object of showing Canadians how striking and picturesque the history of their country is, might do something to restore in Canada a historical sense.



Moonlight and Common Day

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

LISTEN — you very very few who will care to listen —
 And I will tell you a story
 Of moonlight.
 Don't imagine because I try to tell stories of moonlight
 That I am a poet neurotic and mystic
 Dearly as I am enthralled by the things that some poets—
 Neurotic and mystic — can write!
 As for me I love good food, and beautiful clothing,
 And well-ordered punctual living
 Behind tall, well-clipped hedges;
 And practical, common-sense people.
 But still —

* * * * *

Let us open our casement window, Beloved,
 Where the dark leaves stir in the silence,
 And the sweet wet earth breathes softly
 And murmurs an exquisite word.
 Any moment out into the moonlight may issue
 White creatures and elfin-formed things that we know not —
 Quaintly and solemnly marching and chaunting inaudibly.
 Something stirs by the willows — —

Do you know what that sound is, so lovely and shuddering
 It's the owl's cry—
 The grave, small, grey owl that in purple dusk comes sometimes
 To sit on my window sill, eyes open, dreaming.—
 Hark how he is linking us in with the moonlight,
 Like a horn faintly blown in blue heaven.
 Do you remember, Beloved, a night—
 Glad years ago in a pinewood,
 In the moon-lighted darkness—
 How the rhythmical thunder of waves on the white shore
 Blended with us and our heart beats, Belovéd?

Let us lean from the window,
 As if faintly blown horns have called us
 To answer three questions.
 Is Life food and raiment and conquest?
 Is Love conquest and intrigue and passion?
 Is Death a gaunt figure white-shrouded,
 Dealing blows out of blackness?
 Let us fling back our eternal "No" as an answer—
 To the listening Silence,
 While the sweet wet earth still breathes softly
 An exquisite word.

* * * * *

But tomorrow
 I shall go right on living,
 As unworthy as ever of the moonlight
 Locked up in my soul.

* * * * *

That is my story of moonlight—
 No story at all now say you?
 But it all lies written
 Between the lines.

The Children's Bookshelf

By LILLIAN H. SMITH

"A book's a magic sort of thing
That makes you sailor, chief, or king;
When I am old, and own a shelf,
I think I'll have a book myself."*

A WORLD without books for children is hard to imagine in these days of holiday editions, to the illustrating of which leading artists the world over have given their best efforts. Yet books written for children are a comparatively modern idea in literature, although it seems a far cry from "Sandford and Merton" which illustrates the didactic attitude of early writers of "juveniles," and which has been called a book "written by a prig for a prig about a prig," to the story books of today whose authors frankly cater to the interests and preferences of the boys and girls themselves.

In that unspeakably dreary period of children's literature when every "juvenile" was an expanded tract or a sugar-coated text book, it was the children who appropriated for themselves such books as "Pilgrim's Progress," written for grown-up saints, but eagerly devoured by little sinners, who found in its distinctive diction and unaccustomed turns of thought and expression an inexhaustible storehouse upon which their imagination could draw. In the same way they made "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," and Munchausen their own. And it is the children themselves who will decide what they shall read. They have immortalized Alice and Peter Pan and Tom the water baby. In the children's rooms of the libraries "Little Women" is never on the shelf. "Heidi" of the Swiss Alps, "Gabriel" and his "Hour Book," and "Otto" of the silver hand, are read and re-read until they are known by heart.

Last year we had W. H. Hudson's exquisite story of the "Little Boy Lost," which has been a joy to many a child blessed with an imagination and an appreciation for nature. There was also Padraic Colum's "Children's Homer" which needed only a glance at the illustrations, so truly do they interpret the spirit of Homer, to "magic" a boy or girl back to the siege of Troy or to follow Odysseus in all his wanderings.

There are only a few of such books each year, and this year there are less of them than last year; for this reason "David Blaize and the Blue Door," by E. F. Benson, seems even more of a delightful treat. Behind the blue door is no ordinary world, though David recognizes in the garden, the lake and the village street the familiar surroundings of his own home. It is a world where he meets dancing cats whose heads turn round and square, one after the other; the bootmaker's shop has a card on which is written "Uncles and Aunts recovered and repaired." "It's not a bit usual," David thinks. He meets a whole string of telegrams rushing down the wires toward the post-office, each in a neat mackintosh; also an elephant who remarks "I'm not doing anything at present, but when I do I shall do it very well." The book is the purest and most delightful nonsense, like this from his adventures with his own Noah's Ark come to life:

"Some people," said Noah, "want everything explained to them. When the cock crows, it shows it's morning, and when the crow flies it shows it's night. We can't get down until."

"But what would happen if you did get down?" said David.

"Nobody knows," said Noah. "I knew once, and tied a knot in my handkerchief about it, so that I could remember, but the handkerchief went to the wash, and they took out the knot, so I forgot."

"If you tied another knot in another handkerchief, wouldn't you remember again?" asked David.

"No, that would not be the same knot. I should remember something quite different, which I might not like at all. That would never do."

"One, two, three," said Mrs. Noah, beating time, and they all began to sing:

"Never do, never do,

Never, never, never do."

Most of the animals in the ark joined in, and they sang it to a quantity of different tunes. David found himself singing too, but the only tune he could remember was "Rule Britannia," which didn't fit the words very well. By degrees the others stopped singing, and David was

* "A Little Freckled Person," by Mary Carolyn Davies. Houghton Mifflin Co.

left quite alone to finish his verse feeling rather shy, but knowing that he had to finish it whatever happened.

But "David Blaize and the Blue Door" is not all nonsense, for occasionally we come across pages of delicate poetic fancy like the following:

The flower-beds were absolutely covered with blossoms; not a trace of the dull brown earth was to be seen. Then a breeze came up from the lake, and set the flowers swinging on their stalks. But they did not swing quite in the ordinary way, for the stalks stopped still, and only the flowers themselves swung. Farther and farther they swung, this way and that, and then the sound of bells began to come out of them. The Canterbury bells and the Campanulas began, because they were professional bells, but by degrees everything else joined in. Lilies and roses and hollyhocks and lupins, and love-lies-a-bleeding, and every other flower that you can imagine, for they were all in blossom together this morning. Little tiny chimes, like the note of musical boxes, came from the violets, so soft that David had to put his ear among their leaves to hear them and the loudest notes of all seemed to come from the sunflowers, but they were more like the clashing of big golden cymbals.

It is a story that opens a blue door of freedom from a world that is often dull and sometimes sordid, to a world after a child's own heart.

A little wooden marionette, dear to children the world over, is "Pinocchio," who didn't care about going to school. Another Pinocchio book is announced this fall, but the book itself is not in time for examination. "The Magic of Oz" is here though, to satisfy the demand for "still another Oz book." "The Little Lead Soldier" by Franchi, and Lippincott's "Red Ben" also have to be taken on faith, as we have seen only advance notices, but it is safe to prophecy that they will find a welcome from small boys interested in toy soldiers and animals who can talk. The illustrations of "The Æsop for

Children" by Milo Winter will print the tales of the town and country mouse, the fox and the grapes, and all the other animals of Æsop more indelibly on the minds of the children than the stories themselves, which are adapted and in large print. This illustrator's excellent work in "Real Mother Goose," and "The Peter Patter Book" will be remembered from other holiday seasons. An attractive nursery rhyme book "The Old Mother Goose," has colored pictures by Annie Anderson which any child will revel in. The new edition of Scudder's "Fables and Folk Stories" with adequate illustrations by Maurice E. Day can hardly add to this book's popular-

ity, but does add materially to its appeal to the eye. The publishers announce "The Campbells are Coming" to the children this year in the shape of "The Scotch Twins" by Lucy Fitch Perkins, whose "Irish Twins" and "Dutch Twins" have been a pure delight to little folks.

A rather wistful little story is "Blue Magic" by Edith B. Price, of an invalid small boy, into whose colorless days a blue Djinn "magics" arabs scarabs and other adventures in increasing complexity. Restless nights are soothed by mysterious singing, and Fen falls asleep to the music of



MISS LILLIAN H. SMITH.

The river singeth sweeter far
A slumber-song than I;
Be then your night-lamp yonder star,
And the Nile, on whose ancient heart you are,
Whisper your lullaby.

"Think of Djimms telling—stars—to be my—night-light!" says Fen as he falls asleep.

Little girls are going to look with favor on "Wee Ann," by Ethel Calvert Phillips and find the day-to-day happenings in the country just as interesting as they were to Wee Ann. Little Ann Mackensie is a very human small girl, who is just as apt to get out of bed on the wrong side occasionally as other little girls, and like them too, her generous heart bids her send

to soldier Uncle Jock her dearest possession, a pair of bright red stockings.

A pleasing little story of Italy is "The Little Acrobat," by Janie Prichard Duggan, which concerns the mistaken efforts of a would-be uplifter to change the ambition of little Natale of the ring, which is to be the shining star of the Circo Equestre, with the nimblest straightest legs in all Italy.

Mr. Burgess in his "Bird Book" has done for the feathered folk what he has done for the little animals in his "Bedtime Stories"; made them the close and familiar friends of children little and big through their interest in stories. The book is dedicated "To the children and the birds of America that the bonds of love and friendship between them may be strengthened." An indispensable part of the book are the realistic illustrations, beginning with Carol the meadowlark on the cover, in the very act of giving his invitation "Come-to-tea," heard all through the Spring and Summer across open fields and meadows, to Spooky the screech owl, at the very end of the book. The index makes the book a ready reference guide as well.

The excellence of the other titles of the "Little Schoolmate" series insure a welcome for "The Cart of Many Colors," by Meiklejohn, but the book itself unfortunately has not yet arrived here. A useful and informing book is "The Story of Porcelain" by Sara Ware Bassett, in which an obliging manufacturer gives lectures on the subject of Porcelain to a fifteen year old boy who is convalescing at camp. Last year "In the Days of the Guild," by Lamprey, was one of the attractive books of the season. Dealing with the crafts of the middle ages it awakened a love of beauty in low, as well high, places, and a joy in the work of our hands. The difference between "The Story of Porcelain" and "In the Days of the Guild" is the difference between the letter and the spirit.

Stories for girls in their 'teens are almost as plentiful as ever. There is another mystery story of Augusta Seaman, whose two heroines devour "Treasure Island," "Pirates and Buccaneers of Our Coasts" and "The Life of Captain Kidd" while under the impression they are on the track of pirates' treasure.

E. B. and A. A. Knipe's new story "Vive la France" is the diary of a French girl of Rheims during the great war. There is much vividly told incident and more characterization than is usually to be found in a girl's story. "The Camerons of Highboro" by Beth B. Gilchrist is another war story, but the scene is laid in Am-

erica among those who both tried to and did "carry on" at home. The heroine is there obviously to point a moral no less than to adorn a tale, but she will hold the interest of girl readers.

"Captain Sylvia," by Marion Ames Taggart, is a bit of a tomboy, if being a tomboy includes a love of outdoors, a knack for managing a boat, the ability to whistle any tune at all, and a leaning toward clothes that won't "spoil." Sylvia's youthful affection for "Davy and the Goblin," and her sense of the fitness of things leads her to christen her beloved catboat "The Walloping Window Blind."

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was The Walloping Window Blind;
Nor gale that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind.

As Sylvia is a bookworm as well as a captain of a catboat. We can well believe that Sylvia's admirers among her girl readers will follow her example and read the books that Sylvia reads: "Cranford," "Barnaby Rudge," "Stalky and Co.," and "Captains Courageous."

The boys will have a good time this year with the new war stories by Brereton, Barbour and Westerman. Cassell's "Empire Library" has new titles by Frank Shaw, Eric Wood and Captain Gilson, writers familiar to boy readers of "The Boy's Own Paper." A scout story by Arthur Stanwood Pier, "The Hilltop Troop," bids fair to be as popular as the "St. Timothy" stories. Altsheler's "The Sun of Quebec" is the last of his books dealing with the French and Indian war. It is an absorbing story, well told and full of exciting incident, and of value in relation to early Canadian history.

Canadian boys and girls are coming into their own at last, in receiving recognition of their claims from Canadian authors. Last year there were two noteworthy books for children. "The Shining Ship" by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay came in a most attractive cover, and her verses have the engaging childlike charm of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses." Cyrus Macmillan's beautiful book of "Canadian Wonder Tales," aside from the special Canadian interest of the subject matter, was fortunate in the highly decorative illustrations by Sheringham picturing the stories in a background of magic mists and northern lights. In the Spring "Our Little Quebec Cousin" by Mary Saxe introduced Canadian children to little Oisette Tremblant, setting forth in a very real and sincere

way the life and traditions of French Canada.

Marshall Saunders, the author of "Beautiful Joe," has published another book of stories. "Golden Dicky" among others tells his own tale of varied experiences to lovers of pets and animals.

An animal story that opens up a new world in a fascinating way is "How Animals Talk" by W. J. Long. Mr. Long relates his own first hand observations and frankly distinguishes between what he knows and what he surmises. What he has found out as to the way in which animals communicate with each other seems both marvellous and convincing. The incidents are told in a fresh happy way and the line drawings are delightful. It is a splendid book for older boys and girls, and for grown ups too.

A book to fill a long-felt need in Canadian homes and libraries is "When Canada was New France" by George H. Locke. Champlain and La Salle, Frontenac and Radisson, are names to conjure with. Mr. Locke's book so invests the dry bones of Canadian history as we knew it in school with color and interest, that he weaves into every page the spirit of patriotism, self-sacrifice, ruggedness and romance. The records of heroic achievement of the men around whom the story of each period is built, will be followed with eager interest, as they are unrolled like a vast pageant, from the sailing of Jacques Cartier from the seaport of St. Malo, to the capture of Quebec by Wolfe. The great need in the education of Canadian boys and girls to-day is for books which will give them a knowledge of the traditions and history which produced the great men of Canada; and history in the form of stirring and picturesque stories is the kind that "sticks." While written primarily for young Canada, this is a book which the young at heart of every age will enjoy.

Hudson, W. H., "Children Bookshelf," "Little Boy Lost." Knopf, New York.

Colum, Padraic, "Children's Homer." Macmillan, Toronto.

Benson, E. F., "David Blaize and the Blue Door." George H. Doran, New York.

Collodi, Paolo Lorenzini, "Pinocchio." J. W. Dent, Toronto.

Collodi, C., "The Heart of Pinocchio." Masson, Toronto.

Baum, Frank, "The Magic of Oz." Copp Clark Co., Toronto.

Franchi, "The Little Lead Soldier." Penn Publishing Co.

Lippincott, Joseph Wharton, "Red Ben." Penn Publishing Co.

"The Aesop for Children." Rand McNally.

"The Real Mother Goose." Rand McNally.

"The Peter Patter Book." Rand McNally.

"The Old Mother Goose." Jack, London; Nelson, Toronto.

Scudder, Horace E., "Fables and Folk Stories." Houghton Mifflin Co., New York.

Perkins, Lucy Fitch, "The Scotch Twins," "The Irish Twins," "The Dutch Twins." Houghton Mifflin Co., New York.

Price, Edith B., "Blue Magic." Century Co., New York.

Phillips, Ethel Calvert, "Wee Ann." Houghton Mifflin Co.

Duggan, Janie Prichard, "The Little Acrobat." Little Brown & Co., Boston.

Meiklejohn, Nannine L., "The Cart of Many Colors." Dutton and Co., New York.

Bassett, Sara Ware, "The Story of Porcelain." Penn Publishing Co.

Lamprey, L., "In the days of the Guild." Dutton, New York.

Seaman, Augusta, "The Slipper Point Mystery." Century, Co., New York.

Knipe, E. B., and Knipe, A. A., "Vive la France." Century Co., New York.

Gilchrist, Beth B., "The Camerons of Highboro." Century Co., New York.

Taggart, Marion Ames, "Captain Sylvia." Musson, Toronto.

Brereton, "With Allenby in Palestine," "With the Allies to the Rhine." Blackie & Son, Edinburgh.

Barbour, R. H., and Holt, H. P., "Fortunes of War." Century Co., New York.

Westerman, "The Thick of the Fray at Zeebrugge." Blackie and Son.

Shaw, Frank H., "Keepers of the Sea," "Treasure Trove." Cassell and Co., Toronto.

Wood, Eric, "The Secret of the Shining Mountain." Cassell and Co.

Gilson, Captain Charles, "The Captives of the Caves." Cassell and Co.

Pier, Arthur Stanwood, "The Hilltop Troop." Houghton, Mifflin Co., New York.

Altsheier, Joseph A., "The Sun of Quebec." D. Appleton and Co., New York.

Mackay, Isabel Ecclestone, "The Shining Ship." McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.

Macmillan, Cyrus, "Canadian Wonder Tales." Gundy, Toronto.

Saxe, Mary, "Our Little Quebec Cousin." Doubleday Page and Co.

Saunders, Marshall, "Golden Dicky." McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.

Long, W. J., "How Animals Talk." Harper, New York.

Locke, George H., "When Canada was New France." Dent, Toronto.



Looking Forward

By MAUD GOING

WHEN, rising on the wings of oratory, a fervid Socialist depicts the world as he would fain behold it—a world without marked class-distinctions, without sordid struggles or financial crises and tragedies—there is generally some prosperous auditor ready to criticize the picture.

“A society like that would be so uninteresting,” says the prosperous critic. “There would be a general dead-level; comfortable perhaps, but insufferably monotonous.”

“There would be no men of genius under such conditions, and nothing to inspire them.”

Is this indeed true? Do poets always “learn in sorrow what they teach in song”? Has there ever been in history anything at all analogous to the great uprising of the proletariat, whereof we all are witnesses? And if so, what was the effect of that partial levelling of society upon contemporaneous art?

In a world wherein, ages ago, there “was no new thing,” there has already been a sudden loosening of the bonds confining the common people; a lightening of their tasks, and increase of their comforts and their joys. From this material cause there arose—in the writer’s opinion—that sudden glory of inspiration and of creative art known to historians as the Renaissance.

The phase of development which in the civilization of Western Europe is the Age of Chivalry came to its end through causes too numerous and too complex to be adequately treated in this paper.

War became a spasmodic instead of a chronic condition.

The time arrived when some of the swords might be beaten into ploughshares.

Humanity turned from almost incessant fighting to pursue the arts of peace.

Now the student of history finds a new class rising into prominence and power—the makers and distributors of the things produced by the arts of peace—the artisans and the merchants.

In England, prior to the fifteenth century, the artisan supplied labor only and not materials.

The wealthy noble of those days bought cloth and linen for his large heterogeneous household and hired tailors or seamstresses to make the required garments. The farmer, landowner or noble, the monastery or lay corporation wanting

products on which the craftsman’s labor was required bought the material in a raw state and hired the smith or artisan to fashion it.

“But in the middle of the fifteenth century,” says Thorold Rogers, “small repairs are often done by craftsmen who send in their charges with a bill of particulars.”

The artisan was beginning to accumulate such capital as would enable him to wait for and deal with customers.

By degrees the artisans grow richer. United into guilds they become powerful as well as rich, so that they dare defy the arrogance and grasping greed of the nobles. Jack the workman has become his own master.

At about the same time the merchant class arises.

“In Europe during the middle ages,” says Hallam, “there were almost insuperable impediments to any extended traffic—the insecurity of moveable wealth, the ignorance of mutual wants, the peril of robbery in conveying merchandise, and the certainty of extortion.

“In the domain of every lord a toll was to be paid in passing his bridge or along his highway or at his market. . . . One has more reason to wonder at the intrepid thirst for lucre which induced a very few merchants to exchange the products of different regions than to ask why no general spirit of commercial activity prevailed.”

But in the latter period of the middle ages, when government had become energetic, and civilization had made considerable progress, the merchants, like the artisans, rose into economic and even political importance.

This rise of the merchants and artisans meant the coming of plenty and freedom to masses of of the people.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in ever-increasing measure we find the blessings of competence diffused over a large class of thrifty traders and industrious craftsmen.

They have plenty to eat. Their children are well nourished and not driven into early toil. Their wives are not forced to add the curse of Adam to that of Eve.

In the homes of Hans and Hodge there is rude comfort at last—and in many cases there is beauty. There is leisure too for neighborliness and for sport. Hours hitherto consumed in

the brute struggle for mere safety, shelter and bread are set free for higher uses.

After two or three generations have grown up thus, in comfort and happiness superior to anything enjoyed by their fore-fathers, we have that great creative epoch known as the Renaissance.

A people well nourished and freed from gnawing cares lived their daily life with zest and joyousness. Their overflowing vitality and gladness sought and found enduring expression.

The character of this expression was moulded by the genius of the people, but it was always artistic expression. In England, though music pervaded the life of the people to an extent almost unbelievable now-a-days, the genius of the nation finds its highest and fullest expression in the drama.

In Spain likewise it takes the form of dramatic literature.

In Italy the genius of a well nourished people, filled with the joy of living, expresses itself in painting, sculpture and architecture.

In the Low Countries it finds its outlet in painting and the artistic handicrafts.

"The great age of German art," we read, begins "what time the German cities enjoyed the blessings of competence diffused over a large class of industrious freemen." This was the epoch of the Meistersingers.

The great age of Flemish art came "when the mass of the people had become wealthy through their commerce with Spain, Italy and France—wealthy enough to encourage art not only at the ducal court, but in the churches and among the citizens of various towns."

But the artistic awakening never reached Russia—because no large class of the Russian people ever rose to economic freedom.

Francis Watts Lee has noted that successful revolutions are seldom the work of starving men.

Conversely, when hitherto deprived people come into possession of a share of material wealth they demand and obtain a share of political power.

The splendid art of the Renaissance came in the main from the recently emancipated artisan and merchant class, from the "common people" risen into prosperity and freedom.

"Almost all the great Elizabethan poets," says Taine "are Bohemian born, of the people, yet educated and for the most part having studied at Oxford and Cambridge."

"Ben Johnson is the step-son of a bricklayer. Marlowe is the son of a shoemaker. Shake-

speare, 'of a glover' say some authorities, 'of a woollen merchant' say others. Massinger is son to a servant of the Earl of Pembroke."

The rise of the humble took place also in Spain. There also genius was among the common people.

Cervantes was the son of a country doctor and Lope de Vega of the basket-maker.

The Meistersingers of Germany were nearly all of them minstrel tradesmen.

The most famous of them all was a cobbler and next in merit were a blacksmith, an armorial painter, a tailor and a basket-maker.

In Italy where art was plastic and pictorial we see the same fertility of genius among the plain people.

Fra Bartolomeo was the son of a mule-driver. Verocchio of a brick-maker. Tintoretto of a dyer and Luca della Robbia of a shoemaker.

Donatello, the most important sculptor of the early Renaissance, was the son of a wool comb-er.

Andrea del Sarto, the faultless painter, the great colorist of the High Renaissance, was the son of a tailor. Filippo Lippi the elder was the son of a butcher and Giorgione—according to Vasari—"was of the humblest origin."

The production of noble artistic work by men of obscure birth was a feature of the time.

Moreover we must note that in the age which gave birth to these artists there was also a great public capable of appreciating them. The period was rich in that passive form of art which keeps its active forms alive.

In fulness of time, when steam power came the artisan class developed into a new dynasty—"the factory kings" and the merchants into another new dynasty—"the merchant princes." They waxed fat and kicked.

Their rule reached its climax of oppression in the days before the Factory Acts were passed, and in the days when "Alton Locke" and the "Song of the Shirt" were written.

It reached its climax of power in pre-war days—the age of the joint stock company "when no one was responsible for anything."

Those surely were the evil days "in which there was no open vision."

Now, whether we like it or not, the age of the proletariat, the day of the humblest wage workers is at hand.

Will the blind Sampson who has ground so long at the mill reach out and grasp the pillars of the house with power! and destructively arms?

Let him stay his hand. For certainly to him and his there is coming—and very soon—great increase in material comfort, personal freedom and political power.

It is said of certain labor leaders of to-day that they bear in their bodies the results of an over-worked and semi-starved youth. Such men, however gifted, are heavily handicapped.

But their children will grow up in a changed world. We see the coming of a time wherein the masses of wage-workers are to be freed from hideous and unsanitary housing conditions, from the ever present fear of losing their jobs, from the heart-breaking search for jobs in discouragement and weariness.

The great hitherto dumb proletariat is coming at last into its own.

With health, enlightenment and leisure, what will these people seek after—and what will they find?

Surely, sooner or later, they will find their song—their form and measure of artistic expression—and whenever they do—the new art will be born.

We have already seen a so-called “new art” of sorts—that of the cubists, the post-impressionists and their rivals or disciples in eccentricity.

It was self-conscious, affected, artificial—a *reductio ad absurdum* of obsolescent styles and theories.

Most of us did not like it.

Would we like the great new art of the coming Renaissance any better? Probably not.

Could it come in our day it would be too new—and we too old.

But probably it will not come in our day.

The people through whom it will find expression need time to find themselves; to forget wretchedness and squalor, starvation and fear.

Then will burst into flower the new art: greater than the Renaissance because many more artists and artificers will share its impulse and contribute towards its output—greater than the Renaissance because humanity, having learned, toiled and suffered for four or five more centuries will have much more to express.

Whether this art will charm as well as express who can say.

Let us hope that it will charm those who see it, but they will be people differing from ourselves and living in a different world.

Probably it would not charm us—but as we shall not see its day of glory we shall not be robbed of joy.

Rhapsodie

By ELSIE A. GIDLOW

MORNING opens like a great gold flower,
 Petal by monstrous petal,
 Quivering minute by minute,
 Hour by hour.
 Stretches exquisitely alive leaves over hundreds of hills,
 Scatters flakes of pollen dust into a few valleys,
 Drops a loose petal down where a slender waterfall spills.

Morning opens like a gold flower,
 Stirs and quivers singingly at the feet of day;
 Shoots transparent light into a moving mist
 That twists spirally
 Like a butterfly at play.

In the heart of the mist morning opens—a gold flower,
 Superbly, like a dawning passion.
 O the mysteried immensity,
 The splendid youngness,
 Of this first hour.

The Founder of Our Archives

By W. D. LIGHTHALL

SEVENTEEN years have passed since Douglass Brymner died, but I have a very lively recollection of his twinkling bright eyes and kindly smile, some idea of which may be got from his rather poor portrait in the Archives Department at Ottawa, a department which he both originated and founded, alone and practically unaided.

Modest and retiring to excess, he was one of the most remarkable men in Canada. He was born in Greenock, Scotland, in 1823, the son of a banker; came to Melbourne, Canada, in 1857 as a gentleman farmer, gravitated into journalism of the higher kinds, and in 1872 was appointed the first Dominion Archivist. He created the now flourishing Department out of almost nothing, setting his learning upon the scent for documents, his business training upon their systematic arrangement, and his tireless industry upon their study and analysis. His annual reports were at once recognized by scholars of Americana as of the greatest value, and largely aided in encouraging the study of history in Canada. His service in procuring, arranging, and analysing the Governor Haldimand collection of papers, for example, was invaluable in its light on the Loyalist side of the American Revolution, and the then conditions in Canada. William Kingsford's History was largely based on his documents and advice, no such materials having been previously available, and his friendship with Kingsford having been very close.

I well remember visiting several times the cramped room or two assigned to him in the

basement of the Western Block of Parliament Buildings, and meeting the historian on his daily call on Brymner, getting his advice on some point in the progress of the work, and the shrewd and kindly face of the adviser, as he reached into his pigeon-holed shelves for some pertinent document. He was just as helpful to the humblest inquirer, although he doubtless took a very special interest in Kingsford's work, which was so directly the expression of his own learning and labors.

He was the father of a charming, clever, and agreeable family of four sons and one daughter, of whom the eldest is William Brymner, C.M.G., ex-President of the Royal Canadian Academy. His death occurred in 1902 during a visit to his son George at New Westminster, B. C., at the age of nearly seventy-eight.

I first knew him when, as a child, I played with his children. They lived in a small row of houses in the suburban neighborhood of St. Dominique Street, above Prince Arthur (then Courville),—a region passing from country cottages, orchards, and pastures, into rows of dwellings. Sorrow came to him in the death by galloping consumption

of a bright and singularly lovable young daughter. His distinguished artist son was even then noted among us for his sketching skill. It was whispered that he had acquired his first box of paints—and that they were *non-poisonous!* A happier group than the genial, scholarly, hardworking father (he was then writing on the Gazette) and these joyous children it would have been hard to find.



DOUGLASS BRYMNER.

The New Conrad -- and the Old

By BARKER FAIRLEY

THERE is something inscrutable about Joseph Conrad, even about the way in which he has crept into the front rank of English novelists. One cannot quite say when this took place. Nothing that he has yet written has reached so wide a circle of readers as "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and "Typhoon," but these are not novels of full stature and they do not reveal the mystery and the complexity of Conrad's mind as some other books do. The nigger is the almost sardonic embodiment of a philosophical query as to the essence of existence; he ends however, by exasperating the reader as he exasperated the crew and one turns to the wholesome realism of the crew's life and, of the ship's homecoming as the great and enduring thing in the tale. But Conrad is far more than a realist.

"Typhoon," written six years later, does take one forward to the point of seeing that Conrad has a psychological insight into human character that cannot fail to lead him into deeper waters than the realism which he had learned from Flaubert. As a matter of fact he had written "Lord Jim" two or three years before and was to publish "Nostromo" the succeeding year. It was probably upon these two novels and notably upon the first of them that some tentative estimate of Conrad's peculiar genius began to be based. And it is safe to say that whoever has made these two stories his own has gone to the heart of their author's power. Lord Jim got an earlier and better start, appearing in Blackwood's, where it was followed a year of two later by that magnificent lyric of the sea, "Youth," in which the art of fiction seems to rise and float with Pindaric wing over a beckoning universe. "Nostromo," one of the greatest of novels, was pushed edgewise into the world as a serial in T. P.'s Weekly, and it has not yet shaken off the opprobrium of this surreptitious entry. Its great worth has been recognized here and there, as for instance by Hugh Walpole in his bright little monograph on Conrad, and by Arnold Bennett, who is credited with reading it once a year, but it is too severe in its demands upon the reader to have become widely known among the novel-reading public or even

accepted at its full value by the general run of critics and journalists. It is not mentioned in the Britannica in a representative list of Conrad's writings. "Lord Jim" has never reached popularity, but it went into a cheap edition in 1914 and one has not to go far nowadays to find an enthusiastic admirer of it.

It is only too easy to see why these two noble additions to English fiction should not have ranked among the best-sellers. They are both full of the eccentric chronology by which Conrad achieves time and again a subtler reality than the more orthodox novelist can hope to attain but which makes a first reading of him a strenuous and frequently perplexing business. And then, as regards "Lord Jim," few people are willing to come to grips with a fundamental moral dilemma which prods them from the first page to the last of a full-sized novel; and to this may be added the simple fact that the tale has a broken back. It dies hard and it may be that the questioning moral texture of the first half of the tale did not call for a rounded ending. There was no reason why the sedative of Jim's death should have been administered; he should have been left on the sands of that desolate Eastern shore or "in the commonplace surroundings of an Eastern roadstead" where Conrad saw him pass by "appealing—significant—under a cloud", or anywhere else in the world so that he still should wander on the outskirts of men with his stony sorrow and his raised unconscious finger. For here is a moral book and not a romance, in spite of the title.

The difficulties of "Nostromo" are of different sort and they are also more on the surface. One would like to ask how many readers of "Nostromo" were able to get hold of it at a first reading. And then one would like to ask how many readers of "Nostromo" had the slightest trouble with a second reading of it. For it will be found that this huge and outwardly congested novel suffers from an excess of clearness when once the initial difficulties have been overcome. The tale is almost sharply enclosed within the bosom of the Placid Gulf and beneath the jagged peaks of

the Sierra, and the events are seen with a preternatural clearness which is perhaps the only indication in the technique of the story that Conrad's mind was working under an undue creative stress. For here if anywhere he has created a whole world out of nothing; he tells us so himself in more places than one. The only character who presents any problem of interpretation is Nostromo himself and the reason is that he is so much simpler than we expect him to be. The book is difficult at first chiefly because it is detailed. Its point of view is an unusual one for Conrad; it is panoramic with sharp horizons, political rather than romantic. It is indeed a historical novel with an almost sociological bias and if the European reader continues to regard it as a romance pure and simple it is because Costaguena is so far away. But "Nostromo" falls short of being representative of its author by its lack of shading, its lack of any metaphysical envelope. It has not the ghostly qualities of "Heart of Darkness" and "The Shadow-Line."

With "Chance" and "Victory," which appeared about the beginning of the war, Conrad scored one, possibly two successes. The immediate success of "Chance" is very hard to explain; it is for one reader the most worrying of Conrad's books. He seems to have wished to see how far the peculiarities of technique which developed quite naturally in his earlier books would take him if carried to their furthest point. He has consequently written a tale with a good deal of Henry James in it, with a gingerliness that is foreign to his own temperament, and with results that are rather interesting than absolutely convincing. Captain Anthony is a nobly Quixotic figure, and the whole tale is written with an almost excessive scrupulousness of conscience, but it probably owed its popular success to the stay-at-home subject and to the novel psychology of the marriage between Flora de Barral and Anthony.

"Victory" is the first long tale of Conrad's that is thoroughly well told in conformity with the shapeliness and clarity of the best narrative tradition. For the first time Conrad has completely mastered his subject, but in order to achieve this victory over himself (the title of the tale is not without significance for his own development) he has worked less solidly and produced a tale that is strangely shadowy and elusive. The disappearing Chinaman who effaces himself or re-appears in the twinkling

of an eye offers a clue to the creative psychology of the whole tale, which continually suggests some spectral mumming as of figures cast upon a screen and when the tale ends it is as if a candle were blown out and the shadow-show annihilated. There is nothing violent or arbitrary about the close of "Victory" for those who have caught the strange mood in which the tale is wrought. But it is an elusive book; it has in it the making of a good blood-and-thunder melodrama and has been staged accordingly in London recently, and yet it is actually the subtlest in flavor of Conrad's tales. One has to go to it more than once to read even clumsily between the lines when Heyst and Lena feel their way with one another on their lonely island. It is also the most philosophical of the longer stories and must perplex those who go to it for simpler entertainment.

Having leaped from summit to summit along the chain of Conrad's work it is time to pause upon the latest of them. "The Rescue." The position of this new novel in the development of Conrad's art is very easy to see. It combines the formal mastery of "Victory" with the fuller reality of Conrad's earlier tales. There can be little doubt that it is the greatest novel that he has yet written, probably the greatest novel in the English language since the great Hardys of a generation and more ago. One sees this sort of statement made every few weeks about some novel or other and the very type-writer which records it seems to raise its eyebrows with annoyance, but at a time when even so faulty and uneven a novel as "The Arrow of Gold" is hailed as an event in the book world one may be pardoned for reaching out after superlatives when one has read a tale in which Conrad is at the very top of his form and for the first time unites the vigor of his youth with the mature experience of years of novel-writing. The tale appeared as a serial in *Land and Water*, Jan.-August, 1919.

All that is best in Conrad's inspiration seems to go back to certain glorious and inexhaustible periods of his life, and above all to his first voyages in the East. So intensely does he re-live those great moments that he has given them a kind of continuous life so that they re-appear changed and enriched in the progress of his work. What is most remarkable of all in his creative memory is its power of working backwards. We are accustomed to the forward movement of a writer's imagination which enables him to write a series of

sequels. The impression is one of ease and fullness and yet one wonders whether at times the reverse does not hold. It is just possible that the author has been caught in the toils of his own imaginings and takes to spinning them to while away his captivity. Of Conrad one can say with certainty that he is always the master of his memories. It is common knowledge that "Almayer's Folly," his first novel, is a sequel to his second, "An Outcast of the Islands." This is remarkable enough but after more than twenty years Conrad has written a tale to which both these are sequels. Both Almayer and William, the outcast, are trading agents of Tom Lingard, who is an old man in the second tale and dead and gone in the first. It seems inevitable now that Conrad should some day go back to the heyday of the intrepid adventurer and show him in full light. In "The Rescue" he has done this, and the incident which he develops is one which he actually refers to in brief in "The Outcast" and which must have lain in some form or another in his imagination for thirty or forty years, for it is difficult to believe that the episode is without its basis in reality, and does not go back to Conrad's sea-days in the seventies.

This original reference is simply to one of Lingard's early exploits in which he rescues a party of distinguished whites, whose yacht has gone ashore, from captivity among natives. In the final story Lingard's great enterprise in the service of Rajah Hassim and his sister Immada, the only people for whose he has any affection on earth (he also loves his brig, the *Lightning*) is cut into at the critical moment by the yacht which has stranded at the very mouth of the creek for which he is making. Two of its party, Mr. Travers, the owner, and D'Alcacer, his Spanish guest, are captured by Illanum pirates who are on somewhat uncertain terms with Lingard and a situation of indescribable tension and variety ensues. Lingard masterfully attempts to save the whites and at the same time keep his faith with the natives and in the thick of the most desperate dilemma of his life he discovers in Mrs. Travers a woman whose presence has swept him past the explanatory conversations of articulate love-making to a pitch of spiritual understanding and insight that blinds him with its clarity and overpowers him with its freedom.

He had no doubt of his existence; but was this life—this profound indifference, this

strange contempt for what his eyes could see, this distaste for words, this unbelief in the importance of things and men? He tried to regain possession of himself, his old self which had things to do, words to speak as well as to hear. But it was too difficult. He was seduced away by the tense feeling of existence far superior to the mere consciousness of life, and which in its immensity of contradictions, delight, dread, exultation and despair could not be faced and yet was not to be evaded. There was no peace in it. But who wanted peace? Surrender was better, the dreadful ease of slack limbs in the sweep of an enormous tide and in a divine emptiness of mind. If that was existence then he knew that he existed.

It has taken Conrad most of thirty years to reach such a height of passionate directness and now that he speaks out there is thirty years of reticence behind his utterance filling it with shadows and overtones that come and go of themselves. It is the reward of great and conscientious art that it ends by writing or painting or singing itself. In "The Rescue" the art of the novel comes so near to such a consummation that one asks oneself by what other works of fiction it has been surpassed and pauses for an answer. In that strange brief meeting of Lingard and Edith Travers there are lights and lines and whispers that must have taken Conrad himself by surprise.

Of the novel as a whole one can only say that at almost every point it appears to be worthy of its tremendous climax. The tale is outwardly lucid and active; it has all the elements of a wide popularity. The subtlety of the story is tucked away beneath a comparatively simple exterior and those who seek the entertainment of adventure and suspense rather than the elusive mysteries of the soul and the universe may go to it as confidently as they might to a performance of "Othello." This cannot be said of many of Conrad's books. It is mere child's play to take up one of the great early Conrads and point out wherein it falls short of perfect workmanship. Not so "The Rescue," which is as perfectly wrought as Hardy or Flaubert.

So admirably does the narrative stage itself that one is tempted to make a virtue of that doubtful word "theatrical" and apply it as a term of the highest praise to this novel. For once Conrad has made himself as it were stage-manager of the universe and has selected with a naturalness that quite baffles the reader the perfect physical setting for each successive phase of his spiritual drama. There is no sense of staging and yet everything is perfectly staged. The sudden squall which

rushes the unsuspecting Lingard to his soul's trial comes and goes like the swift edventure that awaits him; it is the token of the oncoming drama. And after that comes scene after scene perfectly environed; the smooth complacency of the yacht among the "rippling glitter of the shallows" on the day before the capture; the night of the capture illuminated by the excited flicker of torches held arm-high by Lingard's Malays on the deck of the brig; the mosquito-proof muslin cage that houses the captives now in custody with Lingard on board the stranded Emma in sight of the sinister native stockades across the lagoon.

Within the latter (lath and muslin structure) lived the Europeans, visible in the day-time to the few Malays on board as if through a white haze. In the evening the lighting of the hurricane lamps inside turned them into dark phantoms surrounded by a shining mist, against which the insect world rushing in its millions out of the forest on the bank was baffled mysteriously in its assault. Rigidly enclosed by transparent walls, like captives of an enchanted cobweb, they moved about, sat, gesticulated, conversed publicly during the day; and at night when all the lanterns but one were extinguished, their slumbering shapes covered over by white cotton sheets on the camp bedsteads, which were brought in every evening, conveyed the gruesome suggestion of dead bodies reposing on stretchers.

Such a setting is so perfectly adjusted to the action of the tale as almost to take the place of the drama and speak for it. And this faultless theatrical artistry is carried to a triumphant conclusion when Lingard and Mrs. Travers, those two spirits kindred in isolation, find themselves alone on the sandbank with the dawn and the shallows.

They stood at the southern edge of the sand, as if afloat on the open sea. The central ridge heaped up by the winds of the prevailing monsoon masked from them the very mast-heads of the two ships, and the growing brightness of the light only augmented the sense of their invincible solitude in the awful serenity of the world.

Another of the tale's outstanding merits is of a nature not usually found in association with this perfect scenic mastery. The characters all seem to live in their own right, like Shakespeare's characters, and at the same time to be perfectly arranged and contrasted in relation to one another. This is perhaps the scenic principle carried out yet more intangibly in the humanities of the story. There is not the slightest subordination of one person to another, as so frequently happens in the interest of the writer's special purpose. And yet they

fit like cogs so that not a single one could be taken away or replaced by something smaller or larger without throwing the machine out of gear. The Spaniard D Alcazer is indispensable for the interpretation of Mrs. Travers and for the fulfilling of her relations with Lingard; he is also most completely worked out as a man with a story of his own and with his own deep self-respect. A lesser writer would have dangled him at Mrs. Travers' heels and weakened the whole plot. Again there is the extraordinary spectral figure of Jorgenson, who is at once the wraith of Lingard's disillusion, the very embodiment of something in Lingard that Mrs. Travers cannot reach and that Lingard himself is barely or not at all aware of, and also an individual study of amazing power and originality, every act of whose existence seemed to lead up to the terrible deed which ended his own life and Lingard's optimism with it.

There is in this story something of all Conrad's earlier themes; the lure of the sea; the clash of race that is so strong in his first novels; the scourging of the conscience that Lord Jim knew; the meddling idealism of the European as in "Nostromo"; the renunciation of "Victory." There is also something more that one could hardly have expected, though "Youth" and "Tomorrow" may have a hint of it. That something is a certain sense of the passionate splendor of life such as we think of in connection with the Greek world. Lingard and Edith Travers are heroic figures whose antique limbs shine ill-concealed through their modern clothing. Conrad actually redresses Mrs. Travers for her part. He has had a glimpse and perhaps more than a glimpse of what Praxiteles and Sophocles saw. And he has reconciled it with all that his modern perception has taught him, that fascinating philosophy of disillusion and personal integrity combined, which constitutes Conrad's peculiar spiritual contribution to the life of to-day. The gods of Conrad's heaven dealt cruelly with Mrs. Travers, but they gave her the greatest of gifts in compensation, her marvellous self-possession. And if Lingard drains the cup of renunciation to the dregs he drains it magnificently as befits a man.

One feels that English literature had been waiting for these two figures as the consummation of what the novel had been reaching out after for years. Even the shade of William Shakespeare can be imagined nodding his mysterious approval.

The Highbrow in Various Phases

By CHARLES W. STOKES

THE death of Adelina Patti suggests to an obituary writer in an American newspaper that because Madame Patti appealed so strongly to those who had no musical education, and because she devoted the highest talent and most careful cultivation to the task of reaching the popular heart, she diffused a wide appreciation of the value of musical education. "She inspired among thousands who wished to sing a better appreciation of the fact that it was necessary to learn to sing. This was real success in the promotion of general culture."

I would like to submit that of all the arts, music has suffered least from the tendency to divide artistic productions into "popular" and "good" kinds, using the latter term, of course, to imply a certain amount of sincere craftsmanship irrespective of the financial reward. In painting, sculpture, literature, acting, motion-pictures—for I trust that no one is now so narrow-minded as to deny the "silent drama" its place as a potential art—the larger public demands things that are pretty, diverting, smart; only the discerning few ask for things that add to human experience. These two classes are called "lowbrow" and "highbrow" respectively, the descriptions being applied invariably by members of the other class.

Fiction, for example, is by far the most popular kind of literary production; but already there are two distinct kinds of fiction—the romantic and the realistic. Romanticism is far more remunerative than Realism, because Romanticism is the sole solace nowadays of the tired business man, who, incidentally, is the chief patron of all arts. To show how rapidly these two classes have diverged, it is unnecessary to go farther back than, say, Besant—highly popular in his day, and yet striving to the best of his ability to achieve real craftsmanship. Nowadays even poetry has its best sellers, its Ella Wheeler Wilcox, et al.; but two or three decades back Tennyson, who, whatever his other faults, did not write pretty-pretty things merely to swell his income, and who was more or less intensely jealous of his art's reputation, was by far the most popular poetic writer.

A certain large talking-machine company, by the way, recently instituted a series of salesmanship courses for the education of retail clerks. "The most noticeable results achieved by these courses," the company stated, "are that they enable the salesman to add hundreds of Blank Records to his selling repertoire, and afford him very material assistance in picking the right records for different types of customers. In addition, the salesman receives a more intimate knowledge of grand opera and how best to interest customers in music." As a consequence, you and I, whose thoughtful countenances and overhanging brows should suggest that we are more interested in Rachmaninoff than in Henry Burr, are not now so likely to have "The Rose of No Man's Land," or "The Ipecacuanha Hoola Boola Waltz" offered us when we approach the record counter. But it is rather amusing to imagine what would happen should a similar course ever be inaugurated for bookstore clerks. Under present conditions a bookstore clerk with a selling repertoire would probably lose more business for his employer than gain it; for an attempt to interest an enquirer for, say, "How to Raise Hens at a Profit" in "White's Natural History of Selborne," or an ardent admirer of Harold Bell Wright in Samuel Butler or Theodore Dreiser, would in all likelihood be construed as "getting too darned fresh."

Or let us consider the motion-picture. Should any one dare to protest that the romanticism of this art—or, in fact of any art—is too pronounced he is always shamed into silence by the invocation of the tired business man—who, apparently, is so tired that he must be very sleepy. The trouble with the motion-picture is not so much that its romanticism is so trite, so short a distance removed from the ridiculous, as that its producers pretend to know what the public wants before the latter has the slightest inkling itself what it does want. The industry has, I understand, a most wonderful method of predicting the box-office barometer, and knows before it begins that Douglas Fairbanks in a role where he was unhappy would be as rank, a failure as Clara Kimball Young in one that compelled her to be happy. But isn't the mo-

tion-picture a little too hedonistic? Are there not situations which do not end in a "clinch" as the "dissolve irises in," which might be great popular successes were the public only afforded an opportunity of showing what they really do want? For instance, the Saturday Evening Post published recently—for the *Satdypos* does publish good literature frequently—a little gem of a story by Ben Ames Williams, based upon the mean theft by the village Shylock of a small sum of money from a poor farmer who had come to pay the interest on a miserable little mortgage. This stolen dollar, however, was not the farmer's; it had been given him by the miser's wife to buy medicine for her baby, the only object in the world for which its father had any affection. Lacking the medicine, the baby died. The story, written with a ruthless irony worthy of Hardy, undoubtedly "got itself over," as we say, to the two-million clientele of the magazine. But can we imagine Los Angeles accepting it if it were submitted as a scenario? If they did, they would re-write it with a happy ending, showing the old man's moral reformation.

When the Ziegfeld Follies come to Canada, to take another sphere, the Standing Room Only sign is hung out over the box-office weeks before they arrive; whereas when ill-fated Laurence Irving, one of the most brilliant of modern actors, visited this country just before the war, he played to many, many half-empty houses—which demonstrated the extent to which acting, once the most democratic of arts, has suffered this process of bifurcation. All painting now, to the average member of the general public, is entirely "highbrow"—all sculpture, even more so. It makes one smile to read in those stories of poor but honest young men: "The only pictures he had were a few cheap but good prints."

Thousands of tons of ink and millions of cubic feet of human energy are, it is true, expended to provide so-called "popular" music; but in spite of this, the great consuming public still has a certain reverence for good music. Music is still taken seriously at its own valuation, by the public as well as by professionals. With the possible exception of oratory, it is the only art that does not have to seem to apologize to its auditors for being well-wrought, while, on the contrary, it is the only one to which the lowbrows make tacit apology for not comprehending. It is the only art where to play well the good things is to receive popular acclaim and to be ungrudgingly admitted

an artist without the stigma of "highbrow," or "crank," and where, to make a good living, it is not imperative to play down to the presumed mental inferiority of the audience. The professional jargon of music, and the indubitable radiance of a musical education, are still applauded by those who do not understand or share them. And yet the average concert programme, could it be translated into terms of painting, sculpture, literature, or drama, would be received in stony silence and by but a meagre audience. It would be too "highbrow," and to like that sort of thing would be extremely "nutty."

There are, of course, poseurs in musical enthusiasm just as in other enthusiasms—the fake gush, for instance, over Sneezyoffski's wonderful Opus 23 in B flat Major, or the polyphonic passages in the second movement of the third section of the fourth part of Spaghetti's exquisite *Symphonie Dentiste*. But the percentage of gush is probably no higher than in, say, the case of Sir Rabindranath Tagore. I would submit that at no time in our cultivation of the arts has there been so large a demand for good music, and that during the past ten years the artistic sensibilities of the musical public—which means almost everyone—have been enhanced several hundreds per cent greater than in all the other arts and crafts combined. For this, for our conversion from one of the least musical to one of the most musical nations, there is only one reason—to wit, the talking-machine; and what that machine has done, it has done entirely by advertising.

This advertising merits careful attention. Its most notable feature, perhaps, is that it has never bullied nor sneered at the "hoi polloi." It has given them their ninety-cent jazz or their saccharine balads without calling them lowbrow or saying, with contempt, that good music was "above their heads." Yet it has so rhapsodized the better class of music that the tired business man slinking in for the latest fox-trot, Hawaiian love song, or negro sentiment has had much the same guilty feeling of meanness as the man caught buying imitation jewellery. And the talking-machine industry has not only brought the sampling of good music down to the most democratic basis, where you can have Hofmann, Heifetz, or Galli-Curci on approval and send them back if you don't like them; it has also used its more romantic figures to create a vogue for the pure artist. Many songs that Caruso and McCormack sing into the records are poor, tawdry things; but

Caruso and McCormack are undeniably fine craftsmen who simply use unworthy vehicles. While it listens to them in "Over There" or "When You Come Back," and is apparently eager to hear them in any old thing, the public is unconsciously acquiring the readiness and desire to hear them in something better. Thence the transition is easy to Casals or Rothier.

Which brings us back to our initial proposi-

tion, à propos of Patti, that the way to improve the popular taste—if such we conceive to be our mission, and a mission worth while to humanity—is not to bully it or offer for its ingenuous phenomena some flatulent, highbrow substitute; but rather to take the things that the public seems to like, and, by doing them better, suggest that artistic excellence adds to the consumer's pleasure.

The Last Salute

By HARRY GREEN

Kiss me again upon my lips,
For while I watch thee, darkness slips
Out of the arms of Death
And with a breath
Of everlasting Night,
Comes down and dims for me
The long-loved sight
Of thee.

Kiss me and kiss and kiss.
It is for this,
For this, I grieve,
Naught will Death leave.
Naught of us two
Will he leave you.
Naught that we two have done
Will me survive.
Twin mirrors were we in the sun
That kept but one
Image alive.

When Night her star-set veil has drawn
This eve, around your love-steeped bower,
She will not mark the marv'lous hour
Each gave the other till the dawn.
This night your dower
Of tears shall dew the lawn.
And when at last the morning breaks
And rainbow-hued each teardrop makes
The sun, your loveliness
I shall not see.
You will be less, far less,
For lack of me.

I loved your loveliness,
Each curve, each tress,

Each hue,
And this you knew,
And so, with lazy smile,
You grew
Your loveliness
To tend.
But less and less
Will you do so
Because you'll know
I'll never lend
Love's glad surprise
To prove your labor wise
And worth your while.
Each time fresh found,
Lone flower in virgin ground,
Your beauty filled my eyes.

But I must leave
All those old wonders I would weave
Into new words, unsaid.—
The time to part is nigh.—
Oh stoop thy lovely head,
For now inert I lie,
And like tall ships that ride,
Becalmed on an ebb tide,
Whose outlines slowly fade,
Like drifting ships
That linger for the breeze
For which their sails were made,
Even like these,
Lest I should miss
Aught from thy lips,
I linger on the tide of death.
Stoop then and give me one last kiss
And send me seaward with thy breath

On the Brink of Revolution

By R. F. DIXON

SKETCHES of Canada and the United States, by William Lyon Mackenzie (1833) is a book which should be more familiar to Canadian readers. This work, by the redoubtable Scot who started the pot boiling in Upper Canada four years later, is journalism pure and simple, and excellent reading for any one curious about the ways and manners of the times, and the political conditions which brought the agitation for Responsible Government to a head in the "two Canadas." It is a collection of what we would call today "impressionist" sketches by a born newspaper man with a "nose for news," a keen eye for "features," and a racy "slashing style," redeemed, however, from hyper-acidity by a strong sense of humour. A perfect hodge-podge of stories, personal experiences, political diatribes, curious items of information, character sketches of prominent men, descriptions of scenery, climate and agriculture, it embraces and illustrates every phase of Upper Canadian life eighty-six years ago, political, religious, social, commercial, agricultural. Here we have the details of the abuses only vaguely remembered by the present generation, whose long continuance under the maladministration of the notorious "Family Compact" finally exhausted the patience of a large portion of the colonists, and precipitated the Rebellion of 1837, generally colloquially referred to as "the Mackenzie Rebellion." How near England came to losing, and how, in all fairness it must be admitted, she richly deserved to lose, the two Canadas and eventually the whole of British North America, described even at that early day by Mackenzie as the "better half of the Continent," may be learnt from these vigorously drawn sketches, which, however outspoken on the subject of particular grievances, do not, as far as I can find, contain one single sentence that could be construed into an expression of disloyalty to the British Crown. Indeed the retention by the Mother Country of what is now the Dominion of Canada has always seemed to me to be one of the miracles of history, and in this case it can only be ascribed to the dogged loyalty of the second generation of the U. E. Loyalists, to whom "Rebellion was as the sin

of witchcraft," and who, while, to my own knowledge, strongly disapproving of the doings of the corrupt oligarchy who administered public affairs, but obeying a fixed instinct that to this hour has never failed them, rallied to the support of the old flag, for which their fathers and grandfathers had fought and bled and died and endured the spoiling of their goods in the American invasion of 1812-14 and the War of Independence. Canada was twice saved by the American Loyalists and their sons and grandsons, whom no neglect or misgovernment, short of actual oppression, could turn from their allegiance, and who for two or three or more generations, cherished, and perhaps it is not too much to say, still cherish that exalted loyalty to the Home Land, which alters not

When it alteration finds
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken. . .
And bears it out even to the edge of doom.

These men, fully conscious that sweeping and radical changes were urgently needed, would not buy them at the price of the dismemberment of the Empire. They were willing to suffer and wait for better times, and they had their speedy reward, in the establishment well within the next eight or ten years following the Rebellion of a government, as I once heard it put by some old timer who remembered those days, "fit for a white man to live under."

Considering the fact that four years later the author was in arms against the British Crown, the tone of the Introduction, which is wholly taken up with the political situation, is remarkably temperate and restrained. "If," he begins, "the statesmen of England shall decide to present the United States with the better half of the Continent, I am freed from blame and may plead the contents of this book in justification." Further on we have the summary of conditions in Newfoundland and British North America.

Nova Scotia, the best governed of all the colonies, is far from satisfied. The feeling of New Brunswick may be known by the resolutions passed at its late Legislative session. New-

foundland has already proved the inexpediency of giving power to the people to tell their wishes, while a junto of placemen is so constituted as to baulk their wishes. The Lower Canadians are "approaching a state of anarchy and confusion," so say that anomalous body called the Legislative Council, and as for Upper Canada it must be hard times indeed, when a governor requires armed men and cannon placed round his residence, when he hears the people are about to present him with a petition for the relief of their grievances.

An alarming and, to us, wise after the event, an almost incredible state of things for these governments so widely sundered to have drifted into. A favorite scheme of Mackenzie's was "A Conference or Convention to be composed of representatives of the people of the six North American colonies," to talk matters over, which materialized just a third of a century later. With Joseph Howe and Lord Dorchester and other early Canadian statesmen of vision, Mackenzie was in his way a pioneer of Confederation. He saw clearly, as anyone who was not either wilfully self-blinded or hopelessly obtuse was bound to see, that just two alternatives confronted British North America, union or annexation, and that the day of decision was rapidly approaching. As a matter of fact it came just exactly one generation later. He confesses to have been in favor at one time of "adding to the British House of Commons a few commissioners from the colonies to assist in the transaction of trans-Atlantic business," but had thought better of it. He concludes his introduction by "earnestly recommending the advisers of the Crown to employ a leisure hour in comparing the history of the era preceding the Revolution in North America with events that are passing before their eyes on this interesting continent." Sound advice, which as usual was taken too late to prevent, but which by a singularly happy chance was acted on soon enough to repair, the effects of the explosion, fired by the hand of the author of this book. Fate has been kind to the British Empire. Like the Christian religion, it could not kill itself by the follies, blunders and occasional crimes of its own members. Still, in spite of all this it has deserved to survive, for I hold with Lord Rosebery that "the British Empire has been, and is, the greatest secular agency for good that the world has ever known."

This is a book to be taken up and laid down and dipped into. There is not the slightest attempt at arrangement or classification, the author hops like a bird in a tree backwards and

forwards from one subject to another, grave and gay, sad, serious and sentimental. Like his compatriot, the Laird of Cockpen, he is greatly "taen up wi' affairs o' the State," but although politics predominate and are not infrequently drawn upon to point a moral and adorn a tale, there is much that is of permanently human interest and many pictures of the everyday life of the original settlers of Upper Canada, in those fast receding days, as strange and almost as incomprehensible to the men of today, who have entered into the heritage of their toils and privations, patience and fortitude, as quite possibly our own lives will be to our own posterity eighty-six years hence.

We get a glimpse of old-time election contests in Upper Canada, in his description of the Middlesex election of July 1824, which was held at the present city of St. Thomas, now the shire town of Elgin, long ago carved out of the original county or rather district of Middlesex. A great crowd has assembled at the Hustings. "Groups stood in every direction, some wearing an oak leaf in their hats which signified Matthews and Liberty." The candidates were the sitting member Colonel Burwell, the founder of Port Burwell and the progenitor of an old Ontario family, Mr. Rolph, afterwards one of Mackenzie's lieutenants, a very prominent leader in the Rebellion and a native of England, and a Capt. Matthews, described as a half-pay retired artillery officer whose "manly athletic form and courteous demeanor, added to the independent English principles he professed to espouse, secured to him a distinguished place in the good graces of many a worthy yeoman. This wealthy, intelligent and patriotic Englishman made an excellent speech—as he concluded the people rent the air with their acclamations." Mr. Rolph promised to act with independence and to defend the people's rights. "Getting warm he forgot he was at a county election and commenced a sentence in his professional way, 'Gentlemen of the Jury.'" Mackenzie gives a personal description of another participator in the proceedings, in his day one of the best known, and quite the most influential man in western Canada. "Colonel Talbot, to whom the settlement of Middlesex was originally confided, is without doubt a man of eccentric habits, but many of the stories current in this country concerning his manner of living have no foundation in fact. In youth he must have possessed a handsome person and well formed features." To the many stories current concerning his manner of living among the

settlers of the Western Peninsula, forty or fifty years ago, I can bear personal testimony. A distinguished military man of aristocratic connections, he seems to have suddenly abandoned his career in comparatively early life, to bury himself alive in the wilds of Upper Canada, as a sort of glorified emigration agent with practically despotic powers in the granting of land patents. This magnificent region, today covered by five or six counties, was attracting settlers from Great Britain. Many lively memories of the arbitrary and eccentric but not wholly unkindly old martinet survived in western Ontario in the seventies. Living his lonely life in mysterious seclusion with an old military orderly as valet, and holding little social intercourse with the outside world, he is a picturesque and romantic and now almost legendary figure in the early history of Upper Canada. Though no society man and the grimmest of old bachelors, due, it was whispered, to some early disappointment, the old Colonel was a strong politician, a Tory of the "long horned" breed and one of the pillars of the Family Compact. But he was apparently losing his grip when Mackenzie wrote this sketch, for in spite of a circular addressed by him to "My Settlers," signed "Thomas Talbot, Father of the Talbot Settlement," and several public meetings, where the Colonel energetically and not unprofanely, according to Mackenzie's report, gave vent to his disapproval of the "seditious purposes" of the Reform Party, the two popular candidates, Matthews and Rolph, were returned. Mackenzie in describing the result of the election concludes:

The ardent desire for freedom which obtains in this district is very pleasing—Long Point is more than fifty miles from St. Thomas, and yet more than a hundred rode from that point to vote for the independent candidates. Those who had no horses were furnished by those who had, those who had no money were cheerfully supplied by their more affluent neighbors, and those who lamented their slender circumstances were paid as much as they could otherwise have earned. . . . It was a cheering spectacle to a friend of Canada to see the happy groups of horsemen from every quarter ride up to the hustings shouting blithely "Rolph and Matthews—Matthews and Liberty."

Four years later Rolph was in arms against the British Crown.

In "The Canadian Yorkshire" Mackenzie gives a short summary of the political history of the County of York which contained at that time "50,000 inhabitants and 5,000 freehold-

ers," who "at five successive elections" had returned him "with ever increasing majorities" to the Legislature and who during his late absence in England, to lay the grievances of the colonists before the Home Government, had elected him unanimously. On one of his visits to Quebec he writes, "I like Quebec, I always admired its bold and romantic scenery. Nature has exhibited her handiwork on a grand and magnificent scale; and Art has done much to second her efforts. Steep as are the streets and heavy the ascents, yet nevertheless would my Scottish taste prefer this rock to the most level plain in Canada. The environs of Quebec in every direction appear to be well and thickly settled and the style in which the farms are kept is highly creditable to the Canadian farmers." In a descriptive sketch of the Township of Houghton in western Ontario, dated July 25th, 1825, he gives the following graphic picture of pioneer conditions in what is now the wealthy and old-settled county of Norfolk:

I met a man with a basket of sloes which he called wild cherries, he had with him three dogs and a gun and had caught a large wild turkey and a raccoon. . . . The winds and storms have created large hills of sand facing the beach of the lake. . . . I tied my horse to a tree and contemplated in silence for a time the heavenly prospect around me. Lake Erie on one side reflected a golden lustre in the beams of the July sun; the beach was far below, the rich and luxuriant clusters of wild grapevines, the mountain balsam, the stunted sloe, and many other trees and shrubs grew in abundance around me, on one side was a prairie extending to the very edge of the lofty banks of Erie, and far more beautiful than Regent's Park; here and there were clumps of trees covered with verdure, the grass was green and velvety, for the heat of the warmest summer in the memory of man has not impaired its native hue; behind me was the vast and extensive forest rich in metallic treasures but full of marshes, which could easily be drained (but which cannot be—while a few irresponsible individuals have the management of the lands.

Mackenzie, with all his versatility, was a man of one idea, and was ever seeing texts for political sermons even "in trees and stones and running brooks." The next year (1826) he gives us a glimpse of a Quaker settlement in the Township of Bertie, near Fort Erie, a very pleasing picture of rural peace and plenty and the innocent industrious useful lives of the "people called Quakers." Five years later we have descriptions of the Ontario Townships of Albion and Caledon where the settlers are much

troubled with wolves and are in great need of a post office. He describes family worship in a Scottish settler's house where he spent a night which might have inspired the Cottar's Saturday Night.

After supper, in accordance with the time-honored custom of his country he took down the venerable folio Bible. The partner in life's pains and pleasures together with his numerous family gathered around him, and in this distant wilderness were the solemn strains of Scottish melody heard ascending from his humble roof in honour and praise of the Almighty Creator, preserver and bountiful benefactor of the world. The eldest son then read a chapter from the sacred volume, and the family of the settler concluded the services of the day by bowing the knee in prayer to their God. Surely this is happiness on earth.

The Townships of Upper Canada at that time elected annually "a town clerk, two town wardens, an assessor, a collector of rates, overseers of the highways and roads, fence viewers, etc." In the strict sense of the word there was no rural municipal government in those days, everything being administered from York, now Toronto, through the Justices of the Peace, who Mackenzie says "were required to give no account whatever" of their expenditure of the public monies. In 1831 the author visited Guelph, "the seat of the Canada Company's monopoly." The residence of Mr. Galt, the author of "Annals of the Parish," a classic in its way, and father of the late Sir Alexander T. Galt, he describes as "fit for an earl" and "from the porch to inmost parlour press fitted for a prince." In the following year the author gives a spirited account of his election for "the Metropolitan County" of York. The election only lasted one day, something very unusual for those times, Mackenzie polling 119 votes to 1 for Mr. Street, his opponent, who withdrew. Speaking of elections elsewhere in Lower Canada we have this surprising piece of information:

There was a contested election in Montreal in May 1831 which lasted about a month; during its continuance two hundred and twenty-five women came forward to vote. One of the candidates, Dr. Tracy, was an Irishman, and for him ninety-five ladies recorded their votes. The other gentleman was Mr. Stanley Bagg, a citizen of the United States, naturalized in Canada. For him there were one hundred and four female voters. Several ladies voted one way and it is said their husbands took the other side. One married lady voted in her own right. Her husband was found to have no vote.

The Quebec Act under which the ladies vote was passed in the British Parliament forty years ago.

Mackenzie reprints in full his petition to the Imperial House of Commons, enumerating the grievances existent at that time in Upper Canada, describing himself as "Printer, member representing the County of York in the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada (deputed to this country as the Agent to the King and Parliament praying for a Redress of Grievances)." And a formidable list they are, and far too numerous and lengthy to reproduce here. They include the endowment out of the public funds of the Anglican Church, taxation imposed on the people "without even the appearance of asking their consent," the admission into the Legislature, "in utter contempt of the law, of seven or eight postmasters, three or four collectors of customs, also a Sheriff," representing the place of his own exclusive jurisdiction. "Immense tracts of waste land vested in the Crown for the benefit of actual settlers have been granted to individuals who kept them from actual settlers in expectation of realizing fortunes out of them." (An evil that still lingers, and, if scotched, is not yet killed.) Taxes are imposed by the local magistracy "in the formation of whom the country has not the slightest influence." They have "assumed sole control of a large and growing revenue annually raised by the imposition of taxes on dwelling houses, shops, lands, cattle, horses, grist mills, carriages, etc. Much of this money is squandered in the most profligate manner, and there are no means of redress. Within the last year the fee simple of nearly 400,000 acres of excellent land, chiefly in old settlements, has been sold by the sheriffs for taxes in arrears at an average of about five-pence sterling per acre." And so it goes in an ever ascending scale. The head and front of all the offending, the fountain head of these wrongs and grievances is in the Legislative Council, that stronghold of privilege and jobbery, described in the petition as "This Council composed of officers of the government, pensioners of the Crown, priests of the Churches of England and Rome, collectors of the excise revenues, and other persons whose subservience has been sufficiently proved," and this description, with some modifications, applied to all the six North American colonies, including Newfoundland.

Mackenzie gives a long list of pensions and sinecures ranging in amounts from £1,200 sterling to £100. In this list appears the name of

"John Strachan, their family tutor and political schoolmaster, archdeacon and rector of York, member of the Executive and Legislative councils, President of the University, President of the Board of Education, and twenty other situations." Archdeacon Strachan later on became the first Anglican Bishop of Toronto. The author gives a detailed account of his attempted murder in Hamilton, March 19th, 1831, from which he was rescued by friends after receiving serious injuries. Everything the Government attempted seems to have been characterized by muddle, mismanagement and corruption.

One of the objects of the persons who sent me to England last year was to put a stop to the gambling of the Government officers in the property of the people of Upper Canada, under the specious pretence of a paper and joint stock bank to encourage trade. The first bank established among us was at Kingston, a shareholding concern, under the management of Mr. Hagerman, our late Solicitor-General, Mr. McLean, the High Sheriff, Mr. Cumming the Collector of Excise and others. The bank did a great business, "encouraged trade," issued dollar bills and in due time failed and paid five-pence on the dollar.

Another bank was started with a nominal capital of £200,000. So limited, however, was the response for subscriptions, that only £10,000 could be raised. With this the bank started business. In 1830 the company applied to the Legislature for leave to double their capital stock, but on being required by the Assembly to show their books flatly refused to do so, and "set the House at defiance." During all these troublous times immigration was going on apace. In 1832, a year before the appearance of the book, "about 54,000 souls arrived in the Canadas, of whom 13,500 settled in Upper Canada."

There is a remarkable absence of acrimony and vindictiveness in the spirit of this book, written under the consciousness of great public wrongs and by one who had suffered much by the petty persecution of the authorities and had experienced at least one determined attempt upon his life. Judging the author by his book, I should pronounce him a thoroughly honest, fearless man, a born but a clean fighter, and a good sport, and one who could give and take hard knocks and come up smiling every time.

The Evening Sacrifice

By DONALD A. FRASER

Day dies in flames upon the western hill,
 And radiant gleams of amethyst, and gold,
 And rose, and ruby, gloriously unrolled,
 Flare up the sky, and o'er the world outpill.
 The evening sacrifice! My soul's a-thrill!
 My day the victim! I priest's office hold
 To make confession, and desires unfold
 Before the God who knows my heart and will.
 Alas! my victim's blemished; but I needs
 Must offer, for 'tis all I have to hand.
 God greet the gift, and pardon whate'er mars;
 Grant absolution for my foolish deeds,
 And send me mercy, by His blest command,
 Through all the calm clear eyes of moon and stars.

The Tragedy of Adele Hugo

By EFFIE MAY ROSS

THE recent announcement of the death of Mlle. Adèle Hugo at the age of over eighty, recalls the sad history of this sole surviving child of the distinguished novelist, Victor Hugo—for his daughter Leopoldine and his sons Charles and François predeceased their illustrious father; and the demise of this aged lady re-awakens the sympathetic interest of the public in one whose life has been practically that of a recluse.

Immediately after the coup d'état of Napoleon III, Victor Hugo—for whose body, dead or alive, a reward of five thousand francs was offered by the Imperial Government—escaped to Brussels and thence to Guernsey, where he was joined by his wife, two sons and Adèle. Having decided to make his home among the French-speaking inhabitants of the Channel Islands, the family of the poet-politician became acquainted with the son of an Anglican clergyman—Albert Andrew Pinsen—to whom the beautiful twenty-year-old Adèle speedily lost her heart; and the young man, apparently reciprocating her ardent affection by frequent correspondence and occasional visits gave ready promises of marriage as soon as the objections of his father (founded solely on religious grounds) should be overcome.

After several years of waiting, Victor Hugo, desirous of promoting his daughter's happiness, at last induced Pinsen to sign his name by the side of Adèle's on a marriage contract; but *le fait accompli*, he, being dissatisfied with certain terms concerning Adèle's dot departed immediately for England, from whence he wrote that he preferred to have their marriage celebrated in London rather than at Guernsey, as he had purchased a commission in the British Army. As even a lieutenant's commission would have been beyond Pinsen's means, the supposition that his father—on whom the young man was dependent—had decided upon this step to separate the lovers gains weight from the fact that when Adèle's supplications prevailed upon her mother to accompany her to London, for the marriage ceremony, she discovered that her fiancé had sailed with the regiment for Halifax, Nova Scotia.

So enamoured was Adèle, however, of her faithless lover, that despite the entreaties of her family, she determined to follow him even to the ends of the earth; and provided with the money intended for her trousseau, she left her home (to which she and her mother had returned from London) boarded a channel boat and travelled to Liverpool and New York, whence she proceeded to Halifax, where she registered at the Halifax Hotel as "Miss Lewly." Her knowledge of English at this time (about 1861) was very imperfect, but improved during her stay in Canada, and through the kind offices of a French cook at the hotel she soon engaged a furnished room in the house of a waiter, who was much in demand at both private and public functions. Here she lived in almost complete seclusion, seeking no companionship, for though she had immediately notified Lieut. Pinsen of her presence in the town, he, being greatly chagrined at her sudden arrival on the scene, only paid her occasional short visits; and while fervent in his professions of undying love and affection constantly protested that circumstances still hindered their marriage.

Ere long the money brought with her became exhausted, and Adèle was forced to turn to literary work as a means of support, for in addition to being a strikingly handsome, cultured and entertaining woman, Mlle. Hugo had marked attainments, having inherited much of the great intellectual ability of her father; who, she asserted, had declared that her style of writing was decidedly sensational, and in that respect eclipsed anything from his own pen. While living in this secluded and erratic fashion Adèle maintained a regular correspondence with her family, to whom she was much attached; but evidently led them to believe that Pinsen had at last married her, and keeping them in total ignorance of her many deprivations and sufferings.

By a curious turn of Fortune's wheel, however, a French chef, while engaging the services of Mlle. Hugo's landlord to assist as waiter at a dinner to be given by the General in command of H.M. forces at Halifax, chanced to notice on the hall-table a letter addressed to "Monsieur le Vicomte Victor Hugo, Guernsey,

Great Britain," which had been placed there to be posted by "Miss Lewly." By dint of shrewd inquiries as to the personality of the writer the surprised Parisian had little difficulty in convincing the landlord and his wife that their lodger could be none other than the distinguished novelist's daughter; and at once the waiter wrote to Victor Hugo describing "Miss Lewly's" peculiar way of living, her scanty wardrobe and such minute details of her appearance that the return mail brought him a letter of gratitude for his thoughtfulness, and a request that his wife provide everything necessary to Mrs. Pinsen's comfort and to remit the bills to Guernsey for payment. These instructions were faithfully carried out and from this time onward monthly remittances of twenty-five pounds sterling came regularly from the author, payable to the order of "M^{me}. Pinsen," and these she collected personally at the bank. This income would have permitted her to live in luxury had she not lavished it upon that pleasure-loving dandy — Pinsen — who, while still refusing to marry her did not scruple to accept her money to further his great love of gay apparel—which had won for him in the garrison the soubriquet of "The Count."

Outside of the money expended upon her worthless fiancé—one of the gayest officers on the station—economy seemed her ruling passion and when she fully realised his studied neglect of her, combined with the report of his marked attentions to the daughter of a prominent Nova Scotian family, she paid less and less attention to her personal appearance. A deep depression of spirits, followed by intense melancholy, now settled upon her and she spent sleepless nights pacing her room to and fro, and only sought the air after dark, attired in man's apparel, simply to avoid molestation.

After several years of this miserable existence, the Second Battalion of the Sixteenth

Regiment—of which Pinsen was lieutenant—was transferred to Barbadoes, and in spite of past experiences of that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," Adèle determined to follow him thither, thinking that time would surely soften his heart and compel him to fulfil honorably what she considered the sacred obligation to which they were both bound by the marriage contract of the old, sweet past. With this intent she followed him secretly from one West Indian station to another—for none of his brother officers ever knew of her existence—until finally his regiment was ordered home to Dublin, Ireland in 1869; and in the following year, Pinsen—now advanced to a captaincy—was again transferred to Canterbury, England, where he sold his commission and married an English lady of Norwood, near London, who was said to have had an annual income of fifteen hundred pounds.

The terrible strain on mind and heart, aggravated by her enforced and self-inflicted seclusion, could have but one ending—mental collapse—and M^{lle}. Hugo left the West Indies in charge of a nurse for an asylum in the United States; but not long after was found wandering alone in the streets of New York unable to say more than "I am the daughter of Victor Hugo." She was kindly cared for and sent back to her friends in France, but with wide-staring eyes and sealed lips as to the complete history of her long martyrdom; and thus a stranger and more absorbing drama than her father ever wrote was never fully revealed to the world. She never wholly recovered her reason, and since her father's death occupied his villa, morose and solitary, seldom speaking and never of the past. Occasionally she went to Paris to witness from the back of a darkened box a reproduction of one of her father's plays, doubtless dimly realising that the tragedy of her own life—now at last ended—arose from "not loving wisely, but too well."

Things of Beauty

By AGNES M. FOLEY

SUNSETS and moonlight and clouds of grey,
The call of a bird at the close of day;
Twilight shadows—the sea's white foam,
The drifting snows and the lights of home.

Music and roses—the stars at night,
The rainbow's arch and a sea-gull's flight;
Violets nestling close to the sod,
A child's pure laugh, and the love of God!

Significance of Quebec Names

By W. HEADLEY

THERE is much in names, especially geographical names, which are the earliest garments you wrap round the earth, as Carlyle says; and they cleave more tenaciously than the very skin. Quebec province is an example. Her names, like her parish laws, bear an intimate relation to the early history of the country. And this gives them a significance and an interest peculiarly their own.

Maisonneuve, Laval, Cartierville, Montcalm, Wolfe, are names essentially immortal. They speak for themselves and for all time. There are other names whose significance is not so manifest, notably among the saints and martyrs who have given to many towns and villages scattered throughout the province the imprint of the religious sentiment of their French god-fathers at the civil baptism.

There are names which express surprise. When French seamen sailed up the Saguenay for the first time, they mistook one of the bays for the continuation of the river.

"Ha! Ha!" exclaimed one of the astonished crew when the mistake in navigation was discovered. "Ha! Ha!" echoed his mates.

It was a baptism. Hence, the "Baie des Ha! Ha!"

British conquerors of New France attempted to wipe out some of the earlier names. They would have substituted for the romantic, often the common-place. They did change Sorel, named after Pierre de Saurel, commandant at the fort built there in 1665 to guard against incursions by the Iroquois. And for a time the place was known as homely "William Henry."

We have one place in the province named after a dead newspaper. If one did not know this one might not unreasonably imagine that whoever gave to the Drummond village the name of *l'Avenir* saw the future lighted with the radiant colors of hope, whereas he was actually looking back at an ideal unachieved. That is what a dead newspaper is, mostly; and this one in Drummond has an added interest in that it forms part of an illuminating chapter in provincial politics.

l'Avenir was the organ of the advanced Liberals who in 1847 arrayed themselves against George Etienne Cartier. They included Aimé

Dorion, Papineau's disciple, and his brother, Eric Dorion, surnamed "l'Enfant Terrible." In 1852 *l'Avenir* ceased to exist. Its guiding star had been Eric Dorion, and it was the memory of his dear, departed newspaper that he perpetuated in giving its name to this little Drummond village.

Then there are names which speak of utility and expediency, as, for example, the *Ile aux Chats*, which forms part of the county of *Argenteuil*. A number of windmills made the island a happy hunting-ground for rats, and so many cats were brought in to kill the rats that the isle was given the name it bears to-day. The *Chutes des Chats* in Ottawa County were so named because wild cats were numerous in the vicinity. By a concurrent token, Jacques Cartier called an island in the *Kamouraska* division the *Ile aux Lievres* (Hare Island) because he found, in 1536, the place over-run by hares. The little *Riviere du Loup*, in *Maskinonge*, was so named after a great slaughter one day of sea wolves at its mouth.

But *St. Ours*, on the *Richelieu*, owes name and fame neither to bear nor saint. Mr. Justice Coderre resides at *St. Ours*, and when discussing the subject of Quebec nomenclature recently, he told me that the seigneurie of *St. Ours*, accorded in 1672, was named after Captain Pierre de *St. Ours*, native of *Dauphiné*, and a relative of Marshal d'Estrades, one time Viceroy of New France.

Lucid proof of the evangelistic work of the first missionaries is found in pious convictions expressed in many names. How many know the origin of the name of *Ahuntsic*? It commemorates the martyrdom of two who

lived unknown

Till persecution dragged them into fame.

On July 28, 1625, Father Viel descended the *Riviere des Prairies* accompanied by a young Indian convert named *Ahuntsic*. They were attacked by the Iroquois. The priest was killed and his body thrown into the rapids. *Ahuntsic* was slowly tortured and then his body was condemned to the same fate as that of the priest. In 1897 the inhabitants of this part of *Sault au Recollet* decided to embalm the martyrdom of the Indian boy by giving his name to the

village which now forms part of the city of Montreal.

Religious sentiment inspired by the proximity of the parishes of St. Lazare, Ste. Marie Madeleine, and Ste. Marthe gave the name of the Holy Redeemer to the next adjacent village. And tribute is paid to a pretty idyl in the names of Ste. Scholastique and St. Benoit.

According to the tradition, St. Benoit and his sister Ste. Scholastique were very attached to each other, and Ste. Scholastique, instead of accepting the rich family estate to which she fell heiress when her brother retired to a monastery, imitated his example. She embraced the religious life and founded a convent five miles from her brother's monastery. Their memory is preserved in the county of Two Mountains, where Ste. Scholastique stands, five miles distant from St. Benoit.

There is a prevailing error that Cote des Neiges takes its name from the mass of snow that accumulates in the valley during the winter. But Notre Dame de la Cote des Neiges, which is its full title, is named after a village in France. And there lies the tale. Several centuries ago, there lived a rich man named Louis Vadeboncoeur. He had no children, and in his old age was without relatives. He wished to consecrate a church to the glory of good and in acknowledgment of a life's blessings, but was undecided where to build it. One night he saw in his dream the vision of an angel who commanded him to start on a journey, "and God will indicate the place where you shall build this church." After several days' walking Vadeboncoeur arrived at a hill. High above him he saw in outline a cross of snow. He took this to be the place indicated by God; there he built a church and named it Notre Dame de la Cote des Neiges. In the seventeenth century a number of immigrants from that part of France, finding one side of Mount Royal resembled their native village, established themselves in the shelter of the mountain, built a church and dedicated it to Notre Dame des Neiges.

The western end of the Island of Montreal was opened to colonization about 1670, and the settlers found their concession so beautiful that they named the district Bellevue. One night in winter Father de Breslay, returning from administering to a sick parishioner, was overtaken by a storm. He lost his way, then lost his horse, and in searching for the beaten track fell and broke his leg. Overcome by the cold, he collapsed in a snowdrift and knew no more until he found himself in a sick-bed. He attributed the succor that had reached him so timely to a guardian angel, and erected a modest chapel to Ste. Anne on the site where he was rescued. Hence the name, Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

Father Henri Nouvel was the first missionary to arrive at Rimouski. This was in 1663. The place where he first celebrated Mass was at once named Father Point, a name widely known today.

Anomaly and custom have been perpetuated in names: Grand'mere, in Champlain County, owes its name to the fact that a neighboring rock bears a likeness to an old lady comfortably seated. Pointe à la Barbe, in the county of Pontiac, is so designated because of a traditional custom of employees of the Hudson Bay Company halting at this point in order to have their beards trimmed before completing the last stage of their journey to Temiscamingue, where they periodically presented themselves to Monsieur le Facteur.

The classics and literature are alike unhonored and unsung. Lord Beaconsfield had his name given to two places—Beaconsfield, near Montreal, and Disraeli, in the County of Wolfe. A canton in Ottawa County is named after Lord Lytton. But these two men were honored not as writers, but Lord Beaconsfield as Prime Minister, and Lytton because he was Minister of the Colonies in 1858-1859.

Bookmen may claim that Milton, in the County of Shefford, perpetuates the memory of the author of *Paradise Lost*, but the local tradition is that the village takes its name from Milton Reynolds, the first settled in the district.



George T. Lanigan

WIT, HUMORIST AND POET

GEORGE T. LANIGAN, one of the most brilliant writers that Canada has given to the world, was born at St. Charles, near Three Rivers, in the Province of Quebec, on December 10, 1845. He died in Philadelphia, while on the staff of the Record, on February 5, 1886. In Montreal he attended the High School, where he became the favorite pupil and life-long friend of George Murray, the famous classical teacher and poet. At about sixteen Lanigan took up telegraphy, soon acquiring uncommon speed and accuracy, and forming a friendly rivalry with Thomas Alva Edison at the key. Like Edison, he perfected a handwriting as legible as print. During the Fenian raid on Canada, in 1866, he sent important despatches to New York journals. In 1867 he established in Montreal, with Robert Graham and other friends the Free Lance, a satirical weekly paper, large-directing its assaults upon the City Hall. From that little paper grew the Star, of which Lanigan was the first editor, contributing a serial story, never reprinted. In 1870 Lanigan removed to the United States; in 1871 he was in Chicago on the fateful night of its great fire. He realized that in a few hours the whole city would be a smoky ruin. Without a moment's delay he sped to South Chicago, took hold of the wire at a local office, and telegraphed the New York World a story such as appeared in no other newspaper of New York. Only sheer exhaustion removed his hand from the telegraph key. This feat led to his being invited to headquarters by the editor of the World. Much of his raciest work was published in its pages, including his famous Fables. These Fables, with pictures by F. C. Church, were is-

sued as a booklet in 1878. A few days afterwards the World office was burned down, with almost the whole edition of that booklet. This accounts for its rarity: a decent copy easily commands ten dollars.

In person Lanigan was short, and in his later years inclined to stoutness, with a light fluffy beard. He was always the life and soul of every social gathering of his friends. To this day, both north and south of the Canadian frontier, his taking-off at but forty years is deeply mourned. He had barely begun to develop his rare gifts of wit and fun, satire and pathos. Two of his brothers survive: William B. Lanigan of Winnipeg, and F. R. Lanigan of Montreal.

Here are a few of his "Fables Out of The World":

THE KIND-HEARTED SHE-ELEPHANT.

A kind-hearted she-elephant, while walking through the Jungle where the Spicy Breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle, heedlessly set foot upon a Partridge, which she crushed to death within a few inches of the Nest containing its Callow Brood. "Poor little things," said the Generous Mammoth, "I have been a Mother myself and my affection shall atone for the consequences of my Neg-

lect." So saying she sat down upon the Orphaned Birds.

Moral.—The above teaches us what Home is Without a Mother; also, that it is not every Person who should be entrusted with the care of an Orphan Asylum.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A crow, having secured a piece of Cheese, flew with its Prize to a lofty tree and was preparing to devour the Luscious Morsel, when a crafty fox, halting at the foot of the tree, began to cast about how he might obtain the Cheese. "How beautiful," he cried, in well-



GEORGE T. LANIGAN

feigned ecstasy, "is your Dress; it cannot surely be that your Musical Education has been Neglected. Will you oblige—?" "I have a horrid cold," replied the Crow, "and never sing without my Music, but since you press me— At the same time, I should add that I have read Æsop, and have been there before." So saying, she deposited the cheese in a safe Place on a Limb of the Tree, and favored him with a Song. "Thank you," exclaimed the Fox, and trotted away, with the Remark that Welsh Rabbits never agreed with him, and were inferior in quality to the animate variety.

Moral.—The foregoing Fable is supported by a whole Gatling battery of Morals. We are taught (1) that it Pays to Take the Papers; (2) that Invitation is not always the Sincerest Flattery; (3) that a Stalled Rabbit with contentment is better than No Bread; (4) that the Aim of Art is to conceal Disappointment.

THE WILLING HORSE.

A willing Horse, having been nearly worked to Death, resolved to strike for an eight-hour day, but was Beaten within an Inch of his Life and set to draw Loads as heavy as Before.

Moral.—This fable teaches us something concerning the Relations of Capital and Labor.

THE PRUDENT TIGER.

A Prudent Tiger, having observed a Procession bearing the Remains of a Sainted Brahmin to the tomb, communicated the Intelligence to his Wife, who said, "My dear, we are almost out of meat, and although the Deceased, from the Austerities of his Pious Life, was in poor Condition, I make no Doubt that among his surviving Friends we may encounter others more Succulent." "Miserable Tigress," exclaimed her Lord, "cannot you see that if we permit the Deceased to be Canonized, Pilgrimages will be instituted to his Tomb, and the Producer and the Consumer will be brought together in accordance with the True Principles of Political Economy? Rather let us, then, offer a Chromo for each New Pilgrim." This prudent advice being followed, the Tiger enjoyed a Free Breakfast Table to the end of his Days.

Moral.—Beware of breaking the Egg that hatches the Golden Goose.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE SIMPLETON.

A Simpleton, having had Occasion to seat Himself, sat down on a Pin: whereon he made an outcry unto Jupiter. A Philosopher, who happened to be holding up a Hitching-post in that vicinity, rebuked him, saying, "I can tell you how to avoid Hurting yourself by sitting down on Pins, and will, for one dollar fee." The Simpleton eagerly accepted the offer, and paid his dollar, when the Philosopher said, "Never sit down." He subsequently acquired a vast Fortune by advertising for agents, to whom he guaranteed \$77 a week and easy employment at their Homes.

Moral.—The Wise Man saith, "There is a

nigger in the fence," but the Fool sendeth on 50 Cents for a Sample and is Taken in.

THE CAT CHANGED INTO A WOMAN.

A Cat, being enamored of a Man, Jupiter, in answer to her Prayers, turned her into a woman, whom he caused the Man to espouse. A few days afterward, as they were seated at Breakfast at their Boarding-house, a Mouse happened to run across the Floor, when the Bride, forgetting that she was no longer a Cat, sprang upon the vermin and eagerly devoured it. The Mistress of the House upbraided her Guest, when the latter replied, "when I eat Mouse I know what I am eating, but when I eat Hash I don't."

Moral.—It is Better to fly the ills we had than to Bear Others that we Know not of.

But Lanigan's most famous achievement, and one which seems to be permanently enshrined among the world's finest gems of parody, was his Threnody for the Akhoond of Swat. One day, in the intervals of his editorial work, he had been dipping into Tennyson, finishing with the "Ode to Wellington," which made a lively impression on his poetical retina. An hour later he found that the only news item on his desk was that the Akhoond of Swat had said farewell to earth. Seizing his pen, Lanigan dashed off a few verses which soon were reprinted the world over:

A THRENODY.

The Akhoond of Swat is dead.—London papers of January 22.

What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead,
The Akhoond is dead!

For the Akhoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead;
(Sorrow Swats)
Swats who hae wi' Ahkooond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow Swats!

Tears shed,
Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkooond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat,
 Your great Ahkoond is not.
 But laid 'mid worms to rot.
 His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
 (Because he was a good Ahkoond)
 Up to the bosom of Mahound,

Though earthly walls his frame surround
 (Forever hallowed be the ground)
 And skeptics mock the lowly mound
 And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
 His soul is in the skies—
 The azure skies that bend above his loved
 Metropolis of Swat.
 He sees with larger, other eyes,

Athwart all earthly mysteries—
 He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
 With a noise of mourning and lamentation!
 Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
 With the noise of the mourning of the
 Swatish nation!

Fallen is at length
 Its tower of strength,
 Its sun is dimmer ere it had nooned;
 Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
 The great Ahkoond of Swat
 Is not !

Punch, Keeper of England's Morale

LITERARY men of England, with Rudyard Kipling as a leading spirit, are contemplating the erection of a memorial statue to Punch for his inestimable service during the war in helping to keep up the morale of the British public by his remarkable articles and cartoons.

There would be nothing in the slightest degree out-of-the-way or inappropriate in such an action. Certainly no comic paper has ever exercised so profound and so beneficent an influence on a nation during a time of stress as Punch has done on Great Britain, and indeed on the whole Empire, throughout the war. It would be too much to say that Punch made the attitude of the British public towards the war; but it is true that Punch took certain of the best and most useful and most heroic tendencies and inclinations of the British people and "standardised" them, erected them into a model which it posted up to be followed, and which was followed, by the entire body of the British people—not without lapses and not without individual exceptions, for it was a very high standard indeed and one which few could live up to permanently. The best evidence of the high degree of honor and chivalry established in that standard is to be found in the fact that one can re-read the whole file of Punch for those years of stress and find nothing of which one need, in these days of peace and quieter feeling, be in the least ashamed.

Cassell & Co. have published in England, and McClelland & Stewart in Canada, a large 300-page volume called "Mr. Punch's History of the Great War," in which the task of reviewing the Punch leadership of the national mind and the response of the national mind to that leadership is made much easier than it would be in the files themselves. It is not really a history of the war, but of the British character in the war. It is doubtless a trifle idealised; for it was no part of the functions of a teacher

of *esprit de corps* to dwell on those things which tend against *esprit de corps*. Since, however, there is a plentiful school of younger novelists actively engaged, under the leadership of the two Georges (W. L. and Bernard Shaw), in telling the British Empire how unpleasant it was during the war, it is just as well to have another contemporary record devoted to showing the pleasant side.

There is one special use to which we should like to see this volume put. It is not an unduly expensive volume (\$4) for a Christmas gift to families in which there are children, who were too young to have an understanding of the events of the war while they were in progress, but who will have picked up certain general notions and will urgently need to have them filled in with the living details which make them comprehensible. Not many children will ever be able to acquire a competent knowledge of the strategy of the war; few, it is probable, even with the best efforts of our harassed educational authorities, will even learn the lists of its battles. But every child should know something of the spirit in which it was fought, and that knowledge cannot be secured in any better, easier or more pleasant way than by the perusal of this combined picture-book, poetry-book and jest-book.

There is always some jest or drawing in a year's file of Punch which is beyond the comprehension of us denizens of the far-flung Empire, and one such drawing appears to have got itself embedded in the amber of this volume. We beg to announce that to the person who shall send in the most intelligible account of the significance of the drawing "The Coat That Didn't Come Off," by H. M. Bateman, on page 212, we will present a year's subscription to the *Canadian Bookman*. This offer is open to Mr. Bateman or the editor of Punch, or anybody else; but the account *must* be intelligible—to us.

Buying Books by the Yard

By J. L. LOVE

THERE is a custom to which it may be questioned if any true book-lover has ever given hearty assent, and that is the buying of literature in complete sets of authors, or by the yard.

This prejudice against so many feet of uniform Dickens, or Scott, or Henry is not because of the expense. It has to do with something deeper than the pocket, and is due to a love of the artistic and a sense of the fitness of things. A bookcase with rows of pale blue Kipling, green Mark Twain and sombre "History of the World" makes no appeal to the artistic taste. It possesses all the monotony of an army without any of its pageantry. Or rather does each shelf represent an alms-house or school with its orphan inmates clad in one unvarying hue and pattern.

Books are as human as the men and women who write them. A book that is a book, that is worthy of a permanent place on a handy shelf, has a personality that should be respected. To place it in a row with its brethren, all clad like the pupils in a charity school, is to dehumanize it by stripping it of individuality.

The children of a man's brains are like the offspring of his loins in many respects; they vary in size and character. To clothe either uniformly is as unwise as it is unethical. In spite of the high cost of living, no sane man wishes to garb his children in the same size and pattern of hats and shoes, and a book should be allowed to express something of its distinct individuality by way of sartorial embellishment. By the size of its page, the pattern of its type and the style of its binding, it is possible to convey a suggestion of the soul of a book.

That dull, dead level of uniformity in covers, concerning which the spell-binding canvasser waxes so eloquent, is as inexcusable in the library as it is in any other sphere. Uniformity is seldom beautiful. The canal cannot compete with the river, or the fence with the hedgerow. Above all, a yard of Dickens bought as a complete set cannot compare with the same works bought at odd times and in odd volumes.

There are books that look comfortable and natural in paper covers, and there are others that demand tooled vellum and gilt lettering.

This is true of books by the same author. The stiffest of binder's buckram makes an excellent coat for Mr. Dombey, but Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller require something lighter and more fantastic, something with a Palm Beach suit effect. David Copperfield and Micawber both would be suited with a dandified coat, but our mutual friend, Dick Swiveller, would prefer to "close another thoroughfare" with a garb slightly suggestive of the motley.

So with Mark Twain. Tom Sawyer would be unbearably trammelled in morocco, but a Knight at the Court of King Arthur should be robed to grace his exalted station. Flaming gilt and scarlet should clothe the heroes and villains of "Treasure Island," but something subtly suggestive of the chameleon will best distinguish Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. A touch of the tartan on the Lady of the Lake and the Last Minstrel would provide a pleasing contrast as they stood beside Redgauntlet and Ivanhoe in the coarse canvas reminiscent of their strenuous days.

There was a time when "padded poets" flooded the market place. Eliza Cook and Felicia Hemans lay side by side and uniform in size and binding with Shakespeare and Keats. All were clad in soft leather and padded to the consistency of an over-ripe melon. Fortunately this uniformity de luxe has had its day and ceased to be. The padded ones have passed on to join the antimacassars and the wax fruit under the glass case. No longer are the giants compelled to consort with the pygmies, and it is for those of us who really love literature to see that the uniform size and binding disappear altogether from the mart of books.

A well-filled bookcase ought to resemble a rolling chain of hills, and not a series of garden fences painted by an amateur with a job lot of ill-assorted colors. Even the most modest range of unobtrusive foothills is more imposing than the Wall of China. No sauce can create an appetite for food laid out in geometrical portions, weighed to a grain, on long tables; and no literary taste can be fed or cultivated by the deadly monotony of row upon row of complete and uniform editions.

There should be breaks in the shelves. A slim volume should have room to recline on the

breast of a stouter companion. Let a diminutive Omar form the base of a canyon between a towering Bobbie Burns and a sky-scraping Longfellow. "Standard Poets!" Perish the thought! Standardization is for such things as bolts and nuts and ships. The infinite variety of the poetic genius can only be suggested by a corresponding, and not necessarily invidious, distinction in size and binding of volume.

The very term "Standard Edition" has a commercial ring to it that is foreign to all ideas of true art. It is a phrase of the counting house to describe something that will provide the book agent with a strong selling point. The agent must have a well-filled pack, and he loads up with O. Henry by the yard, with fifteen inches of Kipling as a bonus. He nets his prospect and another shelf receives its garden fence. Long before the last instalment is paid, the unliterary customer is sick of his yard of O. Henry and its Kipling trailer. Had he bought a single volume he would have read it and probably invested in a second and a third. He would have become actually acquainted with some of the riches of literature and have parted with less of his own. But a siren tongue has undone him and in due course another "standard author" will find its way to the mausoleum of the second-hand book store.

A man should buy his books as he buys his drugs, in small quantities and with a definite purpose for each purchase. He should buy the old masters as he buys the new, one copy at a time. What writer of today would gain his public by publishing several books simultaneously? He would not be read. Neither would he be reviewed, which does not involve reading, apparently. By the same token a boxful of Dickens stands about as much chance of assimilation by one man as a barrel of pills.

Another point in the indictment against the garden-fence library is that while it may sell more books, it results in fewer books being read. And from the commercial aspect that means loss in the long run. Some who would consider

it extravagant to invest \$1.50 on a single volume will squander \$25 on a set, because the canvasser, proceeding on the principle that while a man may have no objection to being called a knave, none likes to be considered foolish, has subtly suggested that to let this chance slip would be a rather "low brow" way to behave. He buys, places the set on his shelves; glances through them idly of a Sunday morning; resolves to read them diligently; renews that resolve with each monthly payment; and ends by ignoring them.

Having absorbed the idea that literature can only be purchased worthily by the car-load, the disillusioned buyer of standard sets becomes indifferent to solitary samples, and the single volume that might have widened his mental horizon remains unbought. Whenever a desirable volume is brought to his notice he remembers that forbidding row at home, and he decides with quiet enthusiasm that he has all the world's literary classics he needs. In this frame of mind he continues until another golden-tongued salesman steps on the porch with a "History of Mars" in thirteen numbers, and again he signs the contract rather than be attainted, by inference, with a darkened intelligence.

For such and other weighty reasons those of us who love literature should discourage its dispersal in vulgar bulk. Not bulk in the ordinary sense, for it is possible to purchase a library each volume of which will be different from all its brethren; but bulk in the form of sets of authors. Let us have variety of size, thickness, type, binding and letterpress. Let us have a bulky companion for the stand or table; a handy size for reading one's self to sleep in bed; and a pocket edition for the street car or country lane. Let us have libraries in which we can find any book in the dark by running our fingers along their backs. It is possible for those of us who love literature, if not for those who merely like books.



The Refusers of Bondage

By G. W. LATHAM

THE undoubted success of Mr. Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence" is calling attention to a writer who had previously impressed critics as an ingenious contriver of well constructed and clever plays. As a playwright he became conspicuous over a dozen years ago, and in the season of 1908 he had four plays running at the same time in London theatres.

Although previous to that he had published several novels, they attracted little attention and perhaps hardly deserved to do so. Yet now we find him a novelist of extraordinary power, with an exceptionally flexible style, and especially with a very individual and definite point of view. Mr. Maugham is undoubtedly much more deserving of consideration than many other writers who fill a large space in the literary columns and in the conversation of devotees of fiction.

Perhaps only a few of the readers of "The Moon and Sixpence" were familiar with Mr. Maugham's previous novel, "Of Human Bondage," which appeared in 1915, in the midst of the war but superficially entirely untouched by it. Readers of that book, however, were quite prepared to find that here we have a first-class force to reckon with. In a way the two books are very unlike. "Of Human Bondage" is long, discursive, has plenty of time to talk about irrelevant things, and is little bothered with the elaboration of a plot. Like "Sinister Street" it is the story of a young man's journey through the vicissitudes of perhaps the first twenty-five years of his life. Yet there is a great difference. Mr. Compton Mackenzie takes his favorite characters with such deadly seriousness, he is so enamored of them, and he expects you to share this enthusiasm. He can't let go of them and he must continue their adventures in subsequent volumes. Unfortunately the reader grows very weary of this. It all seems so very young and there is too much of it. In spite of the façade of unconventionality and the condescending attitude towards ordinary, respectable ideas, Michael Fane is to me one of the most unbearable prigs in literature. And he is a prig of a particularly obnoxious modern type.

As a story, "Of Human Bondage" is a narrative of the boyhood and young manhood of Philip Carey. Philip as a mere child was left an orphan, with a small patrimony, under the guardianship of an uncle, a self-centred, parsimonious, but apparently well-meaning clergyman of the Church of England. After leaving school (King's School, Canterbury, under a thin disguise) he studies in Germany for a while, takes up accountancy in London, aban-

dons it, tries art in Paris, abandons it, returns to England and enters upon the study of medicine. Naturally all this vacillation is very irritating to the reverend uncle. The medical studies are interrupted by the lack of finances, and Philip though profoundly despondent, carries himself along by finding employment as an assistant in a huge departmental store. Fortunately the uncle dies at the right moment, leaving Philip sole heir to his estate, which though small is sufficient for the emergency. The medical course is completed, and the book ends with Philip established in practice in a small town, and married to a young woman "with broad hips and well developed bust."

The mere story is not uninteresting, but the real book is something else. We have a great variety of life in three countries. Innumerable persons appear, and some of them are drawn with exceptional vividness. There are for example, Cronshaw, the Bohemian, attitudinizing poet, starving in attics, and Hayward, the sterile amateur of life and letters. One feels that models sat for these portraits. Then there are Philip's amours, which are related with entire absence of pruriency. There is the episode of Millie, anaemic Millie "with narrow hips and the chest of a boy"—perhaps it is more than an episode, but so far as I know it is unique in literature. It adds a new chapter to the study of sexual attraction and repulsion.

But behind it all and animating it all is a sense of the bondage in which we human beings must live. We are bound by our bodily conditions and demands, by heredity, by environment, by conventions which we had no share in establishing. Fortunately the great majority of human beings accept these conditions submissively and without reflection. They have no real wills. They belong to the herd. Even of those who have volitions, most acquiesce, and live not the life they would live, but the life they think that others think they ought to live. Now and then comes a character who resists all this, who defies the world, and who considers the claims of his own individuality paramount to all other considerations. That is the type which arrests Mr. Maugham's attention and with which he is engaged in "The Moon and Sixpence." Philip Carey does not belong to this type. He is in bondage to circumstances. He does not carry out his one clearly defined ambition. Instead of going to Toledo to study the pictures of El Greco, he marries the girl with the broad hips and well developed bust.

"The Moon and Sixpence" is barely half as long a book. It is not discursive or detailed; it admits hardly any irrelevancies; it concen-

trates entirely on the exposition of the life and personality of one character. But it carries the thesis of "Of Human Bondage" a step further and exhibits to us a character in revolt. It is not a soothing book. Those who prefer mush and sentimentality would do well to leave it alone. Those who are willing to think and to reconsider some generally accepted assumptions will find it stimulating.

Charles Strickland is presented to us at the beginning of the book as a London Stock Exchange broker, about forty, with a wife and two children. Mrs. Strickland is a "pleasant hospitable woman with a harmless craze for the small lions of literary society." The story purports to be told by one of these lions. The Stricklands are leading a blameless, respectable, suburban life. They are correctly commonplace. Suddenly Strickland bolts from home, without making any provision for his family. The natural hypothesis would be, of course, a woman in the case. Apparently this would have provided an explanation of an embarrassing situation that would have satisfied everybody. Instead, of all things in the world, the middle-aged stock broker has gone to Paris to become a painter. It is not necessary to outline the plot with any detail. Strickland paints, but nobody pays any attention to his pictures. He treats abominably everybody with whom he comes in contact. He seduces the wife of a fellow artist who had treated him with extraordinary kindness. He walks over everything and everybody who stands in the way of the satisfaction of his own desires. His is the artistic temperament in excess. He has some marvellously told experiences in Marseilles, and he finally turns up in the South Sea Islands, where after a while he marries a native woman and ultimately dies of leprosy. His pictures meanwhile had continued to be unregarded and unsold, but after his death, we are told, they were looked upon as almost a new revelation.

In bald outline, this is not a pretty story, and undoubtedly the majority of novel readers would find it entirely hideous and disgusting. But to dismiss it in this way would be, I think, to miss altogether the author's meaning. Mr. Maugham is not the partisan of his characters. He simply exposes them, in the French sense of the word, with artistic sympathy. And some-

how from the book we do get the notion that conceivably there may be natures of such a sort that before them the demands of ordinary life must give way. The claims of the individual become stronger than the claims of society.

Evidently the idea of "The Moon and Sixpence" had lain in Mr. Maugham's mind for some time. At least twice in "Of Human Bondage" just such a story as Strickland's is alluded to, and we may get a hint of how the author regarded the desertion of the family:

"And what about his wife and family?" asked Philip.

"Oh, he dropped them. He left them to starve on their own account."

"It sounds a pretty low-down thing to do."

"Oh, my dear fellow, if you want to be a gentleman, you must give up being an artist."

What Mr. Maugham looks for in humanity or in art is individuality, and I imagine that he would identify art with an expression of individuality. The artist is one who insists upon self-expression, who refuses submission to bondage. In Strickland we have an extreme case. Pains are taken to avoid toning down the picture, and self-expression for him means trampling on everybody that gets in his way. But in the same book we have the same story told in condensed form and in brighter colours. I refer to the story of the young Jew, who after a brilliant career in the medical schools, with a brilliant professional career assured, went as surgeon on a tramp steamer to the Levant, as a holiday before settling down to practise. A few weeks later, his resignation of a staff position in the hospital was received, and ten years afterwards he was discovered in Alexandria practising in the most humble way. Something in Alexandria called to his soul and he responded. To his former colleagues it was ridiculous self-sacrifice. To himself it was self-expression.

A world full of Stricklands would not be pleasant to think of. Still one may be willing to admit a few specimens of the variety into the human museum. The majority of mankind will continue trying to adapt themselves to the conditions about them, and even those of marked individuality will generally admit that their self-expression must to some extent be tempered by the claims of others. Most people will prefer the sixpence they can get to the moon they can't.

The William Wilfred Campbell Region

Musson, Toronto, has a new edition of that charming volume, "The Canadian Lake Region," the text of which was written by the chief prophet of the Lakes in literature, William Wilfred Campbell. It is specially appropriate for giftbook purposes, because it is absolutely Canadian from its subject-matter and its author to every detail of its physical production. Scores of photo-engravings, some of them in color pro-

cess, supplement the text. But perhaps the most attractive of all the illustrations are the reproductions of old wood engravings or lithographs such as that of Owl's Head, Lake Memphremagog. The waterways of Canada are a wonderful spiritual possession as well as a fine means of transport, and it is important that Canadians should recognise their value in both capacities. This book will aid them to do so.

“Here’s a Ho!”

By R. E. GOSNELL

THE other day I found a note at the Rideau Club from a newspaper friend, which read as follows: “Your friend, E. B. O., is at it again. See the Illustrated London News of June the first.”

I turned to the number in question, and found in the centre of a page an article headed: “The Meaning of ‘Here’s a Ho!’,” by E. B. Osborn.

This expression has a special meaning and significance for me apart from any bibulous associations of the wild and woolly West.

In the year 1895, I think it was, there was a meeting in the old city of Quebec of what was known as the Historical Committee. It consisted of representatives from each of the Provinces of the Dominion, and a chairman and a secretary, and its particular purpose that year was to select from among a number of manuscripts in competition a public school history of Canada. At our first meeting, just as we adjourned for dinner, Dr. Goggin of Regina made a very welcome suggestion in “Boys, let us have a drink.” We filed into the adjacent bar, and when our glasses were filled, Goggin, raising his glass, said “Here’s a Ho!” When we had had our drinks, the Hon. G. W. Ross, our chairman, and then Minister of Education for Ontario, turned to him and asked: “By the way, Dr. Goggin, I have often heard that expression, ‘Here’s a Ho,’ when I have been out West. What’s the meaning, the origin, of it?”

Dr. Goggin proceeded to explain that from time immemorial the Indians of the Middle West, men, women and children, trekked out in the fall of the year to the foothills of the Rockies, a great host, to get their winter supply of pemmican, otherwise dried buffalo meat. The buffalo in years gone by ran north in great numbers in the spring and back again to the south, juicy and fat, in the fall. Notwithstanding what may have been tribal warfares during the rest of the year, the Indians on these occasions and for this purpose united to elect a single leader of the hunt, whose signal of attack for the psychological moment was “Ho!” So the old fur traders who in time invaded the Red Man’s territory adopted the expression when they attacked their liquor, which was quite frequently, and said “Ho!”, out of which was evolved the salutation: “Here’s a Ho!”

Just at that moment in the narrative I was seized with an inspiration, and remarked: “That’s a very plausible explanation, but the saying is much older than fur-trading days. In fact, it is scriptural, because Isaiah in the

55th chapter and first verse says: ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth,’ etc.”

That was considered a fair joke in those days, and the company was good enough to laugh heartily over it. Dr. Goggin, I believe, when he returned home, peddled the story freely, giving me as authority. The sequel, however, was much more amusing than the original incident.

Some time later there appeared a book entitled “Western Canada,” a copy of which I purchased and read. It appears that the author, a young man from Oxford or Cambridge, had gone West to grow up with the country; but after a residence of about three years decided that the literary field in London held out more agreeable prospects for him to grow up in, and took up his abode in the metropolis. Following a custom prevalent among Englishmen, he wrote a book about the country. One of its chapters was devoted to things and sayings typically Western, among them such expressions as “two bits” and “Here’s a Ho!” In explanation of the latter, he gave what was virtually Dr. Goggin’s version of the origin, and solemnly remarked, in effect, that this was the real, the true genesis of this interesting Western drinking salutation, and not the “scriptural” source put forward by an ignorant Westerner.

I enjoyed the joke immensely, and have often told the story, without even a shade of ill-feeling for the author, whom I afterwards met on very friendly terms. He was E. B. Osborn, of the Morning Post, National Review and Illustrated London News. His explanation of “Here’s a Ho!” has been printed a number of times to my knowledge. I saw it over his own name in “Canada” about 1906, and again recently in the Illustrated London News. It is an interesting matter of folklore, or history, and is well worth repeating for the benefit of this and succeeding generations, but I cannot help being somewhat mystified at the fact that in all three instances he has cautioned his readers against the mistaken notion that the expression is scriptural in its origin. In fact, I am beginning to conclude that my friend Mr. Osborn has not yet seen the joke. I thought it was rather a good joke, but perhaps that was because I made it. However, in these days of moral reform it may be just as well that the Old Testament should not be made to appear as giving sanction to a custom that was formerly all too common in Western Canada.

To Make the Human Race Noble

PROFESSOR Alfred Marshall, the most famous of British economists, has just published a very notable book on "Industry and Trade" (Macmillan), which has been described as a "monumental volume which will be eagerly devoured by all those who are seeking authoritative guidance on economic matters."

Professor Marshall's summing-up of the present position deserves all the publicity which can be given to it. Having discussed the possibilities of the future and some of the schemes which are so loudly advanced, Professor Marshall comes to the conclusion that there is room for large hopes.

Leaving wars out of account, (he says), we may reasonably hope for a gradual extension to nearly the whole population of those resources and opportunities which are needed for comfort and for the full and harmonious development of the higher human faculties, on the following conditions:

(i) That mankind set themselves greatly to increase the supply of mechanical appliances, which are to raise the condition even of the humbler classes of mankind by acting as slaves for them.

(ii.) That they make these slaves so numerous and powerful, and manage to keep them at work for so long hours by alternating shifts of attendants, that even the lowliest of human operatives need work only during short hours, though with energy while at work.

(iii.) That they so raise the level of general education that there are scarcely any adults who can only do such simple work as is within the capacity of a properly guided mechanical slave.

(iv.) That they develop assiduously the channels by which those who are endowed with high faculties of thought and invention, of enterprise and administration, may rise rapidly to posts of responsibility commensurate with their qualities.

(v.) That they keep constantly in view the broad distinction between tasks of orderly

business management which conscientious officials perform adequately, and tasks of constructive enterprise, on the bold and enlightened discharge of which economic progress mainly depends, though they are often beyond the power of the official and even uncongenial to his temperament.

(vi.) That they recognize: (a) That the most progressive business men value the freedom to take risks on their own account, and to earn a reputation for able leadership, by success in leadership which cannot always easily be proved otherwise than by its pecuniary results: but (b) that an adverse tide which retards all powers does not materially diminish the zest of emulation in a race; and therefore (c) that enterprise may be maintained even though those who are rich are required to make large contributions for national purposes.

(vii.) That they remember that all taxes on resources, which might probably have been used for the increase of the material slaves of man, are prejudicial to the whole people, and in some respects especially prejudicial to the poorer members of it, and that therefore the produce of exceptionally heavy taxes on capital, or on income derived from it, ought not to be used to defray current expenditure.

(viii.) That at junctures such as the present, when the national burden of debt is an enormous heritage of evil for coming generations, they insist that the produce of all taxes, which tend considerably to check the accumulation of private capital, be devoted to the reduction of that debt.

(ix.) That they take account of the tendency of capital to emigrate from a place in which it is unjustly handled; though a country which nourishes and stimulates capable business enterprise will continue to attract capital in spite of its being subject to somewhat heavy taxes there.

(x.) Last, but not least, that employers, as well as other capitalists, employees, and, in short, all classes and groups, eschew all practices which tend to raise the market values of their services or products by making them relatively scarce.



Adventure Stories by a Poet

ELSEWHERE in this number of the *Canadian Bookman* we reprint the opening pages of "The Man Who Couldn't Sleep," the latest collection of adventure stories by Arthur Stringer, the brilliant Canadian writer who has achieved success in so many different lines of endeavor in the last fifteen years in New York. In that introduction the intelligent reader will find expressed, between the lines, Mr. Stringer's views not only of the Tale of Adventure in the Frozen North—which is the nominal subject of the satire—but of the Tale of Adventure Anywhere, and therefore of



ARTHUR STRINGER.

these Tales of Adventure in New York. They are admirable Tales of Adventure. Indeed, we know of no recent book of Tales of Adventure which we could more heartily recommend to anybody who is on the look-out for that particular form of entertainment—that particular form and nothing more. And the continent seem to be full of people who do want just that form of entertainment and would be annoyed if anything more were added to it—just as

some people are annoyed if mustard is added to their sandwiches. The thing that pains us about it, and that pains Mr. Stringer if we read his preface properly, is the fact that he is such a master of mustard-making and is debarred from his specialty by this absurd prejudice for plain bread and meat. The bread and meat that we refer to are the materials of the plain, unadorned tale of adventure in which the action is the all-important thing. Mr. Stringer is good at action; he has the knack of getting into it himself, of writing it in the first person and taking the reader along as an intimate friend. But he is also good at the mustard of imagination, of poetic sensibility, of feeling for human character, and in these sandwiches he has had no room for that flavoring. Those of us who like flavoring are sorry, but the great mass of sandwich-eaters prefer their nourishment plain.

"The Man Who Couldn't Sleep" is not, even thus, a mere adventure book of the common or back-garden variety. It contains constant reminders that it was written by a poet. They are not obtrusive enough to bother the sandwich public for which it is written, but they are pleasant enough to tickle the palate of those who want their sandwiches to be at least "club." Your ordinary adventure-teller does not talk about the crowd in the fashionable after-theatre café (where it was "the wont of the homeless New Yorker to purchase a three-hour lease on three feet of damask and thereby dream he was probing the innermost depths of life") as "the surrounding flurry of bare shoulders, as white and soft as a flurry of gull-wings." Still less does he suspend his rush for the gun-play and the flash of the knife and the thud of fists on faces to note the beauties of New York in the small hours, when "Fifth Avenue, above all her sisters, lies as though tranquillized by Death, as calm as the Coliseum under its Italian moonlight. She seems, under the stars, both medievalised and spiritualised. She speaks then in an intimate whisper foreign to her by day, veiling her earthlier loquacity in a dreaming wonder, softening and sweetening like a woman awaiting her lover. The great steel shafts enclosed in their white marble become turrets crowned with mystery. And the street-floor itself, as clean and polished as a ballroom, seems to undulate off into outer kingdoms of romance. An occasional lonely motor-car, dipping

up its gentle slopes like a ship treading a narrow sea-lane buoyed with pearls as huge as pumpkins, only accentuates the midnight solitude."

Written primarily for magazine use each adventure a self-contained short story though with a thin thread of continuity running through them all, these tales are necessarily short and choppy when taken as a collection. The prac-

tice of making stories like sausages, separate yet in a string, is not conducive to the highest art. Or rather it requires a very high command of the resources of art to get the necessary completeness in each tale and the necessary connection for the string. Mr. Stringer has been a better artist than in this volume, but perhaps never a better craftsman. (McLeod, Toronto, \$1.75.)

The Education of the Adult

By the HON. H. J. CODY

WE should not cease to learn when we leave school, even though the school age be raised in due time to sixteen. We should always be disciples in the school of life. We should "die learning." The education of the adult must play a great and growing part in any democracy that is safe for the world. Democracy makes heavy demands on the intelligence, integrity and interest of the citizen body.

If our educational system made no provision for the education of the adult, it would be in a measure defective. The opportunity is as great as the need. Adult education is carried on mainly by the efforts of the adult himself, and is on that very account lasting and delightful.

In providing the opportunities for the continued education of our citizens the Public Library is the chief factor. This great "popular university" or educational extension institution is the friend and helper of home education and of self development.

Realizing the potentialities of the library, librarians and library boards will be ambitious to provide the best books, and the best service for their communities. The modern library is not a mere repository or dormitory for ancient

tomes; nor is it only an intellectual shrine to which the keen book lover resorts. It is an aggressive and missionary institution. It seeks to promote circulation. It tries to bring the right books to the right people at the right time. Librarians are the directors or guides of popular reading.

It will be well to offer ample facilities both for general cultural reading and for special vocational studies. The relatively small number of those who pursue a course of serious and systematic reading should receive the librarian's most helpful attention. The majority of readers, however, can be guided into less formal courses of reading and led to read books that are worthy of their time and thought.

The Public Libraries are a part of the general educational system of the Province. The Department of Education assists them with legislation and grants, and through its Public Libraries' Branch stands ready to give advice or instruction to all library efforts.

In their buildings, equipment, selection and classification of books, service of trained librarians, circulation of timely literature, the Public Libraries of the Province of Ontario are taking their full share in the general educational advance of the times.

The Drama of Job

By ALEX. R. GORDON

"The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy," by Horace Meyer Kallen. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

THE fascination of the Book of Job is perennial. It gives such sincere and noble expression to certain instinctive moods that not merely professional students of the Old Testament but poets and thinkers like Tennyson, Carlyle and Froude have caught the spell, and well-nigh exhausted the resources of language in extolling the genius of the book. One extends the most cordial welcome, therefore, to Dr. Kallen's fresh contribution to the subject. He approaches his task with high qualifications: a rich inheritance of Hebrew learning, a psychological acumen trained in the school of William James, spiritual sympathy, and poetic feeling. The treatment is throughout worthy of the theme. The result is a work of unusual interest and suggestiveness, which should make a wide appeal to lovers of good books.

At the outset the literary form of Job is set in clear relief. The book is more than dramatic in tendency; it is a true drama, with prologue and epilogue, scenery and characters, plot and action. The action is no doubt subjective, but it is action—and that sustained by a definite motif and dénouement. In his insistence on the full dramatic quality of Job Dr. Kallen does not stand alone, but is in line with the best traditions of scholarship. He advances quite beyond the general trend, however, in his novel thesis that the book is "a Hebraized form of the Greek tragedy," specifically modelled after Euripides. On this theory he is able not only to explain the presence of prologue, epilogue, and theophany—the latter "the Jewish counterpart of the *deus ex machina*"—but to find a place for various sections usually regarded as interpolations—the hymn of wisdom (ch. xxviii.), the pictures of oppressors and oppressed (ch. xxiv.) and the descriptions of Behemoth and Leviathan (xl. 15-xli. 26), which are transformed into choral odes ending the three cycles of Dialogue, and even the speeches of Elihu (chs. xxxii.—xxxvii.), who here plays the part of the Greek coryphaeus.

The theory is bold, but by no means improbable. With all its uniqueness, the Hebrew mind was singularly sensitive to outside influence. In successive epochs it was deeply tinged by its Canaanite, Babylonian, and Persian environment. Greek influence is clearly marked in the Introduction to Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Songs, and Apocryphal books like the Wisdom of Solomon. On the showing of early Church fathers, the Jews of Alexandria had their tragic poets—Ezekiel and his fellows—who impressed the past history of Israel on the imagination of

their people by dramatic representations in the style of the Greek classics. It is true, of course, that Job falls outside the distinctively Greek régime (its date being about the close of the fifth century B.C.), but acquaintance with the forms at least of Greek culture was well within the reach of intelligent Jews of the age. The author of Job may have acquired his knowledge of tragic art from some Egyptian or Syrian Jew visiting Palestine; "a returned Palestinian traveller may himself have seen a play of Euripides enacted, in Egypt in the Athenian camp, or in some coastal Syrian city, or elsewhere" (p. 23).

One cannot but feel, however, that the theory has been pushed too far. It is possible to admit Greek, and even Euripidean, influence without the forced transmutation into choral odes of the late and obviously extraneous sections already referred to, and the claim upon the speeches of Elihu as an integral element of the drama. In spite of Euripidean analogies, these speeches continue to strike us as but weak reflections of the majestic words of Eliphaz and Yahweh which intrude uneasily and even intolerably between Job's "Apologia pro vita Sua" (chs. xxix.—xxxvi.) and the Divine Reply from the Whirlwind.

Reading the book in the light of Greek tragedy, Dr. Kallen has been courageous enough to arrange it for the stage, and through the help of dramatic friends and Jewish Menorah Societies to present it to critical audiences in Boston and elsewhere. His setting of the play is full of interest. The translation is based on the American Revised Version, though various changes are introduced which do more justice to the letter and spirit of the original. The text is interspersed, too, by stage directions which show fine insight into the varying moods of Job and his friends. Dr. Kallen's real strength, however, is given to the elucidation of the problem of Job. For that the book is a problem play—that its underlying motif is the "problem of evil," more narrowly the problem of evil in a divinely governed universe—is evident. And that the problem cannot be solved by vague generalities on the purpose of suffering is equally evident. A true solution must be sought and found in a theory of life, a theory which will define evil's proper place in the economy of nature and the flux of human enterprise" (p. 43).

In a highly suggestive piece of historical analysis, Dr. Kallen traces the emergence of the "problem" from the conflict between prophet and priest, the former with his belief in Yahweh as "an elusive, universal potency, overwhelming in its activity, and responsive to conduct only," the latter with his conception of the Divine as

"a specific anthropomorphic power, controllable by ritual." In the prophetic tradition stress is consequently laid on "spontaneous righteousness," apart from reward, in the priestly on the "compensation" which follows ritual righteousness or the want of it. The struggle resulted in the triumph of the priesthood, and the hardening of the principle of "compensation" into the dogma of retributive justice. "Job represents the unique surviving recorded phase of that struggle before the beginning of the Hellenistic era" (p. 65). For both Job and his friends the prophetic ideals are still vital, and prophetic conceptions still dominant. In the mind of the friends, however, the principle of retribution is fast crystallizing into a dogma, while through Job the prophetic tradition is carried to "its most vital and logical culmination." By his refutation of the orthodox belief that evil and suffering are retributive, he "seeks in fact to abolish even the analogue and overtone of humanity in God," finding comfort only in the thought of a supra-human, altogether incommensurate "creator of heaven and earth, the *élan* of the whole panorama of nature, the source of both good and evil," between whose justice and man's there is no common denominator. "His justice is his wisdom, and this again is nothing else than power, force, the go and potency, generative and disintegrative, in things" (pp. 45, 68 ff.) Man's wisdom, therefore, consists in cheerfully accepting the divine order of things, seeking righteousness "not because of an extrinsic advantage, but because, being what he is, righteousness is his proper virtue, the security and fulfillment of his inward excellence," and maintaining his ways "with courage rather than with faith, with self-respect rather than with humility, or better, perhaps, with a faith that is courage, a humility that is self-respect." Such is the theory of life in which the problem of Job finds solution, and in it the ripest wisdom of Hebrew tradition reaches its full expression. "It is without illusion concerning the quality, extent and possibilities of the life of man, without illusion concerning his relation to God. It accepts them, and makes of

the human soul the citadel of man—even against Omnipotence itself—wherein he cherishes his integrity, and so cherishing, is victorious in the warfare of living even when life is lost" (pp. 73 ff.).

All this is finely said, yet it savours too much of modernity. The God of the prophets is surely no Bergsonian "cosmic *élan*," but the personal source of justice, truth and love, who seeks in men the reflection of His own character. In Job, too, the personal note is persistent. His broken-hearted laments are instinct with yearning for the God with whom he once walked in happy fellowship. And whatever else the theophany may mean, it is at least the opening of the way to a new personal knowledge of God. "Only by hearsay had I known thee, but now mine eye seeth thee" (xlii. 5). Nor can we find in Job the absolutely unhuman, immoral conception of Divine justice on which Dr. Kallen insists. God's justice may be higher than man's, but it is not fundamentally unlike. As against his friends' unjust "respect of God's person" Job cites the very God whose cause they champion, as a God who will "surely reprove them" if they respect persons unfairly (xii. 10 f.). And if he can only win his way to God's presence, he will find salvation, inasmuch as no hypocrite can come before Him (ver. 16). Even now his Witness is in heaven, his Vindicator is on high, and one day He will stand on the earth to see justice done to his cause (xvi. 19, xix. 25 ff.). Should his friends continue to misjudge him, the heavenly Vindicator will listen the more attentively to his plea (xxiii. 6). And, as He knoweth all his way of life, whatever test He may apply, he shall come forth from the trial as gold (ver. 10). Though there is no allusion to Divine justice in the Voice from the Whirlwind, it is surely implicit in the eternal harmony which is there unfolded. Job may be as unable as ever to understand the ways of the Almighty, but he knows that the circle of His wisdom is complete, and can rest assured that his struggle to maintain his righteousness has not been in vain.

A Pleasant Gilbert Cannan Novel

Gilbert Cannan has at last achieved a pleasant novel. "Pink Roses" leaves no unpleasant flavor, not because its characters do nothing that they shouldn't do, for they do hardly anything else, but because they are thoroughly nice people whatever they are doing. Trevor Mathew is perfectly nice even while he is living with Cora Dinmont, and Cora is nice too, to us, even when she goes off episodically with another and wealthier while she is living with, and loving, Trevor. Mr. Cannan is so convinced that all his characters are doing the best it is in them to do, which he never used to be about anybody

but the hero. His snapshots of life in London during the war are vastly instructive, and it is refreshing to come across a novelist who has the courage to state, or even to let one of his characters state, that Russian literature is a barbarised version of the English eighteenth century novel. But perhaps Mr. Cannan does this just to annoy Mr. Hugh Walpole, who regards English fiction as barbarised Russian. He has ceased trying to annoy his readers, which is a great advance towards maturity, but he may still have a little of the Peck's Bad Boy in him. Dent, Toronto, \$1.60.)

Merrick, a Mirror for England

By HAROLD BEGBIE

AN act romantic in the history of English letters is now introducing to the public a complete edition of the works of Mr. Leonard Merrick. It is an act which adds grace to the business of daily life.

"There have been," says Sir James Barrie, "many 'author's editions,' but never, so far as I know, one quite like this, in which the 'author' is not the writer himself but his contemporaries, who have entirely 'engineered' the edition themselves, and have fallen over each other, so to speak, in their desire to join in the honour of writing the prefaces. Such is the unique esteem in which Mr. Merrick is held by his fellow-workers."

To me it is a mystery how Leonard Merrick has contrived to escape general popularity. I lean to the idea that the diffidence and the extreme modesty of his character, a diffidence and modesty which keep him so beautifully reverent and gentle in the face of life, communicate to his pages a spirit of such shrinking tenderness, such delicate self-effacement, that the young person in charge of our lending libraries, and the lightning calculator who smacks down our change on the railway bookstall, refuse to force him on their inquirers lest he should break in the forcing. He is porcelain to the libraries, where brass pots are safer in the handling.

"What changes," I asked him, "do you think this war will introduce into the English novel?"

He replied: "Did you see a few days ago a statement that 'the war has undoubtedly broadened and strengthened girls' minds; they can no longer read pre-war fiction'? Interesting to think of some of the masters who wrote prior to 1914, and to realise that their work is no longer deep enough for Phyllis and Daphne. If the war has improved the mental and physical condition of the men and women of this country even a quarter as much as we have been told, from first to last, the changes in the English novel will be so stupendous that the imagination swoons at the attempt to contemplate them.

"I don't anticipate any permanent changes in the novel. Richard Feverel and Lucy may be beneath the attention of Phyllis and Daphne at the moment, but they are quite as real a theme as driving a bayonet into a German stomach—and a sweeter one."

His spirit has this touch of Balzac that he regards the novelist as the secretary of his time, and thinks that his duties of faithful observation and as faithful record are sufficient charge upon his days. He does not like to see the novelist with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up roaring political notions at the street corner, nor does he like to see the novel on the shelf that is labelled Propaganda. The novelist

serves his generation by recording its spirit with truth and understanding, and if he is an artist his record will go into the world's knapsack and be of service and delight to generations yet unborn.

In work of so rare a quality there must be a message for those who have ears to hear. What is the message concealed in the rose-leaf of Merrick's pages?

He would have us pause for a moment in our running hither and thither and take a good look at ourselves in the glass. We are not — for heaven's sake, no!—to stand before the glass for the rest of our lives. No; but we are to look steadily at ourselves when we would alter the parting in our hair or try the effect of a new tie with an old suit. Is our life as lovely as it might be? Is our place in the world's culture as high as it ought to be? Our features, are they kind or unkind? Our manners, are they noble or unworthy? Look in the mirror and decide these questions. Do not start away at once to shout yourself Optimist or Pessimist. Look a long time. Look earnestly, and with a mind willing to learn the truth.

One thing he seems to beg of mankind, and that is to preserve humour. We are not to take life too seriously. We are not to be forever measuring the mountains and sounding the oceans. As often as possible we are to take our loaf of bread, our jug of wine, and our book of verses, under some considerate tree, and there tell the beloved that laughter is of the essence of human life. This we are to do as often as we can; but this too: on our way to the summer shade of that lovely tree, and on our way back from it, we are to look on our right hand and on our left in case the gods should have hidden there some opportunity for us to show kindness to our fellow fools. It is the missing of those opportunities which makes of a man's life the only failure which really counts.

This message which I find in the pages of Leonard Merrick, and which I believe to be the spirit of his own brave life, seems to me a message which those earnest ones who are now setting about the reconstruction of our English life should lay to heart. For it would be a disaster beyond the power of language to express if, in their reconstruction of life, they forgot that it is English life with which they are venturing to deal.

No perfection of mechanism can be worth the sacrifice of English sweetness and good-humor. The individual must be allowed enough room in the State to stretch himself without correction from the drill-sergeants of vestrydom and bureaucracy.

We don't want a better England at the cost of a de-Anglicised English people.

Labor as Thing and Person

MacIver, R. M., "Labor in the Changing World". Dent, Toronto, \$2. pp. xl, 230. No Index. (Dutton, New York).

CATCHWORDS are terrible things. The economic bewilderment of the present age is almost entirely due to them. Economic concepts are so vague, so vast, covering such an immense area either of time or space, that men cannot form a clear idea of them, and the words which scientists and would-be scientists apply to them become labels not of a concept but of an emotional reaction. Bolshevism is not a body of economic doctrine, to most of us Canadians; it is either a smell or a religion. (To the Russians, by this time, it is probably none of these three things, but a leader or a party, to be trusted and helped or hated and obstructed.) Capital, to a considerable part of the electorate, is not that part of the results of previous production which is reserved to aid in future production, but an enemy to society, something like the Papacy to an Orangeman, or Modernism to a Canadian Baptist. This vagueness and emotional suggestiveness makes it easy to use such words as catchwords in propaganda. They get people excited, and as soon as they are excited they cease to have any curiosity about exact definitions. We do not suggest that the people who use these words are dishonest in intent, or that they aim to deceive; they are merely just as excited as the people who hear them, and just as careless of definitions.

Labor, says Professor MacIver, is not a commodity. Or rather the statute law of the United States said it first, and Professor MacIver approves of it. This statement is a catchword. Those who use it are too excited to define the sense in which they are using the word "labor," and Professor MacIver, while possibly not excited, does not reprimand them for the omission. An hour's work, a day's work, is a commodity, in the sense in which these people are using the latter term—something that is bought, sold and paid for, and when it has been paid for the transaction is completed. Mr. MacIver complains that producers strive to obtain labor, like raw materials, machinery and every other commodity, at the lowest possible price. What else are they to do? To pay more than one is obliged to do for anything which one buys is either charity (in which case it may be admirable but ceases to be economic) or the result of an ability to pass the cost on to somebody else. In all industry the effort of the organizers must be directed to obtaining a sufficient supply of hours of labor of the desired quality (meaning the desired productive power) at the lowest possible rate. This is certainly true under any competitive system; and Professor MacIver declines to

condemn the competitive system roundly enough to say "Off with its head!" It should also, one conceives, be true of any co-operative system which aimed at efficiency; for otherwise there would be no reward for superior ability, industry or attentiveness. If a man who can (and does) make three pairs of boots a day is paid more than he need be, the excess comes out of the pockets of somebody, and we strongly suspect that it comes out of the pockets of those who make four and five boots a day; or if they too are over-paid, the excess comes out of the pockets of the workers in some other industry. Unless, of course, everybody is overpaid, and that merely means that nobody is.

But the word labor is also used in another sense, in which nobody in his right mind would dream of calling the object which it describes a commodity. It is used to describe the whole body of persons who stand ready to sell hours and days of labor (in the first sense) to any industry or to the whole mass of industries in a country or upon the face of earth. Mr. MacIver wants labor to have "personality." If he is talking about hours of work, they cannot possibly have personality. If he is talking about the body of persons who supply those hours of work, they have it already, and all he needs to do is to induce the employing class to have intelligence enough to recognise the fact. He would do so much more effectively by making it clear what he is talking about. While he is about it, he might also endeavor, by using a similar strictness of language, to convince the members of "labor" (in the second sense) that while a given dollar, or a given dollar's worth of machinery has no personality, the owners of the plant in which these members of "labor" are employed *have* personality, and lots of it, and that any obligations which these owners, representing "capital," are called upon to undertake towards "labor" in view of its "personality" must be reciprocated by corresponding obligations on the part of "labor" towards this particular "capital." There may be no mutual obligation between men on the one hand and brick and stones on the other, but between men and men there can be no obligation that is not mutual.

Mr. MacIver has given a full and interesting account in this very up-to-date volume of the concessions which capital must make in its future relations with labor. We believe that he is substantially correct: that fixity of employment (not necessarily in a single industry, for that might prove physically impossible, but subject to a certain minimum of necessary transfers from one work to another), a voice in the control of working conditions, regulation of the labor market by absorption or re-

lease of surplus labor by public authorities, and other means of mitigating the apparent helplessness of large classes of the laboring population are probably necessary for the solution of the present problem. But we could wish that he had devoted a little more space to pointing out that the adoption of any or all of these means must impose on the laboring population a corresponding abandonment of their own short-sighted class selfishness—forced on them doubtless by existing conditions and the short-sightedness of the employing class. At the present time everybody—Professor MacIver included—is clamoring for “capital” to give up a large share of the control of that which it owns and has paid for, and make it over to “labor.” It may well be that capital will shortly be induced, or compelled, or both, to do so. But if, in that case, labor fails to recognize the reciprocal obligations of the partnership, we are sorry for the community and the world in which the transfer happens. For if labor uses its control of capital solely for its own advantage and without regard to the claim of capital for a just return, capital will cease to be accumulated, and the productive capacity of the world will from that instant rapidly decline.

We have had the interesting experience of attending meetings of working-class organizations in which the infamy of the dismissal of workers by an employer was roundly scored; but when we suggested that if the employee was entitled to continuity of employment the employer was also entitled to expect continuity of service, we were denounced for advocating slavery. The doctrine of “economic democracy” as preached by most reformers of the day is radically defective in that it grants an equal share in the conduct of the industry to the worker who has devoted a lifetime to its service and is bound by a sort of vested interest—the responsibilities of

a householder and the head of a family—to continue in that service, and to the floating worker who came in yesterday and will drift out tomorrow. It is notorious that the former class are always out-voted in the trade unions by the latter, and yet the trade union seems to be regarded as the proper organization for the administration of “economic democracy” on the side of the worker. Mr. MacIver has, we admit, a word of warning to the workers, but how limited, how elementary, it is! It is merely that they “discourage deliberate limitation of output” and “insist on fulfillment of contracts and trade agreements entered into with the employers.” Even these he only demands after the employers have agreed not to dismiss workers for union activity, to confer with representatives of organized labor, and to empower grievance committees. Labor, in short, must refrain from cheating and breaking its word, but need not begin to do even that until capital has done much more. Is this really a good way to promote mutual confidence between the classes?

This discussion of controversial points raised by Mr. MacIver’s book is, we think, necessary for the promotion of clear thinking on one of the most difficult subjects of the age. It does not, however, do justice to the book as a careful review, by a very intelligent and widely read man, of the “change in the will of a large class within the industrial system”—a system which must be regarded as “an evolution without fixity or finality, and assuredly dependent at any time on the motives of its half-creators and half-slaves.” This system, Mr. MacIver believes, must either change or break. He writes as an advocate of reasonable change, and he sketches many suggested changes which, if *both* sides show the same spirit in bringing them about, should be potent for the avoidance of a break. Canada needs such men and such writings.—B.K.S.

The Gift For a Literature Lover

Few gifts could be more satisfying to a young student who has developed a feeling for literature than Arthur Compton-Rickett’s cyclopaedic “History of English Literature,” published in England by Jacks and handled in this country by Nelson, Toronto. It contains in one 700-page volume a wonderfully complete review of the progress of English Literature from Saxon times to the day of Rupert Brooke. The author is not burdened by the weight of his knowledge of the ancients so that he cannot see the great writers nearer to him: less than 300 pages are devoted to writers previous to the Romantic Revival; the Revival occupies one hundred; the Victorian era occupies two hundred; American Literature

and Present Tendencies occupy a hundred between them. The book is concerned as much with the social background of the literature as with its actual expression, and consequently shows far more interest than is usual in the writers who, while not of the first rank, are frequently more attached to that background than the geniuses are. The judgments concerning writers and their tendencies are compact, but discerning, and are fortified by fairly copious extracts. An admirable index cites both authors’ names and the titles of their important works. For a single-volume treatise we know of nothing on this subject which could be as useful to the student.

Bolshevism in the French Revolution*

By E. M. TENISON

WHEN Sir Francis Bacon—living at the time of the great Spanish menace—maintained that “no man ignorant of history can govern,” and when Sir Robert Walpole, typical politician of the eighteenth century, asked to be given “anything except history—for that must be false,” these accomplished men of the world were looking at history from two opposite and incompatible standpoints. Bacon, essentially analytical, judicial, and far-seeing, used the word “history” to denote the impartial study of cause and effect, the garnered wisdom of the past—in default of which it is so easy to blunder in the present, and be blind to the menace of the future. But Sir Robert Walpole—party politician, incarnating the combined shrewdness and short-sightedness of his opportunist type—meant by “history” the superficial or partisan productions in which the writer adapts facts to theories, instead of deducing theories from facts.

The majority of books on the French Revolution (whether Royalist or Republican) are more allied to Walpolian “history” than to the Baconian system. “As to a real history of the French Revolution,” wrote the late Lord Cromer, shortly before his death, “no such thing exists in the English language; for Carlyle, besides being often very inaccurate and prejudiced, produced merely a philosophical rhapsody. It is worth reading—but it is not history.”

At last, however, an author has been found who has combined the patience of a scholar with the astuteness of a judge, the keen discernment of a man of action and the wide vision of a statesman; and since the publication of “*The French Revolution: a Study in Democracy*”* there will no longer be any excuse for ignorance as to the origin of the movement which, whether in France under the “Terror” or in Russia at the present day, had a common origin—and that origin Germanic.

It would hardly be possible to overrate the practical importance of this book. At a moment when the entire world is threatened with an application of the same false doctrines which decimated France, and are still in process of destroying Russia, no Member of Parliament, no citizen of the British Empire, can afford to neglect so significant a contribution to European political history. No review or analysis

can be adequate to save the reader the trouble of studying it for himself. He will find the authorities all cited, and the destroyers’ aims manifested, not through the statements of their adversaries and victims, but out of their own mouths.

The general idea of the French Revolution among British “philosophical Liberal” historians, is that it was a vast, spontaneous, popular movement, in which the people of France, casting off the chains of “feudalism,” avenged the wrongs of ages. It is sometimes conceded that the vengeance was excessive, and that neither Louis XVI. nor Marie Antoinette deserved their fate; but the upheaval of 1789-93 is even now cited by Bishop Gore and other excellent persons as synonymous with the triumph of Liberty. That this view is erroneous is evident to all who have had leisure and patience to study contemporary first-hand evidence; but such evidence has hitherto been scattered—a fragment here, a fragment there. It is now for the first time collected and digested in Mrs. Webster’s monumental work. The upshot of the collected evidence is that the Revolution was neither popular nor democratic; that the people were its victims; and that its seeds were not native to France, but were tares sown from an alien soil—the same which has, in our own day, produced the German atrocities and (as a sequel) the hideous doctrines of Bolshevism. Mrs. Webster brings out of obscurity into deserved infamy the German Professor Adam Weishaupt, who in 1776 founded a sect that he styled the “Illuminati,” whose aim was nothing less than the complete overthrow of all standards of justice and morality, all law and order, and all existing institutions.

How it was to the interest of Frederick of Prussia to foment discord between Austria and France, the two most powerful monarchies; and how cunningly his agent, Von der Goltz, and the Prussian Baron Anacharsis Clootz carried out their deadly work, must be read in Mrs. Webster’s graphic but judicial pages. The network of intrigue, the undermining of the fabric of Church and State, was as largely the work of foreign agents as were the Clydeside strikes and other recent internal troubles in Great Britain.

The French Revolution (parent of the Russian débâcle) was not a reformatory movement; for the genuine reforms were initiated and carried out by Louis XVI. before the Revolution. The uprising was not due to real resentment

*“*The French Revolution: a Study in Democracy.*” By Nesta H. Webster (Mrs. Arthur Webster). Constable, London.

against the aristocracy, who had voluntarily signed away their seigniorial rights; but there was a section of the aristocracy on which some of the blame must fall, in that they were misguided enough to support the intrigues of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, who, under German influences, was personally as depraved as he was politically disloyal and mischievous. It is, however, most unjust to judge a whole class by the Orleanist section, which was bitterly opposed to the King. Taken as a whole, the main fault of the aristocracy was not so much arrogance or ultra-Conservatism (many indeed were advanced philosophers and humanitarians) as a curious blindness to the subtlety and power of the secret enemies who were undermining the national life of France.

The drama of the Revolution, culminating in the Reign of Terror, is followed step by step in Mrs. Webster's narrative; and the helplessness of the people—first deceived and duped, then imprisoned and slaughtered in huge numbers—is shown from the documents, with a vividness the more poignant when we consider that the same system is being revived in Russia; and that now (as in 1790-93) it is not a racial nor local upheaval, but is part of an international attempt to annihilate even the memory of law and morality. The aim is nothing less than world-destruction; and the destroyers count on the weakness and stupidity of the people. The cynical belief of the French revolutionaries that the people were mere "sheep" whom they, as "sheep-dogs," could control as they pleased, was not always justified—for the people of La Vendée rose to a man against the new tyrants, the exponents of what we now call Bolshevism. But so resolute and efficient was the revolutionary organisation, so pitilessly vigorous, that untrained efforts at resistance (however gallant and heroic) were doomed to fail; and were the more heavily handicapped because the revolutionaries brought in negro battalions to carry out the atrocities against women and children, just as the followers of Lenin and Trotsky have been importing Chinese troops for similar purposes.

Mrs. Webster shows that the La Vendée horrors, the "September massacres" in Paris, the wholesale slaughters by the guillotine, were not perpetrated under the influence of sudden emotions, or due to lack of discipline, but were part of a deliberate system to exterminate the "superfluous" population. Robespierre, Danton, and Marat differed in theory as to how many millions must be wiped out before France would be submissive to the reign of the "philosophers"; but that the population must be "thinned" was a doctrine they all held in common; and Danton's renowned phrase, "*L'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace*," referred not to any act of valor against a foreign enemy, but to the September massacres in the Paris prisons.

It will not be amiss to recall a Bolshevik "sermon" preached in Livonia last spring*—

The Lord as Autocrat and Slaveholder keeps the inhabitants of Paradise in the dark, but the devil as Instructor and Revolutionary opened Eve's eyes and gave in this way all good ideas to men. God is a Despot and Autocrat; the Devil was the first Revolutionist, who has indicated the right way. To you, my comrades, I communicate in the name of the Devil that you all belong to the Devil. May the spirit of the Devil accompany you and give you strength to maintain the revolution of the workman.

If the Bolshevik propaganda in the British Empire took so crude and melodramatic a form it would be very little likely to attract the artisan. But the influences at work are far more subtle, and are disguised frequently under the gentle names of brotherhood, social reform, and international peace; and are represented as the new dawn of reason.

Just as this time ten years ago British Imperialists and Service men who pointed out the German menace and unmasked the German hatred, were mocked as "alarmists" of the "blue funk party," so, today, in certain circles it is the fashion to ignore the most stubborn facts, and affect to regard the poison of Bolshevism as a salutary, if drastic, medicine. The most depraved horrors of the Russian Revolution, the hideous outrages on womanhood, the wanton destruction, the systematic defiance of every law, human and divine—all this is airily dismissed with the one word "exaggeration," or described as a "cleansing" process, calculated to bring fresh vitality to Russia. It would be as logical to say of the individual that his vitality is renewed when his veins are opened, and he is left to bleed to death.

The immense value of Mrs. Webster's work, "The French Revolution," is that in bringing to light the Prusso-German intrigues at the back of the French Revolution, she at the same time reveals the methods employed today by the international anarchists.

"Great is truth and it shall prevail"; but only if the truth tellers are more vigorous, more resolute, more courageous than the liars—whose lies (for Anglo-Saxon consumption) are the more formidable in that "a little truth off leavens all the false, the better to delude."

In the words of Lord Sydenham (letter to the Times, August 13, 1919):—

It was by German action that Bolshevism was enabled to ruin Russia; and while German agents sought to create revolution here before and during the war, inspiration now comes from Russia and Hungary, infected from German sources. The programme of the Clyde Soviet is stated to be copied from articles drafted by "the German Spartacist Union." But this programme dates back to 1776 when Weishaupt started his "Order" with the object of promoting the world-revolution which is now being engineered before our eyes. . . . The trustfulness of Louis XVI, rendered possible the appalling horrors of the French Revolution; and we, with this and the awful experience of martyred Russia as warnings, dare not ignore the dark forces by which

* In the church of Werro, to encourage the artisan population to sack and desecrate the sacred places. Printed in the Estonian newspaper, "Saaremaa," and quoted by the "Morning Post" of May 3, 1919.

the life of our nation is threatened. . . It is the duty of Government to see that enlightenment is provided, that our good people shall not be led to disaster by alien agency supported by alien funds, and that the "shepherds" and "sheep-dogs"—who are striving to exploit the people in the interests of world anarchy—shall be rendered powerless.

In exposing the Germanic origin of the French Revolution, Mrs. Arthur Webster has lifted a terrible stigma from the name and honour of the French people, whom she shows in 1789-93 as the helpless victims of foreign intrigues which plunged their country into bankruptcy and ruin—ruin which would have been almost irretrievable but for the autocratic genius of Napoleon I.

The French Revolution and the Reign of Terror, far from being spontaneous movements originated among the people, stand out in Mrs. Webster's book as anti-popular, anti-national, *anti-democratic*, and entirely alien to the characteristics and traditions which made old

France the pioneer of European civilisation. But the old noble qualities have come to life again in Foch and Castelnau and their associates—to whose foresight, vigour, uncompromising moral courage, and inspiring powers of leadership the salvation of France, today, is due.

A French edition of Mrs. Webster's book is in preparation; and the English publishers would do a national service to the British Empire if they would produce an abridged popular edition for use in every college and school throughout our wide dominions. Such a work would show the vast benefits the British peoples derive from the great heritage of ordered liberty our Fighting Services have so heroically preserved from German aggression. Let Britons all over the Empire heed the warning against being disintegrated under cover of "peace," after we have been so gallantly victorious in war.

The Rose Garden

By R. T.

I LIVED in Baghdad, centuries ago,
 And still I sometimes smell the soft sweet air,
 The scent of blood-red roses all ablow,
 The myrrh and incense in the women's hair.
 Allah is great;
 If pleasure be my fate,
 Why do I fear the fate the night may bear?

I saw in Baghdad, centuries ago,
 The smooth-faced eunuch slinking through the shades.
 The gleam of steel, the thud, as of a blow,
 One gurgling cry dies down the dim arcades.
 Allah is great.
 This too is fate,
 But still the scent of roses fills the glades.

Was I a Wazir in those far off days?
 Was I the slave that knelt before his throne?
 I know not,—but the scent has power to raise
 Dim visions of a land and life unknown.
 Allah is great.
 This present state
 Is as a vision to an infant shown.

The vision strengthens—and I will recall.
 Why should the smell of roses smell despair?—
 The waiting neck—the blow that will not fall—
 What is that dripping on the marble there?
 Allah is great.
 Is this my fate?
 Some turbaned thing rolls twitching down the stair

The Man Who Couldn't Sleep

By ARTHUR STRINGER

TO begin with, I am a Canadian by birth, and thirty-three years old. For nine of those years I have lived in New York. And by my friends in that city I am regarded as a successful author.

There was a time when I even regarded myself in much the same light. But that period is past. I now have to face the fact that I am a failure. For when a man is no longer able to write he naturally can no longer be reckoned as an author.

I have made the name of Witter Kerfoot too well known, I think, to explain that practically all of my stories have been written about Alaska. Just why I resorted to that far-off country for my settings is still more or less a mystery to me. Perhaps it was merely because of its far-offness. Perhaps it was because the editors remembered that I came from the land of the beaver and sagely concluded that a Canadian would be most at home in writing about the Frozen North. At any rate, when I romanced about the Yukon and its ice-bound trails they bought my stories, and asked for more.

And I gave them more. I gave them blood-red fiction about gun-men and claim-jumpers and Siwash queens and salmon fisheries. I gave them superment of iron, fighting against cold and hunger, and snarling, always snarling, at their foes. I gave them oratorical young engineers with clear-cut features and sinews of steel, battling against the forces of hyperborean evil. I gave them fist-fights that caused my books to be discreetly shut out of school-libraries yet brought in telegrams from motion-picture directors for first rights. I gave them enough gun-play to shoot Chilcoot Pass into the middle of the Pacific, and was publicly denominated as the apostle of the Eye-Socket School, and during the three-hundred-night run of my melodrama, *The Pole Raiders*, even beheld on the Broadway sign-boards an extraordinarily stalwart picture of myself in a rakish *Stetson* and a flannel shirt very much open at the throat, with a cow-hide holster depending from my Herculean waist-line and a very dreadful-looking six-shooter protruding from the open top of that belted holster. My publishers spoke of me, for business reasons, as the Interpreter of the Great Northwest. And I exploited that territory with the industry of a badger. In my own way, I mined Alaska. And it brought me in a very respectable amount of pay-dirt.

But I knew nothing about Alaska. I had never even seen the country. I "crammed up" on it, of course, the same as we used to cram up for a third-form examination in Latin grammar. I perused the atlases and sent

for governmental reports, and pored over the R.N.W.M.P. Blue Books, and gleaned a hundred or so French-Canadian names for half-breed villans from a telephone directory for the city of Montreal. But I knew no more about Alaska than a Fiji Islanders knows about the New York Stock Exchange. And that was why I could romance so freely, so magnificently, about it!

I was equally prodigal of blood, I suppose, because I had never seen the real thing flow—except in the case of my little niece, when her tonsils had been removed and a very soft-spoken nurse had helped me out of the surgery and given me a drink of ice-water, after telling me it would be best to keep my head as low as possible until I was feeling better. As for firearms, I abhorred them. I never shot off an air-rifle without first shutting my eyes. I never picked up a duck-gun without a wince of aversion. So I was able to do wonderful things with firearms, on paper. And with the Frozen Yukon and firearms combined, I was able to work miracles. I gave a whole continent goose-flesh, so many times a season. And the continent seemed to enjoy it, for those airy essays in iron and gore were always paid for, and paid for at higher and higher rates.

While this was taking place, something even more important was taking place, something which finally brought me in touch with Mary Lockwood herself. It was accident more than anything else, I think, that first launched me in what is so indefinitely and often so disparagingly known as society. Society, as a rule, admits only the lions of my calling across its sacred portals. And even these lions, I found, were accepted under protest or the wing of some commendable effort for charity, and having roared their little hour, were let pass quietly out to oblivion again. But I had been lucky enough to bring letters to the Peytons and to the Gruger-Philmores, and these old families, I will be honest enough to confess, had been foolish enough to like me.

So from the first I did my best to live up to those earlier affiliations. I found myself passed on, from one mysteriously barricaded seclusion to the other. The tea-hour visit merged into the formal dinner, and the formal dinner into the even more formal box at the Horse-Show, and then a call to fill up a niche at the Metropolitan on a Caruso-night, or a vacancy for an Assembly Dance at Sherry's, or a week at Tuxedo, in winter, when the skating was good.

I worked hard to keep up my end of the game. But I was an impostor, of course, all

along the line. I soon saw that I had to prove more than acceptable; I had also to prove *dependable*. That I was a writer meant nothing whatever to those people. They had scant patience with the long-haired genius type. That went down only with musicians. So I soon learned to keep my bangs clipped, my trousers creased, and my necktie inside my coat-lapels. I also learned to use my wits, and how to key my talk up to dowager or down to *débutante*, and how to be passably amusing even before the champagne course had arrived. I made it a point to remember engagements and anniversaries, and more than once sent flowers and *Mil-lairds*, which I went hungry to pay for. Even my *pourboires* to butlers and footmen and maids stood a matter, in those earlier days, for much secret and sedulous consideration.

But, as I have said, I tried to keep up my end. I *liked* those large and orderly houses. I liked the quiet-mannered people who lived in them. I liked looking at life with their hill-top unconcern for trivialities. I grew rather contemptuous of my humbler fellow-workers who haunted the neighborhood theatres and the red-inkeries of Greenwich Village, and orated Socialism and blank-verse poems to garret audiences, and wore window-curtain cravats and celluloid blinkers with big round lenses, and went in joyous and caramel-eating groups to the "rush" seats at *Rigoletto*. I was accepted, as I have already tried to explain, as an impecunious but dependable young bachelor. And I suppose I could have kept on at that role, year after year, until I developed into a foppish and somewhat threadbare old *beau*. But about this time I was giving North America its first spasms of goose-flesh with my demigod type of Gibsonian engineer who fought the villain until his flannel shirt was in rags and then shook his fist in Nature's face when she dogged him with the Eternal Cold. And there was money in writing for flat-dwellers about that Eternal Cold, and about battling claw to claw and fang to fang, and about eye-sockets without any eyes in them. My income gathered like a snow-ball. And as it gathered I began to feel that I ought to have an establishment—not a back-room studio in Washington Square, nor a garret in the Village of the Free-Versers, nor a mere apartment in the West Sixties, nor even a duplex overlooking Central Park South. I wanted to be something more than a number. I wanted a house, a house of my own, and a cat-footed butler to put a hickory log on the fire, and a full set of *Sèvres* on my mahogany side-board, and something to stretch a strip of red carpet across when the landaulets and the limousines rolled up to my door.

So I took a nine-year lease of the Whighams' house in Gramercy Square. It was old-fashioned and sedate and unpretentious to the passing eye, but beneath that somewhat sombre shell nested an amazingly rich kernel of luxuriousness. It was good form; it was unbelievably comfortable, and it was not what the climber

clutched for. The cost of even a nine-year claim on it rather took my breath away, but the thought of Alaska always served to stiffen up my courage.

It was necessary to a good deal about Alaska in those days, for after I had acquired my house I also had to acquire a man to run it, and then a couple of other people to help the man who helped me, and then a town car to take me back and forth from it, and then a chauffeur to take care of the car, and then the service-clothes for the chauffeur, and the thousand and one unlooked for things, in short, which confront the pin-feather householder and keep him from feeling too much a lord of creation.

Yet in Benson, my butler, I undoubtedly found a gem of the first water. He moved about as silent as a panther, yet as watchful as an eagle. He could be ubiquitous and self-obliterating at one and the same time. He was meekness incarnate, and yet he could coerce me into a predetermined line of conduct as inexorably as steel rails lead a street-car along its predestined line of traffic. He was, in fact, much more than a butler. He was a valet and a *chef de cuisine* and a lord-high-chamberlain and a purchasing-agent and a body-guard and a benignant-eyed old godfather all in one. The man *babied* me. I could see that all along. But I was already an overworked and slightly neurasthenic specimen, even in those days, and I was glad enough to have that masked and silent Efficiency always at my elbow. There were times, too, when his activities merged into those of a trained nurse, for when I smoked too much he hid away my cigars, and when I worked too hard he impersonally remembered what morning horseback riding in the park had done for a former master of his. And when I drifted into the use of chloral hydrate, to make me sleep, that dangerous little bottle had the habit of disappearing, mysteriously and inexplicably disappearing, from its allotted place in my bathroom cabinet.

There was just one thing in which Benson disappointed me. That was in his stubborn and unreasonable aversion to Latreille, my French chauffeur. For Latreille was as efficient, in his way, as Benson himself. He understood his car, he understood the traffic rules, and he understood what I wanted of him. Latreille was after a manner of speaking, a find of my own. Dining one night at the Peytons', I had met the Commissioner of Police, who had given me a card to stroll through Headquarters and inspect the machinery of the law. I had happened on Latreille as he was being measured and "mugged" in the Identification Bureau, with those odd-looking Bertillon forceps taking his cranial measurements. The intelligence of the man interested me; the inalienable look of respectability in his face convinced me, as a student of human nature, that he was not meant for any such fate or any such environment. And when I looked into his case I found that instinct had not been amiss. The unfortunate fel-

low had been "framed" for a car-theft of which he was entirely innocent. He explained all this to me, in fact, with tears in his eyes. And circumstances, when I looked into them, bore out his statements. So I visited the Commissioner, and was passed on to the Probation Officers, from whom I caromed off to the Assistant District-Attorney, who in turn delegated me to another official, who was cynical enough to suggest that the prisoner might possibly be released if I was willing to go to the extent of bonding him. This I very promptly did, for I was now determined to see poor Latreille once more a free man.

Latreille showed his appreciation of my efforts by saving me seven hundred dollars when I bought my car—though candor compels me to admit that I later discovered it to be a used car rehabilitated, and not a product fresh from the factory, as I had anticipated. But Latreille was proud of that car, and proud of his position, and I was proud of having a French chauffeur, though my ardor was dampened a little later on, when I discovered that Latreille, instead of hailing from the *Bois de Boulogne* and the *Avenue de la Paix*, originated in the slightly less splendid suburbs of Three Rivers, up on the St. Lawrence.

But my interest in Latreille about this time became quite subsidiary, for something much more important than cars happened to me. I fell in love. I fell in love with Mary Lockwood, head-over-heels in love with a girl who could have thrown a town car into the Hudson every other week and never have missed it. She was beautiful; she was wonderful; but she was dishearteningly wealthy. With all those odious riches of hers, however, she was a terribly honest and above-board girl, a healthy-bodied, head-eyed, practical-minded, normal-living New York girl who in her twenty-two active years of existence had seen enough of the world to know what was veneer and what was solid, and had seen enough of men to demand mental camaraderie and not "squaw-talk" from them.

I first saw her at the Volpi sale, in the American Art Galleries, where we chanced to bid against each other for an old Italian table-cover, a sixteenth-century blue velvet embroidered with gold galloon. Mary bid me down, of course. I lost my table-cover, and with it I lost my heart. When I met her at the Obden-Belponts, a week later, she confessed that I'd rather been on her conscience. She generously offered to hand over that oblong of old velvet, if I still happened to be grieving over its loss. But I told her that all I asked for was a chance to see it occasionally. And occasionally I went to see it. I also saw its owner, who became more wonderful to me, week by week. Then I lost my head over her. That *apheresis* was so complete that I told Mary what had happened, and asked her to marry me.

Mary was very practical about it all. She said she liked me, like me a lot. But there were other things to be considered. We would have to wait. I had my work to do—and she wanted

it to be *big* work, gloriously big work. She wouldn't even consent to a formal engagement. But we had an "understanding." I was sent back to my work, drunk with the memory of her surrendering lips warm on mine, of her wistfully entreating eyes searching my face for something which she seemed unable to find there.

That work of mine which I went back to, however, seemed something very flat and meager and trivial. And this, I realized, was a condition which would never do. The pot had to be kept boiling, and boiling now more briskly than ever. I had lapsed into more or less luxurious ways of living; I had formed expensive tastes, and had developed a fondness for antiques and Chinese bronzes and those *objets d'art* which are never found on the bargain-counter. I had outgrown the Spartan ways of my youth when I could lunch contentedly at Child's and sleep soundly on a studio-couch in a top-floor room. And more and more that rapacious ogre known as Social Obligation had forged his links and fetters about my movements. More than ever, I saw, I had my end to keep up. What should have been a recreation had become almost a treadmill. I was a pretender, and had my pretense to sustain. I couldn't afford to be "dropped." I had my frontiers to protect, and my powers to placate. I couldn't ask Mary to throw herself away on a nobody. So instead of trying to keep up one end, I tried to keep up two. I continued to bob about the fringes of the Four Hundred. And I continued to cling hungrily to Mary's hint about doing work, gloriously big work.

But gloriously big work, I discovered, was usually done by lonely men, living simply and quietly and dwelling aloof from the frivolous side-issues of life, divorced from the distractions of a city which seemed organized for only the idler and the lotos-eater. And I could see that the pay-dirt coming out of Alaska was running thinner and thinner.

It was to remedy this, I suppose, that I dined with my old friend Pip Connors, just back to civilization after fourteen long years up in the Yukon. That dinner of ours together was memorable. It was one of the mile-stones of my life. I wanted to furbish up my information on that remote corner of the world, which, in a way, I had pre-empted as my own. I wanted fresh information, first-hand data, renewed inspiration. And I was glad to feel Pip's horny hand close fraternally about mine.

"Witter," he said, staring at me with open admiration, "you're a wonder."

I liked Pip's praise, even though I stood a little at a loss to discern its inspiration.

"You mean—this?" I asked, with a casual hand-wave about that Gramercy Square abode of mine.

"No, sir," was Pip's prompt retort. "I mean those stories of yours. I've read 'em all."

I blushed at this, blushed openly. For such commendation from a man who knew life as it was, who knew life in the raw, was as honey to my ears.

"Do you mean to say you could get them, up *there*?" I asked, more for something to dissemble my embarrassment than to acquire actual information.

"Yes," acknowledged Pip with a rather foolish-sounding laugh, "they come through the mails about the same as they'd come through the mails down here. And folks even read them, now and then, when the gun-smoke blows out of the valley!"

"Then what struck you as wonderful about them?" I inquired, a little at sea as to his line of thought.

"It's not *them* that's wonderful, Witter. It's *you*. I said you were a wonder. And you are."

"And why am I a wonder?" I asked, with the drip of the honey no longer embarrassing my modesty.

"Witter, *you're a wonder to get away with it!*" was Pip's solemnly intoned reply.

"To get away with it?" I repeated.

"Yes; to make it go down! To get 'em trussed and gagged and hog-tied! To make 'em come and eat out of your hand and then holler for more! For I've been up there in the British Yukon for fourteen nice comfortable years, Witter, and I've kind o' got to know the country. I know how folks live up there, and what the laws are. And it may strike you as queer, friend-author, but folks up in that district are uncommonly like folks down here in the States. And in the Klondike and this same British Yukon there is a Firearms Act which makes it against the law for any civilian to tote a gun. And that law is sure carried out. Fact is, there's

no *need* for a gun. And even if you did smuggle one in, the Mounted Police would darned soon take it away from you!"

I sat staring at him.

"But all those motion-pictures," I gasped. "And all those novels about—"

"That's why I say you're a wonder," broke in the genial-eyed Pip. "You can fool *all* the people *all* the time! You've done it. And you keep on doing it. You can put 'em to sleep and take it out of their pants' pocket before they know they've gone by-by. Why, you've even got 'em tranced out in the matter of every-day school geography. You've had some of those hero-guys o' yours mush seven or eight hundred miles, and on a birch-bark toboggan, between dinner and supper. And if that ain't genius, I ain't ever seen it bound up in a reading-book!"

That dinner was a mile-stone in my life, all right, but not after the manner I had expected. For as I sat there in a cold sweat of apprehension crowned with shame, Pip Connors told me many things about Alaska and the Klondike. He told me many things that were new to me, dishearteningly, discouragingly, devitalizingly new to me. Without knowing it, he poignarded me, knifed me through and through. Without dreaming what he was doing, he eviscerated me. He left me a hollow and empty mask of an author. He left me a homeless exile, with the iron gates of Fact swung sternly shut on what had been a Fairy Land of Romance, a Promised Land of untrammelled and care-free imaginings.

That was my first sleepless night.

(Reprinted by permission of the Canadian publishers of "The Man Who Couldn't Sleep," McLeod, Toronto.)

The Organist

By HELEN FAIRBAIRN

WITH tender touch the waiting keys he pressed,
As one who loved each tone imprisoned there,
And straightway comfort came to hearts distressed
And furrows lessened on the brow of care;
The wayward man his need of God confessed,
The selfish soul was moved his store to share,
Deep springs of hate and bitterness unguessed
Were healed and sweetened into founts of prayer!

With power he played — and chord on glorious chord
Rose like the ladder set on Bethel's plain
To spurn the earth in tremulous ascent
With souls that sought and haply found the Lord:
The vaulted roof, responsive to the strain,
Yielded to Heaven, and angels came and went!

For An "Imperial Series"

By GEORGE ILES

AN important project was interrupted last July when Mr. C. H. Gould, the librarian of McGill University, to the profound grief of his friends, was called by death. That very month he and I had discussed the issue of an Imperial Series, to be chosen, say to the extent of three of four score volumes, from writers of Canada, Australia, India and South Africa. Of course the main point lay in a just and well balanced selection, and in the presentation of biographical sketches and portraits, all turning on the choice of a publisher, such as that of the Everyman series, who could find a responsible editor in each chief division of the Empire, and, when the books appeared, ensure them the utmost public favor through his empire-wide agencies.

This projected series will be all the better executed for cool and deliberate planning, especially in the face of the present high costs of manufacture. But, for the moment brushing aside questions of copyright and estimates of manufacture, Mr. Gould and I began at home in Montreal with two golden names. First, that of William McLennan, who died in Italy about sixteen years ago, and who wrote "Spanish John," "The Span of Life," "In Old France and New," and who edited with a masterly touch "Songs of Old France." All these books are out of print, hard to obtain, and virtually unknown to young Canadian readers. A single volume might include "Spanish John," a few of the capital stories from "In Old France and New" and the "Songs of Old France," together with "Honor Blossoms on the Grave" and other of McLennan's fugitive poems. Next we spoke of Dr. William Henry Drummond, who wrote about ten books, some of them of but few pages. These might yield a charming volume, with "The Habitant" as its introductory piece, and "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" next. The Doctor's biography, with his portrait, appeared in a memorial volume shortly after his death about six years ago.

But I must forbear to mention other names that occurred to Mr. Gould and myself as we dis-

cussed an Imperial Series. On one point he was emphatic—that the occasional writers of Canadian short stories should have a hearing. Many an admirable Canadian story, racy of the soil, lies buried in files of the *Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's* magazines. These should be unearthed, and brought together as a volume which would astonish our people, young and not so young. Duncan Campbell Scott holds the helm of Indian affairs at Ottawa. He has for many years been intimate with the far western posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. As long ago as July, 1900, he contributed to *Scribner's* magazine "The Vain Shadow," one of the best stories ever written in America. How many Canadians are aware that Norman Duncan of Brantford, Ontario, who died about two years ago, was the best writer on this continent in the picturesque realm of the sea? Let his stories be drawn upon for a needed reminder of an author whose untimely death is deeply mourned. Many another name suggests itself, but I cannot linger at this point.

Several anthologies of Canadian verse have been published in the past twenty years, and not one of them is what we should easily have today. Now that war has been followed by peace, a new collection may include the best war lyrics from Canadian pens, beginning with the immortal poem by Dr. John McCrae, of Montreal, "In Flanders' Fields." Montreal has numbered among her children Charles Heavyside, George Martin, George Murray and John Reade. I knew them all, and their dean was Charles Heavyside, two or three of whose sonnets have the organ tone of John Milton. From these singers a competent and sympathetic editor could rescue gems that would inspire and delight our people all the way from Halifax to Vancouver.

Every sister city of Montreal may in like manner choose the voices worthy to be heard in this suggested series. As its plan takes wing, it may be deemed advisable to include a few books of history, economics, and exploration.—(From the *Manitoba Free Press*.)



Eden Phillpotts, Historian

By E. J. ARCHIBALD

QUITE aside from his art as a story teller, English literature owes much to Eden Phillpotts for the pictures he is preserving to us of that particular industrial life of England which is now so rapidly passing away. In the series of books, he is now writing—beginning with "Brunel's Tower"—he has showed us the life, the living conditions and the methods of labor of the English artisan who worked with his hands rather than with machines. We have had pottery, slate quarrying, the hop industry and now paper making as they once were but as they are no longer, and through them all the author has woven a series of artistic and lasting novels.

"Storm in a Teacup" is the best book Mr. Phillpotts has written since he started the industrial series. He is less concerned with incident than with the skillful creation of character and the Lydia Tryvett of this book is almost a worthy comparison of that great and heroic figure in "The Mother of the Man." There is an old world wisdom about the men and in men of his pages. A shrewdness which is at once mellow, ripe and even lovable, a seriousness which is never prosy or sententious, a "high mindedness" to a superman beloved of all of Phillpotts's people which never degenerates into the absurd and leaves ample scope for intensely practical when need arises.

The story concerns the endeavors of a shallow-witted and somewhat worthless woman to fix the compasses of her affection between two men. That one of them happens to be her husband makes small difference to Medora Dingle: it gives her only an opportunity to attitudinize and to indulge in the exquisite



Eden Phillpotts.

luxury of self-imposed and imaginary martyrdom. It is tragedy narrowly averted by the shrewdness of Philander Knox—nobody but Phillpotts could have created him.

The setting is the great paper mill at Dene in the authors beloved country of the Dart, where yet the finest papers were made wholly by hand and men gloried in the skill of their handiwork. It is not perhaps Phillpotts at his best but it is Phillpotts returning toward his best.

New Book on Beardsley

IN view of the recent controversy over the alleged discovery of quite a considerable number of unrecorded drawings by that superb master of line, Aubrey Beardsley—prompting a discussion chiefly in the form of letters to the New York Post between Joseph Pennell, Mr. Nichols (the owner of the said Beardsley originals) and various other parties who respectively took up the cudgels either on the side of Mr. Pennell (who had promptly stated the drawings to be a poor forgery) or else to sustain Mr. Nichols' claim to their genuineness—comes an interesting announcement to all lovers of that artist's perfect technique and collectors of that wonderfully fascinating decade in English letters, of which Beardsley was, if not its greatest, certainly its most typical interpreter. This consists in a

book on the above mentioned artist, now in course of preparation, which will contain some valuable uncollected material in the form of a number of unpublished drawings, photographs connected with Beardsley's life, caricatures, letters, etc., chiefly unpublished also, in addition to the most complete Bibliography yet printed.

The author, Mr. George Derry, has spared no effort to produce a volume worthy of the subject and his book will be a unique addition to the all too few Beardsley monographs.

"There is only one Beardsley," someone once remarked. The phrase sticks. Scores of imitators he had (and has), but these Lambert Simnels and Perkin Warbecks (to borrow Robert Ross' apt criticism) just serve to enhance his splendid isolation.

Letters to the Editor

THE IDEA OF MAN vs. NATURE.

The Editor of the *Canadian Bookman*—

Sir,—I have not yet noticed any public reference to the extreme similarity of the idea of the opposition between Man and Nature as expounded in Mr. Wells' latest book and the views put forward by M. Maeterlinck a few years ago. Mr. Wells, as you rightly point out, would be the last to claim the functions of a profoundly original thinker. His business in life is to disseminate the new thoughts already achieved by others. Millions will read of the opposition between the law of nature, and the law of the nature of man, as expounded very ably and clearly in "The Undying Fire," where a few paltry hundreds would have read the language in which Maeterlinck, much more poetically, clothed the same concept two years earlier. Doubtless somebody did it even before Maeterlinck. Perhaps some of your readers will be able to supply a quotation dated in 1915 or even in 1815. Meanwhile here is the Maeterlinckian statement:—

The earth has an idea, which is no longer ours. She remains convinced that man is an animal in all things like other animals. She has not yet observed that he is withdrawing himself from the herd. She does not yet know that he has climbed her loftiest mountain-peaks. She has not yet heard tell of justice, pity, loyalty and honor; she does not realize what they are, or confounds them with weakness, clumsiness, fear and stupidity. She has stopped short at the original certitudes which were indispensable to the beginnings of life. She is lagging behind us; and the interval that divides us is rapidly increasing. She thinks less quickly; she has not yet had time to understand us. Moreover, she does not reckon as we do, and for her the centuries are less than our years. She is slow because she is almost eternal, while we are prompt because we have not many hours before us. It may be that one day her thought will overtake ours; in the meantime, we have to vindicate our advance and to prove to ourselves, as we are beginning to do, that it is lawful to be in the right against her, that our advance is not fatal and that it is possible to maintain it. ("The Will of Earth," in "The Light Beyond," 1917.)

How accurately and vividly this states the difference between the idealistic conception of the universe to which M. Maeterlinck always and Mr. Wells lately have aspired, and the materialistic conception which has dominated the whole thought of Germany. P. Q. M. FERAT.

"A BOOM WHICH IS NEEDED."

The Editor of the *Canadian Bookman*:

Sir: I notice in the October issue of the *Bookman* an excellent little article entitled "A Book Which is Needed." I pass over the concluding paragraph of that article with a single observation drawn from our fifty years' experience as publishers of reference books, viz., that the reliability and value of a work of reference is in inverse proportion to the extent to which the business element is allowed to interfere with the editorial. The moment the inside matter becomes the subject of a monetary consideration the usefulness of the work for reference purposes is practically at an end. My concern, however, is with the first paragraph of your article in which you speak of the need of "a directory of the Canadian Military heroes who have won distinction in the war." Curiously enough, almost concurrent with the receipt of your journal my house in London forwarded to me two lists compiled by them during the war. One is "a complete list of officers, men and nurses of Canada and Newfoundland who have received honors for services in the war:" and the other is "a list of Canadian officers and men who served in the Imperial Forces."

While, unfortunately, these lists do not embrace all the details advocated in your article, their publication would, I submit, in their present form be perhaps the best tribute that the country could pay to those who have served them so well.

In the past several annual publications in London made a feature of keeping up to date their Honors' List, and I doubt not that this will continue to be done even though the war has swelled these lists to huge proportions. The time surely has come when Canada should show herself not unmindful of the men in her midst, who, after performing valorous deeds, have been content to slip back into civilian life and who must be destined to remain in an undeserved obscurity failing some easily accessible, permanent and public record of the honors they have won.

As I have said, I have the lists but what to do with them I know not. Perhaps, through the medium of your column, some of your many readers may be in a position to give me some advice on the matter.

I have approached neither the publishers of this country, nor the Government, though I am of the opinion that publication should be in Government hands, an opinion which your article has given considerable strength.

Yours, etc.,

THOMAS SKINNER & CO.,
(Old Broad St., London, E.C.)

Per V. A. MALFORD.

Montreal, Nov. 20.

Tearing Off The Glamor

Anonymous. "The Story of a Lover." Boston, New York, \$1.50.

Anonymous. "Women." Knopf, New York, \$1.25.

THERE is much to be said for the doctrine that sentiment should be eliminated from the attitude of men towards women, and presumably also (if it be there to eliminate) from that of women towards men. The abolition is, however, something like a psychological "major operation," and the victim may be pardoned for calling out for chloroform. Like the appendix, the sentimental attitude towards sex persists in recurring even in the progeny of two completely desentimentalised parents; and one wonders whether the eradication will ever be complete and general. The authors of both of these works, one an Englishman and one an American, go about their surgical task with the aplomb and concentration of the professional carver. "In all probability," says the author of "Women," "it is only in periods of low vitality that men fall passionately in love." The American author of "The Story of a Lover" claims, on the other hand, to have been passionately in love all his life, but his entire book consists in a description of his efforts to make his wife more like the imaginary creation that he was passionately in love with, and it would be impossible to view a human being with less illusion in one's vision than he has when gazing upon the person and character of the mother of his children.

There seems to be no doubt that the rising generation will view sex with a totally different vision from that which the generation now passing away has been wont to employ. One has only to read the authors who are moulding this

new generation, from Mr. Wells to the youngest of his advance-guard, to realise that. But at times one wonders whether the new vision will be a better one than the old. A man looking through a microscope with a strong light focussed on the object-glass sees more clearly and more scientifically than a man gazing at a mountain through a mist or a sunset-thrilled sky. He knows more about what he is looking at, in the scientific sense; but does he derive as much pleasure from it? An accurate scientific knowledge of sex, its psychology and its physiology, may be useful to an alienist or an operating surgeon, but is it much good to a lover? After all, love and logic are in flat contradiction one to another. If a man knew fully, and could think clearly, about the woman he feels impelled to woo, he would never woo her.

Science and the novelists have stripped away already about one-half of the veils of prehistoric glamor which have clung about each of the sexes in the eyes of the other. Are they to continue their work until nothing but cold, dry, scientific fact is left?—And if they do, will anybody pay attention to them? Probably there is a capacity in the human mind for manufacturing new glamors as required. If the perpetuation of the race requires men to see women, and women to see men, through eyes of sentiment, of idealism, of desire, of anything except cold and lucid logic, we may be sure that they will so see, no matter what the scientists and the novelists may say. For that matter, the novelists are the servants of their generation, not its masters, and can only depict men and women as men and women wish to see them depicted. So we are doubtless safe.

Golden Dicky's Biographer

Miss Marshall Saunders, who is rapidly coming to the front as one of the most popular writers of "animal stories" of imaginative order—those in which the birds and beasts are endowed with human ideas, feelings and articulations—is a Canadian and has just written and published a new volume called "Golden Dicky." (McClelland, Toronto, \$1.50.) Miss Saunders' "Beautiful Joe" won the \$200 prize of the American Humane Society for the best story about animals. The present book, equally good of its kind, is the tale of a valiant little canary and other family pets, narrated in autobiographical form by the canary himself. It ought to make young readers more regardful of the claims of the lower animals on human sympathy and care.



When Canada Was New France

EVERYONE who has suffered the hope deferred of a book which would do justice to the romantic history of Canada will welcome the new book "When Canada was New France" by Dr. George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of the Public Library, Toronto.

Dr. Locke has made the history and traditions of our country live as part of our heritage and given them a meaning in our life of today.

Picture after picture is re-created of the men who made this history.

Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, Radisson and Pontiac stand out as compelling and picturesque figures.

Dr. Locke emphasizes the fact that in this materialistic day the qualities of dauntless courage, resource and enterprise, the unselfish devotion and high ideals, the simple strenuous life led by such men, are worthy of our interest and emulation.

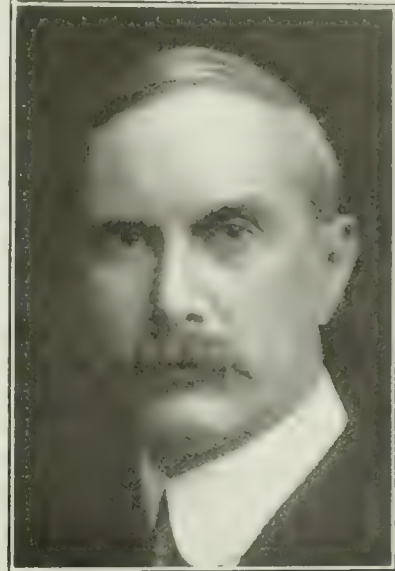
Names and customs with which we are familiar are traced back to their origin, and their meaning and significance made clear.

The lives of *coureurs de bois*, *voyageurs*, *seigneurs habitants* and Indians, are described in a graphic way, making such a tale as "hold-eth children from play and old men in chimney corners."

A list of stories and poems which illustrate references in the book constitutes the last two chapters and adds to its usefulness.

It is a book for all Canadians and anyone interested in our history.

The illustrations are a most interesting part of the volume. Dr. Locke has had the happy idea of reproducing certain tableaux which have been made up for one of the great museums of the State of New York and in which the primitive life of the Indians of the Lake Ontario district is portrayed with remarkable fidelity and vividness. Both the pictures



Dr. George H. Locke.

and the reading matter will do much to correct the false impression of the Indians which most Canadians have derived from Fenimore Cooper and other sources and to make it plain that the Indian of this part of North America, at any rate, was a person of industrious habits and a high degree of philosophy.

"When Canada was New France" is published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, at \$1.25, and is a very attractive small volume which will at once engage the interest of readers, both young and old. It deals with a period which has been mistreated by historians who did not possess the gift of imagination or the dramatic faculty. Dr. Locke possesses both these qualities, and it is to be hoped that he will go on and apply them to other and equally interesting periods of our history.

Children's Story of the War

Nelson's "Children's Story of the War," by Sir Edward Parrott, has reached its tenth and final volume. It is not a mere toy-book, being almost as well supplied with maps as Mr. Buchanan's 24-volume work; but it possesses admirable means for interesting the intelligent and alert-minded child, in the shape of a large number of illustrations of the most striking and picturesque kind. The author's narrative is really just a simplified version of the corresponding adult histories, eliminating technical details, but giving extensive particulars of battles and cam-

paigns and even of political developments. A pleasing feature of the present volume is the chapters devoted to narrating the achievements of the winners of the Victoria Cross, in which, naturally, Canada occupies her full share of the space. A description of the authors' own visit to the front should convey to the youthful mind a vivid idea of the devastation of war. The tone of the book is thoroughly and uncompromisingly British and Imperial, though with the fullest recognition of the achievements of the rest of the Allies.

Quarter's Publications in Canada

Compiled by E. A. HARDY

Secretary of the Ontario Educational Society

LIST OF PUBLISHERS, TORONTO

A.	Allen, Thos.	215 Victoria St.
B.	Blackie & Company	33 Richmond St. West
C.	Copp, Clark Co.	495-517 Wellington St. West
D.	J. M. Dent & Sons	27 Melinda St.
G.	S. B. Gundy (Oxford Univ. Press)	27 Richmond St. West
Gd.	Fredk. D. Goodchild	266 King St. West
H. & S.	Hodder & Stoughton	27 Dundas St. East
L.	Langton, Thomas	23 Scott Street
M.	Mussen Book Co.	25 Dundas St. East
M. & S.	McClelland & Stewart	215 Victoria St.
Mc.	The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd	70 Bond St.
McL.	McLeod, George J.	266 King St. West
N.	Nelson & Sons, Thos.	77 Wellington St. West
R.	Ryerson Press (William Briggs)	Wesley Bldgs. Queen & John Sts.

FICTION.

AUTHOR	TITLE	PRICE	PAGES	PUBLISHER
Atkins, Zoe	Cake Upon the Waters	\$1.50	224	M. & S.
Anderson, David	The Blue Moon	1.50	313	McL.
Anderson, Robert G.	The Little Chap	.75	—	R.
Anonymous	The Rain Girl	1.60	307	M. & S.
Anonymous	The Story of a Lover	1.50	201	M.
Aumrier, Stacy	The Querrils	1.60	359	M. & S.
Austin, Phillis	Camouflage	1.35	—	H. & S.
Ayres, Ruby M.	The One Who Forgot	1.35	—	H. & S.
Bacon, Joseph Dascom	Square Peggy	1.60	340	McL.
Baker, Olaf	Shasta of the Wolves	1.75	276	M. & S.
Bassett, Sara Ware	The Harbor Road	1.50	300	C.
Beecher, Carolyn	One Woman's Story	1.50	400	McL.
Black, Alexander	The Great Desire	1.75	—	M.
Blythe, Samuel	Hunkins	1.75	365	M. & S.
Bojer, Johann	Face of the World	1.60	—	H. & S.
Bojer, Johann	Power of a Lie	1.60	—	H. & S.
Bottomo, Phyllis	A Servant of Reality	1.75	454	M. & S.
Bower, B. M.	The Rim of the World	1.60	—	M. & S.
Burnham, Clara Louise	In Apple-Blossom Time	1.65	317	A.
Chambers, Robert W.	In Secret	1.50	314	M. & S.
Chekhov A.	The Bishop and other Stories	1.75	302	McM.
Chauvelot, Robert	Parvati	1.50	2-8	M. & S.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K.	Miss Fingal	1.60	—	R.
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Conrad, Joseph	Arrow of Gold	1.60	—	R.
Cullum, Ridgewell	The Law of the Gun	1.60	—	R.
Curwood, James Olive	River's End	1.50	303	C.
Dawson, Coningsby	The Test of Scarlet	1.50	—	R.
Day, Holman	The Rider of the Kin Log	1.65	—	M.
Dawson, W. J.	Chalmers Comes Back	1.60	—	R.
Deeping, Warwick	Second Youth	1.50	376	M. & S.
Delafield, E. M.	The Pelicans	1.75	335	M. & S.

AUTHOR	FICTION (Continued) TITLE	PRICE	PAGES	PUBLISHER
Dell, Ethel M.	The Lamp in the Desert	1.75		R.
Diver, Maud	The Strong Hours	1.90		A.
Dudley, E. L.	Spriggles	1.60	466	McL.
Dunbar, Ruth	The Swallow	1.50	246	M.
Dunne, P. F.	Mr. Dooley on Making A Will and Other Necessary Evils	1.35	221	McL.
Durkin, Douglas	The Heart of Cherry McBain	1.50	325	M.
Farnol, Jeffery	The Juests of Duke Jocelyn	1.75		D.
Fauley, Wilbur F.	Jenny Be Good	1.50	326	McL.
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Footner, Hulbert	On the Swan River	1.50		H. & S.
Gee, Joseph	Isaacs	1.50		R.
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Knibbs, H. H.	The Ridin' Kid from Powder River	1.75	457	A.
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	Conrad in Quest of His Youth			
	Position of Peggy Harper			
	Man Who Understood Women			
	When Love Flies Out of the Window			
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Newton, Douglas	Green Ladies	1.60	322	McL.
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Ollivant, Alfred	Two Men	1.60	360	M.
Onions, Oliver	The New Moon	1.50		H. & S.
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Orr, Christine	The Glorious Thing	1.50		H. & S.
Orczy, Baroness	His Majesty's Well-Beloved	1.50		H. & S.
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Pedler, Margaret	House of Dreams Come True	1.50		H. & S.
Phillpots, Eden	Storm in a Teacup	1.75	303	C.
Porter, Eleanor H.	The Tie That Binds: Tales of Love and Marriage	1.75	361	A.
Porter, Eleanor H.	The Tangled Threads: Just Tales	1.75	311	A.
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Price, Myfanwy	Blue Moons	1.35		H. & S.
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Rickard, Mrs. Victor	The House of Courage	1.60		R.
Roe, Vingie	Tharon of Lost Valley	1.60		R.
Royal, Charles E.	The Trail of a Sourdough	1.50	168	M. & S.

AUTHOR	FICTION (Continued) TITLE	PRICE	PAGES	PUBLISHER
Royce, Marjory	Desperate Marriage	1.35	—	H. & S.
Sherringham, H. T.	Syllabub Farm	1.50	—	H. & S.
Sinclair, Bertrand W.	Burned Bridges	1.60	—	R.
Smith, J. Thorne Jr.	Out O' Luck	.75	—	R.
Snaith, J. C.	The Undrfeated	1.60	340	McL.
Sterrett, Frances R.	Rebecca's Promise	1.60	—	R.
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Streeter, E.	Love Letters from Old Bill to Mable. Comprising, Dere Mable, That's Me All Over Mable, Same Old Bill, eh Mabel.	1.60	—	R.
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Books Received

Bassett, Sarah Ware, "The Harbor Road." Copp Clark, Toronto, \$1.50. "The tang of salt air and of New Englandism breathes in every page of this delicate, humorous and appealing story" says the publisher's notice, and for once, the book lives up to its notice. Nate Harlow, a fisherman with his own boat, the Sylph, lives in the little Cape Cod village of Wilton with his sister, Deborah, and their lovely niece, Tressie. Deborah is the typical New England spinster, sour and angular and uncompromising, but Nate is a generous old soul who is always helping others when Deborah thinks he should be helping himself. He adores Tressie, who is as sweet as she is beautiful, and when Deborah decides to take summer boarders to help out their diminishing income, it is Tressie about whom he worries, and it is Tressie who causes all the complications. A vain mother and a pretty daughter, a wise mother and her handsome son and an artist of more or less fame are the boarders, and with two pretty girls and two men of marriageable age in the house, it is needless to relate the complications that ensue.

Benson, E. F., "Across the Stream." Copp Clark, Toronto, \$1.50. "The stream is that which flows be-

tween this life and the next, and we are introduced to Archie Morris, the main character of the book, when he is a child in the hands of his nurse. We are asked to believe that when he is writing copies in the school room, he begins to receive automatic messages from his dead brother and is able to project himself in a trance, into a condition where he receives messages from the spirit of his brother. At first these messages seem to be helpful, but after Archie has lot the girl he thought he loved, the spirit of his brother becomes more and more a baleful influence. This reviewer is not sufficiently acquainted with occult philosophy to understand the probable inner meaning of the metamorphosis, but eventually the evil spirit so possesses Archie that he is about to die when the woman who loves him comes to the rescue and by the purity of her love, vanquishes the evil spirit and brings Archie back to normal life.

Black, Alexander, "The Great Desire." Musson, Toronto, \$1.75.—"The Great Desire," according to the prophetic personage who manhandles the destinies of the chief characters in this sensational novel, is the desire to find God. That statement, while not particularly new, is reasonably satisfying. Further-

more, "the way to find God is through love," which also one seems to have heard before, though it is enunciated here with all the fervor of a new discovery. The sentimental reader will be entirely satisfied to find that the hunchback here and the lovely girl here pictured are enabled in the end to pursue their desire to find God by getting married. Mr. Black was the first person to write scenarios for moving picture production. We feel impelled to say that the binding and general appearance of this not very notable novel are the most satisfying that we have seen this season.

Butterfield, Kenyon L., "The Farmer and the New Day." Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.25. -A most interesting, fair and helpful discussion of the economic, social and political problems facing the agricultural industry and those engaged in it on this continent, by the president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Dr. Butterfield does not recommend any specifics, realising that no one specific or set of them can deal with the problem. He puts a strong emphasis on nationwide organization, but he seems (correctly, as we think) to look to such organization as a means for promoting ideas and ideals rather than laws or business. The essence of the problem is the local community, and to a large extent each community must settle its own destiny. But each community can inspire or warn its fellows.

Carter, Huntly (ed.), "The Limits of Industrial Control." Dent, Toronto, \$3.—A collection of essays on State regulation of industry, by writers who are tabulated under headings as representing the State, Capital, Political Economy, Sociology, Labor and George Bernard Shaw. A more extraordinary diversity of views it would be hard to find. If they could have been reduced to a mathematical formula, and then added up, subtracted and divided and the cube root ascertained, there would have been something left besides the preface, but in their present form the mass of rival propaganda will simply neutralise itself in the mind of the average reader. The most informative part of the book, though not necessarily the most convincing, is that which contains the views of the Guild Socialists and other recent products of contemporary thought, whose ideas are less familiar to the average reader than those of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Harold Cox or Lord Inchape.

Caswell, Edward, S. (edit.), "Canadian Singers and Their Songs." McClelland, Toronto.—A presentation volume which will interest many people. An enlargement of a brochure published sixteen years ago, it contains a portrait and a page of manuscript of each of some 75 Canadian poets, both recent and of early times. The book should stimulate an interest in the work of Canadian poets but will not inspire a very high idea of their personal beauty.

Chekhov, Anton, "The Bishop, and Other Stories," translated by Constance Garnett. Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.75.—This, the seventh volume of Macmillan edition of the Tales of Chekhov, is, like its predecessors, a fine example of the craft of the translator. Mrs. Garnett knows not only her author and her Russian, but also the life about which her author writes, and she does not have to worry the reader with Russianisms as the ordinary translator does for the simple reason that he dare not venture on an equivalent for a word whose precise application he does not know. Nearly half of this volume is occupied by that strange narrative of a young boy's journeyings, "The Steppe." "The Bishop" is one of the best examples Chekhov's skill in rendering the revolt of the human heart against the tyranny of externals, even such externals as the honor and dignity of the bishopric.

Cody, Hiram Alfred, "The Touch of Abner." McClelland, Toronto, \$1.50.—This author, a New Brunswick Anglican clergyman, is noted for good, clean, wholesome fiction, full of action and abounding in dry wit. His latest novel is no exception. Abner Andrews, of Ash Point, is a farmer who believes in the re-incarnation theory, and is therefore considered rather "daft" by some of his neighbors. He has a hatred of sham and hypocrisy, and "shows up" some of the big people of the town at a solemn meet-

ing for the purpose of raising funds for an orphanage. His blunt "calling the bluff" brings down upon his head the wrath of some of the sanctimonious and wealthy hypocrites at the meeting, and Abner's cleverness in circumventing their attempts to rob him of his farm and of his wife's reputation makes a mighty interesting yarn.

Colmore, George, "The Thunderbolt." Dent, Toronto, \$1.75.—A most appropriate title. Mr. Colmore writes us a novel which reads like "Our Village" for the first 150 pages, and then introduces an accident by which the leading lady is inoculated with a disease which, since Mr. Colmore abstains from mentioning it, nothing shall compel us to; and a few chapters later kills her off (mercifully by heart-disease) in time to save her from hearing that her fiance has decided to cast her off even if she is cured. The inoculation, let us add, was intentional, and was performed by a German! In a prefatory note Mr. Colmore hints that his tale is a true one. Even that does not seem to excuse it.

Dawson, W. J., "Chalmers Comes Back." Ryerson, Toronto, \$1.60.—A story of a shell-shocked soldier who comes into contact with a young woman whose philosophy of life is deeply shocking to his old-fashioned ideas. In the end, naturally, he succeeds in breaking down that philosophy and substituting one more suitable to the purposes of sentimental fiction. The character of the faithful batman of the shell-shocked officer is the best thing in the book, which is a typical Dawson tale, with the usual air of tremendous seriousness about things which are not really so serious as the author believes.

Dewey, Evelyn, "New Schools for Old." Dutton, New York, \$2.—A study of what has been accomplished in the way of turning schools in backward American communities into successful institutions for the building of character and the inculcation of a saner social spirit. It relates wholly to agricultural districts and to the problem of affording a type of education which will turn out "people enthusiastic over farming and equipped to turn their enthusiasm into prosperous, permanent farm homes." Should be read by all Canadians interested in rural education.

Farrington, Edward L., "Practical Rabbit Keeping." Dent, Toronto, \$1.25.—An up-to-date textbook for the keeping of rabbits under American and Canadian conditions. The rabbit is so easy and pleasant an animal for breeding in small gardens in the suburbs and even in the city that it should be much more widely raised than it is in this country, and Mr. Farrington's book is just the kind of thing that the rabbit-raiser needs, whether he be interested in pets or in dinners, show stock or breeding varieties.

Glass, Montague, "Potash and Perlmutter Settle Things." Musson, Toronto, \$1.60.—Abe and Maurus are always amusing, and there is much philosophy behind their humor. They turned up in Paris at the time of the Peace Conference, and this volume contains their observations on that highly humorous subject. Sometimes we are reminded of the fact that Mr. Glass had to turn out these little skits by a certain day each week or get into a row with his magazine publisher, and that he must have found it rather hard to get characteristic Potash or Perlmutter stuff each week that would be really topical. But taken as a whole the book is good fun, especially if judiciously skipped through.

Gordon, Alex. R., "The Faith of Isaiah, Statesman and Evangelist." Clarke, Edinburgh.—A full review of this valuable work by the Professor of Old Testament literature at the Presbyterian College, Montreal, will appear in our next issue. Rev. Dr. Symonds says of it in the Montreal Gazette: "I could wish that every Bible class leader in our land might use it as a textbook, and that all who in silent scorn or mere indifference pass by the prophets of the Old Testament might be induced to 'read, mark, learn and inwardly digest' the contents of this noblest utterance of Old Testament faith and of Hebrew literature, under Dr. Gordon's luminous guidance."

Gower, John, "The Trial Stone." Allen & Unwin, London, 6s 6d.—No Canadian publisher seems to

... interested himself in this partially clever novel, which exhibits the reactions of an Oxford youth of country family to certain phases of Canadian life. James Bryan, president of the Excelsior Trust Co., and member of the Mount Royal Club, is doubtless not typical either of the club, the trust company business, or Montreal. On the other hand he exists, and a portrait of him, even if slightly caricatured, should be of interest to Canadian readers. We think of donating our copy to the Mount Royal Club, if Mr. Gower has not already sent one.

Hainsselin, M. T., "In Peril on the Sea." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.50.—A satisfactory tale of sea-warfare, German spies and Irish rebels by the author of "In the Northern Mists." Not the conventional "war stuff," but a real old-fashioned adventure story applied to the recent war.

Harben, Will N., "The Cottage of Delight." Musson, Toronto, \$1.60.—Obviously it is a grave disadvantage to a young man to have both a mother and an aunt leading professionally immoral lives, and that drawback will be felt at its worst when he falls in love with the daughter of a religious fanatic. The scene is a New England town, and Mr. Harben brings about a happy conclusion in good dramatic style.

Harris-Burland, (J. H., "The Shadow of Malve-ward." Dent, Toronto, \$1.60.—A masterpiece of the gruesome detective story, much in the same vein as "The White Rook."

Hobson, J. A., "Richard Cobden: The International Man." Dent, Toronto.—Not so much a biography as a study and restatement of the Cobden doctrine, by one of its foremost exponents. The book probably marks the turning-point in the earthward swing of Cobden's reputation, and those who have hated his name merely because they hate Free Trade should read it and revise their opinions in time.

Jacobs, W. W., "Deep Water." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.50.—The technique of Mr. Jacobs' humor is perfect but unchanging. All of these stories are built on the same plan, as many previous short stories by the same writer. But they are so exquisitely done that we never complain. By the way, is Jacobs' old sea-dog a brother of Bainsfather's "Old Bill"?

James, Henry, "Travelling Companions." Boni, New York, \$1.75.—A collection of stories written in the 'seventies, this book is thoroughly readable, and, to those who shun the difficulties of the later Henry James, it will come as a welcome addition to the author's works. But in spite of what the editor says in his foreword the real students and admirers of Henry James will not feel that there has been any great gain in the collection and publication of these stories, when the author had himself decided to leave them to the oblivion of the magazines in which they first appeared. When one puts them beside his best early work and his later work they seem like rather crude sketches instead of finished pictures. It is interesting, for instance, to compare the use of the horror of the supernatural in "De Grey, A Romance" with his later work in "A Turn of the Screw," or to contrast the use of his intimate knowledge and love of the Italian or New England scenes which he wrought into the very texture of his stories, with his use of it here rather as a padding.

Packard, Frank L., "The Night Operator." Copp, Clark, Toronto, \$1.50.—An excellent example of the kind of thing that Mr. Packard's most numerous admirers want from him, and not far from the kind of thing that his most sincere friends like to see him write. This is no "Jimmie Dale" series, of trick melodrama for the grown-up office-boys who want an adult version of the dime novel. It is a set of short adventure tales which owe much of their thrill to the fine humanity of the characters concerned in them. "Railway stuff," from the "Hill Division," done by one who knows the railway game and knows how to put it in words. In technique several of these stories are up to last year's efficiency.

Phelps, William Lyon, "Reading the Bible." Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.37. The little book has three chapters: Reading the Bible, The Short Stories of the Bible and St. Paul as a Letter Writer. The treatment is neither theological nor devotional. The

bible is considered as a part of English literature and it is discussed purely from the literary point of view. The Bible's influence on English literature is emphasized and the aim of the volume is to help readers to become familiar with the most interesting parts of the Bible and to read it with more intelligent enjoyment. It meets a widespread need.

Richardson, Norval, "The World Shut Out." McLeod, Toronto, \$1.60. A clever tale of American life in Rome, full of local color and keen observation of both the native and the foreign population. Apparently a first novel, but written with a good deal of skill and vigor.

Ruck, Berta, "The Disturbing Charm." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.50. A pleasantly inane little story over which you may dawdle in front of a winter fire, with a cigarette or a box of chocolates, sure that you will be mildly entertained and that nothing in the book will disturb your comfortable sense of well-being. The heroine, Olwen Howell-Jones, is a young Welsh girl who goes with her uncle, a professor of botany, to a hotel in western France during the fourth autumn of the war. The place is full of wounded officers, Australian, English, French and Canadian, and Olwen loses her heart to the Canadian. Through three hundred and six pages, and when she finally "lands" him, you breathe a sigh of relief.

Saillens, E., "Facts About France." Fisher Unwin, London, 8s 6d.—A kind of "What's What" of French history, usages, arts, sciences, physical and economic geography and many other subjects. The author was interpreter to the British Expeditionary Force. We note that "Boche" comes from Parisian slang "Alboche," a word formed on the analogy of "Fantoche"; the first syllable was dropped early in the war. There is much other scattered information in the book, but it lacks system.

Seitz, Don C., "Artemus Ward." Harper, New York, \$2.—Charles F. Browne, known to fame as Artemus Ward, was one of the most picturesque figures in the early days of American humor. Whether, however, he is an adequate subject for a 337-page biography may be open to some doubt. The present book is largely occupied by extracts from portions of Artemus Ward's journalistic writings which have not hitherto been embodied in volume form. Some of them are decidedly funny, others are not. \$1.60. He is a greengrocer in a small English town, who made a failure of everything, including marriage. He redeems himself in the war, as do several of the minor characters. A deep sympathy and rich sense of humor give distinction to the story, which has been very well received both in England and America.

Stauffer, Byron H., "The Battle Nobody Saw." Briggs, Toronto, \$1.50. — A collection of Sunday evening sermons by a Canadian Methodist minister who has achieved wide popularity by his command of picturesque forms of expression and his ability to dramatise the stories of the Bible and other sources of religious inspiration in such a way as to make them live in the sight of the "man in the street." Something of the personal appeal of the Stauffer of the pulpit is undoubtedly lost in cold type, but the pithy common sense of his utterances is not impaired. The sermons which wear best in print are those which have least of rhetorical artifice, and some of these examples are just simple statements, for simple people, of truths that need occasional restatement because they are so old.

Sterrett, Frances, "Rebecca's Promise." Ryerson, Toronto, \$1.60.—It is very hard nowadays to pick up a good, clean story which you may present to your sixteen year old niece or the daughter of your best friend. This book is one. Rebecca Mary Wyman is a little school-teacher who has been beaten by poverty into the attitude of perpetual saving of money. She is so afraid of letting herself go in any way that life has become a drab and uninteresting round of school and hall bedroom with none of the roses and rapture belonging to youth. Cousin Susan Wentworth from the country comes to see her young niece and is shocked to see the way she is robbing her youth to feed that "bloodthirsty beast, old age."

Canadian. Some books just take out some "moral" and then say "We could all hope to be those rich men." We grow old but we can plan to be "moral" like Rebecca Mearns starts to live on the new theory and all things come to her. It is a straightforward tale.

Tarkington, Booth, "Ramsey Millholland." Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50. A good specimen of Mr. Tarkington's latest line of activity relating to the American juvenile. The characters are types, and very broadly sketched, with little attempt to individualise, but the American boy and girl have been so little treated in fiction since Mark Twain that these portraits have all the fascination of extreme novelty and originality. Mr. Tarkington is always amusing, and the best thing about it is that we do not feel that he is making a terrific effort to be amusing like the average American funny man.

Thurston, E. Temple, "The World of Wonderful Reality." Copp, Clark, Toronto, \$1.75.—The characters are the same as in the author's earlier very charming work, "The City of Beautiful Nonsense." Mr. Thurston is one of the few genuine idealists among our novelists, and in this book he has what only a genuine idealist would do and what may offend some of his less reflecting admirers: he has allowed the hero to give up the girl of his heart because he found that her love for him was a fair-weather affair only and was not capable of facing the trials of poverty and the pains of social disability. There are no wedding bells in "The World of Wonderful Reality."

Trevelyan, G. M., "Scenes from Italy's War." Nelson, Toronto (Jack, London, 10s 6d). Impressions of three years' service with the Italian army, by an Englishman who commanded a unit of British Red Cross ambulances at the front long before any British troops arrived to the aid of Italy. The author is a well-known historian, specially interested in Garibaldi, and he has made excellent use of the opportunities afforded him for an intimate view of the Italian people and armies in war. The book does not lose in interest from the fact that the writer's interests are mainly in the human and not the technical side of warfare.

Tynan, Katharine, "The Years of the Shadow." Allen, Toronto, \$4.50.—This is the third of Mrs. Hinkson's volumes of reminiscence, and is perhaps even more interesting than either of its predecessors, "Twenty-Five Years" and "The Middle Years," because of the fact that it deals with a more interesting period of Irish life. It runs from 1913 to the last year of the war. Its rambling chapters, instinct with the charm of life in a highly cultured and highly affectionate Irish household, are full of illuminating references to the Aberdeens, Dunsany, Francis Ledwidge, "A.E.", Lord Grey, Sir Horace Plunkett, Father Russell, Sheehy Skeffington, and many other names of glamor and mystery. As a sample of the significant little out-of-the-way things Mrs. Hinkson delights in picking up: Who in Canada has ever heard of the Irish belief that the Titanic sank because every sheet of her bulwarks was scrawled all over with "To Hell With the Pope"—inscribed there by the Orange workmen of Belfast during a Carsonite demonstration?

Zangwill, Israel, "Jimmy the Carrier." Briggs, Toronto, \$1.75.—It is a trifling surprising to find Mr. Zangwill, once one of the literary adventurers of England, settling down in his middle age to writing a story which is just what one would expect from an intelligent, conscientious, observant and very laborious curate with a gentle and curative sense of humor. Such a curate, stationed in Sussex and viewing the Peculiar Brethren and other specimens of the Nonconformist genus with a slightly more than Anglican detachment, might well have written this long and in many ways charming tale of simple people and simple living. He could hardly have put less profound reflection or less dramatic power into it than Mr. Zangwill has done. An amiable tale.

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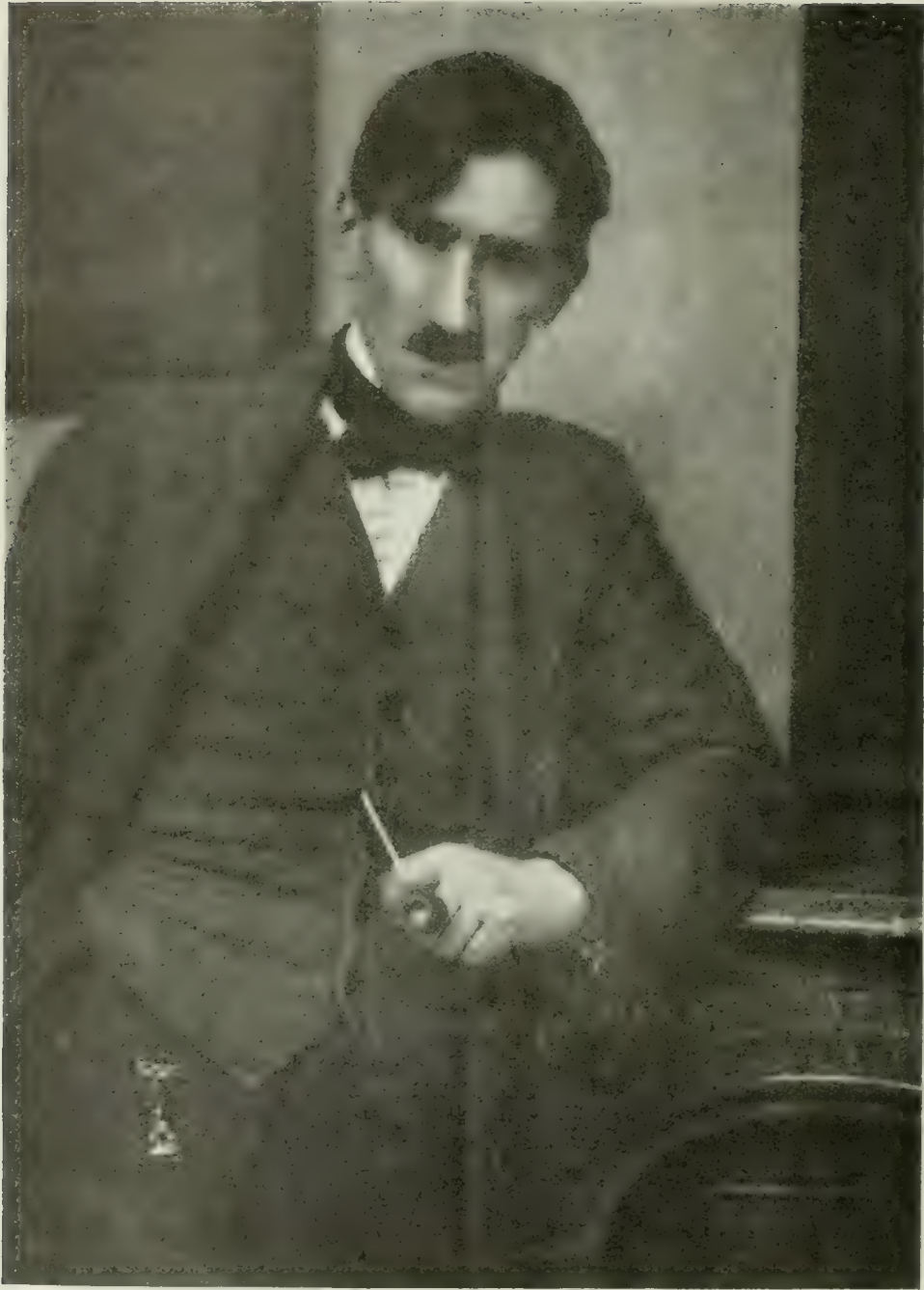
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FREDERICK NIVEN.

CANADIAN BOOKMAN

APRIL, 1920

January Number Out of Print.

THE January number of the *Canadian Bookman* obtained a degree of popularity which has proved embarrassing to the publishers. Although the circulation of this magazine has been expanding steadily ever since it was founded, a little over a year ago, we were not prepared for the sudden increase in demand which was evidenced during the Christmas holidays, and as a result the magazine was speedily sold out and we have had to refuse a large number of requests for copies. As some of these requests come from persons who desire to possess a complete file of the periodical, we shall be glad to hear from readers who have copies of the January issue in good condition, and are willing to part with them. We will re-purchase copies of the January issue, either from dealers or from the general public, at the regular wholesale price of 25c per copy, until the needs of these applicants have been filled.

One factor in the popularity of the January number was undoubtedly the fact that it appeared several weeks in advance of the beginning of the month whose date it bears. This policy will be rigidly adhered to in future. During the past year various mechanical difficulties attendant upon the establishing of a great printing plant in a rural community were the cause of vexatious delays. But these difficulties have been overcome, and readers of the *Bookman* may now count upon obtaining a copy of each number well in advance of the beginning of the date month.

The Inexpressive Canadian

ARE Canadians as a nation becoming inexpressive? Newspaper editors complain bitterly that they are unable to obtain the services of competent writers, meaning by that term persons who can write good grammatical English and have in addition the power of coin-

ing a telling phrase or constructing an effective paragraph. The columns of the newspapers themselves bear out the statement that there is a dearth of competent writers. It is sometimes urged that if the newspapers would pay higher salaries they would get better writers, and there may be some truth in the allegation. But it is not necessarily true that the improvement would come about immediately after the establishment of a higher scale of salaries. The trouble seems to be that we have discredited the art of writing. We have compared it contemptuously with the arts of management, of the conduct of business, of the handling of men and products. The writer, it is frequently said, is in this country little more than a hired hack, slavishly performing the work which his employer, the business man, gives him to do.

There is enough truth in this contemptuous estimate to make it worthy of attention, and enough error to make it somewhat misleading. The man with a conspicuous ability to write need never be the hired hack of anybody. Style is a personal possession. The man who owns it is distinguished from all other men. It does not take long for his writings, however anonymous (and the anonymity of modern journalism is undoubtedly one of its weaknesses), to be recognized as the work of a practiced and powerful pen. When that recognition is accorded, the writer's position is made. The public will want to read him for what he has to say, and it will not be difficult for him to find a vehicle in which he can say what he wants to say. At the present time, Canada is not turning out nearly as many men with this endowment of personal style as she ought to be, considering her immense educational facilities, and the general level of intelligence of the public. We incline to believe that the reason lies mainly in this fact, that Canadians do not realize and do not recognize the power which is inherent in literary style, and decline to cultivate a faculty which they regard as being of little real value.

The Difficulty of Quoting Prices.

IT has been the practice of the *Canadian Bookman* to append to its book reviews the Canadian price of the book in question, whenever information on that subject was obtainable from the publisher. In the present issue, we have temporarily abandoned that practice in a good many cases. The dislocation of the exchange rates between the various countries of the world has made it impossible to put a definite price, which could be maintained for any period of time, upon articles produced in foreign countries. Book buyers should endeavour to allay their natural irritation about the uncertainty of book prices by bearing in mind that an article now sold in the United States at \$1 must cost a Canadian purchaser anywhere from \$1.15 to \$1.20 without any regard to transportation or duty and that fluctuations of several cents are likely to occur in this amount from week to week and even from day to day. The converse is true in the case of imports from Great Britain, which should be obtainable in this country at a price considerably less than the normal equivalent of their price in pounds and shillings sterling. We say, "should be," because the Customs Department is doing its best to counteract the advantage to the British exporter resulting from the present exchange rate, by imposing a duty based upon the valuation of the English price at the ordinary rate of exchange, so that a book purchased in England for \$3.75, supposing that to be the equivalent of the English pound sterling, is nevertheless valued for Customs purposes at \$4.86.

The general result of the fluctuation of exchange is such as to make it extremely difficult to quote a permanent price on any import-

ed commodity, and we therefore recommend our readers to rely for their book prices on the latest possible information from the publishers, obtained either direct or through their local bookseller.

The effort to maintain the price of United States current novels in Canada at the same level as in the country of origin has broken down since the premium on foreign exchange was added to the other cost items of duty and transportation. American price marking on such volumes can therefore no longer be taken as an indication of the price at which they should be sold in Canada. In most cases the books are being sent out without any price marked on the wrapper. It will probably be found that quotations by the publishers are liable to considerable fluctuations, so long as exchange rates continue to be unsettled. The situation is regrettable, but it is not one which the publishing houses or the book trade can do anything to rectify. The Canadian public, by adopting more economical habits of life and by abstaining more largely from the purchase of American luxuries, and engaging more extensively in the production of those commodities which they can sell to the United States, can do more than can be done in any other way to reduce the price of American exchange to a normal level. Some of the Canadian houses which handle the output of their American affiliated publishing houses are announcing that the Canadian price will be from 10 to 12 per cent in excess of the quoted United States price. It will be apparent, to any who are acquainted with the exchange rates, that this increase is a very moderate offset to one item alone among the many which have increased the cost of books to the Canadian publisher.

The Perfect Home

By H. M. T.

MY perfect home is not a store
 A treasure house of beauteous things:—
 Gold doth corrupt; riches have wings;—
 Nor are my bookshelves teaming o'er
 With priceless tomes of ancient lore.
 My books are friends with broken backs,
 Dog-eared leaves, and well-thumbed pages,
 Nor left undusted on the racks,
 But my true comrades down the ages,
 The pictures hanging on the walls
 Are "copies" only to remind me
 Of many a happy hour behind me.

The rugs that lie upon the halls
 Are worn with little children's feet,
 The sofas, chairs, all torn and frayed
 From many a happy childish raid
 When life was young and life was sweet.
 My perfect home is just a place
 Where smiles light up each happy face,
 With all my dear ones there to love me,
 Heaven in my home and heaven above me.
 Fling wide the door that you may see
 My perfect home, the home for me.

At Camp Barnet

By FREDERICK NIVEN

THE names of Jeremy Taylor, of Henry Vaughan, and of John Donne are always associated for me with memories of an arm of the Pacific, in British Columbia, known as Burrard Inlet.

A venerable family friend, cloistered away from the world that I had deliberately chosen to plunge into (the world of iron fo'e's'les and water-front realities, of travel not undertaken in Pullman-cars, of contact with the earth different in effect from that which comes of rose-culture), had kindly sent me a Daily Text Book, with some vague dread, perhaps that in my world I urgently required such a compass. It was better than most. Each of its three hundred and sixty-five pages, one for every day of the year, was headed with a text from Holy Writ; then followed a passage from such secular writ as showed evidence of acquaintance with Holy Writ on the part of the writer; a stanza of poetry, selected with literary feeling as well as religious ardour, ended the page.

The volume was as nearly a good anthology of imaginative prose and verse, didactic without being bathetic, as anyone of the order known as "churchy," with an effort to be broad-minded, could attain to. To one not churchy it was thus not merely a substitute for an anthology; it was an anthology with a halo. There were moments, indeed, when it seemed excellent. Some passages, despite the blood of old divines in my veins, were to me more diabolic than heavenly; and a melancholy strain was in the book, for the seventeenth century clerics who were greatly drawn upon for contribution to it were wont to talk much of skull and cross-bones. It had distinct leanings toward the beautiful griefs of the book of Ecclesiastes, the sad pomps of Isaiah, and toward the divines above mentioned, though fortunately not only to their melancholy libels (surely libels upon God) but to the soothing sounds they must have enjoyed making with place-names and cadences, after having duly preached the gospel of their day. Having sacrificed their flocks with roarings and hectorings on the theme of lakes of fire and brimstone they always pleased themselves, and perhaps their hearers (and certainly please us, posterity)

with a well-turned conceit, or a musical phrase, or a toying with the names of Asia, Caucasus, Himalaya, which names they loved as a later generation loved that of Samarkand. And now and then, loosening their black canonicals, they gave a glimpse of a God they hoped for, the God hoped for in all ages, rather than the stereotyped God of their time.

On many days the passages quoted were in tune with Burrard Inlet, or at any rate with Camp Barnet sawmill on Burrard Inlet (where I then worked), and with life viewed thence. A saw-mill is both a stirring and a depressing place. The camp was set at the base of a forested slope between the railroad and the shore. A steam-whistle arranged our lives for us—awakened us, called us to breakfast, called us to the forenoon's work, sent us back to dinner, called us out again to our toil, and released us to supper and the bunk-house in the evening. It is difficult for civilized man, born of the wandering savage, to surrender his days to a steam siren. He may succeed in the effort, but the price of that success is a heaviness of heart. When the rain-drops dimpled the smoking flat water, when the mists and the dusks blurred the opposite shore, and an owl hooted lonely, these sonorous clerics, preaching woe hard to escape, were not out of the picture.

The general atmosphere of the camp was a compound of the glum and the restless. There was much vivacity; but merriment took the place of happiness. It was a mixed bunch of men. Being so near the coast there were many sailors there, run away from their ships; there were men who seemed on the verge of hobo-dom; there were others like remittance-men trying to be self-supporting; there were saw mill hands by calling; there were those of the type known as Yahoo (derivation perhaps from Swift) whose silence had in it the effect of the silence of cud-chewing animals; there were hopeful and dancing-eyed youths who were sure they were only there temporarily, to collect the initial handful of dollar-bills wherewith to make more, and "make good." The youthful pride in weightlifting (we were almost all youthful there) we could pander to all day by aid of the great sodden timbers that came

crashing down the skid from the saws. The boyish pleasure in agility, as we leapt over these timbers when they threatened to smash our ankles, rushing down on us, was also placated there. Many a thrill we had at our work. The sound of the saws, droning upward to a shriek, then buzzing a moment like a hive (much as a steamship's propeller does when the stern tosses up, and the screw whirls in air), to begin the drone again, and end in the shrill scream, interested for a space, much as local color interests. The smell of resin was pleasing enough, but balsam and resin may be relished through the olfactory nerves by the whole man, in the untouched forests, without troubling to fell the trees, to say nothing of rafting them to the humming and screaming mills. Much of what we call progress is allied to desecration.

In the evening, after supper, the men sat on forms that were set outside the bunk-house, along the walls, on the narrow verandahs. The usual pose was with elbows on knees, body hunched forward. In that attitude we sat picking the slivers from our palms, now and then breaking the silence with talk of politics, or of rumors regarding the sudden wealth attained in other places, at the last "excitements" (that is, gold-strikes; or of the nefariousness of "boosters," boosting "bogus propositions." There were forms for the men to sit on both on the landward and the Inlet side of the bunk-house; but they always sat on the landward side, although when sitting there, nothing was to be seen except the railroad track and the steep bank beyond, as the steam-shovel of the construction gang had left it. From the other side of the buildings the expanse of the Inlet could be seen, the fields of silver ripples running over green depths, the wedges of purple color driven into acres of exquisite jade, and the opposing forested mountain upside-down in it. I never felt the folly of civilization there so much as when, one evening, I saw a long cedar-canoe, with an Indian in the stern, shoot from a side arm of the Inlet, glide along the coast, and then disappear again, lost in the color of distance, or up another side-arm. I knew only three men at the camp who ever sat at the side of the house where that view could be enjoyed: and I was diffident about being of that company, although all my instincts were with them; for if anyone glanced round the gable and saw a man sitting there, he was sure to beg the lone person to come to what he called "the front."

"Come round and be sociable."

"What are you settin' there for? There ain't anything to see there."

"Why don't you come and set where you can see the railroad track?"

Such were the phrases employed to those who were discovered "settin' at the back" of the camp buildings. I had no great objection to the rumor going round that I had a taste for what is called scenery, but I dreaded the suggestion that I lacked sociability; so many a time I sat in the string staring at the railroad track and the bald scar in the hill fading in the twilight, only imagining what the inlet looked like behind me, and what phases of color were changing there. Yet, sitting in that staring string, I learnt much. In dribbles, and by spasms, and in quiet colloquy with the men whose elbows touched mine, almost without knowing how (and I never "pumped") I came upon many a life-story. Queer life-stories some of them were, with gaps in the telling into which I did not pry. There were men whose names none of us knew except the time-keeper; and I once saw a man thinking very hard on pay-day, when the cashier asked what his name was. The inference was that he had a selection, and had forgotten which he used on signing on! The fascination of humanity was on the acknowledged "front" of the house. Many an odd chapter from the life of one I knew only as "Slim," or "Scotty," "Cockeye" or "Shorty," is tucked away in my private Humanity Record Office. But the place was not one pre-eminently suited for conning the individual life. It was not to know each other that they sat together looking, by comparison, at nothing. They were impelled by mere gregariousness. The mystery remains why these fellows sat and looked at the track till it was time for bed, instead of looking at Burrard Inlet.

There was nothing to read at the camp save a newspaper dropped daily from the eastbound from Vancouver. When it was too dark to see the track they went indoors and sat on the edges of their bunks, and one read the paper aloud to them to the best of his ability. We worked, and we ate, and we rested: we occasionally told the camp-bully to "quit his ——— nonsense"; and that was our life. Often I felt I could scarcely stand it. Then I would rise from my seat at the "front" and go to the "back," and I felt then as a bird escaped from a cage must feel. The ripple of late swimming ducks, the rain of drops as they rose to fly, the

shreds of mist caught on a fir top over the water, the hazy blue blooms of distance were more satisfying than the railroad to me. I wished that the general tendency was toward their "back" of the house, to make it their "front"; for the back was so much the front to me that I experienced often that horrible feeling of not being in touch with my fellows. Perhaps I have the wrong kind of poetic tendency! Perhaps I should prefer Service to Bliss Carman. I was often enough, when discovered at the back of buildings, in very friendly fashion, as though suspect of brooding rather than of unsociability, invited to return to the front; and I should be a fool indeed did I not recall kindly these evidences of bonhomous solicitude. I realised the good intentions at the time; but I never dared to preach the gospel of what I found at the "back." I had a suspicion, too, that to many of them no good reverie would be awakened there, but wild brooding. The beauty of Burrard Inlet had at times something desolate in it, like the beauty of the seventeenth century prelates.

Yet the mystery of these men, my fellows for a month or two at Burnet, still haunts me. Why, I still ask myself, did so few of us go to look at the Inlet for pleasure or consolation? Was the view from there no pleasure or consolation to the majority? Is that the secret? Did the railway track, running on to Vancouver, supply a hint of comfort, tell them of the day when they would leave the place with the saved dollars to invest, and conjure up visions of a golden future in which they would have a steam-whistle of their own to space out the days of others? Or did it tell them of the red days off they would have when they had saved enough money to have a wild spending, remind them of the saloons and lunch-counters, of the knock-about artistes and skirt-dancers, the conjurers and singers of songs of home and mother at the Savoy music-hall, and perhaps of the red lamps at the doors of Dupont Street? I never settled the question while I tarried there for a spell in the early years of my wandering "for to admire and for to see." I have not settled it

yet—that question of why the back was the front, and the front the back.

Without the companionship of that eternal yet mutable stretch of water, the Inlet, I could not have stayed an hour. It atoned for the ordering siren, the wood-splinters in the hands, and the personally meaningless toil. But I never hear the name of Burrard Inlet without recalling, as well as a picture of its sombre beauty, the row of men with their backs to it. I never hear the name without recalling also the bunk-house with its hanging lamp at night, and the doubtful voice reading out the ephemeral news; and how, having heard all about the politicians and the town-lot prices, and the horse-power of the new coastal steamer, lying in my bunk (it was a top bunk), I used furtively to take text books from under my blankets, because it seemed to me that the beauty discoverable in it was in some way allied to the beauty of the wide view on which the great majority never looked. I paid no heed to: ". . . the grave is full of horror, the house of the dead is the habitation of sadness, for the body receiveth no comfort when it cometh to lodge in this last and farthest inn." I knew it for declamatory nonsense, and turned to: "As when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins . . ." or to: "Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud, into rain. Here stood the African mountains and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was" (the modern would say 'there were'; but the plural nominative with a singular verb was common in Thomas Burnet's days) "frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. . . ." I plucked the flowers among the tombs. With the joy of a cadence, instead of with the depression of some unbelievable doctrine, I fell asleep.



The Attic Study

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

NESTLED under the eaves of the old brick Rectory, with long sloping-roofed closets and a deep window-seat, the Attic Study was an ideal place both for work and play. One could be as quiet as the most studious or creative mood required—and on those frequent occasions when hilarity reigned, the Attic Study was far enough away from the rest of the house for any reasonable amount of noise to go on undisturbed and undisturbing.

One distinctive note of the Attic Study was coziness—a friendly, sheltering, restful quality of atmosphere, as of some secure small haven looking out on a stormy sea. Another, which I find more difficult to express, I think I will call mystery. But that one only felt if one was alone at night; then, sometimes, there was a vague *something* which made one wish for companionship!

But as a rule the room itself was companionable; the eerie feeling was a swiftly passing phase. I think, perhaps, all attics are subject to it. "The attic is the brain of the house"—and strange moods and memories drift through every brain! I like best, though, to think of that room as full of sunshine, sweet air, and the swaying shadows of leaves;—or as warm and lovely on a wild day in winter with great white flakes drifting against the panes; or on an autumn evening with the wind howling around the eaves, and the dancing feet of rain on the roof.

Almost every object in the room had some pleasant association, or some special and excellent reason (to our minds) for being there. One of my brothers and I once planned a series of stories on articles in the Attic Study. I think the only one that ever was written, however, was one on "The Big Leaf"—a giant-leaf indeed, which we had found on a tree whose other leaves were all of the usual, average size. We carried the super-leaf home, pressed it, and put it on the wall just above the little old melodeon.

That old melodeon was one of our most cherished possessions, though its music-making days were almost past. It was a beautiful lit-

tle instrument, of rosewood, and we remembered well the wonderful sweetness of its tone. After hearing it in its prime the best of cabinet organs sounded harsh and blaring, and the ordinary piano hard and thin.

The little melodeon had other reasons than age for having lost its sweet voice. When it was a young melodeon, its owner (to whom it had been a wedding-present) was the young Rector of a country parish—a parish within whose boundaries were many churches, many long miles apart. Some of these churches had no organ, and it was the duty of the little melodeon to remedy that lack. So, many a drive it took, over bumpy stony roads in summer, and through bitter winds and drifting snow in winter-time—and clearly and beautifully it led the singing in the little churches tucked away among New Brunswick woods and hills. It had been for years, too, a centre of our home enjoyments, and the associations that surrounded it were priceless. Its life had been one of honorable service, and now it was surely entitled to an era of repose in the Attic Study, where it received always the warmest regard and heard frequent tributes to its melodiousness of former days.

A unique piece of the Attic Study furniture was a tall clock-case, the mechanism of which had been completely removed long before it came into our possession. Some ingenious person had fitted it up with a number of little shelves, and on these we arranged our collections of shells and minerals. What the venerable clock-case thought of the change from time-piece to cabinet we never knew; all its means of expressing itself had departed! But it made a charming addition to our Study's plenishings.

One piece of our furniture which had a special charm for me was an octagonal centre-table, stained in an odd shade of red—a quiet restful color. Oh, I know red is never supposed to be "restful," but the fact remains that this red was! And I know several shades that rest one with their suggestion of coziness, comfort and warmth, or with memories of hazy autumn woods. Of course there is the scarlet that

blares like a trumpet, and the crimson that sings of valour and of strife, and there are reds that strike one brutally, and magenta reds that enrage the nerves—but not for any of these do I claim the quality of restfulness. Color is as potent as sound to influence the emotions, and how much less we understand its use!

A large, dark-painted set of book-shelves occupied nearly half of one wall. The books thereon covered a wide range, in subject, age, binding and ownership. Some were our own cherished volumes; some were rather battered tomes banished from their former places because of their shabbiness. We gave them all a welcome; they soon became a part of the room, and some of them proved real treasures.

But the heart and soul of the room was not in its belongings, but in its atmosphere of "comprehending comradeship." It was *our* room—each and all of us equally interested, each bringing new additions to its furnishing, each working and dreaming there with a pleasant

sense of ownership and of security. Our study was our castle!

It was a wonderful little room, a fine port to come to after days on the river and in the woods. It was a room honored by distinguished and delightful visitors, too, and personages well-known in the literary world took part in some of our tournaments. In those tournaments we agreed upon a subject, and each one of the company made a poem thereon, or an essay, or sometimes a sketch. I remember how ardently we took up French verse-forms at one time, and how many a triolet, rondeau and ballade was begun at those unforgettable gatherings. It was excellent practice in technique—and some of the results are in the anthologies.

Ave atque Vale, Little Room beneath the eaves! Or shall it be *Ave* only? I think I cannot ever say farewell to you, for you have become, with all your memories and your associations, "a possession forever," part of that immortal substance whereof dreams are made!

Wild Grape

By F. O. CALL

BENEATH the crawling shadow
 Of a crumbling temple to gods long-forgotten,
 The wild grape twines amid the fragments
 Of shattered pillars prone upon the ground,
 And its dark leaves
 Hide from sight the broken sculptures
 Of faun and youth and maiden
 That once stood in the temple pediment,
 Young, naked, beautiful.
 In wild freedom it climbs over the carved acanthus leaves
 Of the crumbling columns,
 And weaves a funeral wreath
 Over their dead beauty.
 The wild bees hum and buzz
 Among the grape-flowers, heavy with honeyed perfume,
 Under the drowsy noonday sun,
 That spills its amber wine from a full goblet
 Over the thirsting hillside,
 Wanton and wild.
 Like an unhappy lover
 Clinging to the breast of his dead mistress,
 The vine clings in voluptuous embrace
 About the naked pallid forms,
 And mingles there with the eternal Beauty
 Of youth and age
 And life and death.

Masefield's "Reynard the Fox"

By BARKER FAIRLEY

IN considering Masefield's strangely varied and exciting literary career one is continually perplexed with the feeling that he is very much an Englishman and that he is again and again trying to be something else. We know from his own words that it was Chaucer who made him in the real sense of the word a poet, and in his earlier narrative poems of 1911-13 the Englishman in him came out on top. "The Everlasting Mercy" took one straight back to "Piers Plowman"; it had the same unsophisticated moral fervour and the same racy contact with the coarse pleasures and passions of the common people. It was rightly hailed as a really great poem, and "The Widow in the Bye Street" which followed it and had much in common with it on the score of subject and atmosphere, remained intensely English also, frankly Chaucerian in its handling of the rhyme royal and also, it may be added, in its slightly lurid treatment of the sordid vices. English for better or for worse, one is compelled to say of these two now famous poems.

The subsequent narrative poems relinquished something of the strictly English character of the first two, and when "Rosas" appeared a year or two ago it proved to be a poem devoid of native character and devoid, too, of inspiration. In his dramas which spread themselves more evenly over a much more protracted period, there is the same holding aloof from English subjects. The first and greatest of them, "The Tragedy of Nan," is indeed soaked in English country life and character. It recalls "Arden of Feversham" and the Gloucestershire scenes in Shakespeare, and it met with all the appreciation Masefield could have wished for. But something in his nature, perhaps a certain waywardness in his creative mind, soon took him further afield, to Rome, to Japan, to Palestine, to Spain. One kept expecting him to break into English verse drama with the old Elizabethan tang, but he never did, although he came near it in "Philip the King". And then the war came and took his mind into new channels. He confesses in his two interesting prefaces to the "Collected

Plays" and the "Collected Poems" (Macmillan) that the war tore him up by the roots. He does not say so in as many words, but it is abundantly clear that at the moment of writing he could not see a hand's breadth ahead of him. One waited to see what would happen next, and before long the surprise came in the shape of "Reynard the Fox" (Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.60).

In the light of the above preamble the title was most promising. Only one could not tell whether it was to be a Teutonic fox and a beast-epic or an English fox and a fox-hunt. The fox was English as many now know, and it is fairly clear too that since "The Tragedy of Nan" and "The Everlasting Mercy" Masefield has travelled in a dizzy circle of about ten years' duration and has now landed himself where he so splendidly began, on English soil with English smells and sights and speech around him. The war presumably completed the circle.

It is a healthier, more objective England that Masefield now sees. Perhaps he will be willing to linger a little longer in it this time, to dramatize some English subject in an English way as a sort of consummation of his great powers. Meanwhile it is good to have a full-statured work from him in which he lets his old self, his memories, his second nature take the pen out of his self-conscious hand and write for him. One has this time a feeling of easy reserve, of a whole country-side known and understood, of a work written out of the fulness of knowledge, an ample poem, not eked out but reined back and finishing easy.

The poem is in two parts, of which the first describes the meet at the tavern-front and the second the hunt itself. The seventy odd character-sketches recall The Prologue, and that is a disadvantage which Masefield must have been well aware of. He probably did right to ignore it and not shrink from a natural course because it had been followed by a great poet centuries back. Indeed, it is surprising to find that Chaucer is very seldom brought into the mind by the actual reading of the poem. The swift octo-syllabics, so different from the heroic coup-

let in feeling, and the confident realism of the sketches make one forget literature altogether and stand contentedly with the village yokels watching the actual meet. There is no straining after adjectives to jerk the mind back from the real to the literary and the unreal. Pete Gurney

had the russet apple mind
That betters as the weather worsen.
He was a manly English person,
Kind to the core, brave, merry, true.

And Kitty Myngs, the second whip, was simply

A horse-mouthed lad who knew his work.
He rode the big black horse, the Turk.
And longed to be a huntsman bold.
He had the horse-look, sharp and old,
With much good-nature in his face.

This is a simplicity that disarms and perhaps it says more than it seems to say, for long before the list is complete the reader is at home in a whole landscape and a whole tradition and he longs for the start. The hounds come at last.

They were a lovely pack, for looks;
Their forelegs drumsticked without crooks,
Straight, without overtread or bend,
Muscled to gallop to the end,
With neat feet round as any cat's.
Great-chested, muscled in the slats,
Bright, clean, short-coated, broad in shoulder,
With stag-like eyes that seemed to smoulder,
The heads well-cocked, the clean necks strong,
Brows broad, ears close, the muzzles long,
And all like racers in the thighs:
Their noses exquisitely wise.

It will be noticed that there is no change of manner in turning from men to hounds. The simpler English adjectives have hardly been used thus since Chaucer. Do we not pride ourselves on avoiding them?

It is, however, the hunt that makes the poem. Masfield runs with the fox, as Shakespeare would have done. At least, he runs with the hare in "Venus and Adonis."

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their
smell;

And sometimes sortheth with a herd of deer;
keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
and Sometimes sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to
doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have
singled

With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo re-
plies,
As if another chase were in the skies

Masfield's fox does all or many of these things. One hesitates to quote. The worth of the poem lies in the whole. There can hardly have been so splendid a piece of rapid verse narrative in English literature of our time, or more than two or three such in the whole course of it. The poem is made to be read aloud. Everything calls for this, the inexhaustible proper names, the endlessly varied suspense, the unbroken simplicity of it. If any feel that the reading aloud of poetry is a thing of the past this poem will make them revise their opinion.

Silent Music

By J. A. DALE

IS your muse for ever dumb?
Will the vision no more come.
To leave your lips in song unbidden?
O your lips are tongue-tied bells
Reverberating others' spells,
No passion shakes them into song.

Beneath the ardour of the sun,
Like empty night that dully sleeps
Through all the whispers of the stars,

As noon and night my muse is dumb.
For passing bright the visions come.
In song to take my heart unbidden.
In my heart the soundless bells
Weave away their silent spells,
Interlacing flames of song.

I burn like noon that panting throbs
With all the ardour of the sun,
I wait like night with ear intent
On every whisper of the stars.

The Library from the Inside, Out!

By MARY S. SAXE

WHETHER a library is collated, accessioned, classified, shelf-listed and catalogued just as it should be, or not: whether it has the very latest equipment in vertical filing or not; whether its reference department will yield at a moment's notice all the information of the ages or not: whether there is a juvenile department with diminutive furniture and story rug or not; whether a library has all these things, or just some of these things, or none of them: there is still one thing that all public libraries at least have in common, and that is the public. The dear public, as they are often called.

Because through the doors of every library, come certain types of people. We all know them, from the irritable old gentleman, who grumbles over his fines, rubs his eye-glasses, and blames everything that happens (except perhaps the weather) on the trusts; or the over-gracious lady who turns on and off her eyes like electric light bulbs, and murmurs, "How I envy you librarians your opportunity to browse among the great minds in literature."

Or the pompous clergyman, who thinks he will, of course, be allowed to break every rule in sight, and calmly walks into the cataloguing room, and tries to ignore the charging-desk altogether.

Or the very sensible-looking person in flat heels and flat hat who knows what she wants, when she wants it; or the young flapper, who says, "Oh Miss Blank, please give me something perfectly thrill-thrill-thrilling"; down to the small boy, who with feet wide apart and a determined expression demands, "A detective story."

It is interesting to consider how a librarian is to handle this part of her work. Because it is the human side that counts every time. The circulating desk is the pulse, the heart beat of the whole library system.

It has been said by some sage in the library world, that a librarian who is only a librarian is no librarian. A person may make a fetish of cataloguing. He may spend his daylight hours trying to find out what that second 'H' stands for in the midst of Henry Van Dyke's name. (Probably it is not a middling good

one, since its owner tried to drop it. But cataloguers must not let him. Oh! dear no! Full names and no abbreviations is the rule, followed by dates of birth and death, or a space left for the latter.)

Or one may catalogue such a book as "Life's Tangled Thread," by Boyd Carpenter. He may label it and accession and shelf list it, and yet be utterly indifferent to the inspiration within its covers. Success is, of course, impossible without a mastery of the technique in any profession. John Cotton Dana, in talking about the Library profession, tells his pupils that they must first learn the technique from the paste pot to the catalogue.

But one should really go him one better and know it from the paste pot to the public. The alliteration is better, so is the sense.

For after all is said and done, a book unused is of very little value to any one; while the right book in the hands of the right reader is of untold value.

First of all, to meet the public one must have an open mind, a mind so broad that one can be interested or at least simulate or stimulate an interest in all the questions of the day. One should keep in touch if possible with all the current events from Montreal to Vancouver and beyond, and from the Esquimaux to Mexico and beyond.

Cut in stone over the fireplace in the reading room of the Westmount Library is this quotation from Milton,—“What worlds or what vast regions hold the immortal mind.”

Some fifteen years ago now, there used to come through our library door a little widow: whose visits the staff rather dreaded, because she was so wrapt up in spiritualism; and sometimes she waxed indignant because the library was so limited as to books bearing on that subject. We discussed Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena" with her, and tried to simulate or stimulate an interest in her stories as to the visions she had had of her late husband's reappearances.

One hot summer day she tapped the head librarian with her fan and said, "You know Mr. Blank quite often gives me little pats, that I

feel, exactly like that." She was very determined that a book entitled "Voices," should be purchased, and the book committee, after some persuasion, as she was a taxpayer, listened to her request and decided to add a few books on spiritualism. What a difference now! One is in very good company along with Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Conan Doyle if one tries to wig-wag with the departed. The little widow still comes to the library, feeling that at last she is understood. She has grown deaf with age, but she still hears the spirit voices.

Such a wave of spiritualism has enveloped our community that all our books along these lines are in great demand. It is said that a medium who gave séances in the town, carried away four thousand dollars right in war-time. It makes one understand the phrase, "Happy Medium," doesn't it?

Yes. Librarians must make their minds elastic enough to cope with any subject, no matter how distasteful. They must learn to accept people's beliefs and religion, just as they accept people's dispositions. Both are usually the result of inheritance. It is not the librarian's duty to change a leopard's spots.

The Americans first evolved and carried out that wonderful plan of having separate rooms and especially trained librarians for children. While they, the members of the American Library Association, were in conference at Montreal in June, 1900, apparently the idea came to them right out of the air. One knows that the most wonderful air in the world is to be found on Mount Royal. They may have been inspired in that way. But is it not possible that the inspiration came after some of the members, as tourists, had visited the Grey Nunnery and had watched the very young nuns, especially told off to teach the tiny tots to sing, and to tell them stories?

Again, when the American Library Association met in 1918, at Saratoga Springs, everyone conceded that Dr. George H. Locke, of Toronto, made the very best address of the whole convention. And because of that inspiring speech, a resolution was passed that the American Library Association would go on with its extension work when the war ceased. Practically, that was the start of the forward movement about which we read so much nowadays.

One of the hardest tasks a librarian has to perform is to treat everyone with equal fairness. What a temptation it is to save books for people who are especially nice to one! There are persons you know whose self-import-

ance causes them to think that every rule should be broken to meet their wants. It takes a brave person to meet this sort of borrower.

Tactfulness will step in where all other measures fail. Though it should not be confounded with policy, which is something on a lower plane. Tactfulness is the product of intuition. It is the outward expression of self-control, while policy is sometimes a form of insincerity. Somebody has described tactfulness as that something in a man which makes him remember a lady's birthday but forget her age: and in a woman the ability to make lemonade out of a lemon that has been handed her.

If a librarian can only remember that it doesn't matter so much what she thinks about her public, so long as she does not think aloud, she will find it helpful.

There are a good many unpleasant people in the world. People who have a right to walk among us, who travel with us on the tram car who jostle us in the streets, who come to the library. When they hold out a hand for a book, it may be a soiled hand or a torn glove. What then?

Does the library training give the librarian a superior feeling? Or is she able to take an interest in the mind of every human being?

There is a wise saying that comes from India. It runs something like this,—

"A man who knows naught, and knows that he knows naught, help him, he is worthy.

"A man who knows, and knows not that he knows, awake him, he is asleep.

"A man who knows naught, and knows not that he knows naught, shun him, he is a fool!"

But this last should not be the librarian's attitude. She should be brave and help him. Surely if librarians have broad minds and brave hearts, they too will come to believe in the brotherhood of man.

There is an old Welsh proverb, which is something to treasure in one's mind. It will help not only the librarian who has to meet and greet all sorts and conditions of persons who enter the library doors, but it will help us all no matter in what path of life we walk.

Over in those Welsh hills in the early morning a mist arises and catches the sun's rays in such a way that everything is magnified and looks much larger than it really is, and the Welsh saying runs like this,—

"In the mists of the morning I saw a monster. I drew near, and lo! it was a man.

I drew nearer still, and lo! it was my brother."

The Teaching of French in Ontario

By CHARLES E. SAUNDERS

A RECENTLY published article by Professor Stephen Leacock condemning the methods by which the French language is taught to English-speaking students in the province of Ontario seems to require some comment. I venture to offer a few observations, though keenly aware of the disadvantages under which I labor in risking a tilt against so trenchant a pen, so skilfully and so delightfully handled. It appears to me that Professor Leacock, though correct in stating that the results are unsatisfactory, has not only, in his humorous way, seriously exaggerated the condition of affairs; but that he has an entirely erroneous idea as to what ought to be the main object, for most students, in studying a foreign language. His article is decidedly destructive. If the defects are to be remedied, constructive criticism is required. Many residents of the province (I write from Ottawa) both admire and love the French language and are very anxious that it should be more effectively and more extensively taught in our schools—especially as it is one of the two mother-tongues of the great majority of the Canadian people. It may be worth while therefore to examine the situation with care, in order to see if some helpful suggestions cannot be offered.

At the outset Professor Leacock says that his article "has no other purpose than to discuss why it is that the people in Ontario cannot *talk* French"; and then straightway he proceeds to consider the problem as to why nobody in Ontario ever succeeded in *learning* French. He assumes that anyone who can talk French knows French, and that he who cannot talk knows nothing—that indeed the measure of one's knowledge is easily taken by the facility with which one speaks. By his references to the ease in conversation displayed by Montreal cabmen and shop-girls, he appears to hold them up as linguistic models which the poor unfortunates who are taught in Ontario should strive—but for ever in vain—to equal.

Obviously the ability to converse indicates at least a slight knowledge of the language in

question. Yet surely all the world knows that one may be able to talk in French quite easily, about the ordinary commonplace doings of the day, without knowing "anything about French whatever—in the real sense!" There are hundreds of people, here in Ontario, of English and of French origin, who "speak both languages," but who know nothing worth mentioning about either. On the other hand it is equally obvious that one may know French pretty thoroughly, one may absorb through the literature a large amount of French culture, one may become acquainted at first hand with the great historians, critics, poets, priests and scientists of all the centuries since the French language was formed, and may at the same time be quite unfamiliar with the spoken word—quite unable to talk. If this were not knowing French in the real sense, I should have no more to say. I mean no disrespect to the clever cabmen and garrulous shop-girls of Montreal; but I do most heartily protest against confounding with a knowledge of the language the ability to use in conversation a small and often corrupt vocabulary. Unfortunately, having studied French exclusively (or almost so) in the province of Ontario, I am debarred forever, by Professor Leacock's axiom, from knowing anything about that language. Nevertheless, I ask for consideration of my statements on their merits.

Boys from an Ontario Collegiate Institute do not know enough real French to ask for a cup of tea in Paris, says the author. I can easily comprehend that any citizen of this arid province who was looking forward to some day enjoying life in the French capital might allow his mind to dwell too much on the pleasure of being able to ask for a drink of—well, not tea. But I am much surprised that anyone in the enlightened and freer province of Quebec should maintain, even half seriously, that the ability to ask for a drink may be taken as an index of one's knowledge of French. Drink does not occupy that paramount place in French literature and thought which it holds in the minds of Canadian citizens, especially in puritanical Ontario.

I contend that the ability to appreciate and enjoy modern authors like Daudet and Coppée or the old classics of Molière and Racine proves that the student has obtained a real knowledge of French, even though his ear and his tongue be so untrained that he may have to remain with thirst unslaked within the walls of a Parisian café.

It is not merely humorous exaggeration when an author maintains that training in translation from French into English or from English into French not only gives no knowledge of the French language but produces inability ever to learn it. Such a statement is totally wrong. A certain amount of translation from French into English is necessary in the earliest stages of instruction (unless the saving of time be no object); but this method should be abandoned as early as practicable. Translation from English into good, idiomatic French is, however, one of the best and quickest ways—even for advanced students—to acquire a thorough knowledge of the language. Of course, no one would think of trying to make a word for word translation. The object is to express a certain series of ideas or statements, not to write out a string of French words corresponding as accurately as possible to a given string of English words. Every capable teacher of advanced pupils knows the high value of such translation when properly carried out. The reason why an English text is used at all is because it is practically impossible to present a series of ideas without putting them into words. I do not mean that we necessarily think in some language. One may have very definite thoughts without putting them into words. But language offers the only feasible way of presenting these thoughts to others. If to avoid translation you ask a pupil to write a composition directly in French, he will as a rule spend most of his time in thinking out and arranging the ideas. This may be a good exercise in composition; but it is wasteful of time when viewed as an exercise in French. Furthermore, in a free composition a pupil will use chiefly the French he already knows well, and will avoid putting down any thoughts which he finds difficulty in expressing. He cannot do this with an English text before him. He must express the ideas which that text contains.

Having devoted considerable time for many years to the study of French by different methods, I confidently assert that translation from English into French is the most profitable of all exercises. Reading, dictation and oral train-

ing also have their place, but they are not nearly of equal importance for most students. Of course, if one's whole ambition be to carry on a trivial conversation or to ask for a drink, one must follow another system. The conversational or "natural" method, where English words are excluded, is not only far too slow, but is positively maddening to an adult who is not satisfied to spend an hour to grasp the idea conveyed by such a sentence as "This is a gold watch." After he has the idea, of course, he can easily learn the French way of expressing it. The "natural" method requires the mind and the unlimited time of a child—neither of which the adult possesses. He is already trained to think, and to catch ideas quickly. The "book" method (if I may use this word to express the common system, as distinguished from the "natural" or conversational one) opens the door of French literature far more quickly than the other; not only because it is intrinsically better, but also because the pupil can do fully two-thirds of the work by himself, thus tripling the small number of hours allowed the foreign language in school or college. True, the book method begins with translation; and sometimes the words supposed to be equivalent are not exactly so; but these fine distinctions will be perceived later on. It should be noted, here, that there are very many directly equivalent words: *Cheese* and *fromage*, *hat* and *chapeau*, *horse* and *cheval* for instance. Each of these French words expresses precisely the same thing as the English, and the foreign words can be far more quickly learned by the obvious and direct method of translation than if the teacher, in order to convey to the pupil the meaning of the French, be obliged to instruct him (largely by pantomime) in the composition of cheese, the making of a hat, or the anatomy of a horse, before the object in question can take shape in the pupil's mind. The "natural" method (or any other of similar type) is usually a dismal failure for adults and for younger people, except perhaps children, as everyone knows who has given it a thorough trial.

No doubt it is true that sufficient effort is not always made to teach the pupils, as early as possible, to understand French without translation; though it is certainly difficult to tell whether a student comprehends the meaning of a passage without requiring him to express the same ideas in English. That a perfect rendering of the most delicate shades of an author's thought is often impossible and that language study gives no true culture so long as one

is obliged to turn the foreign text into English before understanding it are truths which, though generally recognised by scholars, have not yet received sufficient emphasis in the ordinary class-room. Improvement in this direction should be possible in Ontario as elsewhere; though it is a matter which depends rather on the individual teacher than on any regulations which may be laid down for his guidance.

Possibly in some cases at examinations undue stress is laid on little catchy phrases and grammatical difficulties; but I confess that I am occasionally pulled up short in French conversation by not having a sufficient knowledge of, or practice in, such sentences as "Let him have some of it for them." Other faults there may also be in the Ontario system of teaching and examining, but they are not fundamental. Any student who goes through an Ontario university without being able to read French as such ("to think in French" is the common way to express it) has only himself to blame. I know a graduate in classics who read Latin without translating in his third year in college, and Latin is more difficult than French, and is taught in the same way. Probably he is an exception, but I believe that three-quarters of the students in the modern language courses acquire similar ability in French in their third year, if not earlier.

Since it is impossible to obtain a thorough knowledge of any foreign language in school, or even as a rule at the university, we must enquire what immediate and attainable objects ought to be in view, before we can intelligently decide what method of teaching should be used. The principal purposes for which one may study French are:

- (1) To train the mind,
- (2) To translate for practical purposes,
- (3) To read, without translating, as a means of culture,
- (4) To write,
- (5) To understand the language as spoken by others,
- (6) To carry on simple conversations for purposes of travel, business, etc.
- (7) To converse seriously or to give addresses in French.

The first object can be attained in many other ways, and the second would not often repay a student for his trouble; but the third is an excellent reason for study, and the result desired can be achieved by every serious student. To write French is much more difficult, and only a very small proportion of those who

begin to study the language will go so far. The other three purposes—numbered five, six and seven—require ear-training and the last two demand training of the organs of speech as well. Any large development in these directions consumes a great amount of time in the class, and the pupil can do none of this work by himself. Most people, therefore, even among those who really love the French language and who study it considerably, will not be able to pursue these lines of development.

Now, as it seems to me, the object (or degree of attainment) represented by a reading knowledge of French is one of the most important as well as most feasible of all the purposes for which one may take up the study of the language. Indeed, with the present restricted hours it is the only goal of much value that can be reached; and therefore until more time is granted for this subject we cannot do better than continue to use essentially the system now in vogue, and endeavor both at school and in the university to develop chiefly the pupils' ability to read understandingly the printed page.

The charge that "language in Ontario is regarded as a thing seen but not heard" is to a certain extent true. Educationalists have wisely chosen to work for what can often be attained rather than to neglect this and to waste the pupil's time by trying in vain to train his ear and tongue. Those who study the language profoundly must approach it from all aspects; but it is quite otherwise with the student whose period of instruction is necessarily very brief. The ordinary pupil gets little enough out of his work as it is; he would get less if the system were radically changed, with the same schedule of hours. Even in our own language most of us learn far more from books than from conversation and lectures; and in a foreign tongue this must be still more markedly the case.

If, however, for any reason, a student desires to acquire conversational ability first, or only, then the method at present in use is unsuitable to meet his wishes. Many of our young graduates from the universities are quite unable to chaff a shop-girl in French and some of them would have difficulty in giving directions to a French cabman. But, as I have already pointed out, training in ordinary conversation would not give the student any real culture such as he can acquire by a study of the literature. To the average citizen culture, nowadays, seems superfluous. Everything must be practical: must have some easily demonstrable relation-

ship to food, drink, clothing, shelter or money. Our educational system makes concessions to that view from time to time. Possibly some of these concessions are wise, but surely we ought to strive to retain a place for a little genuine culture in the system. What is the use of bread if it does nothing but keep up our physical life—if our high faculties remain undeveloped?

If it be granted, then, that the Ontario teachers are efficient, and that the system and its aims are not seriously at fault, why is it that as a rule the attainments in French of the English speaking inhabitants of Ontario are so lamentably small? That the results are unsatisfactory is generally admitted. Is it that we English lack that wonderful faculty for acquiring languages which foreigners are supposed to possess? Not at all. Foreigners have no exclusive monopoly of brains. They give much more time to languages than we do, and they obtain the just reward for their hard work. That is the secret; and if we wish to compete with them we must take up, far more seriously than at present, the problem of language study.

An Ontario schoolboy begins French at the age of about fourteen, while his foreign rival begins the study of other languages than his own at about nine years of age. Not only does this greatly increase the total length of the period of study, but it brings another advantage, namely that by commencing when the vocal organs are still comparatively undeveloped much superior results in regard to accent are possible. In the English schools of Quebec province, French is taken up several years earlier than in Ontario, and the sooner we follow this excellent example the better. It is absurd to suppose that as a race we are dull at languages. English, having almost no grammar, is very easy to learn—yet we do not even study it as thoroughly as we should. Foreign tongues, with their complicated grammar, require years of study. We begin our courses too late and we do not devote enough time to them.

The present situation cannot be viewed with complacency. The ignorance of the French language in Ontario is certainly deplorable, from several points of view. For historical reasons we ought to devote more attention to French—the language of the early pioneers in our province. It deserves particular notice also as one of the two official languages of the Dominion Government. Besides, how can we hope to develop harmony and goodwill between the English and French races in Canada if we do not mutually recognize the value of each other's

language, and do not give it a special and high place on our curricula? The excellent suggestion that our fellow-citizens of French origin in this province ought all to learn English could be made with so much better grace if we first of all acquired a thorough knowledge of their language.

We call French a foreign tongue and the French-Canadians refer in the same way to English. It is difficult to find another term; but certainly neither English nor French ought to be an unknown tongue to any educated person in either Ontario or Quebec. We are so apt to undervalue everything with which we are unacquainted, whether it be language, science, art, religion or anything else; and this is especially true of those whose education is very limited. Here then is an additional reason why French should be begun so early in our schools that every boy and girl would learn at least a little about it. If Ontario were to give adequate instruction in French, beginning in the public schools at an early age, she would take an important step towards an amicable solution of the bi-lingual problem.

There are other reasons, not local in character, but perhaps equally cogent, for granting special prominence to French. For any Englishman of today it is the pre-eminent foreign language. German, hitherto its one great rival, has been definitely relegated to a lower place as one of the inevitable results of the great war and its revelations. Not only has France attained to a very high degree of culture, not only does she possess a splendid literature, not only is she a recognized leader in art and in other branches of human endeavor, but her soldiers and ours have recently fought side by side, with undreamed-of courage, to save the world from a blighting Teutonic domination. What more fitting tribute could we pay to France than to commemorate the holy alliance by giving her language a unique position in our educational system? Such an opportunity will never occur again. It should be seized eagerly and without delay, as a mark of respect to France, for the promotion of harmony in Canada and for our own personal benefit from the culture we should obtain.

Ontario ought not only to extend the teaching of French to the early classes in the common schools, but should also enlarge and improve the courses in the collegiate institutes and universities. Even a short course is of value; but, to obtain the greatest advantages, long and thorough training is necessary. Only as a re-

sult of arduous work can a scholar hope to enter into intimate communion with the great souls of a foreign race, and only by so doing can he fully understand and appreciate a nation different from his own. The preparation of our instructors cannot be too good. Boys and girls need strong leadership; and only such teachers as are deeply versed in their subject—inspired by it indeed—should be placed in the more responsible positions. With well-equipped

instructors and a generous number of lesson periods through several years, our young people would acquire valuable knowledge of the French language, civilization and race. Without knowledge there will not be respect, and without respect how can there be harmony? Let us do our part to bring in the day of brotherly love for which the whole civilized world is now so earnestly praying.

A Ballad of Easter

By FRANCIS BEATRICE TAYLOR

THESE be the feeble and foolish folk
That followed the Man of Nazareth,
With tacklings loosened and girdings broke,
With fainting footsteps and failing breath,
From meadow and street he gathered them,
To the Cradle at Bethlehem;

Sailor and fisher and husbandman,
One made whole of his leprosy,
Still with his humble cortege ran
The beggar children of Galilee,
The blinded eyes, and the poor, and lame,
Into his legions came;

A woman shriven in oil of tears,
Bartimaeus by the wayside set,
Oh, ever the halting journey wears
To the cool, deep shadows of Olivet,
Ever the weary company
Beareth to Calvary.

* * * * *

These be the gallant and splendid folk
That followed the Christ of Nazareth,
These be the Knights of the Easy Yoke,
These be the Swords that conquered Death,

Clang of their lordly arms astir
To the door of a Sepulchre;

Seekers after a holy Quest,
Slaves to the bond of a Kingly dream,
With a Cross swung high and a lance in rest,
And the lights of the City of God agleam,
Dawn hath wakened on Lebanon Hill,
Follow Him, follow Him still.

These be the wise and valiant men,
League on league as a shoreless sea,
Turned from the wilderness again
To the ranks of His goodly company;
Sons of a New Jerusalem,
Whither He leadeth them.

* * * * *

Dawn hath wakened on Lebanon steep,
Light of their travelling torch is dim,
Up from the dark to His garden of sleep,
Scarred of His scars they followed Him,
Wrought of a mighty miracle,
The Lord God said, "It is well."

Teaching French in Ontario: Another View

By SCOTT GRIFFIN

PROFESSOR LEACOCK is always original and amusing. In the January issue of the *Canadian Bookman*, he gives us his views on the methods of teaching French in Ontario, and he is not only original and amusing, but up to a certain point he is right, which is a more compelling virtue. Nobody disagrees with him. Everbody sighs and wishes things could be different.

Plainly, a great weakness in the instruction given in the French language in our Ontario schools and colleges is that pupils leave these institutions adorned with trophies like a champion Hackney in the ring at a Horse Show, who can neither speak the language nor pronounce it correctly. And a still more melancholy feature is that a large proportion of those who taught those pupils are no better off. I speak this to our shame. I am afraid, however, that Professor Leacock, in his eagerness to have a sly dig at the morality of Ontario, wanders somewhat far afield. The world famous sanctity of this Province and the activities of its "unco guid" have, of course, nothing to do with the teaching of French. In fact such a frivolous pursuit may, in the latter's eyes, well be classed as an abomination and marked down for attention later on when tobacco and ice cream have received their death blow.

The Province of Ontario often reminds me of the traditional Englishman—pityed by this one—jeered at by that—despised by the other. But the Englishman manages to get along. So does Ontario. In the face of great material prosperity—great educational advantages—fertility of soil—freedom to all races and creeds—a stable government—wise laws wisely administered—everything to make her people contented, it is remarkable how little vain-glory one meets with in Ontario. She usually turns the other cheek to Quebec or Manitoba or others who smite her.

Even now, writhing under Professor Leacock's timely spanking, Ontario is not affronted. She acknowledges her transgression—her sin is ever before her.

How to alter it all is the question that besets her. How to win the approval of her critics. How to produce a race of students who can talk French as a Montreal cabman talks English. How to acquire the agility of those linguistic chamois in Montreal department stores who leap from French to English and back again as the spirit moves them.

It is a difficult problem.

One of the chief obstacles in the way is the instinctive reluctance of the Anglo-Saxon to speak French at all—or any language but his own. This is important.

A famous man once said that he attributed his success in life to the observance of a few simple rules that he framed himself. For instance, he would never extend credit to any man who spoke French with a pure Parisian accent. He said he saved a good deal of money in this way.

Another obstacle is the creation of a French atmosphere in which the student must be placed before he can really make progress. It is like swimming. One may run the gamut of shower, needle, Russian, Turkish, sitz—every sort of bath—but not one man in a million will learn to swim unless he gets a chance to kick his legs out in deep water.

And how many French masters are there in Ontario today, who, even if given *carte blanche* as to methods, would undertake to turn their pupils out polished speakers of the French language in the time given them? No, the *sine qua non* of speaking French is to be where French is spoken. It is purely a question of environment.

If one-half of my neighbors speak French and not English and the other half English and not French, I shall probably grow up with a vocabulary of about one hundred words in each language available on demand. But, and here is where Professor Leacock fails us, this is not speaking French. It is merely jabbering it in a vulgar sort of way. It is of little or no service to an educated man, whose performances would be ridiculed by cultured Frenchmen.

A singular awakening meets the individual equipped with the sort of French advocated by Professor Leacock, who finds himself suddenly planted down in the best French society. He will scarcely recognize the expressions and phrases that flit past his ears. The unexpected way of pronouncing certain words will bewilder him. His shabby little stock-in-trade falls flat on the market. The Montreal cabman does a spiral nose dive. He is done for.

When I was at the University I saw men who could read and enjoy Corneille, Racine, Victor Hugo, Pascal and Madame de Staël—who were experts in French grammar—who were personal friends, as one might say, with all the annoying idioms one meets with in the dreary climb through Ollendorff and De Fivas—who could translate “do not speak of it to them with me” like a shot and yet who could not reply to a simple question put to them in French and whose pronunciation of French words was a crime that shrieked to Heaven. These men represented the finished product of our Ontario System. They lacked but the one thing, and not needing it never missed it. I do not defend the result achieved. I wish these men had all been able to converse fluently in French. It would have been the icing on the cake as it were—a final triumph. But, looking back on the circumstances, I cannot see how it could have been done. And Professor Leacock does not tell us. So we must simply be patient with what was accomplished. It was a good deal, all things considered.

The point I have in mind, and I am humble before an authority like Professor Leacock, is that a knowledge of French does involve more than the mere ability to tackle all comers in

Hochelaga. It is impossible to speak French well without a knowledge of its syntax, its prosody, its history and its literature. Armed with all this, a few months residence among cultivated French people will do wonders. It is really the easiest part of learning a language.

As to *thinking* in French—that takes a bit of doing. But let no one be dismayed. It is not as formidable as it sounds. It comes with practice as contempt comes with familiarity. It is not reserved for superior beings. On the contrary it is level with the capacity of an ordinary mind, like remembering the cards at bridge or playing the tin whistle.

But how are we to teach this to our High School boys and girls who never hear a word of French from one year’s end to another save in the classroom for perhaps one hour twice a week? It is a puzzler.

Latin and Greek are apparently not in this category, although the same reasoning might well apply. Being dead languages, a colloquial knowledge is not necessary. Lord Dufferin, by the bye, on one occasion, was glad to know enough Latin to be able to make a speech in it. Still, an inability to converse in Latin and Greek does not mar the pleasure we take in reading their literature nor is the Ontario method of instruction in these languages—much the same as in French—exposed to similar condemnation. I am sure the farmer’s son from Ontario reading for honors in Modern Languages gets as much enjoyment from “*Tartuffe*” as Professor Leacock does from his *Horace*. Yet if you were to ask either of these gentlemen to propose the toast of “The Ladies” in these respective languages I doubt if either one of them could make a sound.

Her Ring

By MAURINE AYER

SHE showed me a ring,
 ’Twas a diamond,
 Large and very brilliant,
 Throwing colored specks of dancing light
 About her, when the sun
 Glinted on her finger.
 It was a gift to her,
 She owned it,
 This sparkling gem.

She looked at it pridefully
 And held it close.
 The sun went down in a blazing glow:
 The lightning flashed with a pale rose light:
 And a violin sang from its soul.
 But none of these
 Could she see above the brilliant fire
 Of her jewel.
 Is she, then, richer than I?

Butler of "Erewhon"

By J. A. DALE

BUTLER of "Erewhon" is always taken as a representative case of a writer whose work did not come to its own till after he himself had passed away. When he had written "Erewhon Revisited" he was seeking in vain for a publisher among firms of established reputation. Bernard Shaw told him, "I should be very much surprised if you find the slightest difficulty, so long as you avoid your contemporaries." In nearly all his ways of thought, Butler did so, not by intention, but by nature.

We are familiar with the conflict of the generations divided by the deep mental changes that quickened in the mid 19th century. It has left its record on literature in many minute studies, of which Mr. Gosse's "Father and Son," Miss Sinclair's "Life of Mary Olivier," and Butler's "Way of All Flesh," may be taken as finely contrasted examples of the same spiritual movement. The hatred of shoddy pseudo-pious ethics, of muddy thinking, of intellectual dishonesty, which made of Butler's work so wholesome and unpopular a salt, began at home under the stupid tyranny of a sentimental and ruthless orthodoxy. In his unhappy experience contemporaries were certainly people to be avoided.

He threw himself eagerly into the study of biology when it was reinvigorated by the researches of Darwin. But even here, congenial as was the fresher air of science, he was not to be at home. He refused to accept the new pontificate. In thinking determinedly for himself he was driven reluctantly to the Lamarckian position, and so came into conflict with Darwin and his followers. He was accused of seeking notoriety, in one of the dubious ways opened by controversy to mediocrity, by attaching his own to that honored name. But no one who has read Butler, or Mr. Jones' collection of documents in this Life,¹ can believe it for one moment. Scientists might point to his lack of scientific knowledge if they cared to do so. But they all (in this matter Darwin, Huxley, Romanes, and Ray Lankester) appeal-

ed, in books and lectures and periodicals, to the thinking public. They could not complain when they met a man who really does think, but happens to think differently. That is the historic difficulty of any established authority. But it is an additional hardship when a heterodoxy, in full triumph over mental inertia, has to meet not only the attacks of obscurantism, for which its weapons are ready and polished, but the cool and ironic criticism which carries to the verge of passion its own dislike of whatever is "subtle, foggy, hazy, mystical." It is a moment specially irritating to successful heterodoxy, to find a voice where one had expected an echo. Men so lately rebels are driven into a new orthodoxy, and are in peril of substituting a new cant for the old. "New presbyter" as Milton found, is very apt to be "old priest writ large."

Butler would have liked fame and financial success, but not at the current market price. The cause of straight thinking and speaking seemed to him to be at stake (see his letter II, 191.) Readers of "The Way of All Flesh" will remember his cautionary tales—to recall the means by which Hilaire Belloc delighted a later generation. They are of the very essence of his work. Mr. Jones adds a very delightful one not hitherto published, which is much to the point and of universal application—"The Country of the People Who Are Above Suspicion."

Once upon a time there was a youth whose fairy godmother had given him a sword: on the blade, near the hilt, was damascened the word Fairplay, and this was the name of the weapon. She told him to keep it bright and use it well and it would never fail him. Being a simple common straightforward boy he believed her, but all his faith in his sword, and learned how to sharpen it, to polish it, and to use it. When the time came for him to leave his father's roof, he girded it on and went forth to seek his fortune in the world. And it was as his fairy godmother had predicted. He slew all the dragons, entered all the enchanted castles, and restored all the bewitched princesses to their parents. He swam the great river that turns the mill that grinds the winds of the world, and did it as easily as an ordinary man jumps over a ditch. He

¹ Jones, Festing: "Samuel Butler. A Memoir." 2 vols. Macmillan, Toronto, \$6.

had no idea that there was anything unusual about him. He succeeded in all he attempted and his progress was as the march of an ever victorious army, until he came to the Country of the People who are Above Suspicion. And the ruler of that land is King Logomachy (n+1)th, and the name of his Queen is Aringa Rosa. No sooner had the youth passed the frontier than he became powerless: for it is a property of the climate of that country to corrode the metal of which his sword was made, so that he could not draw it from its scabbard.

The accent of personal bitterness was recognized by Butler himself (II., 1), "If in my books, from 'Erewhon' (1872) to 'Luck or Cunning?' (1887), there is something behind the written word which the reader can feel but not grasp—and I fancy this must be so—it is due I believe to the sense of wrong which is omnipresent with me, not only in regard to Pauli, the Darwins, and my father, but also in regard to my ever-present anxiety about money." In later years these sources of injury passed away; but it was always true that "I do nothing well unless *con amore*, and under diabolical inspiration."

These sources of inspiration were continuous, and seldom has a writer had a more faithful mocking Puck at his command. No wonder Mr. Shaw recognized him as his true predecessor. Both by nature and intention Butler was anti-romantic. "Earnestness," he said of Beaconsfield, "was his greatest danger: . . . he managed to veil it with a fair amount of success." Or again, "a little levity will save many a good heavy thing from sinking."

His humor was not occasional, and seldom flashed into wit: it pervaded his whole mental attitude, often belying a nature essentially reverent, but fearing nothing so much as the violation of commonsense. No one could be more annoyed at spurious reputations maintained by tradition: "all who have reputations as classics live and move, according to Garnett, in a region where the writs of common sense do not run." This was written when he had been getting some good fun out of the sequacious habits of critics who carry on traditions without daring to verify them, having atrophied their power of forming original judgments. I can only refer in passing to a letter on the pundits of science and literature (II., 172-3) as a characteristic expression of his radical criticism.

This drastic anti-sentimentalism is connected with some of his limitations in appreciation. The casual record of his likes and dislikes makes

a very interesting feature of a Life full of varied interest. But the things he loved, he loved intensely—Italy, the Odyssey, Handel, Giovanni Bellini, and the 13th chapter of the 1st epistle to the Corinthians. In all he found a deeply human sympathy, and he knew them with rare intimacy; but in all, his judgment was entirely detached from tradition, and often led to results startling to the orthodox worshipper. Poetry usually put him off, as we should expect. He had little sense of its specific charm of form. Perhaps the best statement of his reaction to poetry is in the letters, mostly to Robert Bridges, quoted in chapter 38. With poetry which really touched him he would saturate himself, as he did with Homer and with Shakespeare's Sonnets. It is significant that he could not compose a picture or a plot, while he could render with a mastery of detail very impressive in the mass the scenery of Erewhon, or build up from observed and remembered incidents an impressive study of human nature.

He was always exploring, at once intensely and humorously. His successive expeditions into the fundamentals of Christian ethics and dogma, of evolution, of the Odyssey, of Shakespeare's Sonnets, casual as they seem are yet consistent as illustrations of a method of attack and statement. The story of them is unfolded in its proper setting with the utmost filial care by Mr. Jones. He shows us the context of Butler's books in his life and personality, told as far as possible in letters and notes. For this, following the publication of the "Notebooks of Samuel Butler" in 1912, he deserves our gratitude. There is no longer any difficulty in finding publishers and readers for Butler—he has avoided his contemporaries.

There is a minor interest for Canadians in Butler's brief but expensive experience of Canadian industry in its early days. Its chief literary record is in the "Psalm of Montreal," which it so happens was the first thing of his I met. It was told me by a man after his own heart, a keen and candid wit and a good scholar, who even in old age had more than Butler's own innocence of expression in the child's blue eyes behind which lurked a superfluity of naughtiness. The occasion of the psalm was the discovery in the Museum of Natural History at Montreal, of a Discobolus—banished from public view because he was vulgar and had no pants. Which made Butler reflect that the Montrealers of his day lived under the law, and not like his beloved Italians, under grace. But that was long ago—in 1875.

Meredith and the New Prosody

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE orthodox prosody which has constituted the Criminal Law of English poetry for several hundred years, and has been rigidly enforced by courts of grammarians and scholiasts upon the frequently reluctant persons of the writers of poetry, is a prosody based upon a slavish imitation of that of Greek and Latin, especially the latter. Today, fortunately for English poetry, the hold of this corpus of ancient jurisprudence upon the allegiance of poetry-makers and poetry-lovers is being weakened, and another and much more natural body of doctrine is growing up to replace it.

Based entirely upon quantity, the ancient prosody of Greek and Latin consisted in certain rules for the arrangement of short and long syllables and for the insertion of certain imaginary boundary lines separating the arranged syllables into feet. The question of accent did not enter into the proceedings at any stage. As every syllable contained within itself (in its vowel or in the nature of the consonantal sound following the vowel) an absolute indication whether it was to be regarded as short or long, there could be no dispute concerning the pattern, the arrangement, of short and long syllables, which the poet intended to exhibit; it could not have been more clearly set forth if he had printed the technical signs for short or long over each of his vowels. The division of the pattern into feet, on the contrary, was in no way exhibited in the verse itself, and was as much a product of reflection and study subsequent to the creation of the poem as the division of the surface of the earth into degrees of latitude and longitude was a product of study subsequent to the creation of the earth itself. Prosodists and geographers are both useful persons, doubtless, but the creators of poetry and the Creator of the Universe are not to be regarded as working to satisfy their requirements.

With the passing of generations, the human ear appears to have become less sensitive to quantity, to the length or shortness of a given syllable, and more sensitive to the strength of the accent thrown upon it by the speaker or singer. At all events, we find the early Christian poets, though writing in Latin, exhibiting

a growing disregard for length of syllables and a growing interest in accent; and the English poets from the time of Chaucer onwards built their line-patterns exclusively on considerations of accent and scattered long and short syllables as indiscriminately as a pianist scatters black and white notes. It is to be noted that while any group of Latin syllables contained within itself the most precise indications of the length or shortness of each, any group of English syllables (or syllables of any modern language) may be deficient in such indications in regard to the accent of a large number of its members, since accent is purely a relative matter, a putting of more stress on one syllable and less stress on its neighbor, and the English language gives no positive instructions for such treatment except as between syllables in the same word. This affords to the English prosodists a glorious field for disputes, of which it may be added they have taken full advantage, and of which their Greek and Latin ancestors were wholly deprived. As regards division into feet, that of course remains as arbitrary and imaginary in English as it always was in Latin.

It has always appeared strange to me that the English poets, when throwing overboard the basis of Latin metre, and taking another basis all their own, retained all of the patterns, the arrangements, of Latin verse, merely substituting an accented syllable for a long syllable and an unaccented syllable for a short. There were no phonographs in those days, and hence we have no record of the manner in which Latin poetry was uttered shortly before the time of Chaucer; but if we had, I imagine that we should find that the reciters used a good deal of what we should call accent, stressing the long syllables and passing lightly over the shorts, and that the same method was adopted in the few early-English poems written on the quantitative basis. Such accentuation would be unnatural and artificial, shifting many accents from the places where they would fall in prose utterance to places which in prose would have no accent; but it would afford the basis for an accentual system of writing, and as soon as there arose a poet with the courage to put into the accentuated places in the established pattern the syl-

lables which had long been accented in prose, the innovation would be hailed as an immense advance in naturalism.

For hundreds of years the accentual system thus derived by substituting accent for length has been the ruling principle of English verse. It has had some odd consequences. The "feet" taken over from the Latin had one long syllable to one short syllable, or at the most to two short syllables; also any one long syllable was equal in value to any other long syllable. In the accentual system which replaced it, therefore, there had to be one accented syllable to one, or at the most two, unaccented syllables, and the accented syllables had to be all of equal value. (This had the result of killing one of the most admirable of the Latin feet, the spondee, with two equal long syllables, for the accentuation system could not, even with the best intentions to imitate Latin, accommodate in one foot two long syllables, for the second syllable was inevitably degraded in importance, and became by mere force of comparison an unaccented syllable.) Now significant stresses do not occur nearly as frequently as this in ordinary English, and the poets were therefore constantly compelled to impose an accent, for metrical purposes alone, on syllables which had no natural accent.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles.

Here the third foot in both the first and second lines contains no syllable which would have any accent, but for the convention upon which the poet is working. That convention was capable, and is still capable, of producing verse of great beauty and variety; but it seems excessive to assert that it is the only convention upon which English poetry can be written.

For the fact is that today, partly perhaps as a result of the influence of music with its wonderfully developed system of time and rhythm notation, we are beginning to see examples of a metrical practice which cannot be accounted for by this ancient convention of one accent to every two or three syllables and all accents equal in value. I say, cannot be accounted for; and by that I do not mean that it is not possible for the old-fashioned prosodist to scan any individual line of it. There is no line in English that cannot be scanned in iambs, trochees and anapaests, if you don't care how many feet you make of it; probably there is no sentence in English prose of which the same might not

be said. When I speak of a metrical practice which cannot be accounted for by iambic or trochaic scansion, I mean a regular, recurrent, systematic rhythmical appeal to the ear, in which some syllables are required to occupy a greater time and some a less time, in comparison with the syllables around them, than can be given to them in any of the systems of feet provided by the orthodox prosody; in which the whole responsibility for the rhythm rests on the stressed syllables, just as in music the whole responsibility rests on the stressed note which occurs at the beginning of each bar, and the space between the stressed syllables may be occupied by as few or as many syllables as the writer desires, or even in exceptional cases by a pause or rest.

One of the finest and most suggestive examples of this new principle is Meredith's "Love in the Valley." This poem is written in a metre which I would far rather describe as consisting of four musical bars than of four "feet," for the simple reason that the term "foot" is restricted by usage to a certain number of syllables, whereas there is no limit to the number of notes which can be introduced into a musical bar by cutting the time of each note in half, and the only limit to the increase in the number of syllables in a given time-space in a poem such as Meredith's is the limit to the human capacity for rapid utterance. (Meredith does not go beyond four syllables in a given time-space; Swinburne, in "Super Flumina Babylonis," I regard as using five, but with the utmost care to select for two or three of them the lightest, swiftest syllables that he can find; and I conceive that there is no reason why a bar of six syllables should not be possible with similar precautions.)

"Love in the Valley" is an absolutely formal poem. It consists of a stanza of eight lines, of which the second and fourth are rhymed and the sixth and eighth, the remainder being free. The closing foot, or bar, of the rhymed lines is truncated, so as to consist of the rhyming, accented syllable only; the corresponding foot in the other lines has an additional unaccented syllable. The truncated lines are printed, as is usual in such cases, with a slight indentation from the margin of the untruncated lines. There is every conceivable indication that the poet intended these stanzas to be absolutely regular; and the man who undertakes to provide them with a system of scansion by which one line is measured into four feet while the corresponding lines in the same and other stan-

zas run anywhere from five to seven has a very heavy burden of proof upon him.

The only possible scansion of "Love in the Valley," which will provide it with a uniform metrical scheme is a scansion based upon stresses and time values. The basis of this scansion is a four-beat bar, that is a bar containing four equal time-divisions, with a stress upon the first, precisely as in the ordinary 4/4 metre of music. The important point is that any such bar is equivalent to any other bar, no matter how many syllables either of them may contain. It is the time occupied, not the number of syllables, that gives to the lines of this poem their musical uniformity; it is the use made of that time that gives to them their splendid variety. The scheme is fixed; the liberty of the individual line within that scheme is very great. Both the scheme and the liberty contribute to the noble effect of the poem, whereas a liberty which involves no scheme whatever is not poetry at all, but meandering.

The commonest contents of this bar consist of four syllables, one to each quarter of the time occupied by the bar. The first syllable in the bar is accented just as the first beat in a musical bar is accented; the syllable occupying the third beat may bear a secondary accent, important but far less weighty than that of the first beat. This fact alone would impel me to deny the propriety of cutting up this bar into two "feet," as the orthodox scansionists have to do, because such a process destroys the subordination of the second half to the first half, just as the cutting up of a bar of 4/4 time into two bars of two beats each destroys the relation of the two parts and substitutes two equal and independent measures for one measure containing a more important and a less important half. The typical line is:

When her mother tends her be-fore the laugh-
ing mirror,

and to recite this as

When her mother tends her be-fore the
laughing mirror

is to erect "mother" and "laughing" into metrical units as important as "when her" and "fore the," which utterly destroys the rhythmical movement of the composition.

But this endeavor to establish a trochaic foot as the basis for the line, and to treat "tends her be-" as an ordinary dactyl interchangeable with the trochee has another and even more

ruinous effect on the movement of the line. It destroys the pause after "her" which is one of the most beautiful things in the metre. Every line of this most regular of all regular poems has a pronounced caesura or pause in the second bar, demanded in every case by sense as well as by sound. So strong is this pause that it frequently reduces the number of syllables in the bar to two, and sometimes even to one, the pause, like a musical rest, occupying the whole of the last half of the bar. It is easy to allow for a moderate pause in a bar of four beats containing only three syllables; it is impossible if those three syllables are to be regarded as one foot in a line whose standard foot is the trochee, for in that case the dactyl is already crowded without allowing for the pause at all.

I have used the term "bar" for the unit of measurement in this scansion simply to make my meaning clear. I do not admit that this unit is incapable of being described as a "foot." The ancients had feet consisting of four syllables, with two long ones included, and I can see no reason why the same license (of terminology, for that is all it is) should not be extended to the moderns. But terminology has nothing to do with the essence of things. If this "bar" is not a "foot," then much modern poetry is not based upon feet at all, and if it is not a proper form for measurement, then much poetry that is as regular as clockwork in its sound and rhythmical effect cannot be reduced to any regular measurement. It is doubtless largely a matter of individual taste. There may be, in fact there are, people who prefer reading "Love in the Valley" as a series of lines of varying length, arranged according to no principle and answering to no regular rhythmical plan. Personally I prefer to read it as a poem whose measure is rigidly uniform, but whose variety of movement within that measure is as wide as I could possibly desire.

It may be well to note that the position of the third beat in the bar may be, and often is, occupied by a syllable whose importance in the sense, or even in sound, may be greater than that of the first-beat syllable. This is no greater license, and interferes no more with the general movement of the line, than the right constantly claimed by the most orthodox poets to interchange trochees and iambs. The important thing is that the four beats taken together constitute a unit, that they may be occupied by four syllables, or by three, or by two, or even in some instances by one, and that this group

of syllables and the accompanying rest if any have a definite and fixed time value which is the same no matter how many or how few the syllables be. The first syllable, like the first beat in a bar, must have some accent: in the great majority of cases it will have the chief accent: if in some cases its value in respect of sense or of weight of sound (quantity, in much the same way as the Latin writers conceived it) be slightly exceeded by that of the syllable in the middle of the bar, there does not seem to be any reason for surprise or for declaring that the poem is "irregular."

As the poem, according to the doctrine which I am endeavoring to expound, is perfectly regular, it is not necessary that I should scan more than a few sample verses to show the basis upon which it is built. As I have already remarked in relation to the old scansion, the English words do not contain in themselves any positive indication as to which syllables are to be stressed and which unstressed, and much has to be left to the intelligence, and taste of the reader. (Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, with considerable wisdom, has undertaken to show his exact intentions by printing an accent over his stressed syllables, but Meredith never made such concessions to the weakness of his readers.) There may be room for differences of opinion as to the syllables proper to be stressed in several lines of "Love in the Valley." Personally I prefer to read (in order to get that sharp detachment between the two halves of the line which is characteristic of the design)

Often she thinks, (pause) were this wild
thing wedded,

but I am willing to admit that the third foot is crowded, and to allow of the feasibility of putting "were this" back into the second foot. I do not admit that the fact of the second foot having, in my scansion, only one syllable is any objection to it; for with the pause which belongs to this foot the one syllable appears to me quite sufficient to fill it, and a later line seems to afford conclusive proof that Meredith held the same view:

Mother of the dews, (pause) dark eye-lashed
ed | twilight

where the alternative of putting a stress upon "eye" (if "dark" is put back into the second foot) seems to me most unsatisfactory, slurring as it does the valuable descriptive word and accenting a word of minor importance in the

phrase. However, ordinarily speaking the stresses are as obvious as sense and sound-values can possibly make them. Here are a few sample stanzas:

When her mother tends her before the laugh-
ing | mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair.
Often she | thinks, | were this wild thing |
wedded,
More love should | I have, and | much less |
care.

When her mother | tends her before the laugh-
ing | mirror,
Loosening her | laces, | combing down her | curls,
Often she | thinks, | were this wild thing |
wedded
I should miss but | one for | many boys and
girls.

Mother of the | dews, | dark eye-lashed | twi-
light,
Low-lidded | twilight, | o'er the valley's | brim,
Rounding on thy | breast sings the | dew-de-
lighted | skylark,
Clear as though the | dewdrops | had their voice
in | him.

Front door and | back of the | mossed old | farm
house
Open with the | morn, and | in a breezy | link
Freshly sparkles | garden to | stripe-shadowed |
orchard,
Green across a | rill where on | sand the min-
nows | wink.

Large and smoky red the sun's cold | disk
drops,
Clipped by naked hills, on violet-shaded |
snow:
Eastward large and | still lights | up a bower
of | moonrise,
Whence at her | leisure steps the moon a glow.

It will be interesting to know what the advocates of the trochaic scansion of "Love in the Valley" make of the extremely similar arrangement in two famous poems, in both of which it is necessary either to abandon pretence of regularity or to admit the possibility of substituting two syllables for four. In the case of the noble hymn translated from the Latin by Bishop Heber we have the advantage of a musical setting which makes it perfectly clear how every line is to be treated when sung. It does not necessarily follow from this fact that Bishop Heber had the hymn-tune rhythms in mind when he wrote it: plenty of poems have been written for reading in one rhythm (usually the old-fashioned trochaic or iambic) and have been subsequently set to music without any regard to

the original design. But in the case of "Holy, Holy, Holy," I maintain that the music not merely gives us the rhythm for singing, but corresponds to the rhythm which the author had in his mind when writing; that is to say that it sounded to him and should sound to us, when read as well as when sung, like an arrangement in four-beat bars. (The only scansion in which I can take any interest is that which indicates the sound of the poem as intended by the poet.)

Holy, Holy, Ho-ly, | Lord God Al-mighty,
Early in the | morn-ing our | song shall rise to |
Thee.

Holy, Holy, | Ho-ly, | Mereiful and | Mighty,
God in Three Per-sons, | Blessed Trini-ty.

Holy, Holy, | Ho-ly, | all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their | golden crowns a round the
glassy | sea.

Cherubim and | Seraphim | falling down before
Thee.

Which wert and | art, and | evermore shalt | be.

or possibly

Which] wert, (pause) and | art, (pause) and |
evermore shalt | be.

Now the first line of this poem is capable of being scanned as perfectly good trochaic pentameter, with "Holy Lord" as a dactyl replacing the standard trochee. But there is not another corresponding line in the poem which can be so treated. The third, fifth and seventh lines, if scanned in trochaics, are hexameter—perfectly good hexameter, if you don't mind being jumped from pentameter to hexameter at a moment's notice in what should be an absolutely regular hymn, but speaking for myself, I do mind very greatly. The second line, scanned trochaically, is truncated hexameter, with one quite allowable dactyl. But what, by that scansion, are the corresponding lines? The fourth is truncated pentameter, with the appalling dactyl "God in three" to give it a nice start. The sixth line is truncated heptameter—seven feet, in the position which in the first stanza was occupied by six. As for the eighth line, it seems to be truncated pentameter with an even more appalling dactyl than in the fourth line. There is, it is true, an alternative. We can call it, and the fourth line, iambic, and thereby lay down the principle that sooner than accept the perfectly regular rhythmical scansion which I have provided the poet is to be regarded as moving not only from pentameter to heptameter, but also from trochaics to iam-

bic at his own sweet will and subject to no other guiding authority.

Finally may I beg the reader to ask himself (or to ask Mr. Kipling) whether dactyls, iambs, trochees, anapaests or spondees have anything to do with the pounding, mug-on-the-table rhythm of "The Last Chantey"?

Thus said the Lord in the | Vault above the
Cherubim,

Calling to the | Angels and the | souls in their
de gree:

Lo!] Earth has passed away

On the] smoke of Judgment | Day.

That Our] word may be established shall We
gather up the | sea?

I need hardly say that I make not the slightest claim for originality for any of the principles which I have attempted to expound in this article. I regard them as constituting the kind of gospel which needs to be preached at the present time for the salvation of English poetry, and I therefore accept the duty of proclaiming them, not in my own name but in the names of the great poets and the great critics of poetry who have enunciated them, wherever the proclamation seems likely to do good. The columns of the *Canadian Bookman* appear to provide a thoroughly suitable pulpit. Most of the doctrine will be found in the writings of Sidney Lanier, the American poet, who not only formulated them, but made practical use of them in the production of a number of poems of novel and extraordinary beauty. They are hinted at by Coleridge in the Preface to "Christabel," and more scientifically stated by Sir Henry Newbolt in the essay, "Poetry and Rhythm," contained in "A New Study of English Poetry." Here is Sir Henry's re-statement of the Coleridge gospel:

Certainly nothing could possibly be simpler: you set out to write a poem, say in short couplets; you express your story as you conceive it, in words placed in their natural order, with their natural pronunciation and stresses; when you have got four beats or stresses, with such unstressed syllables as they happen to carry with them, your rhythm is complete, you rhyme and pass to the next line.

Coleridge, Sir Henry tells us, failed to carry out his doctrine consistently (which is not surprising, seeing how his ear must have been habituated to the conventional prosody), and

The first poet to use this principle with full command, to show that a prosody based on it

may give range as well as power to the poetic instrument, is Mr. Robert Bridges. . . . It will be seen at once that in these poems there is not only new beauty of content, but the sound of a new instrument for expressing it. There are lines here which are not merely fresh in their rhythm, but which could not, so long as the words keep their natural accentuation, exist at all in any other kind of English metre known to us.

This last sentence is an exaggeration. There is not, I repeat, a line of verse in the English language, nor probably a sentence of prose, which cannot be tortured into some conventional series of feet by an old-style prosodist who is willing to allow interchange of iambs, trochees, spondees and dactyls, or an occasional unnatural accent, and who does not care how many feet he gets into his line. Such a person will take Sir Henry's own poem, "Drake's Drum," and assure us that of two rhyming lines, lines which answer to one another like deep unto deep, like the echo to the trumpet call, one contains seven feet, another six or possibly even five.

Drake he's | in his | hammock | till the ' great
Armladas | come,
(Capten, | art tha | sleepin' | there bellow?)
Slung atween the round shot, ' listenin' | for
the | drum,
An'] dreamin' arl the | time o' | Plymouth
| Hoe.

Meredith is dead, and cannot speak for himself. Sir Henry, fortunately, is still alive. In the interests of that living, growing English poetry of which he is one of the most eminent creators and expositors, I believe that I have the right to call upon him to correct me if I am wrong in declaring that the above scansion, or any scansion based upon trochaic and dactylic

feet, is an outrageous perversion of the design of his poem. That design is based on stresses, without regard to the number of syllables between, which may be greater or less according to the natural flow of the words, and which is also frequently governed by the kind of movement-effect aimed at, whether rapid, slow or halting. The number of stresses is rigidly uniform (as in "Love in the Valley").

Drake he's in his | hammock till the . great
. Armadas | come,
(Captain, art tha | sleepin' there bellow?)
Slung atween the ' round shot, ' listening for
the | drum,
an'] dreamin' arl the | time o' Plymouth
Hoe.

Mr. John Masefield is also alive, and I call on him in the same manner, and with the same confidence, to declare whether his lovely poem, "Cargoes," can be adequately represented by trochaic scansion, and whether it is not absolutely governed by stresses, and timed so that each stress with its accompanying unstressed syllables occupies about the same period in delivery as any other:

Quinquireme of | Nineveh from | distant | Ophir
Rowing home to | haven in | sunny Palestine,
With a] cargo of | ivory,
And] apes and | peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white |
wine.

Dirty British coaster with a | salt-caked |
smoke-stack,
Butting through the | Channel in the | mad
March | days,
With a] cargo of | Tyne coal,
Road-rails, | pig-lead,
Firewood, | iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

Phantasy

By M. B.

I S the round earth just growing
On some celestial tree,
With heavy branches swaying
Above Eternity?--

And some day shall the Master
Who treads the path of light.

From myriad globes there gleaming
Pluck it for his delight?

Or, shall the days unnumbered,
Like leaves, fall one by one,
And then this world drop softly
Into Oblivion?

The New Prosody: A Rejoinder

By ALFRED GORDON

MR. SANDWELL has kindly allowed me to read the manuscript of an article which he has written expounding Sidney Lanier's theory of prosody and applying it to Meredith's "Love in the Valley."

I disagree very strongly with the whole article, and I asked Mr. Sandwell if he would allow me to reply to it. With his customary fairness he acceded to my request, and has judged it best that the two articles, his and mine, should appear together, as even a vital controversy is apt to pall if drawn out on the instalment system.

In undertaking to reply to Mr. Sandwell, I have set myself a two-fold task, to refute his theory, and to justify my own; but the only difficulty it presents to me is that it will be hard for me to avoid hopping from one to the other in a manner disconcerting to all but the closest reader, and I fear that there will be a certain amount of repetition for the sake of absolute clarity.

I shall first deal with Mr. Sandwell's paper in general. All is plain sailing until the words, "For hundreds of years." In this paragraph there are two mis-statements. The first is, that "the accented syllables had to be all of equal value." The second is, that "this had the result of killing . . . the spondee." With regard to the first, the fact that Dr. Abbott is chiefly responsible for our masters at school insisting on a full, fat stress in every foot does not make it true. It was Dr. Abbott, and not the poets, who insisted that the accented syllables had to be all of equal value. With regard to the second, "Paradise Lost," Book IV., lines 720 and 721, will serve as one out of many hundred examples that might be chosen from either Shakespeare or Milton in flat negation, though of course the English spondee is not the Latin one, any more than the English iamb is the Latin one:

Thus at | their shad-ly lodge | arrived, | both
stood
 Both turned, | and und-er o-pen sky | adored |.

It is precisely the *inequality* of the "arsis" (or stressed part) of some of the feet as com-

pared with others that constitutes the chief charm of blank verse.

Mr. Sandwell's theory, on the contrary, commences with "the syllable occupying the third beat may bear a secondary accent, important, but far less weighty than that of the first beat," and changes to "it may be well to note that the position of the third beat in the bar may be, and often is, occupied by a syllable whose importance in the sense, or even in sound, may be greater than that of the first syllable beat," and a more categorical piece of self-contradiction I have never seen, except another one in Mr Sandwell's paper, for, after having carefully laid down that his system is based on stress and time, he practically abandons stress by writing "if in some cases its value (i.e. that of the 'first beat') in respect of sense or of weight of sound (*quantity, in much the same way as the Latin writers conceived it*) be slightly exceeded by that of the syllable in the middle of the bar, there does not seem to be any reason for surprise or for declaring that the poem is irregular." (Italics mine.)

In support of this he cites Heber's well-known hymn which seems to be singularly unfortunate for his case, for does anyone really read

2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1½ 1½ 4
 Which wert, and art and ev-er more shalt be

with the time-values indicated? It is surely a very bed of Procrustes to which Mr. Sandwell has brought this manifestly irregular poem.

Mr. Sandwell does not, I think, appreciate where his theory leads him, but of that more anon. For the present I pick up one or two smaller matters. He says that a dactyl cannot have an internal pause, and all I have to do is to cite Swinburne's "Recollections" in order to refute him. He finds "bars" of five syllables in "Super Flumina Babylonis" which I scan easily:

By the wat-ers of Bab-ylon
 We sat down and wept
 Remem-bering thee,
 That for a-ges of ag-lony
 Hast endured, | and slept.

And would'st | not see. |
 And they slept and they ri-oted
 On their rose-hung beds,
 With mouths on flame. |
 And with love-locks vine-chapleted,
 And with rose-crowned heads
 And robes | of shame.

For there is in this poem a caesura in every odd line at exactly the same place, so that Mr. Sandwell is as unfortunate in detail as he is in general, but "the worst is yet to come."

Here are the correct scansions of "Drake's Drum" and "The Last Chantey," or as much of them as I need:

Thus said the Lord | in the Vault
 Above the Cher-ubim,
 Calling to the | Angels
 And the Souls | in their | degree
 "Lo! Earth | has passed | away
 On the smoke | of Judg-ment Day
 That Our Word may be estab- (lished)
 Shall We gath-ler up | the sea?"

Plague upon | the hurr- (icane)
 That made | us furl | and flee! |
 Our bones | we'll leave | the barr- | (acout',
 And God | may sink | the sea |

Then | said the soul | of Ju- |
 das that betray-led Him

He that | bits the | thunder |
 When the bull-mouthed break-ers flee!

And we drowed | the long | tides i- | (dle
 Till Thy Trum-pets tore | the sea. |

Drake he's | in his | hammock |
 An' a thous-land miles | away
 (Cap-ten, art | tha sleep-in' there be-
 low?)
 Slung a-tween the | round shot
 In Nom-bre Di-os Bay,
 An' dream-lin' arl | the time | o' Plym- |
 outh Hoe. |
 Yarnder | lumes the | Island. |
 Yarnder | lie the | ships |
 Wi' sai-lor lads | a-danc-lin' heel-lan'-toe,
 An' the shore-lights flash- | (in',
 An' the night-tide dash- | (in',
 He sees | it arl | so plain- | (ly
 As he say | it long | ago. |

which may be contrasted with Mr. Sandwell's scansions.

Take the Kipling first. According to Mr. Sandwell's scansion, "plague," "hurr-," "made" and "flee" are the main pillars of the line containing these words. I find the alliterated "p's and "f's and the double "r's

relegating "made" to a relatively subordinate position. According to Mr. Sandwell's insistence on time, there is no reason why Kipling should have been careful to print an accent over the "ed" of "betrayed," for "trayed Him" is a perfect time equivalent to "Cherubim." The reason for the accent is plain to the eye in my scansion, as is also the balancing of "hurricane" by "barracout," comparable to the introduction of feminine rhyme in Swinburne's "The Triumph of Time." According to Mr. Sandwell's scansion, "thund-" and "break-" are secondary stresses; and so too are "long" and "tore"—though once, nay twice again alliteration pleads against the damnation of this taking off. According to Mr. Sandwell's theory, the two light syllables with which so many of the lines commence are as it were grace-notes; according to mine they are the integral parts of anapaestic feet. Mr. Sandwell's theory gives no life to the short lines; mine does, and it makes every syllable of them count. One example which I have given is designed to show *one* reason why Kipling did not print this poem in stanzas of eight lines instead of six. Other reasons for not separating hemistichs are that it brings in unrhymed lines, and sometimes brings about undesirable things such as:

I am sick | of sing-ling: the bays. —*Swinburne.*

Now for the Newbolt. Mr. Sandwell could hardly have picked on an example more suited to my arguments, for it so happens that Sir Charles Villiers Stanford has set it to music, and that Sir Charles has expressed himself in no uncertain manner on the relation between musical and poetic rhythm.

The musical sentences into which Sir Charles has divided his melody correspond exactly with the hemistichs into which I have divided the lines. The treatment of the first seventeen bars (down to "plainly," where the purely "musical" treatment commences) is almost purely dynamic. With the exception of the final note of some of the phrases, such as the tied semi-breves given to "way," the treatment is so accentual that one could sing these first seventeen bars and yet hardly alter the "value" of one word.

Is this delightful agreement between poetry and music inherent? Let Sir Charles himself speak. "The first principle to grasp is the essential difference between quantity and accent" . . . "The first step in song-writing . . . is to grasp the rhythms and the prin-

ciples of poetry; to study its declamation through the knowledge not merely of the prosody, but of the fundamental difference between quantity and accent" . . . "Words which cannot be prolonged in elocution can be held on a long note in singing." Sir Charles also points out that the same lyric may be set in either 3/4 or 4/4 time with equal regard for accent, and it occurred to me to turn up German's setting of Kipling's "Morrow Down," in "The Just So Song Book." Here is the scansion on Mr. Sandwell's theory:

There) Runs a road by | Morrow Down a
Grassy track to-day it is |

but the setting is in 3/4, and it is a very good one, though it might have been done just as readily in 4/4.¹

Mr. Sandwell, by taking Heber's hymn as he does, forces poetry into a frame which it will not fit; and his theory is disproven by these categorical assertions of a great composer that when composing a song he handles his time so that it shall do no such violence to the poetic rhythm no matter what number of beats there may be in his bar.

I think I may fairly claim that Sir Charles understood "Drake's Drum" just as I have scanned it, and that the system employed represents Sir Henry's intentions, for, as was also seen in the scansion of "The Last Chantey," it gives full value to the anapaest.

There is only one "irregularity" (so much detested by Mr. Sandwell) in the poem, and that is seen by comparing:

I'll quit the port | of Heav- (en

with the corresponding lines in the other stanzas, but there is no more need to "harmonize" it by reading

¹ If Mr. Sandwell argues that at any rate there are four notes in the "bar," though not four "beats," I shall point out Schubert's "Der Leiermann" as conclusive evidence that a duple rhythm in verse can be set to triple in music. It is conclusive because the words suffer as little distortion as the words in "Drake's Drum." Both songs can be sung with the "parlato" voice. Compare the music to "Drake he's in his hammock, (and a) thousand miles away" with that to "snarling dogs pursue him, still a smile he wears." And if Mr. Sandwell insists on three notes in a bar, and objects to six, let him look at the national anthem, which is in 3/4 and could be as readily put into 4/4 by expressing it as

God | save our gracious | King long live our | noble
King God | save our King —

I'll quit port Heav- (en,
that is by gabbling "the" and "of," than there
is need to read

Thou art old-er and cold-er of spir-it and
blood than I — *Swinburne*.

as

Thou'rt old 'rand cold 'rof spir'it and blood
| than I.

As for the possible question, "Why didn't Sir Henry print it the way I have done?" the sufficient answer is that in this instance there is no reason, save convention, for the printing actually adopted.

I come next to Masfield's "Cargoes":

*Quin-*quireme of . *Nin-*evah from . *dist-*ant |
O-*phir* |
*State-*ly | *Span-*ish | *gall-*e-on | *com-*ing from
the | *Isth-*mus |
*Dirt-*y | *Brit-*ish | *coast-*er | with a | *salt-*caked |
*smoke-*stack
*Row-*ing | *home* to | *hav-*en in | *Sunn-*y | *Pal-*es-
| *tine* |
*Dipp-*ing | through the | *Trop-*ics | by the | *palm-*
green | *shores*
*Butt-*ing | through the | *Chan-*nel | in the | *Mad*
March | *days* |
*San-*dal | wood, — | *ce-*dar | wood, and | *sweet*
white | *wine* |
*To-*pazles, and | *cin-*namon, and *gold moi-*
| *dores* |
*Fi-*er | wood, — | *ir-*on ware, and *cheap tin*
trays

Mr. Sandwell is sure to say that I have no right to dissyllabize "fire," but Swinburne did so, and was duly "skinned" for it by Sir Owen Seaman. I have also used the "pause foot," and I have no objection to it when it does not involve drawling out a monosyllable, or gabbling words that should not be gabbled. The test is that

Sandal | wood, and | cedar wood, and sweet
white | wine

is not accentually different from the same line with the first "and" omitted, and a pause read in its place; but

Mother | of the | dew's. — dark eye-lashed
twilight |

is accentually different from

Mother | of the | dew's, dark | eye-lashed | twi-
light. |

Taking, now, the Kipling, Newbolt and Masfield poems together, it is plain to the eye of

anyone who compares Mr. Sandwell's scansion with mine that the 4/4 theory totally obscures the rhythmical difference between "Drake's Drum" and "The Last Chantey," the difference so strongly brought out by my scansion, namely, that the former consists of lines of which the hemistichs are both for the most part anapaestic, while the latter consists of alternating trochaic and anapaestic rhythm; and it is equally plain in "Cargoes" that the 4/4 theory obscures the fact that Masefield has not always placed his significant stresses in the same position in the line, a fact which is also observable in "The Last Chantey." That is, both Kipling and Masefield handle the six-foot-line in a manner analogous to the masterly handling of blank verse, in which the skilful poet may vary the number of his significant stresses from less to more than the normal five.

Mr. Sandwell is pleased to ask whether dactyls, etc., have anything to do with the pounding, mug-on-the-table rhythm of "The Last Chantey." I think I am now in the position to be more than pleased to reply that if not dactyls, certainly trochees, iambs and anapaests have a very great deal to do with it.

Mr. Sandwell, it must be admitted, had every temptation to apply his theory to it, for the second line can be read perfectly as a dactylic peon:

Calling to the Angels and the Souls of their
de-gree

though he should have been warned against such a scansion by either

Thus said the Lord in the Vault a-bove the
Cher-nim

or

Thus said the Lord in the vault above the
Cher-ubim.

I shall not be so pedantic as to assert that there cannot be true peonic poetry, that is, based on a foot consisting of one stressed syllable preceded or followed by three unstressed syllables; though I am tolerably sure that the line could not be kept up for long without breaking in half, for directly a second stress creeps into the peon there will be seen what we have seen in the "The Last Chantey" which I have conclusively shown to be based on the three feet which Swinburne said are the mainstay of English verse.

It will be readily seen that a continuous scansion of the poem according to these same three feet gives an irregular number of feet in the lines owing to such a scansion obscuring the initial anapaests of the two hemistichs, thus:

Calling to the Angels and the souls in their
de-gree (7 feet)
That Our Word may be es-tablished shall
We gather up the sea? (8 feet)

while

Lord, hast Thou forgott-en Thy cov-enant
with me?

lacking such anapaests, may be read with or without the hemistich.

Finally I observe that though the rhythm of this poem pounds on six stresses, and not four, as Mr. Sandwell would have us believe, it does none the less pound, and it pounds because it is anapaestic and has a regular number of feet to the hemistich.

It is my contention that Meredith knew enough about English verse to know that it is impossible to employ the trisyllabic foot, together with an equal number of feet in the line, and not have a pounding rhythm, and that he therefore so handled his measure that it would not break into equal halves and would present the irregularity exhibited by "The Last Chantey" when scanned continuously.

I therefore commence my study of "Love in the Valley" by considering the caesura which Mr. Sandwell roundly, and wrongly, asserts exists in every line of the poem; and I submit the following lines to disprove that assertion:

Some bend beaten cheek to gravel, and their
angel
Violet blushing eglantine in life; and even as
they
Yellow with birdfoot trefoil are the grass glades
Night-long on black print-branches our beech
tree.

passing on to show that the caesura, when it occurs (and it is far more frequent than not), divides the line, as I have said, unequally:

Under yonder beech-tree
Single on the greensward
Couch'd with her arms
Behind her gold-en head
Knees and tresses folded
To slip and rip-ple id-ly
Lies my young love sleeping
In the shade
Had I the heart
To slide an arm beneath her

Waking in a-mazement
 She could not but embrace (me
 Then would she hold me
 And never let me go :

which tells us nothing that we do not already know, and shows that most dactylic lines with masculine ending can be cut into two rhythms:

Warriors and chiefs, should
 The shaft or the sword
 Pierce me in leading
 The host of the Lord :

There is no reason therefore for employing anything but continuous scansion, and even if it does produce an uneven number of feet in the various lines, this is nothing new, and I appeal very confidently to Tennyson and Swinburne to bear me witness:

It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
 Then you may lay me low in the mould and
 think no more of me :

The May Queen, Part II.

all at sixes and sevens! and eights and sevens, similarly knit together by rhyme, are to be found in Swinburne's "England: An Ode," and both Tennyson and Swinburne in their Hendecasyllables showed that they perfectly understood the difference between Latin and English verse. It can hardly be disputed that when Tennyson was at pains to say that "O you chorus of indolent reviewers" is "all in quantity," he implied that quantity is only attained by a special effort foreign to English poetry; and it is equally certain that Swinburne showed the same understanding in his prefatory note to his "Grand Chorus of Birds from Aristophanes": so that my accentual scansions of "The May Queen" and the "Ode to England" are in accord with the poets' intentions.

In view of these facts, and in view of the further fact that my scansion shows that Meredith's poem has only 7 seven-foot lines and 7 four-foot lines, while the five and six-foot lines are about evenly divided (92 of the former, and 102 of the latter), the irregularity (so aesthetically admirable because it avoids just that pounding which has been noticed in the regular sixes) of the poem is not so terrible as it appears.

I have so far found attack my best defence, and in pursuance of that policy I find it better to criticise Mr. Sandwell's remarks on "Love in the Valley" before I make a few myself.

I have already shown in examining the Kipling, Newbolt and Masefield poems, that the 4/4 theory is overthrown by the uprising of the "third beat" which refuses to be secondary, is often primary, and is connected by alliteration to the alleged primary "beats."

This is still further borne out by an examination of the 4/4 theory applied to Meredith's poem, thus

When her mother tends her before the laughing
 mirror
 Open with the morn, and in a breezy link

Mr. Sandwell's own scansions, to which I may add, according to his system:

Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-grey leaf

and I would suggest that he might be better off with

Open with the morn, and in a breezy link

though the comma would bring the quantity of the second bar to five crotchets instead of four! "Cinquefoil of the," however, would be all right, and one can hang on to "dew-grey" so that it takes up a full bar.

Others of his own scansions to which I take particular exception are:

Often she thinks, were this wild thing
 wedded

in which he admits that the third "bar" is "crowded," and

Mother of the dews, dark eye-lashed twilight.

Most of his other scansions are consonant with mine except that they read one "bar" where I read two "feet," but the two scansions shown above are of more critical importance.

I shall deal first with the second one, because he uses it to defend the first.

I beg to point out that even according to Mr. Sandwell's own theory we shall have

Cricketing below, rushed brown and red with
 sunshine
 Lightning may come, straight rains and tiger
 sky

and I find here a lovely text for the aesthetic justification of my scansion, which may be compared to the following line from Kingsley's "Andromeda":

Pure are my hands from | blood: most | pure
this | heart in my | bosom,

for, first, "dark" is emphasised by the spondee; second, "eye-lashed" appears as what it is, a trochee; third, the scansion emphasises: "What kind of twilight?—eye-lashed!" "What kind of eye-lashed?—low-lidded!"

It was the awful possibility of

Often she thinks, were this wild thing
wedded²

that no doubt led Mr. Sandwell to remark to the effect that while it might be possible according to his theory it is impossible with mine as the dactyl would be overcrowded. I have already pointed out that there are plenty of examples of internal pauses in perfect tri-syllabic feet.

As to alliteration showing that Mr. Sandwell's secondary beats are not secondary, I shall content myself with citing

Fain would | *fling* the | net, and | fain have her
| free

and conclude my comments on Mr. Sandwell's theory as applied to Meredith's poem by asking, if, in the following lines:

Turns grave eyes | craving | light, released from
| dreams

or

Turns grave eyes craving light, re | leased from
dreams

(Hill as a dull face frowning on a song

the first "bars" are really quantitative equivalents? And I might also ask him to scan consistently with his caesura theory.

Arm in arm, all against the raying west.

I have not quite finished with Mr. Sandwell, as I have yet to deal with his authorities, but for the present it may be well to summarise a little. I have shown him to contradict him-

²In view of Mr. Sandwell's very strong inclination to read "thinks," as one "bar" having a pronounced pause and to huddle "were this wild thing" into another "bar," it is interesting to note that the first version reads

"Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded."

and though I would not care to build up an argument on the difference between a dash and a comma, the change to the final form somewhat supports my continuous scansion.

self on two vital matters, and I have proved that not one assertion which he has made will hold water. I have shown that he has, in order to avoid recognizing the aesthetically justifiable irregularity of one poem, given his support to a theory of verse which it is a tedious but easy task to prove utterly fallacious.

I had intended to enter into my own scansion at some length, but having, to my thinking, so positively defeated the alternative, I no longer feel under the necessity of so doing. I shall instead take up one or two critical matters in connection with the theory which lies behind the method I have adopted, more especially those of which Mr. Sandwell seems to have no very clear conception.

The vital points of it are contained in two passages which I shall quote, the first from Swinburne, the second from Prof. Saintsbury:

(English), a language to which all variations and combinations of anapaestic, iambic or trochaic metre are as natural and pliable as all dactylic and spondaic forms of verse are unnatural and abhorrent."—*Swinburne*.

To make

"And in luxurious cities, where the noise"
a line of four stresses only; much more

"His ministers of vengeance and pursuit"
a line of three, seems to me not only quite unnecessary—my five "feet" being perfectly perceptible in both—but unthinkable. I simply cannot read, hear or see the one with four stresses and the other with three; the attempt to do so results, for me, in a mere welter of gabbled sound . . . you stagger wildly from "His min-" to "-isters of ven-" and thence to "-geance and pursuit" . . . just as I have no organs which will enable me to skate over three short syllables in

"And in luxurious cities, where the noise"
till I clutch, panting, the blessed "u" of
"-urious."—*Prof Saintsbury*.

Now, if the reader will turn to Swinburne's "Hymn to Proserpine," he will find, in a poem so manifestly six-foot anapaestic that I need not labor the scansion, the following line:

Waste water wash-les, and tall | ships found-
er and deep | death waits |

in which there are "spondees" (English ones, of course) in the first, fourth and sixth feet, an apparent contradiction between Swinburne's theory and practice, but the contradiction is only apparent, for what is intended by both Swinburne and Prof. Saintsbury is this:

Verse can be made of a succession of iambs, trochees, anapaests or dactyls, but not of pyrrhics or spondees. The spondee becomes in English verse an emphatic trochee or iamb, and the pyrrhic a light trochee or iamb, according to the rhythmical context. Thus the only real feet in English verse are the iamb, trochee, anapaest and dactyl; and it is a matter of history that by far the greater part of English poetry is confined to the first three of these four feet. As Prof. Saintsbury says, "At most by a *tour de force*, and in small doses, the dactyl can escape its doom"—the most scholarly critic of verse confirming its greatest exponent. Such a *tour de force* is Meredith's poem. "Pyrrhic" and "spondee" are however convenient terms which I shall retain in my metrical vocabulary so long as it is plain that the first consists of two slightly unequally stressed light syllables, and the former of two slightly unequally stressed heavy syllables.

The foot system therefore comprises the two-syllabled foot for rising rhythm, the two-syllabled foot for falling rhythm, the three-syllabled foot for rising rhythm, the three-syllabled foot for falling rhythm, and the two special varieties of the two-syllabled foot; and it is my contention that it is sufficient to explain anything which is really verse.

If this system be likened to a rule by which verse may be measured, it is clearly an elastic rule; its units are two's and three's; and its units are, furthermore, interchangeable.

Mr. Sandwell apparently thinks it so elastic that even prose may be tortured into verse by its application; but he is mistaken in so thinking, though, to be sure, it will not, on the other hand, make an irregular poem regular in the charming manner of Bishop Heber's hymn tune!

Its application is quite simple, once the principle of the metrical norm is grasped. Thus in blank verse the metrical norm is five perfect iambs. By occasional trochaic and anapaestic substitution, and by the use of the "pyrrhic" and "spondee" every departure from that metrical norm is readily explained; the "pyrrhic" and "spondee" being the explanation of the variation in the number of significant stresses from less to more than five.

The metrical norm itself is not always easy to determine, as we have seen in "The Last Chantey," in which there is some color given to a scansion on a peonic base, though closer inspection shows it to rest upon six stresses in the line, and not four.

An interesting example of this is to be found in the following line:

But will it not one day in Heaven repent you?

which might well be scanned

But will | it not one day in Heaven | repent
(you?)

except that the metrical norm of the poem demands

But will | it not one | day in Heaven | repent
(you?)³

Mr. Sandwell's fears are therefore groundless. The system is elastic, but not too elastic.

I come now to a vital point. There is nothing in trisyllabic feet corresponding to the "pyrrhic" in disyllabic feet. Therefore it is impossible to avoid a significant stress in every foot of an anapaestic rhythm, and if the number of feet in every line be kept the same it is therefore not possible to avoid a certain monotony which is avoidable in blank verse. Not even all the artifices employed by Swinburne in the "Hymn to Proserpine" can keep the insistent six main stresses from striking on the ear.

Meredith solved the problem by taking the bull by the horns and making *his* variation from the metrical norm in the number of feet in the line. *This* and the marvellous way in which he has kept his dactylic rhythm from turning inside out, after the usual manner of long dactylic lines, are the essential features of his metrical triumph, which is to my thinking a greater one than Swinburne's "Dolores," hardly appreciated until one reads Prof. Saintsbury's account of its history.⁴ Meredith by his irregular combination of two's and three's obtained all the movement of three's and all the subtlety of two's.

The way in which Meredith keeps his dactyls from tipping up is by including numbers of

³ Compare this with:

Arms up, she dropped: our souls were in our
names. |

Arms up, she dropped: our | souls were | in our
names. |

All seem | to know | what is | for heaven | alone.
All seem to | know what | is for | heaven a- | lone.

⁴ Just as "Dolores" is a case of Byron, Shenstone and Cowper (with their three foot anapaest) begat Byron's "I enter thy garden of roses," which begat Præd's "Letter of Advice," which begat "Dolores"; so "Love in the Valley" is directly descended from George Darley's "Song" No. 640 in "The Oxford Book of English Verse."

purely trochaic lines such as 1-1 (i.e. stanza 1, line 1), or lines with but an initial dactyl such as 1 -2; these lines, together with the feminine ending to all the odd lines, keep the rhythm so falling that the dactyls have no chance of insurrection. It is altogether delightful, and as for significant stresses there are lines 21—1, 9—2 and 12—8 with five feet and seven stresses, and 4—1 and 10—4 with only three stresses and five and six feet respectively.

I have but one little note to make before I rest my case, and that is this. Mr. Sandwell offers the following scansion:

More love should I have, and much less care.

throwing all the emphasis on "I," whereas my scansion, not being based on primary beats, emphasises nothing in particular, though it puts the personal pronoun in the background, where it ought to be. It is therefore interesting to find the first version of this line was

I should have more love, and much less care

and Meredith's self criticism is entirely in accord with my scansion

More love should I have, and much less care

which I made before I saw the first version, a point which it is well worth my while to make in view of Mr. Sandwell's assertion that the only scansion in which he take any interest is that which expresses the intentions of the poet.⁵

And now I conclude with an examination of Mr. Sandwell's conclusion. He quotes Sir Henry Newbolt on Coleridge, yet he does not detect the gentle irony in the passage cited, for it is beyond dispute that "Christabel" resolves itself into the inevitable "feet" which give Mr. Sandwell so much offence. The same holds true of Sidney Lanier's work. I have just been carefully over his greatest poem, "Sunrise," and there they are again, a conclusion confirmed by Mr. William Thomson, a brother stress-scansionist, who declares that Lanier "allows his practice to go right in the teeth of his theory." Mr. Thomson also says that "the terms iamb and anapaest, as descriptive of feet, are impossible, since they only confuse what is already covered by trochee and dactyl."

⁵The very strong Sapphic tinge of "Love in the Valley," duly noted by Prof. Saintsbury, is, when coupled with the knowledge of Meredith's self-conscious handling of metre which may be derived from reading his note to "Phaeton," almost conclusive evidence for scansion by feet and not by bars.

The same confusion between anapaestic and iambic rhythms on the one hand, and dactylic and trochaic rhythms on the other hand, characterises Mr. Sandwell's paper, and indeed the work of all stress-time scansionists.

Thus Prof. Andrews ("The Writing and Reading of Verse") always places his "bar" before the stressed syllable; so that the following line from "The Triumph of Time" appears like this:

The | loves' and | hours of the | life of a | man,

and it is therefore not surprising that he finds in the poem a "blending of trochaic-dactylic with the iambic-anapaestic movement," a finding which must have made Swinburne turn in his grave.

Notwithstanding all self-assertion to the contrary, the ears which can detect no difference between

The loves		. . .	The
and hours			loves and
of the life	and		hours of the
of a man			life of a
			man

must be singularly defective, and the line which he reads

I shall | never be | friends a-|gain with | roses |
of course really runs—

I shall nev-|er be friends | again | with ros-| (es

the latter having, as it should have, all the lilt of the anapaest, while the former has the driving tendency of the dactyl.

As I have pointed out, confirmed by Sir Henry Newbolt and by Mr. William Thomson, it is a fact that the only two great poets who have held the stress-time theory did not practice it; and, as for the critics, Lafcadio Hearn, himself a great critic, ranked Prof. Saintsbury as one of the three greatest living English critics.

Divergence between theory and practice in a poet is nothing new. Wordsworth had a theory of poetic diction which ruined more than half his verse. Swinburne, on the contrary, who did more than any other poet to expand the range of English verse, principally by anapaestic substitution, and who is directly responsible for "Drake's Drum" and "The Last Chantey," exhibits the closest agreement between theory and practice.

Prof. Gummere is the greatest authority on this side of the Atlantic, and his judgment on Lanier is that he "forced a theory on all possible facts, whether carefully analysed and tested or not."

Prof. Saintsbury, under whose aegis I have protected myself in the same manner that Mr. Sandwell has hidden behind Lanier, has, however developed a theory of verse which fits the facts of English verse for the last seven centuries. It is surely somewhat puerile to suggest that a theory which can be systematically applied to the work of such a stretch of time has anything of the nature of fetters? The combinations of the basic feet of English poetry, as used by Swinburne and as defined by Prof. Saintsbury, are capable of infinite variations; and new variations occur with every new true poet, as distinguished from the mere eccentric. The exquisite lyrical work of Marjorie Pickthall, so like, and yet so unlike Swinburne's, is an example of this true originality.

With regard to the theory and poetry of Robert Bridges, he has written some very lovely poetry which does not require his theories, and also some very atrocious poetry which does require his theories. See Prof. Mayor's "Chapters on English Metre" for an analysis or exposure of "The Feast of Bacchus" and "Nero"; and Prof. Saintsbury's "History of English Prosody" (Vol. II) for a first-rate criticism of Bridges' theory of Milton's prosody.

Like Mr. Sandwell, I can claim little originality; but I consider that I have been wiser than he inasmuch as I have been the disciple of one who has a thorough historical knowledge of his subject, and who built up his theory on the historic facts, and who did not approach his studies with a preconceived theory.

My strongest objection to Mr. Sandwell's scansion is that they make a jingle of rhythms which even Kipling handles with a subtlety that does not appear on the surface. I also object to the cavalier way in which he says that he does not need to cite more than a few lines of Meredith's poem in order to bear out his contentions, but in this he is not the only sinner, for Prof. Mayor, who fairly well understands the foot system, scans the second stanza in the same way that I do, except that he makes "Circling the," "Wayward as the," "swallow over."

"Hard, but O the" and "glory of the" single feet, on the same principle that he reads the following iambic line thus:

Timorously and as the leader of the herd

and, so doing, he makes this stanza quite plausibly to consist entirely of five foot lines, even reducing two of my seven foot lines to fives.

But of what avail is this when the third line of the poem has six indisputable significant stresses, and when 3-3 cannot possibly be stretched to from four to five feet?

And here I close on the only personal note, I trust, in my paper; for it will be understood that my references to Mr. Sandwell are to Mr. Sandwell as a prosodist, and not as a person.

If Mr. Sandwell will permit me, will allow me the title of poet, I beg to offer two stanzas from some of my own work, in order to show that "we poets" sometimes aim at a slight irregularity:

They are gone, and they flew not for fame,
Though the prize was great;
Not for their own, but their country's name
They tempt-led fate.

Not glad if mischance struck
Their rivals to the earth;
Seeking but equal luck
And fighting full of mirth.

My metrical norm was alternate three foot and two foot, and I departed from it precisely and solely to get away from monotony.

Finally, Mr. Sandwell quotes some lines from Hamlet's famous soliloquy, and it is (especially as Mr. Sandwell has himself indulged in some good-natured fun) an irresistible temptation to cap them. Surely he forgot those most appropriate to his own case? Those which counsel us that it is better to

bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.

As this article forms a natural pendant to "What is Poetry?—A Synthesis of Modern Criticism" in the April, 1919, number of this magazine, I take the present opportunity to correct a slip of my own, not the printer. On page 43 of that number, the right hand column, and the 18th line, the word "poetry" ought to be "verse."—A.G.)

Mr. Gordon's Scansion of "Love in the Valley"

UNDER yonder beech-tree single on the
green-sward (6)
Couch'd with her arms behind her golden
head, (5)
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple
idly, (6)
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
(5)
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath
her, (5)
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather
slow, (6)
Waking in amazement she could not but
embrace me: (6)
Then would she hold me and never let me
go? (5)

2.

Shy as the squirrel and wayward as the
swallow, (5)
Swift as the swallow a-long the river's
light (5)
Circlet-ing the surface to meet his mirror'd
winglets, (6)
Fleeter she seems in her stay than in her
flight, (5)
Shy as the squirrel that leaps a-mong the
pine-tops, (5)
Wayward as the swallow over-head at set
of sun, (7)
She whom I love is hard to catch and con-
quer, (5)
Hard, but O the glory of the winning
were she won! (7)

3.

When her mother tends her be-fore the
laughing mirror, (6)
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
(6)
Often she thinks, were this wild thing
wedded, (4)
More love should I have and much less
care, (5)
When her mother tends her be-fore the
lighted mirror, (6)
Loosen-ing her laces, combing down her
curls, (6)
Often she thinks, were this wild thing
wedded, (4)
I should miss but one for many boys and
girls, (6)

4.

Heartless she is as the shadow in the mea-
dows (5)

Flying to the hills on a blue and breezy
noon, (6)
No, she is a-thirst and drinking up her
wonder: (6)
Earth to her is young as the slip of the
new moon, (6)
Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid
measure, (6)
Even as in a dance: and her smile can heal
no less? (6)
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the
flowers with hailstones (6)
Off a sunny border, she was made to
bruise and bless, (7)

5.

Lovely are the curves of the white owl
sweeping (5)
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star, (5)
Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note un-
varied, (5)
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown
eve-jar, (5)
Darker grows the valley, more and more
for-getting: (6)
So were it with me if for-getting could be
will'd (6)
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bub-
bling well-spring, (6)
Tell it to for-get the source that keeps it
fill'd, (6)

6.

Stepping down the hill with her fair com-
panions, (5)
Arm in arm, all a-against the raying West,
(5)
Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she
marches, (5)
Brave is her shape, and sweeter unpos-
sessed, (5)
Sweeter, for she is what my heart first a-
waking (5)
Whisper'd the world was: morning light is
she, (5)
Love that so de-sires would fain keep her
changeless; (5)
Fain would fling the net, and fain have her
free, (5)

7.

Happy happy time when the white star
hovers (5)
Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy
dew, (5)
Near the face of dawn, that draws a-thwart
the darkness, (6)

Threading it with colour, like yewberries
the | yew. (5)
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East
deepens (5)
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud
swells. (5)
Maiden still the morn is: and strange she
is, and secret; (6)
Strange her eyes: her cheeks are cold as
cold sea-shells. (6)

8.

Sunrays, leaning | on our southern hills and
| lighting (6)
Wild cloud- | mountains that drag the | hills
a-long, (5)
Oft ends the | day of your shifting brilliant
laughter (5)
Chill as a | dull face frowning | on a | song. (5)
Ay, but | shows the | South-west a | ripple-
feather'd | bosom (6)
Blown to | silver | while the | clouds are shaken
| and a-scend (7)
Sealing | the mid- | heavens | as they | stream,
there | comes a | sunset (7)
Rich, deep like love in | beauty | without | end.
(5).

9.

When at | dawn she | sighs, and | like an | infant
| to the | window (7)
Turns grave eyes | craving | light, re-leased
from | dreams, (5)
Beauti-ful she | looks, like a | white water-lily
(5)
Bursting | out of | bud in | havens | of the
streams. (6)
When from | bed she rises | clothed from | neck
to | ankle, (6)
In her long | nightgown sweet as boughs of
May, (5)
Beauti-ful she | looks, like a | tall garden | lily
(5)
Pure from the night, and | splendid for the
day. (5)

10.

Mother | of the dews, dark | eye-lash'd | twi-
light, (5)
Low-lidded twilight, o'er the valley's
brim, (5)
Rounding | on thy | breast sings the | dew-de-
lighted | skylark, (6)
Clear as | though the | dewdrops | had their
voice in | him. (6)
Hidden where the rose-flush | drinks the
rayless | planet, (6)
Fountain- full he | pours the | spraying foun-
tain- | showers. (6)
Let me | hear her | laughter. I would have her
ever (6)
Cool as | dew in | twilight, the | lark a- | b'ove the
flowers. (6)

11.

All the girls are out with their baskets for
the | primrose; (6)

Up lanes, woods through, they troop in |
joyful | bands. (5)
My sweet leads: she knows not why, but
now she | loiters, (6)
Eyes the | bent a-nemones, and hangs her
hands. (5)
Such a | look will | tell that the | vio- | lets are
peeping, (6)
Coming the rose: and una-ware a cry (5)
Springs in her | bosom for | odours | and for
colour, (5)
Covert and the | nightin-gale: she | knows not
why. (6)

12.

Kerchief'd head and chin she darts be-tween
her | tulips, (6)
Streaming like a willow gray in arrowy
rain: (6)
Some bend beaten cheek to | gravel, and
their angel (6)
She will be, she lifts them, and on she
speeds a- | gain. (6)
Black the driving raincloud breasts the
iron | gateway: (6)
She is forth to cheer a | neighbour lacking
mirth. (6)
So when sky and grass met rolling dumb
for | thunder (6)
Saw I once a white dove, | sole light of
earth. (5)

13.

Prim little scholars are the flowers of her
garden, (6)
Train'd to | stand in | rows, and | asking | if
they | please. (6)
I might love them well but for | loving more
the | wild ones: (6)
O my | wild ones! they tell me more than
these. (5)
You, my | wild one, you | tell of | honied field
rose, (5)
Violet, blushing eglan-tine in life: and
even as | they, (7)
They by the wayside are earnest of your
goodness, (5)
You are of | life's on the banks that line the
way. (5)

14.

Peering | at her chamber the white crowns
the | red rose, (5)
Jasmine winds the porch with stars two and
| three. (5)
Parted | is the window: she sleeps: the
starry | jasmine (6)
Breathes a falling | breath that carries
thoughts of | me. (6)
Sweeter unpos-sess'd, have I said of her
my | sweetest? (6)
Not while she sleeps: while she | sleeps the
jasmine | breathes. (5)
Luring | her to | love: she | sleeps: the | starry
jasmine (6)
Bears me to her pillow under white rose-
wreaths. (6)

15.

Yellow with birdfoot-trefoil are the grass-glades; (5)
 Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-gray leaf; (5)
 Yellow with stonecrop; the moss-mounds are yellow; (4)
 Blue-neck'd the wheat sways, yellowing to the sheaf. (5)
 Green-yellow bursts from the copse the laughing yaffle; (5)
 Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade and shine: (5)
 Earth in her heart laughs looking at the heav-ens, (5)
 Thinking of the harvest: I look and think of mine. (6)

16.

This I may know: her dressing and undressing (5)
 Such a change of light shows as when the skies in sport (6)
 Shift from cloud to moonlight; or edging over thunder (6)
 Slips a ray of sun: or sweeping into port (6)
 White sails furl: or on the ocean borders (5)
 White sails lean a-long the waves leaping green. (5)
 Visions of her shower before me but from eyesight (6)
 Guarded she would be like the sun were she seen. (5)

17.

Front door and back of the moss'd old farmhouse (4)
 Open with the morn, and in a breezy link (6)
 Freshly sparkles garden to stripe-shadow'd orchard, (5)
 Green a-cross a rill where on sand the minnows wink. (6)
 Busy in the grass the early sun of summer (6)
 Swarms, and the blackbird's mellow fluting notes (5)
 Call my darling up with round and rognish challenge: (6)
 Quaintest, richest carol of all the singing throats! (6)

18.

Cool was the woodside: cool as her white dairy (5)
 Keeping sweet the cream-pan: and there the boys from school, (6)
 Cricket-ling be-low, rush'd brown and red with sunshine; (6)
 O the dark trans-lucence of the deep-eyed cool! (6)
 Spying from the farm, her-self she fetch'd a pitcher (6)

Full of milk, and tilted for each in turn the beak. (6)
 Then a little fellow, mouth up and on tiptoe, (6)
 Said, "I will kiss you": she laughed and turned her cheek. (5)

19.

Doves of the fir-wood walling high our red roof (5)
 Through the long noon crooning through the coo. (5)
 Loose droop the leaves, and down the sleepy roadway (5)
 Sometimes pipes a chaffinch; loose droops the blue. (5)
 Cows flap a slow tail knee-deep in the river, (5)
 Breathless, given up to sun and gnat and fly. (6)
 Nowhere is she seen; and if I see her nowhere, (6)
 Lightning may come, straight rain and tiger sky. (5)

20.

O the golden sheaf, the rustling treasure-armful! (6)
 O the nutbrown tresses nodding inter-laced! (6)
 O the treasure-tresses one another over (6)
 Nodding! O the girdle slack about her waist! (6)
 Slain are the poppies that shot their random scarlet (5)
 Quick amid the wheat-ears: wound about the waist, (6)
 Gather'd, see these brides of Earth one blush of ripeness! (6)
 O the nutbrown tresses nodding inter-laced! (6)

21.

Large and smoky red the sun's cold disc drops, (5)
 Clipp'd by naked hills on violet shaded snow: (6)
 Eastward large and still lights up a bower of moonrise, (6)
 Whence at her leisure steps the moon aglow. (5)
 Nightlong on black print-branches our beech-tree (4)
 Gazes in this whiteness: night-long could I (5)
 Here may life on death or death on life be painted. (6)
 Let me clasp her soul to know she cannot die! (6)

22.

Gossips count her faults; they scour a narrow chamber (6)
 Where there is no window, read not heaven or her. (6)

"When she was a tiny," one aged woman
quavers, (6)
Plucks at my heart and leads me by the
ear. (5)
Faults she had: once as she learned to run
and tumbled: (5)
Faults of feature: some see, beauty not
complete. (6)
Yet, good gossips, beauty that makes holy
(5)
Earth and air, may have faults from head
to feet. (5)

23.

Hither she comes: she comes to me: she
lingers, (5)
Deepens her brown eyebrows, while in new
surprise (6)
High rise the lashes in wonder of a
strange. (5)
Yet am I the light and living of her eyes.
(6)
Something friends have told her fills her
heart to brimming, (6)
Nets her in her blushes, and wounds her, and
tames. (5)
Sure of her haven, O like a dove a-lighting,
(5)
Arms up, she dropp'd: our souls were in
our names. (5)

24.

Soon will she lie like a white frost sunrise.
(4)
Yellow oats and brown wheat, barley pale
as rye, (6)
Long since your sheaves have yielded to the
thresher, (5)
Felt the girdle loosen'd, seen the tresses
fly. (6)
Soon will she lie like a blood-red sunset. (4)
Swift with the to-morrow, green-winged
Spring! (5)

Sing from the South-west, bring her back
the truants, (5)
Nightingale and swallow, song and dipping
wing. (6)

25.

Soft new beech-leaves, up to beamy April
(5)
Spreading bough on bough a primrose
mountain, you (6)
Lucid in the moon, raise lilies to the sky-
fields, (6)
Youngest green transfused in silver shin-
ing through: (6)
Fairer than the lily, than the wild white
cherry: (6)
Fair as in image my seraph love appears
(5)
Borne to me by dreams when dawn is at
my eyelids: (6)
Fair as in the flesh she swims to me on
tears. (6)

26.

Could I find a place to be a-lone with
heaven (6)
I would speak my heart out: Heaven is my
need. (6)
Every woodland tree is flushing like the
dogwood, (6)
Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like
the reed. (6)
Flushing like the dogwood crimson in Oct-
ober; (6)
Streaming like the flag-reed South-west
blown; (5)
Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted
whitebeam: (6)
All seem to know what is for heaven a-lone.
(5)

More Spiritualism

THE Vital Message," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto) is one of a stream of books dealing with the subject of psychic research that have lately issued from the press. The authors of these works present their experiences, which seem rather inconclusive, and their arguments, which are not particularly logical, with the same triumphant air of finality, scattering here and there unflattering comments upon the type of mind that can remain blind to the revelation which Spiritualists imagine to be already transforming the world. It is always easy to criticize, but really, after reading the "Vital Message" with an open mind, one is driven to the conclusion that if in face of the trivial and often entirely disappointing results obtained at

Spiritualistic Seances, the people present can carry away any definite assurance of the continuity of existence, they must be so exceptionally well-endowed with the gift of faith as to eliminate any necessity for further research on their part. For the courage of those who can attend the experiments of one, Prof. Geley, with a substance called the ectoplasm and thereby receive encouragement, one is filled with admiration, though to the uninitiated the appearance of the ectoplasm "outside the black dress of his medium as if a hoar frost had descended upon her, then coalescing into a continuous sheet of white substance and oozing down upon it until it formed a sort of white apron upon her" might not seem calculated to inspire a wish for further acquaintance.

Arnold Bennett

By W. H. CLAWSON

“EVERY novelist has two main attributes; a sense of beauty, and a passionate intensity of vision.” These words from “The Author’s Craft” should acquit Arnold Bennett of the current charges of sordid realism and the photographic reproduction of trivial detail. The novelist, he believes, cannot find life sordid.

Obviously, whatever kind of life the artist writes about, he has been charmed and seduced by it, he is under its spell—that is, he has seen beauty in it. He could have no other reason for writing about it. He may have seen a strange sort of beauty; he may—indeed, he does—see a sort of beauty that nobody has quite seen before; he may see a sort of beauty that none save a few odd spirits ever will or can be made to see. But he does see beauty.

Now this is undoubtedly true of Bennett himself. Superficially, his subject-matter is often ugly and depressing. His best novels deal with middle-class life in that stronghold of Philistinism and industrialism, the English “Black Country,” and it is his principle to record not only the homely and petty incidents of every day, but such instances of greed, lust, cruelty, deceit, disease, and death as must be faced if life is to be grasped as a whole. Yet he never fails to indicate a core of beauty and even of nobility in the drab or repulsive scenes and events that he describes. A good example is his account of the Potteries district in “Anna of the Five Towns.”

Bursley, the ancient home of the potter, has an antiquity of a thousand years. It lies towards the north end of an extensive valley, which must have been one of the fairest spots in Alfred’s England, but which is now defaced by the activities of a quarter of a million of people. Five contiguous towns—Turnhill, Bursley, Hanbridge, Knype, and Longshaw—united by a single winding thoroughfare some eight miles in length, have inundated the valley like a succession of great lakes. Of these five Bursley is the mother, but Hanbridge is the largest. They are mean and forbidding of aspect—sombre, hard-featured, uncouth; and the vaporous poison of their ovens and chimneys has soiled and shrivelled the surrounding country till there is no village lane within a league

but what offers a gaunt and ludicrous travesty of rural charms. Nothing could be more prosaic than the muddled, red-brown streets; nothing more seemingly remote from romance. Yet be it said that romance is even here—the romance which, for those who have an eye to perceive it, ever dwells amid the seats of industrial manufacture softening the coarseness, transfiguring the squalor, of these mighty alchemic operations. Look down into the valley from this terrace-height, embrace the whole smoke-girt amphitheatre in a glance, and it may be that you will suddenly comprehend the secret and superb significance of the vast Doing which goes forward below. Because they seldom think, the townsmen take shame when indicted for having disfigured half a county in order to live. They have not understood that this disfigurement is merely an episode in the unending warfare of man and nature, and calls for no contrition. Here, indeed, is nature repaid for some of her notorious cruelties. She imperiously bids man sustain and reproduce himself, and this is one of the places where, in the very act of obedience, he wounds and maltreats her. Out beyond the municipal confines, where the subsidiary industries of coal and iron prosper amid a wreck of verdure, the struggle is grim, appalling, heroic—so ruthless is his havoc of her, so indomitable her ceaseless recuperation. On the one side is a wresting from nature’s own bowels of the means to waste her: on the other, an undismayed, enduring fortitude. The grass grows; though it is not green, it grows. In the very heart of the valley hedged about with furnaces, a farm still stands, and at harvest-time the sooty sheaves are gathered in.

Thus in spite of the ugliness of the district, its absorption in material wealth, its neglect of art, its roughness and savagery of manners, Bennett finds inspiration in its fierce human energy. And his most remorseless pictures of its seamier side show a sympathetic understanding of the humanity of the characters—even in that most depressing book, “Whom God Hath Joined.” Darius Clayhanger, too, is not merely presented as a boorish domestic tyrant with disagreeable mannerisms and decaying health. Beneath his stubbornness is shown the indomitable will which conquered the awful privations of his boyhood and established his business and family. His harshness masks a pride in and

tenderness for his son; and his yielding to inevitable disease has a pathos which ennobles him. There is not a personage, however repellent, in any of the serious novels whom Bennett does not similarly help us to comprehend and feel for. Many of his characters, indeed, are made to share his sense that the most ordinary life is a marvellous adventure. Of the youthful Hilda Lessways, he says:

She was suddenly happy; she was inspired by an unreasoning joy. . . . The dark square and the far-reaching streets lay placid and void under the night, surrounding their silence in a larger silence; and because of this also she was happy. . . . And then a train reverberated along its embankment in the distance, and the gliding procession of yellow windows was divided at regular intervals by the black silhouettes of the scaffolding-poles of the new Town Hall. Beautiful! She was filled with a delicious sadness. It was Janet's train. In some first-class compartment Janet and her father were shut together, side by side, intimate, mutually understanding. Again, a beautiful relation! From the summit of a high kiln in the middle distance, flames shot intermittently forth, formidable. Crockery was being fired in the night; and unseen the fireman somewhere flitted about the mouths of the kiln. And here and there in the dim faces of the streets a window shone golden . . . there were living people behind the blinds! It was all beautiful, joy-giving.

And the older and more experienced characters, though they have been disillusioned, defeated, forced to compromise, do not leave us with the impression of futility. They have found life grim, but they have shown an endurance and a self-command which compel respect for human nature. The final reflections of Constance Povey in "The Old Wives' Tale" are representative of the general attitude in the novels:

She was not very discontented with herself. The invincible commonsense of a sound nature prevented her, in her best moments, from feebly dissolving in self-pity. She had lived in honesty and kindness for a fair number of years, and she had tasted triumphant hours. . . . True, she was old! So were thousands of other people in Bursley. She was in pain. So were thousands of other people. . . . She had many dissatisfactions. But she rose superior to them. When she surveyed her life, and life in general, she would think, with a sort of tart but not sour cheerfulness: "Well, that is what life is!"

It is this sense of the underlying goodness and beauty of life that determines the novel-

ist's other attribute as defined by Bennett, his "passionate intensity of vision." Because life is so well worth seeing, the novelist must eagerly scan its every detail, searching the utmost significance of each. This again is a distinctive characteristic of Bennett himself. His intensity of observation and of recollection is almost unexampled. The houses, streets, and squares of the Five Towns and countless details of clothing, domestic furniture, and the whole apparatus of life in his boyhood are evidently as vividly imprinted on his mind as if they were still before his eyes. The Baines house, for example, its basement kitchen, its cavernous cellars, its sitting-room, traversed by everyone who went upstairs, its unused attic room, and all the minute particulars of its furnishings, are made, if possible, better known to the reader than the details of his own home. Bennett tells us that it is a building in which he lived as a child, and he has made use of it in another novel, "The Man from the North," in the account of the heroine's early life. The Five Towns novels must be full of such recollected detail of the author's boyhood; a passage describing his first contact with literature illustrates its stereoscopic vividness, due in part to the recalling of the physical sensations accompanying the experience. When the reminiscence begins he finds himself standing in a kitchen at mid-day, hungry and clean, in a tartan frock with a pinafore over it. His eyes are smarting with lingering soap and his skin drawn by the evaporation of moisture on a cold day. Someone is rattling saucepans on the range and his brother is crying at the other end of a long dark passage, while he holds in his chubby fist a single leaf from a book and pretends to read it. "I remember that the paper was faintly bluish in tint, veined, and rather brittle." "As he passes from the kitchen, still conning the page with soapy, smarting eyes." the light of memory is switched off. Such a passage helps us to understand why Bennett became a realistic novelist.

Bennett's intensity of vision is a passionate intensity because for him every detail is charged with significance. It either reflects or influences human character, and he is passionately interested in human character:

The whole spectacular and sensual show-what the eye sees, the ear hears, the nose scents, the tongue tastes, and the skin touches—is a cause or an effect of human conduct. Naught can be ruled out as negligible, as not forming

part of the equation. Hence, he who would be-
yond all others see life for himself—I naturally
mean the novelist and playwright—ought to em-
brace all phenomena in his curiosity.

Bennett's novels are packed with accurately
observed detail; but because the observation is
passionate, because the observer is ardently
seeking the springs of human conduct, it is de-
cidedly not photographic observation. The
novelist is putting his own personality into his
portrayal. He is selecting and arranging his
facts and using them to interpret his characters.
Bennett is accused of serving his readers with a
huge slice of life and leaving them to assimilate
it unaided. His novels are characterized as
masses of drab, unco-ordinated fact. Nothing
could be further from the truth. In every
novel, however crowded with apparently trivial
incident and description, there is a clear prin-
ciple of selection. Nothing is chosen at random.
There is nothing that does not illustrate some
formative influence on the characters, some
phase of their temperament, some element in
their consciousness, some motive of their action.
As the author says himself: "Good observation
consists not in multiplicity of detail but in co-
ordination of detail according to a true concep-
tion of relative importance, so that a finished
and general impression may be reached in the
shortest possible time." Such an impression is
achieved in all his serious novels. Their mani-
fold details coalesce to form in our minds a
conception of certain characters — Edwin,
Hilda, Sophia, Constance—with the social or-
ganism of which they are a part.

The novels, then, are studies of temperament
as it is affected by external facts, whether of
physical structure or of social environment.
The author gives a sympathetic insight into the
inmost consciousness of his characters and all
the elements that enter into that consciousness.
In order to do this he must record a great
many material details; for he believes in the
profound influence of matter upon spirit and of
spirit upon matter:

Every street is a mirror, an illustration, an
exposition, an explanation, of the human beings
who live in it. Nothing in it is to be neglected.
Everything in it is valuable, if the perspective
be maintained. Nevertheless, in the narrow in-
dividualistic novels of English literature—and
in some of the best—you will find a domestic
organism described as though it existed in a
vacuum or in the Sahara, or between Heaven
and earth; as though it reacted on nothing and
was reacted on by nothing; and as though it
could be adequately rendered without reference

to anything exterior to itself. How can such
novels satisfy a reader who wants to acquire the
faculty of seeing life?

This explains the minuteness with which Ben-
nett describes the rooms in which his personages
spend their time and which both reflect and re-
act on their personality. Everyone knows the
Baines kitchen, but it is only one of several that
illustrate this point. In *Anna Tellwright's*
kitchen was an old oak dresser to which the
novelist devotes over a page. After describing
its shelves, drawers, and recesses, he goes on:

Seventy years of continuous polishing by a
dynasty of priestesses of cleanliness had given
to this dresser a rich ripe tone. In it was re-
flected the conscientious labor of generations.
It had a soft and assuaged appearance, as
though it had never been new and could never
have been new.

This mellowed old dresser, and the equally old
but deeply polished fender and the glistening
red and black tiled floor and the rag rug, and
the table and the grandfather's clock and the
polished mustard-tins of spices, and the spot-
lessness and perfect order, giving "a human-
ised air of use and occupation" to these sense-
less objects—all these things explain Anna's
training and temperament and the tradition of
a frugal, dissenting family of the English mid-
dle class as a briefer and less specific account
would not do.

A similar concern for material detail appears
when a state of mind is analyzed, particularly
on some occasion of crisis. Physical sensations
and details of observation apparently trivial
are described with as much care as the incident
with which they are connected. When Samuel
Povey is called out at midnight by his cousin,
Daniel Povey, who wishes to confess that he has
killed his wife, the two men enter Daniel's con-
fectionery shop on their way to the parlor,
where she is lying dead. "It had the empty ap-
pearance which a well-managed confectioner's
and baker's always has at night. The large
brass scales near the flour-bins glinted; and the
glass cake-stands, with scarce a tart among
them, also caught the faint flare of the gas." On
the way to the stairs they pass an open door
giving on a yard.

At the extremity of the yard he discerned a
building, vaguely lit, and naked figures
strangely moving in it.

"What's that? Who's there?" he asked
sharply.

"That's the bakehouse," Daniel replied, as if surprised at such a question. "It's one of their long nights."

Never, during the brief remainder of his life, did Samuel eat a mouthful of common bread without recalling that midnight apparition.

It is because these details became so intimately associated in his memory with the tragic discovery that he was about to make that their inclusion is justified. Later, when he sees the body and realizes the horror of what has happened, his mental content is again analysed with an emphasis on the physical, the trivial, and the tragic which exhibits Bennett's power in the conveying of psychological states:

All Samuel's flesh tingled as a heavy wave of emotion rolled through his being. It was just as if someone had dealt him a blow unimaginably tremendous. His heart shivered, as a ship shivers at the mountainous crashing of waters. He was numbed. He wanted to weep, to vomit, to die, to sink away. But a voice was whispering to him: "You will have to go through with this. You are in charge of this." He thought of *his* wife and child innocently asleep in the cleanly pureness of *his* home. And he felt the roughness of his coat-collar round his neck and the insecurity of his trousers. He passed out of the room, shutting the door. And across the yard he had a momentary glimpse of those nude nocturnal forms, unconsciously attitudinizing in the bakehouse.

Thus Bennett's art and his psychological instinct refute the charge that his novels are mere photography, just as his enthusiasm for life disposes of the idea that his picture of life is sordid. Nor can it be urged that his pre-occupation with the material blinds him to the spiritual. True, there are many instances in his novels of the effect of physical constitution upon conduct and character. In "These Twain," Edwin and Hilda, when rebuking the adolescent George for neglecting his lessons, assume that he could apply himself if he would: "They thought the boy was deliberately naughty, and they held themselves towards him as grieved persons of superior righteousness towards a person of inferior righteousness. Not even Edwin reflected that profound molecular changes might be proceeding in George's brain, for which changes he was in no way responsible." And in "Clayhanger," Edwin rebukes himself, after his father's mental collapse, for having all his life harbored resentment against him: "His father's unreasonableness had not been a fault but a misfortune. His father had not been a tyrant but a victim. His brain must

always have been wrong!" On the other hand, the numerous and minute descriptions of persons with which Bennett abounds, though remorseless in their material detail, indicate the effect of mind upon body quite as often as that of body upon mind. In describing Mrs. Maldon, the timid, kindly old lady of property in "The Price of Love," he says:

Every one of the millions of her kind thoughts had helped to mould the expression of her countenance. The expression was definite now, fixed, intensely characteristic after so many decades, and wherever it was seen it gave pleasure and by its enchantment created goodness and goodwill—even out of their opposites. Such was the life-work of Mrs. Maldon.

In that strange novel "The Glimpse," where in a distinguished London musical critic, lying in a trance in his expensive apartment, has the experience of visiting the next world, a contrast is drawn between the multitudinous material things that surround and obsess the modern civilized cosmopolitan and that mysterious living force which is the man himself. This sense of a personal force in each of us, an individuality distinct from every other individuality, able to control our destinies, our conduct, even our thoughts, a portion of the Infinite Force, and destined to survive with it, is present in all of Arnold Bennett's works. It is not always spoken of as self-determining. George Cannon the younger, in "The Roll Call," thinks of the two women he loved "developing blindly under the unperceived sway of the paramount instincts which had impelled and would always impel them to their ultimate destiny." And it is one of Bennett's favorite sayings that we should accept the failings of our neighbors as we accept the climate, since they have not made themselves. Yet in "The Human Machine" he affirms free will at least as a working philosophy: "The freedom of the will can be demolished by ratiocination. Then so much the worse for ratiocination. Determinism cannot be refuted by logic. . . . But if we assume that we ourselves have the power of free will and that the personalities which form a part of our environment are the puppets of determinism we shall have arrived at a working compromise which yields the richest results in life."

Where deliberate choices are made by Bennett's characters, the question is left similarly open. In "The Old Wives' Tale," Sophia, abandoned by her husband in Paris, permits for a time the advances of his friend, Chirac, and

then suddenly and impulsively rejects him: "She did not want to repulse him. The instinct which repulsed him was not within her control. Just as a shy man will obstinately refuse an invitation which he is hungering to accept, so, though not from shyness, she was compelled to repulse Chirac." Here one of the fundamental traits of her character, her haughty moral independence, operates without deliberation. A somewhat similar situation in "Hilda Lessways" illustrates the conscious choice between two courses. Hilda is debating whether to prolong her interview with Edwin and thus lead to a declaration:

The future might be depending solely on her own act. If she told him of the lost handkerchief, the future might be one thing; if she did not tell him, it might be another.

The dread of choosing seized her, and put her into a tremble of apprehension. And then, as it were mechanically, she murmured (but very clearly), tacking the words without a pause on to a sentence about the strikes: "Oh, I've lost my handkerchief unless I've left it in your shop."

Thus without pronouncing between them Bennett illustrates both the sense of overmastering impulse and the sense of "the miraculous human power to make experience out of nothing." And in thus presenting these opposing points of view he is true to life, which supplies many instances of both.

The best of Arnold Bennett's studies of temperament are set, with few exception, in the district known in the novels as the Five Towns. No better field could have been chosen for the exhibition of character as affected by material surroundings. For if any region was ever absorbed in material pursuits and at the same time stamped with a distinctive local temperament it is the Potteries district of Staffordshire. The northern outpost, Tunstall, appears in the novels as Turnhill, the home of Hilda Lessways. South of this lies Burslem, "the mother of the Five Towns," but thinly disguised as Bursley, scene of the most important episodes in the novels. Waterloo Road ("Trafalgar Road") runs south between the suburbs of Cobridge and Sneyd Green ("Bleakridge" and "Toft End") to Hanley (in Bennett, always "Hanbridge"), the commercial centre of the district, with the largest shops, offices, and theatres. South of Hanley is Shelton, Arnold Bennett's birthplace, known to readers of the novels as Cauldon, where the "Cauldon Bar Iron Works," with gigantic breathings and

fiery glow add such romantic picturesqueness to the descriptions of the Five Towns by night. Further, and to the south-west, is Longton, Bennett's "Longshaw," smallest and least important of the Five Towns, and mentioned by Bennett only casually, except in one or two of the short stories. Stoke-upon-Trent, or as Bennett calls it "Knype," lies east of Hanley, on the London and Northwestern Railway, forming thus the point of contact between the provincial and the metropolitan world. Its station and its hotel are the scenes of important encounters in the novels.

As incorporated in 1910 under the name of Stoke-on-Trent, the collected towns of the district had a population of a quarter of a million, constituting one of the great industrial centres of Great Britain. For a thousand years the district has been engaged in the manufacture of pottery. Probably there is not a table in the Empire on which its products are not to be found. "You cannot drink tea out of a teacup or eat a meal in decency without the aid of the Five Towns." Moreover, the coal deposits underlying its rugged hills have made the place a centre for mining and general manufacture. Industrialism and commercial activity are grained as deep into the life of the people as the atmosphere and vegetation are stained with coal-smoke, the slopes and valleys crowded with pit-heads, pot-banks, ovens, and chimneys, and the streets crammed with mean houses. This exclusive concern with the production of material wealth resulted according to Bennett in a harshness and brutality among the working class, and a callousness and a pre-occupation for gain among the employers. To these influences of geography and climate are joined the inherited qualities of race. The people have a shrewdness, a grim humor, a habit of suppressing their emotions, a preference for the severer type of religion, which mark the northern strain in their ancestry. And all these qualities are intensified by the accidental fact that when railways were built the Liverpool-London line was carried from Crewe to Stafford, without traversing the Five Towns. Hence they were isolated on a branch-line and all their distinctive traits were sharpened by provinciality. Bennett is keen in pointing out the faults of his fellow-townsmen, their scorn of beauty, their neglect of the amenities, their willingness to "muddle through" with inadequate makeshifts, their narrowness in religion. He says that he left the district because the intellectual and artistic environment was irksome to him. One can

readily understand that he is not popular in the Five Towns, especially as many of his characters are said to be drawn from recognisable persons. But there can be no doubt that Bennett is proud of the Five Towns. He believes it to be the most typical district in England, illustrating the English virtues of self-restraint, determination, self-confidence, and organizing power in the conquest of nature. His feelings are aptly summed up in one of his short stories:

I enjoyed all this. All this seemed to me to be fine, seemed to throw off the fine, true, romantic savour of life. I would have altered nothing of it. Mean, harsh, ugly, squalid, barbaric—yes; but what an intoxicating sense it is of the organized vitality of a vast community, unconscious of itself.

Although representatives of almost every social class appear on Bennett's canvas from the Countess of Chell to the street-hawker and the washerwoman, he is most at home in depicting the *bourgeoisie*. Professional men — doctors, lawyers, clergymen; manufacturers—potters, printers, iron-workers; tradesmen — drapers, chemists, confectioners; these with their families are Bennett's principal characters. He reproduces incomparably the physiognomy of their houses, the provincialism of their style of living, their business and professional ideals, their standards of morals and manners, their amusements, their politics, their religion. His various descriptions of middle-class abodes are among his most distinctive achievements. Each house is presented as a complex domestic organism, reflecting by its furniture, its pictures, its books, its carpets, its very architectural plan and hours for meals, the family life, morose or genial, frugal or expensive. With some exceptions like the delightful Orgreave family, most of these households are dominated by business, lacking in pleasant social intercourse, and either inconvenient or tasteless in their appointments. The successful men of business are taken as a whole, a hard, grasping, mercenary lot, bent on extracting the hardest bargain and the last penny in the struggle for commercial supremacy. The miser, Ephraim Tellwright, sinister, relentless, hounding to death a defaulting creditor; John Stanway, blustering, showy, and deceitful; Charles Critchlow, harsh and sardonic; Darius Clayhanger, stubborn and conservative and arbitrary and hard in a bargain; Councillor Batchgrew, speculative, predatory, sniffing gain and profit—these are

typical of the older business men; and among the younger are Henry Mynors, masterful, efficient, and socially at ease, but unsympathetic and patronizing to the unfortunate; and Denry Machin, humorous, inventive, brilliant, but a little dishonest. All are members of that stronghold of the governing and property-holding class, the Society for the Prosecution of Felons. None of them regard labor as anything more than a commodity; and they look on the populace "as a restless child, to be humored and to be flattered, but also to be ruled firmly, to be kept in its place, to be ignored when advisable, and to be made to pay."

But there is one exception among them. In the mind of Edwin Clayhanger, good business man as he is, there are glimmerings of a social conscience and the beginnings of an understanding of the proletariat. When Hilda Lessways, discussing a strike, assumes that he is against the men and for the employers, he bursts out:

If you ask me, I'll tell you what I think — workmen on strike are always in the right; at bottom, I mean. You've only got to look at them in a crowd together. They don't starve themselves for fun.

These memorable words, heralds of a new age, are exemplified a day or two later when together they visit a strikers' meeting at Snaggs's Theatre—"The Blood-Tub."

The smell of the place was nauseating, and yet the atmosphere was biting cold. The warm-wrapped visitors could see rows and rows of discoloured backs and elbows, and caps, and stringy kerchiefs. They could almost feel the contraction of thousands of muscles in an involuntary effort to squeeze out the chill from all these bodies; not a score of overcoats could be discerned in the whole theatre, and many of the jackets were thin and ragged; but the officials had overcoats. And the visitors could almost see, as it were in rays, the intense fixed glances darting from every part of the interior and piercing the upright figure in the centre of the stage. . . . They seemed to be waiting to spring like famished and ferocious tigers. Interrupting, they growled, snarled, yapped, and swore with appalling sincerity. Imprecations burst forth in volleys and in running fires. The arousing of the fundamental instincts in these human beings had, indeed, enormously emphasized the animal in them. They had swung back a hundred centuries towards original crude life.

(To be Continued in Next Issue.)

The Worst Case

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE Judge poked pebbles with his gnarly stick
 And watched young William playing down the stream.
 "He's all right," I said, "he won't tumble in;
 He knows spring water's cold, he's wise as nine;
 And that for brooks is wise as sixty is.
 If ten he'd tumble in, taking some risk,
 Jumping from pirates or in pursuit of bear.
 At nine he's safe; he'll not be venturesome."
 Being a bachelor I could analyse.
 The Judge was silent, poking with his stick.
 All the killdeers were crying in the field
 And the stream's clucking did not drown their cry.
 'Twas warm enough for sitting so we sat,
 In the golden and blue air on bits of board
 That were dried in the sun and warm. The Judge
 Still found his pebbles to poke at and we sat.

"We Brightonites," he said, "love this wee stream.
 Lots of us come here at all times of year.
 The parson comes with those two girls of his;
 Poor man, he's widowed, but the girls and he
 Tramp all this country like the kids they are,
 Loving the hills and woods and specially this stream.
 They'll often strike it here and walk two miles
 Following it down to Welsh's farm and then
 Take the York road home, all flushed and hungry.
 The parson makes good sermons out of doing that.

"The doctor and his wife come often here:
 You know him,—tall—met him last night at church;
 She was the little woman with the flowers.
 Was taking them somewhere to a bed I s'pose,—
 The first Wake Robins, didn't they look fine
 Under the pulpit, against the dark wood there?
 D'you notice it? It made the service go
 To see them. She always brings them with her,
 Flowers of some kind, we've sort of let it come
 To be her work and she enjoys it. . . .

"There they go now. Don't stir; I want to talk.
 Just you and I. They'll pass the other side.
 He's a fine fellow and she's a mate for him.
 We'll have them in before you go away.
 They lost their boy, have never been the same;
 He was Lieutenant in the Princess Pats;
 Remember—went over at the first. . . .
 The parson lost his boys, and he's changed too,
 We're all changed. This town's a different place
 These last ten years. One of his boys they keep
 At home in a top room; he can't be seen:
 I s'pose they call it aftermath of war. . . .

"There's William there; he's nine. Sometimes I think
 If there's another war . . . will William go?"

" . . . I think I'll tell you here of my worst case.
 The case that haunts, you know. A Judge will have
 A few of those; some will have more, some less.

It rests upon what we call Judge's luck
 Or on a kind of conscience, I suppose,
 How many a man will have. But I had one. . . .
 I didn't sentence death but death resulted.
 It wasn't in the regular way of cases.
 'Twas that tribunal business. You know how
 We organized to catch objectors. Well,
 We caught them. I was one of three to sit:
 Kelvey, he's gone, old Timms, he's moved away,
 And I. The tedium wore us down, I s'pose.
 'Twas petty work. We had no scheme to work on.
 Knew what we wanted—men—but not much else.
 How can you prick sufficient pinholes in an hour
 To see a man's soul through and know for sure
 If he's a liar or honest, fool or dreamer?
 Court cases I have had to tax my nerve
 And give me worried nights at home in bed,
 And worried mornings when the mirror showed
 As I shaved, eyes that were filled with court scenes,
 Jury, lawyers, prisoner tense and pale,
 Instead of the careful line a razor takes.
 One case was pretty bad, a hanging one;
 After conviction the bleary chap stood up
 And called "Not guilty," specially to me.
 Or so it seemed. When passing out he said—
 And nobody seemed to want to stop him,
 Seemed for a second he held up the court:—
 Passing close and craning, he said up to me
 "Your poor blame baby, you official fool,"
 And nobody laughed or told him to be still,
 "Your poor blame baby, you official fool,
 You're like my mother. She'd often beat me hard
 Because my record made reports all true,
 Though some reports are lies on any man;
 This one's a lie on me. But take my watch,
 Judge, take it, keep it." So I kept his gift.
 'Twas strange to do it. Might have been a bomb.
 In two weeks after hanging he was cleared.
 But that case hasn't bothered me so much
 As this one I'm about to tell you of.
 That one was tragic but inevitable.
 I was the law's machinery. No man
 Could have done else under the law. I was
 The law's will. . . .

But this case, this other

He was the cripple of the town. You know
 There's always a cripple in a town like ours;
 We're just the size to have so few queer people,
 Hunched, deformed, deaf, blind, or dumb, or soft
 That they're remarked upon and known, and named
 With the street's common name, smiled on by all
 And passed; we called him Crippy. He was queer
 As well as cripple. At least we all smiled
 At him, at his ways and talk. Sometimes
 Sometimes I wonder. . . . in the barber shop
 He'd talk of spring flowers and of the first
 Wind blown anemones, and of birds:
 Would stare in mid street, standing to watch a bird
 Trace sudden flight in beauty on the blue,
 And then go shuffling in to Pender's grocery
 To be laughed at by the town's boys and smile
 In quiet return and never take offence.
 They say he read a lot; his little window shone
 Often late at night out on the ragged field

At the town's edge where his mother lived; He'd be there reading.
 Miss MacCormack says,
 —She's our librarian —she says that Crippy knew
 Our library, every volume, through and through.
 He'd come and stand among the shelves marked history,
 Then shuffle out and lean upon the desk. She'd say
 "Will you read that?" and he: "Yes, Ma'am," and slip
 Out of the door quiet as if half shamed.
 Well,—and I remember, too,
 How he loved to come out here in the spring.
 In spring this was his favorite place of all;
 We'd see him shuffling down the fields and through
 Those cedars there, shuffling and whistling;
 Or sometimes sitting by this very tree here,
 With one of his books or hepaticas in his hand.
 We always smiled on him and at him
 And pass on with "Hello Crippy! You here?"
 And forgot him or let him slip into a place
 Among the institutions of the town
 Where, though not forgotten, he was not thought of.
 He was not among the important things of life;
 No case for charity. His mother washed,
 And he was printer's devil on the sheet
 We called the 'Trumpet.'" We just let him drift.
 Among the things we all accepted in our minds
 As part of our proper days. Crippy belonged
 To the town's life, like the town pump and like
 Will Higginbotham and his tailless dog,
 And like all other things we smiled at,
 Noticed or ignored according to our whim,
 Of which we were independent when we liked.

Until the war came. Of course it thinned us out,
 Caught up the drifters first and then more steady men;
 It made us quiet, put something in the streets,
 An atmosphere of strangeness; when the paper came
 In on the evening train there were always those
 Who took their's up and hurried silently home
 To read the lists, and scarce would say "Good night."
 But we all knew; 'twas no unkindness meant.
 They were preoccupied. Some others of us
 Scarce liked to pass the telegraph office
 For fear of being hailed to read a wire just in.
 Then when my telegram came at last. You know
 How Ralph went

Well, our town day after day
 Grew silter and even the grocery stores,
 Though they smelled spicily just the same, were different.
 Nothing was as it had been. But Crippy;
 He seemed the same. At least he went about
 As usual, took his shuffling rambles here
 And everywhere. The day I came out here
 With hand in pocket on my telegram
 He was here, head up, singing, as he went
 As usual down there towards the cedar woods.

Then when the pressure grew;—you know we tried
 Conscription. . . . and the tribunals
 Crippy came up before us. Of course we knew
 He couldn't fight; we wanted him though
 To go in the munitions plant; he'd said
 He couldn't work there when they asked him first;
 We thought 'twas just his queerness or some one
 Had not made proper offer. So he came up.
 He stood before us quietly enough,
 But he was adamant. I never felt so much,

Though I have watched court scenes for forty years,
 The rock that can be made of human mind
 When it is fixed in purpose; he stood so quietly;
 Said he and his mother had talked about it long
 And long ago; he couldn't fight if he were able;
 Nor could he make munitions. There we were;
 Three men, Kelvey and Timms and I, nonplussed,
 And he quiet and waiting for our word.
 What could we do? Timms threatened, Kelvey urged,
 And I sat hopeful. Pressed, at last he said,
 In outburst, the only break from calm he made at all:
 "O, Mr. Green, why, don't you see, I can't?
 Ralph's gone, and man after man is gone
 And many many boys, and still the thing goes on.
 O, don't you see? 'Twill always go right on
 Until men say it mustn't and stay home.
 I am the only one in all this town
 To say it. But I saw it. I won't work
 For that thing war in any way at all,
 And,—the first is foolish who does a thing like this;
 I know that well; so is the first step foolish
 To our blue stream out there; viewed by itself,
 A little foolish step. But it's a step
 That takes you towards the stream. . . . And, I'm a step,
 And so I must say no."
 He said no and we sat there, we three men
 And that lame boy, and dusk was coming on.

Then all at once together we took action.
 What was there else to do? This boy before us,
 This Crippy, was holding up a nation.
 The need was for munitions he could make.
 He could save lives by dozens maybe
 Just by making shells, and yet he stood there
 Obstinate. The case seemed all so plain then,
 A cripple's whim against a nation's need.
 We three grew angry. Our tempers were worn raw
 By weeks of quibbling. . . .
 And his face glowed or seemed to glow in the dusk
 Of the spring sunset uncannily; he seemed
 To all of us at once to personate
 All the objectors of the weary weeks,
 All the small trickery, meanness, obstinacy,
 All the hard problems of the difficult days;
 And we were hungry. So we sent him down,
 Gave him two years. What else could we do?
 He stood against the state, and people knew
 He stood. We didn't add hard labour.

So, he went. . . .

He died in prison after the third month,
 And then his mother died.

That's my worst case, it haunts me even now.

Here's William coming.

If there's another war. . . .
 "The first step's foolish. I'm a step," he said.

And Crippy loved these fields. . . . I think I see him now
 Shuffling to the woods there. . . .

It's home now, William, home!"

Spiritism and the Catholic Church

THE publishing world, which for two or three years has been reaping a large fortune out of the production of books expounding the process of conversation with the departed, is now embarking upon what seems to be the equally profitable task of demonstrating the impossibility of any such conversation. It is possible that the cynical will find the refutation even more interesting than the demonstration, while there can be no doubt that the Spiritist forces will come back with a rebuttal against the arguments of their opponents, which may possibly be more delightful yet.

We have just received from S. B. Gundy (Oxford University Press, Toronto) two volumes of anti-spiritist literature, both written by eminent members of the Catholic Church, and both published in New York by the Devin-Adair Company. One of them, bearing the suggestive title "The New Black Magic", by J. Godfrey Raupert, K.S.G. (\$2), is an exposition of the view that whatever ideas are really communicated by any of the modern methods of conversing with the supposed spirits of the dead are actually the emanations of "those fallen angels of which the true Revelation speaks, and which are known to have come with similar pretences and under identical disguised in pre-Christian times". In other words, the author admits the fact of communication, denies that this communication proceeds from the spirits of the dead, and explains it as proceeding from evil spirits whose activities "were checked and paralyzed when Christ appeared in the World, and wherever His divine authority was acknowledged and obeyed". He even quotes in support of this theory an admission which one of these spirits is alleged to have made to him upon being "caught-out" in certain inconsistencies in the statements which it had made while masquerading as the spirit of a deceased intimate friend of the writer. It may appear somewhat illogical to accept the statements of a disembodied communicator when they suit one's own purposes and to discredit them when they do not, but perhaps the strict rules of logic are not fully applicable to these phenomena.

Considerably more interesting, because more authoritative, than the Raupert volume is "Spiritism and Religion" by Baron. Johan Liljencrants, S.T.D. (\$3.50) with a foreword by Dr. M. F. Egan, late United States Minister

to Denmark. His book, which bears the *nihil obstat* and *imprimatur* of the ecclesiastical authorities of the Arch-diocese of New York, and which consists of a dissertation submitted to the Faculty of the Sacred Sciences at the Catholic University of America, ridicules the assumption of the intervention of evil spirits, and lays a stress on the manner in which the science of Psychical Research "is gradually bringing a large portion of the spiritistic phenomena and the occult in general into the realm of nature, divesting it—in its objective nature—of the attributes of a preternatural order with which it, until very recently, has been generally conceived." The whole tone of the volume is that of scientific criticism. It applies to the explanation of the so-called spiritist phenomena all the existing knowledge of abnormal human psychology, and does so with extraordinary cleverness and ingenuity. Thus, while Raupert states that the Rev. W. Stainton-Moses was possessed of evil spirits, Baron Liljencrants offers us the assumption "that Moses in his trance state developed a secondary personality which considered itself to be Grocyn, or some other spirit, and employed the medium's hands for the necessary manipulations". And he proceeds to re-enforce this theory with many well-known phenomena of peculiar psychological states. The Baron reminds us that many quite natural, although abnormal, psychological states involve extraordinary development of certain faculties, increase of muscular power, automatic muscular movement, exceptional precision of control. The most interesting chapter of the book is that which deals with spirit identity: The author takes the view that all the apparent knowledge exhibited by the so-called spirits and relied upon as evidence of their identity with certain deceased individuals, can be explained as being drawn from living human minds by telepathic communication. He applies this theory in much detail and with great plausibility to a number of the leading cases of alleged proof of identity. "Our attitude," he says, "has been to exclude the hypothesis of spirit intervention in the presence of a possibly adequate natural hypothesis." The chapter on Spiritism as a religion gives a very just and indeed kindly review of the highest grade of doctrinal ideas put forth by the Spiritist leaders and shows the absolute incompatibility of these doctrines with the whole idea of a God-given Revelation.



A Montreal Woman on Women

THESE are qualities about the collection of short sketches entitled "Sister Woman," by Miss J. B. Sime, which make us hesitate to describe it as belonging to Canadian literature. Nevertheless, the author is and has been for a good many years a resident of Montreal; most of the characters and episodes of the book belong to Montreal; one feels that Montreal has to do with the shaping of the author's attitude toward life. One does not feel that Canadian literature has had very much to do with the shaping of her attitude towards literature, as that has come from strictly European sources and the influence of the French short story writers is unmistakably present.

The majority of these sketches deal with the problem of sex, or rather with one or two of the numerous problems which we group under that heading. Miss Sime's characters are not the respectable Montrealers whom we meet at tea at the Ritz-Carlton. We are convinced that when Miss Sime goes to the Ritz-Carlton to tea, she is immensely more interested in the scrub-ladies who scuttle out of the way when a guest of the hotel comes in sight, than she is in the guests themselves. She has a knack of getting the confidence of scrub-ladies, and of many other classes of the population of Montreal whom most of us find it difficult to bring to the stage of self-elucidation. Miss Sime has an enormous sympathy with all the great primitive motives and feelings, which probably form a larger part of the structure of life among scrub-women than they do among the guests at the Ritz-Carlton—although this is a proposition that we put forward diffidently, and with some fear that we may be slandering the wealthier classes of society. Be that as it may, the constant pressure of poverty and want does produce a certain dramatic element in the lives of people

whose passions and instincts are strong, and Miss Sime has an uncanny skill in developing this dramatic material with very great effect in a remarkably few pages.



MISS J. G. SIME.

(From a Drawing by Gertrude DesClayes.)

Occasionally we suspect her scrub-ladies or other informants of indulging ever so little in the pastime of "stringing" the earnest student who is investigating them in the interest of literature. Is it possible, for example, that any large percentage of the female munition workers of Montreal acquired during their factory life the habit of chewing tobacco and expectorating the juice upon the floor of their street car, in open defiance of the notice posted at each end of the vehicle? But whether they did, or did not, this is a minor point

in a sketch which is one of the most effective presentations in modern literature of the desire of the modern woman for economic independence—and the sometimes excessive reaction when that desire is gratified.

Not all of Miss Sime's women are anxious for independence. Many of them are born dependents—dependent upon the love of their man, upon the worry and bother of their children, upon their religious dissipation, upon many other things which work directly against independence and self-reliance. Miss Sime is particularly clever in dealing with the burdens which the survival of ancient traditions concerning marriage lays upon some of the people who have to live in the changed conditions of this modern world of ours. The sketches entitled "An Irregular Union" and "Motherhood" are a wonderfully moving presentation of unmarried love. There is no special pleading in the book; in fact, one doubts if Miss Sime has any particular reforms or revolutions which she would wish

to plead. She is concerned with things as they are and their portrayal in artistic form, and in this volume she has succeeded in producing a group of short stories which should take rank among the best of the current work of English writers. It is scarcely likely that her volume will receive full appreciation in this country, at any rate unless it is so brilliantly successful in England that an echo of that success makes its way over here. It is not a book for a young country. It is lacking in sentimentality and optimism, which we seem to demand from purveyors of fiction on this North American continent. It is published in England by Grant Richards, a fact which alone will assure those familiar with the output of that house that it is of more than average quality. The Canadian publisher is S. B. Gundy, who thereby adds materially to the prestige he has already gained as a backer of works of conspicuous merit, irrespective of their power to command wide popularity.

The Great Novel of Journalism

A new edition is now available of that most instructive novel of the journalistic life in England, "The Street of Adventure," by Philip Gibbs, which has long been out of print. It is the most accurate and sympathetic portrayal of life in that very interesting profession that has ever been achieved in fiction or out of it, and should be read by aspirants to success in journalism before any of the so-called textbooks or guidebooks to the practice of that craft. What journalist does not know the "friendly comp" who was "brought up on the Bible, Shakespeare, Paradise Lost and George R. Sims" and regarded Sims and Shakespeare as "the two great 'umanists'"? Or Margaret Hubbard, the veteran woman-journalist, with her keen perception of the effect of newspaper work on members of her sex: "Though we lose our femininity we keep our womanhood. We are still women, with the desires and dreams of womanhood. It is curious how the professional woman, meeting many men, working among them, good friends with them, is so often left solitary. The boys who have sat

in her rooms go away one by one and marry—other women. They have given her their confidences, have been glad of her comradeship, but other girls—the feminine girls—get their hearts." The whole gallery of journalistic types and most of the non-professional types with whom the journalist comes professionally in contact—the publicity-seekers, the public officials of all grades; the hangers-on from whom information can be secured about the great; the newspaper proprietor, and the proprietor's friends; all are here, drawn to the life in a few touches of that pen which has since brought the vision of the trenches into every peaceful home where English is spoken. "The Street of Adventure" is not a great novel, because it does not set out to be, but it is a great picture of a fascinating life. . . . And yet, will it attract men into journalism? If it does, it will be for the same reason which makes tales of the hardships of seafaring life the best recruiting material for the navy.

An Irregular Union

By J. G. SIME

PHYLLIS REDMAYNE sat in her little room that was drawing-room and dining-room and study and bedroom all in one. It was a pretty little room—pretty in spite of its not costing very much. It had its dining-table and its plain chair close up to the table, its easy-chair, its cot-bed masquerading as a couch in the day-time; it had its pillow or two covered in silk, and a vase of flowers; and, in the best light the room could give, close up by the little high window that looked out straight on the sky, it had its inevitable typewriter. Phyllis Redmayne was the ubiquitous Business Girl of our time, and she earned the money she lived on by the sweat of her brain.

But just at the moment she wasn't looking at her typewriter, or thinking of it, or working at all. She sat in her chair close up by the table and she looked at the telephone. She looked at it and she looked at it; her eyes were fixed on it, and the eyes of her mind were fixed on it too. She was just sitting there thinking of the telephone. She was longing for it to speak.

It is a bad business waiting for a letter, but it is a worse business to wait for the telephone. The telephone is there before you—it may be going to speak any minute; and minute after minute passes by and changes slowly into hour after hour—and it doesn't speak. And you sit and look and long. And when the bell goes clang at last and you take the receiver in your hand—most likely it's the wrong number or someone you don't want to speak to or some triviality or other. You just say what you have to say and hang the receiver up, and you sit there again, sick at heart, waiting.

When that has happened to you over and over again you grow, not so much accustomed to it, perhaps, as patient—passive—resigned; but that attitude of mind doesn't come all at once. You only grow like that with the years. And this was the first time Phyllis Redmayne had had to sit and watch the telephone—sick with impatience and apprehension and unable to ring up and ask what she longed to know. It was the first time she had had to sit with her heart torn with anxiety—and just wait. It is currently said that waiting comes easy to women. I wonder why that is currently said.

The thing that Phyllis Redmayne was waiting for was a telephone message to say whether the man she cared for was better or worse. He was in hospital, this man she cared for, and once every day she had a message, not from him but from his nurse—just a professional bulletin of his condition—a calm, non-committal: "Mr. Radcliffe is rather better to-day," or "Mr. Radcliffe has had a bad night and is not quite so well," as the case might be. And then

the telephone rang off. And Phyllis Redmayne had that much to live on till the same time to-morrow.

That isn't a very easy proposition when you are young and not used to wait—and when you care very much. And Phyllis cared—she cared very much indeed; in fact, she didn't care for very much else except for this man who lay in hospital ill and away from her. She had just one idea of happiness in life, and that was to be with him, to be with him always, to take care of him and to be taken care of by him—to look after his interests—to work for him—to be close beside him all the time and help . . . and to have him there being helped, and at the same time looking after her and sheltering her and protecting her. As you see, there was nothing at all new or original about Phyllis Redmayne and her views. She was just the old traditional woman clothed in a Business Woman's garb. For all that was unexpected in her ideas, her typewriter might just as well have been a kitchen stove—or a cradle. She looked on Dick Radcliffe as Eve looked on Adam. She thought the same old things that women always have thought, though she gained her own living and imagined she was independent and free and modern and all the rest of it.

Dick was the head of the office where she worked—he was her "bawss," as the girls in the office called it. And she was what people call his mistress. There was nothing new in their relation—nothing whatever. It was the same old thing. He had seen her and seen that she was pretty—and she had seen him and seen that he was strong. The rest followed. What was a little bit new perhaps—or the way that Phyllis looked at it was new—was that though she gave herself very willingly and went on and on giving herself, she took nothing in exchange. I mean that she went on earning her own livelihood and supporting herself just as she had done before the episode—the episode was something over and above in her life, as it were, just as it was in Dick's. In plain words, she didn't take any money for the gift of herself.

It is a queer thing how a little practical fact like that can make an old episode seem new—a new thing in the history of the world; and that Phyllis Redmayne felt as she did only goes to show how this present-day life of ours is based and rooted on money. The little insignificant fact that she was able to "keep herself," as it is called, changed for her the whole complexion of her love episode. It gave her confidence and self-respect. She could feel with perfect accuracy that she was not a "kept woman." She had years of supporting herself behind her and

she had every justification for feeling that in the years to come she would always be able to go on making ends meet. She could feel, in one word, independent—and it is extraordinary how deep into a woman's soul that desire for independence goes, when once she has had a taste of it. If Phyllis Redmayne had been Phyllis Radcliffe I doubt not at all that she would have felt quite differently. The fact of being a wife, of sharing house and home, bed and board, changes the most independent woman's point of view. She feels then that she can go shares with a good conscience—the children that are in the back of every woman's mind, children who will bear their father's name when they come, make that all right. But in the relation that Phyllis Redmayne bore to Dick Radcliffe—it is different. There is a sensitiveness—a lack of security perhaps—on the woman's side. She isn't a wife, and however much she may protest that she doesn't want to be, there are moments when she almost certainly does want it very much; and then, besides that—well, besides that, there is the tradition of centuries past and gone to fight against; there are all those thousands—millions—of women who *have* been “kept women”—mistresses and women who have borne harder and more contemptuous names than that . . . they have to be taken into consideration. And a Business Woman, a modern Business Woman, working for herself, quiet and decent in her life, independent, doesn't want to be mixed up with things like that. No, she doesn't—she doesn't. She feels herself different and she *is* different. Why, Phyllis Redmayne would hardly take even a present—the most she would accept were little valueless things at the rarest intervals. Though she wouldn't allow it even to herself, this uncertainty of her relation to Dick Radcliffe got on her nerves at times.

Just at times. She was at the period of loving him so much that nothing else seemed to matter. And when life was going on its normal lines, nothing *did* matter except that she could see him day after day—work with him—help him with that active, trained brain of hers; and see him sometimes too in the little home she had got together with her own money—her very own earnings. There was something rare and wonderful in having a little home where she could welcome him as her treasured guest. It was something that nearly made up—that sometimes far more than made up—for their not living and sharing a home together.

When things were going normally Phyllis dwelt entirely and always on the good side of their relation. She looked consistently on what is called the “bright side.” She hardly admitted to herself that the shield had a reverse that wasn't quite so bright. Remember she was young. And their relation to one another was young too. The fear of the possible child, of Dick's tiring of her, the possibility of his caring for some other woman as well as for her, the dread of detection—of sickness . . .

of all these possibilities none had pressed on her yet. She simply basked in love. Dick manifestly did care for her and she—she cared for nothing in the whole world but him; the world, indeed, hardly seemed to her to exist at all, except just as it revolved round Dick Radcliffe as its axis. There was joy in going to the office—there was infinite joy in the knowledge that she was useful . . . and she knew that she was; and there was joy unspeakable in welcoming him home sometimes—making him free of her little domain—spreading it out for his acceptance—preparing little fêtes for him. What was there in the world to worry about or to regret? Nothing.

And now Dick was ill. He wasn't ill so that he was going to die. No—not ill like that at all. But he was ill, and pretty sick too, laid low, suffering—and she wasn't able to be beside him and take care of him. He was in hospital, as the New World way is, and he had a special nurse, two special nurses, in fact—one for the day and another for the night—and she, Phyllis, who would have given ten years of her life to be near him, was shut out, shut out absolutely, not even able to take the receiver off the telephone and call up and ask how he was.

It was while Phyllis sat at the table with her eyes on the telephone that the first doubt of her way of life entered into her mind. She had thought—thought sometimes a little defiantly perhaps—that theirs was the better way of life. Such a union could never grow “stuffy,” she would say to herself—she had read Edward Carpenter, and she borrowed the word from him. She had dwelt on all the advantages of their union. Dick was free. She was free. Nothing bound them together but their love, and if that were to fail they were free to part. But away back in—well, in her heart, I suppose it was—she said to herself at the same time that nothing could ever make them *want* to part. They were one and they would stay one. Sometimes she would tell Dick how free he was, impress it on him: “If ever you choose another woman, if you grow tired of me,” she would say to him, “you are free. You're absolutely quite free, Dick. I sha'n't say a thing.” But even as she said these things, and she honestly thought she said them sincerely, something within her said: “He never will want another woman. Why should he? Aren't you his friend as well as everything else? Can't you satisfy his brain as well as his heart—why should he *want* to part from you . . . ?”

She had been very happy for those last three years. Yes, she had been happy. Hardly a doubt had assailed her about anything. She had just taken the moment as it passed, enjoyed it, made the most of it, caressed it almost sometimes—and then taken the next moment as it came along. She was happy in her work—happy, perhaps, rather in her usefulness to Dick—and she was happy in her little home. She was young enough and strong enough to be able to

cope with her double work, the working of her brain at the office and the working of her hands at home. But most of all she was happy because in her love for Dick she was carried wholly, utterly out of herself. She never thought of herself; she hardly knew that such a person as Phyllis Redmayne existed. For her, Dick was the Great Reality, and her whole life was her gift to him. I have said that, in spite of her brain and her modernity, she was just the old, old thing.

But now as she sat with her eyes fixed on the telephone the first doubt assailed her. She took on that road her first step—that costs. She sat there longing with all her soul to know about the man she loved; and she couldn't know. She just had to sit and wait. Twenty-four hours had passed since she heard last. Of all those hours she had merely slept uneasily two or three; all the rest she had spent—longing is a weak word for it. She had yearned and craved to know how he was. She would have prayed if she had had the least idea that she would get an answer. She thought of telepathy and she felt it was a fraud—she longed to project her spirit and it wouldn't go. There was nothing for it but to wait, harrowed and devoured by anxiety. He wasn't going to die—she said that over and over to herself; but for all that he was ill—suffering—and she wasn't beside him, Phyllis Redmayne felt it wasn't fair.

Yes, that was how she felt. She said to herself as she sat there that there was nothing wrong in what she craved. She didn't want to worry him, to bother him, to show him love at the wrong time. She merely wanted to be beside him, to tend him, to read his slightest gesture so as to be of use—that was what she wanted, just to be of use. And when she thought of the nurses being with him, giving him intimate care, touching him, raising him, looking after him in the sleepless watches of the night—when she thought of this and visualised it, her hands clenched under the table and she felt the hot tears rising to her eyes. That was *her* place—it was her place to be with him. It was her privilege to lose her sleep so that she might soothe him. It was her right—yes, it was her right to tire herself, to wear her body out, if need be, that he might have one moment's rest and peace. Why should he be given over to indifferent paid nurses when she, *she* would give anything, anything in the world, just to be allowed to tend him?

What she felt to be the injustice of the world came on Phyllis Redmayne all of a sudden as she sat in her little room. It was growing late. The sun was away past her window now, and that meant that it would soon be evening. Why were they so late in ringing her up to-night? Was it possible that they had forgotten her—if so, was she to sit there another twenty-four hours waiting? Or was it possible—was it possible that he—that something had happened . . . her hand went out towards the receiver. Could it be—oh, could it be, that the doc-

tors were wrong, that he was seriously ill, that he might—*die*? Phyllis Redmayne felt her heart leap—and then she felt a sickness—she felt grey. . . .

After all, it wasn't as if she was asking anything *wrong*. She only wanted to know—and she mightn't ring up and ask. Suddenly the secrecy of the thing struck her as horrible—hateful. She felt that she loathed it—she wanted to go up to the hospital openly and boldly, just as she was, and *demand* that she should be let in to nurse her——. Her what? If she went up to the hospital and demanded to be allowed in to nurse her lover it wouldn't advance her cause much.

It began to dawn on her dimly, the mess she was in. There was nothing wrong in the relation itself—that she would swear. No wife that ever was could look on her husband with eyes more loving than those with which Phyllis Redmayne looked on Dick Radcliffe. And—she kept saying it to herself as she sat there—there was no question of money between them. There was nothing sordid in their relation. She earned her bread as she had earned it before she ever knew that a Dick Radcliffe lived in the world. She was true to him with every shred of her. She wasn't his only in her body, she was his in all her heart and soul. She was devoted to him. She—she adored him. The only thing that was wrong about it all was that she had to keep it a secret, and to keep it an effectual secret she had to tell lies. She had to act lies too. Her *life* was more or less a lie—but that was all anyone could bring against her. And she wasn't lying for any advantage of her own . . . it was just to keep the bare bread and butter coming in that she had to lie. She felt that she was justified—yes, she felt that down to the nethermost depths of her soul. And at the same time she knew that the world would not call her justified, and dimly, reluctantly, almost against her better judgment, she felt that the world had something on its side. There was no harm in her loving him. There could be no harm just in her wanting to be beside him now that he was sick. In longing to be of use to the man she loved, was she not proving herself to be a woman? Yet she couldn't go to him—he would be furious with her if she went and gave him away; and the world, the little bit of it with which she came into daily contact, would never forgive her if she were to give it away. There would be no one to stick up for her at all—not one person that she knew could be made to understand that she, Dick Radcliffe's mistress, had kept her self-respect, that she was an independent creature—she detested the word mistress, and she didn't feel that it applied to her . . . and yet she knew that it *did* apply to her and that her poor, pitiful little plea about earning her own livelihood and keeping herself decently wouldn't have any weight with anyone at all anywhere. As she sat there gazing at the telephone she felt like Athanasius against the world—and the world looked big and heavy.

What if he were ill—seriously ill? What then? How long was she supposed to go on sitting there just waiting for a message? If they went on forgetting her might there not come a time when she would be justified in going and—not demanding at all—just asking—pleading—begging for some scrap of news? Would it be possible that they would shut her out if he—if he—was *dying*?

Suddenly the telephone cried and clanged. It was speaking. Phyllis Redmayne gave a great start and she took the receiver in her hand, and in a vague, uncertain way she was astounded to feel that her hand was shaking so that it would hardly hold the receiver in its fingers. She put the other hand up to steady it; she pressed the receiver to her ear. "Yes," she said. And then she repeated it. "Yes, hello!" she said again. She hardly knew that dim, unsteady voice. "Mr. Radcliffe a-asks me to 'phone you up and say he's feeling some better to-night. He guesses he'll sit up to-morrow for a spell. . . ." That was the message. Phyllis Redmayne's heart gave a great leap—it leaped up nearly into her mouth, and when she tried to speak she could hardly get the words out for breathlessness. "Is his temperature normal to-night? Is he tired?" The questions poured out as water gushes out of the neck of a bottle when the cork is removed. "How did he sleep last night? Do you think he seems like sleeping now? Is he eating? Can he talk? Is he able to—?"

Phyllis Redmayne hung the receiver up. Everything that she had thought and feared as she sat waiting dropped again out of sight, out of touch, out of thought. Dick was better! He wasn't so very, very ill. He wouldn't die—

what nonsense! The doctors were right, of course, he wasn't in any danger of dying, not even thinking of it. And as this certainty flooded Phyllis Redmayne's being, nothing else in the world seem to matter. She was carried out of herself once more. Love spread its broad, strong wings and lifted her up—lifted her up above herself—above what the world might think or mightn't think. As she sat there looking at the telephone that had brought her the good news her heart seemed to swell in love and gratitude. She felt happy. She felt blessed. What if she couldn't be beside him? Wasn't he being taken care of and looked after so that he would be given back to her well and strong again? She felt that she had far, far more than she deserved. Mistress seemed to her the loveliest word in the language. Oh yes, she was Dick's mistress, and soon he would be well and able to come to her. She glanced round her little room, wondering how she could beautify it for his coming. There passed rapidly, tenderly through her mind the little meal she would give him to eat. She would welcome him soon—see him sit there again—watch him eat. She would be able to see with her own eyes what havoc sickness had wrought in him—she would be able to touch and feel him—she could kiss him as he sat there and be sure that he was no spirit but dear flesh and blood.

She looked out through her little window at the early evening sky. She sat watching the lovely evening clouds going their majestic peaceful way. And suddenly—no one could be more surprised than she herself—she laid her head down on her two outstretched arms—and she sobbed and sobbed.

(From "Sister Woman," by permission of the Canadian publisher, S. B. Gundy and of the author.)

The Doctor's Verdict

By H. M. T.

O H! I must lie on a narrow bed,
For many and many a day,
And live a life of my own, he said,
A narrow life on a narrow bed,
Alone when others are gay.

My friend! I'm under the weather,
And I am one who knows
What it is to tramp—with the heather
The spongey spring of the purple heather—
Crackling beneath my toes.

I love the struggle to keep my pace,
To fight against the wind,
To feel the East hoar cutting my face,
The briney tang of the salt on my face,
The cold grey cliff behind.

Oh! to set sail, my hand on the wheel,
Was it the other day?
To feel her taut as she strains on her keel
The brave little ship as staunch as steel
Dancing over the Bay.

I must build me a castle of Dreams
To give my old heart youth,
For life is not so grey as it seems
If you're always young in your castle of dreams,
The Dream that is built on Truth.

Economics for the Un-Economic

IT is a great thing to be a Professor of Political Economy, and at the same time to be able not to write like one. Professor Stephen Leacock possess this quality in a pre-eminent degree. He is one of the few Professors of Political Economy who can talk to the common man in the common man's language. His latest book, "The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice," is not an effort to solve that riddle. It is an effort to tell the common man that it is incapable of being solved perfectly, at any rate by more than slow degrees, and that most of the "solutions" that are being offered at the present moment are pretty sure to set up more riddles than they will ever solve.

It is highly important that the common man should be instructed upon this head in his own language. The propounders of false solutions have been using the language of the common man with great effect and ability for many years, while the Professors of Political Economy have been contenting themselves with the language of the class room, which, to the common man, is as incomprehensible as Greek, and much more inexcusable. The present volume is filled with thoroughly Leacockian word pictures of the most striking character. On the very first page we have a reference to the modern Cincinnatus, "who stands sullenly between his plow-handles arguing for a higher wage." On page 123, we have: "Socialism is but a dream, a bubble floating in the air. If we mistake the floating bubble for the marble palaces of the city of desire, it will lead us forward in our pursuit till we fall over the edge of the abyss beyond which is chaos." On page 115 we have a delightful picture of the life of the worker under a Socialistic State.

Here for example is a worker who is, or who says he is, too ill to work. He begs that he may be set free. The grave official, as Mr. Bellamy sees him, looks at the worker's tongue. "My poor fellow," says he, "you are indeed ill. Go and rest yourself under a shady tree while the others are busy with the harvest." So speaks the ideal official dealing with the ideal citizen in the dream of life among the angels. But suppose that the worker, being not an angel but a human being, is but a mere hulking, lazy brute who prefers to sham sick rather than endure the tedium

of toil. Or suppose that the grave official is not an angel, but a man of hateful heart or one with a personal spite to vent upon his victim. What then? How could one face a regime in which the everlasting taskmaker held control? There is nothing like it among us at the present day except within the precincts of the penitentiary. There and there only, the socialist system is in operation.

These are pictures that the man in the street can understand. They are not, we frankly admit, pictures that seem likely to us to imbue him with any particular degree of cheerfulness. On page 47, Professor Leacock tells us that the failures and fallacies of "natural liberty," of the old individualist doctrine, have now become so manifest, that the system must be revised from top to bottom. But we have to get to page 124 before we find any suggestion of a revision that will not be worse than the original system. When we do get it, it is something which will appear to some of our optimistic revolutionaries as being only a very moderate instalment of universal happiness. Its first item is work for all those who are willing to work: "The time has gone by when a man shall starve asking in vain for work." But even this moderate concession "involves appalling difficulties." Professor Leacock knows all about politics. He knows that the policy of state work and state pay for those whom private employers will not employ, means vast opportunities for the waste of public money and the subsidizing of loafers. He proposes to mitigate this by keeping the pay low enough to make state work the last resort rather than the ultimate ambition of the worker, and we trust that he realizes the amount of educational work that would have to be done before organized labor could be taught that these are the only possible terms on which universal employment can be granted. The second item is one about which there will be far less dispute, about which indeed there is practically no difference of opinion, save as to the means to be employed: it is the provision by the community of adequate maintenance for those who by accident or illness, age or infirmity, are unable to maintain themselves. And the last item, which Professor Leacock tells us is really the first, is education and opportunity for the children of

the race. "No society is properly organized until every child that is born in it shall have an opportunity in life. Success in life and capacity to live we cannot give, but opportunity we can."

After these three items have been attended to we can endeavor to ascertain the extent to which Social Reform can penetrate into the ordinary operations of industry. Professor Leacock thinks that the mechanism of society can be employed for the raising of wages and reducing of working hours, provided only that both processes are carried on gradually enough not to dislocate the economic machine. He thinks that eight hours a day is too long for the modern industrial worker, owing to the monotonous and uninspiring character of his toil. Society, he assures us, has nothing to lose by these increased wages and reduced hours of work, provided only that all changes are made in the cautious manner already referred to. He approves of other reforms such as the rectification of the ownership of land so as to eliminate "the haphazard gains of the speculator, and the unearned increment of wealth created by the efforts of others." But he warns us against seeing in this, or indeed any single reform, a

cure-all for the ills of society. It is a little curious that he makes no reference to any possible reform of the monetary standard, whose tremendous loss of value in the last few years has been the cause of more "haphazard gains" than land speculation has produced in a generation. Nor does he say much about taxation, further than to admit that there will have to be plenty of it, nor about modification of the rights of property in other things than land. But he does set out a very clear general ideal towards which society must tend. Perhaps we cannot do better than reproduce the sketch of this ideal with which this brief but eminently sensible and light-shedding volume comes to an end:—

The details are indistinct, but the outline at least in which it is framed is clear enough. The safety of the future lies in the progressive movement of social control alleviating the misery which it cannot obliterate and based upon the broad general principle of equality of opportunity. The chief immediate direction of social effort should be towards the attempt to give to every human being in childhood adequate food, clothing, education and an opportunity in life. This will prove to be the beginning of many things. (Gundy, Toronto, \$1.25)

To a Bust of Dante

By F. M. S.

TOP old book shelves, dark, and steep,
Austere and steadfast, watch, you keep,
Beyond this dim-lit room.

Midsummer's moon, from far-off space,
Illumes thy head with noble grace,
Above blue-shadowed gloom.

Of old, some white Ravenna's night,
Perhaps thy gaze had second sight
On Florence, all abloom.

O valiant soul! How long ago,
In bitterness of exile's woe,
You wrought beyond Time's doom.

O men, who strive through darkened ways!
Life is not measured by its days
Nor enters in the tomb.

A Profound Study of the Modern Girl

PROBABLY no student of the modern novel—modern in the full sense of being not merely a product but a mirror of the age in which we dwell—will deny that the important and durable novel of the past quarter is Frank Swinnerton's "September". It deals with the problem of the new type of twenty-year-old girl, the product of those tremendous social and educational changes which have made the young woman of today so much more an independent individual and the maker of her own destinies than she ever could be in the generations that are past; it deals also with the problem of the new type of the woman of forty, or rather—since this type is not in itself so new—the new difficulties and temptations and needs that beset the path of the woman of forty now that her life is so vastly freer, so much less hedged with social restrictions and domestic duties, that it was in the nineteenth century. Perhaps the most forcible way in which one can characterise the book is to state that it contains two extremely profound love episodes, whose power to interest the reader is wholly due to the intellectual skill with which they are depicted and not in the least to the ordinary sentimental desire to see the lovers made happy. Indeed one of these episodes is such that the reader is perfectly aware that it contains no possibility of happiness for either party, while the other is at least as full of chances of enduring unhappiness for both parties as any successful love affair can reasonably be. The young man who is the hero of both episodes is artistically kept in the background as a minor character, for Mr. Swinnerton is concerned solely with the study of modern feminine temperament.

How skilled he is in that study he has already shown us in "Nocturne" and "Shops and Houses"; but "Nocturne" was a mere isolated episode, and "Shops and Houses" began as a psychological study and ended in sentiment. "September" is an incomparably more important work. Marian Forster, the woman of forty (she is really thirty-eight), has reached the stage of being placid about her husband's infidelities, which are due to instability of character rather than baseness. She herself is a woman of great wisdom, quietude and self-control, one who attracts by her poise and magnetic power the rather adoring confidences of younger women and of men. She has no children, and her life is devoid of emotional interests personal to herself. The theme of the book is her sudden passion of autumnal love

for Nigel Sinclair, a rather fine and sensitive youth of twenty-odd, and her relations, on account of that love and of other conflicts, with Cherry Mant, the impulsive and apparently hard and wayward girl of twenty.

It is one of the properties of true fineness of character that it enables its possessor to recognise corresponding fineness in other people. Marian is instinctively drawn to Cherry in spite of the undisciplined young girl's perversities and recklessness, and the reactions between the two characters, one so solidly developed and self-confidently strong, the other so perilously weak save for the untrained and unexercised native nobility which so urgently needs stimulus and development, are portrayed with astonishing and uncanny skill and, as the London Times puts it, "an unusual air of truth". It is probably not too much to say that the two women save one-another, that without the relation established between them by this power of mutual recognition of noble spirits (however disguised) both of them might and probably would have gone to shipwreck each in her own way. But if Marian is the richer and more developed character, Cherry is the newer and therefore more interesting one. If there is a phenomenon which today challenges the research and the pictorial ability of the novelist, it is the sophisticated, self-analytical, wayward, self-distrusting, alternately selfish and brilliantly self-denying creature who is the typical pretty and fascinating girl of today. Books such as "The Salamander" merely give an exaggerated portrait of her external appearance. Her inner psychology is only beginning to be studied. Society has agreed to confer a very complete individuality, with all its responsibilities, upon young persons of both sexes from the age of fourteen upwards, and it is yet to be determined whether the human youth of that age is fit for individuality, and whether this early assumption of it confers happiness at the time or security for after life. It may be that the answer to these questions is not of great practical interest, for we cannot restore the old family life and the old parental authority, whatever price we must pay for the surrender of them. But the business of the serious novelist is to tell us what our life is like, not how to improve it, and the task of interpreting the new aspects of this swiftly changing age is one which is worthy of the talents of a thinker and student like Mr. Swinnerton. It is a significant fact that the best of our contemporary literature is so intensely concerned with adolescence, and

with adolescence not in its romantic and sentimental aspects but as the period in which each man and each woman makes or mars his own destiny and some small share of the destiny of his country. It is vitally important that we should understand our new generation of debutants in the world of life, not in order that we may change the conditions under which they make their debut, but in order that we may be able the more comprehendingly and sympathetically to aid them in dealing with

those conditions. September has a duty to May, which must be performed not only with due memory of what May was like when September possessed it, but also with a due comprehension of what May is like today, after the most revolutionary decade that the world has ever seen. Mr. Swinnerton's book helps greatly towards that understanding. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto; Doran, New York.)

False Spring

By J. E. HOARE

I SAW seven ancient crows
 On a clear March day;
 And one sang, "Spring is here!"
 But the second, "No, my dear,
 I fear the cold—I fear!"
 While the five who could not sing
 Cawed loud, "Flap, flap the wing!
 Welcome our friend the Spring!"
 I saw the sun-struck snows
 Melting away.

I saw seven ancient crows
 On a desolate tree;
 And the third said, "What shall we do?"
 And the fourth, "It's time we flew
 To a pine with a distant view."
 So up they seven gat
 To a loftier pine, and sat
 A crowletariat.
 A cloud of delicate rose
 Passed over me.

I saw seven ancient crows
 Fly far away;
 Cried the fifth, "Oh, curse the snow!"
 And the sixth, "It'll never go,"
 And the seventh, "I told you so."
 So off these seven went,
 Cawfully malcontent
 In disillusionment.

Tonight frost crisps the snows:
 What use to pray?

The Puppet Show

By J. E. HOARE

IN "Reminiscences, Political and Personal" (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto), Sir John Willison has undoubtedly given us of his best. As a veteran journalist and an editor of the *Globe* he has not only utilized his exceptional opportunities for political observation in pre-war days, but he has also brought to bear upon these Reminiscences a skill in the selection and handling of formidable data covering parties and personalities during a period of wide activity. As a book it is carefully worked out, well constructed and written in a simple and direct style that is thoroughly refreshing in these days of abstruse commentary. His own relationship, whether to political personages or to the press, is always made subservient to the question at issue: In fact, if any complaint can be lodged, it is that Sir John has not given us enough of himself and his own unpolitical predilections. The character of the writer we are left to divine from his attitude to his subject. In many respects this is the finer method, and possibly his time was so occupied, his political and journalistic activities so absorbing, that his proper relationship to life can only become apparent through his relationship to these dominant interests. For his career, as such, we can follow it from the early days when he was type-setter to the *London Advertiser* at three dollars a week, to the time in 1886 when he first attained to the Press Gallery at Ottawa, an appointment culminating, much to his surprise, in the editorial chair of the *Globe* in June, 1890.

As Sir John was a journalist of principle, it is not surprising to find in his book that he speaks his mind openly and without equivocation when he thinks fit. His thumb-nail sketches of famous men are very much to the point. Take Goldwin Smith for example:—

No man denounced party so freely and labored so continually to organize new parties. No other man of his time wrote the English language with such beauty and simplicity, or had greater command of searching irony and biting invective. He had a genius for depreciation. He never saw a human face without warts and he painted the warts first and often in colors that never faded. His "Canada and the Canadian Question" expresses political despair with scholarly elegance and a suggestion of enjoyment. His "Political History of the United States" is as brilliant as it is destructive. He left both the Dominion and the Republic almost without a hero or a patriot. It was said when he published "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" that having wholly lost faith in man he was beginning to lose faith in God. I doubt if he ever lost faith in either God or man, but he would be perverse and unhappy. Surely there never was a finer or serener look on a human face than when I saw him just before he died and he said at parting, "Good-bye, when we meet again it will be in another world." He had genuine sympathy with organized

about, but to the cherished ideals and projects of Collectivists and Socialists he was resolutely opposed. No man fought more stubbornly or more continuously to prevent construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway by Government.

A chapter on "The Old Man and His Ways" is dedicated to Sir John Macdonald. Blake, Cartwright, Thompson, Laurier, and a hundred other men of the period, are lit up for us with a penetrating search-light that is clear, unbiased and steady, springing from the wisdom of years. The author has minded his own motto: "As one goes on his journey—short at best—chances for revenge intrude, but to take revenge is to sour life to the core and make all the world unlovely."

The chapter on "Race and Religion" is one of the most stimulating in the book. "How much misunderstanding could be avoided and how many misconceptions removed if public men of the English Provinces could speak to the people of Quebec in their own language. It is vain to think that the French of Quebec can be made to speak English by pressure from outside. It is just as certain that pressure from Quebec in the strain of menace prejudices the position of French in English provinces."

Regarding education, the author has no illusions. "In Canada," he writes, "education and language have been unsettled questions for a century, because we have sought to effect constitutional changes by political manoeuvring and bargaining." There is one quotation from the chapter on "Office and Patronage" that should be hung up in every school in the country for the younger generation to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest:

The people of Canada get better government than they deserve. We can reduce the cost of elections. We can do something to compel publication of all campaign subscriptions. We can leave the courts no option but to sentence to imprisonment for giving or taking a bribe. We can imprison officers and directors of corporations and companies which make improper contributions for political purposes. But no laws will be effective unless the people themselves show unselfish patriotism and feel responsibility for the cost as well as for the result of elections. How few of the moral, social and commercial leaders ever appear at a ward meeting or interest themselves in the nomination of Parliamentary candidates. But the ward meetings and the party conventions do more to determine the standards of public life and the character of our institutions than the superior people who regard "politics" as mean and sordid.

Much is said of journalism and its influence for good or evil. "I think sometimes that if journalists would periodically examine the old folios of their newspapers there would be far more charity and justice in political controversy," is a suggestion that might be taken to

heart by some of our more effervescent mud-slingers! One more injunction should be brought to the scribes' notice:

The journalist must develop philosophy. He must harden his hide and soften his heart. If he lets the sun go down upon his wrath he will have much sorrow and will make much sport for his contemporaries. He must learn that "wisdom lingers" and that prophecy is the pastime of fools.

If only more of our proprietors knew how to spell wisdom the ratio of fools to journalists might be inverted. Dotted here and there through the pages one stumbles upon many a good yarn worth recording. Apropos of the happy wit of Mr. Cameron, a fellow journalist, it appears that the *Buffalo Express* saw fit one day to remark, "Canada doesn't know enough to come in out of the Reign Britannia," to which Cameron retorted "Canada knows enough to keep out of the Hail! Columbia." But enough.

On finishing a book of this nature one is tempted to light another pipe and ponder on the scheme of things entire, including the extremely mysterious way in which the Deity moves—politically. As Sir John himself admits, "Honest, economical and efficient government comes only by the grace of God and the eternal vigilance of Ministers."

Pondering upon this unsensational, unjournalistic production of a competent judge, in no way given to undue criticism, one cannot escape the feeling of amazing waste of human energy and wealth in the functioning of a political system that is in no way justified by a corresponding productivity. Again and again,

throughout the period covered, loyalty to party or mere personal antagonism proves the guiding factor in some vital question of national well-being. Clear-sighted, constructively vigorous action seems well nigh unobtainable. "To have youth, intellect, gifts of tongue and a residuum of independence almost closes the gateway to the Canadian House of Commons. No young man ever enters the Senate, and no old man ever leaves it." Such is the dictum of our author, after over thirty years experience.

Undoubtedly this lack of opportunity for the young, this wastage of force and misdirection of talent, wherever found, on the part of the old, constitute unanswerable criticisms against the present interpretation of our parliamentary system. A parliament of women could by no means achieve less or cost the country more: In many instances a parliament of children would do infinitely less harm: and yet, in another sense it seems to be a parliament of children that Sir John has been telling us about. In these post-war days there is a strange sense of unreality about their motives and even their mighty movements. The whole story leaves the impression of a good dramatic critic at a Gordon Craig puppet show, a critic whose reticence has prohibited his showing us just who was pulling the wires. But there is no need for despair. So long as a nation can produce men of courage and imagination, it will become great in spite of its politicians: And that, when all is said, is an outstanding achievement of the British race.

Mr. Packard's Latest Thriller

Frank L. Packard, a Canadian and a Montrealer, is probably the most thoroughly competent writer of criminal adventure stories to be found on the North American Continent. In making that statement, we have no desire to detract from the reputation of Arthur Stringer, another eminent Canadian writer, who depends more upon a certain gentlemanly atmosphere about his criminals. Mr. Packard has a faculty of taking one in a breathless rush through a series of the most terrific struggles and most hairbreadth escapes that can possibly occur, even to a moving picture hero, and preserving throughout a certain air of reasonableness and plausibility. His new book, "From Now On", is an exceptionally good example of the breathless adventure story. It is probably true that a sum of one hundred thousand dollars, which has once been stolen from its lawful owner, and cannot, therefore, be claimed in open and honest fashion by anybody but that lawful owner, is likely to become an object of lively competition among those who know of its existence, and who are willing to acquire possession of it, in spite of

the necessity of doing so dishonestly. At any rate, this idea provides the theme for the succession of struggles engaged in by Dave Henderson for the retainment of that hundred thousand dollars, for the theft of which he has served five years in a San Francisco jail; and it is possible to sympathise with, if not to share, his feeling that by those five years, he had purchased a certain moral right to the one hundred thousand dollars. The way in which he was gradually induced to abandon this idea, and to fight for the possession of the one hundred thousand dollars, only to return it to the estate from which it came, makes 340 pages of enthralling reading, the moral tone of which can be commended without reserve. Mr. Packard's criminals are plainly presented as selfish, revengeful, and narrow-minded persons, and the author relies for his romance and sympathy upon characters of a more upright nature, and possessed of a more orthodox view of the laws of property. It is well that there should be one novelist of the Underworld to uphold the old idea that crime is crime. (Copp-Clark Co., Toronto, \$2.).

To Infuriate Irish Nationalists

READERS of the *Canadian Bookman*, have you a friend who is an Irish Nationalist of the latest and most advanced pattern, and are you interested in infuriating him, or her? If so, we cannot too highly recommend, for that purpose, the latest novel by G. A. Birmingham, "Up, the Rebels!" The reverend and Anglican author of "General John Regan" is well known as the possessor of a sense of amiable humor comparable in quality, if not in voltage, with that of "The Playboy of the Western World"; and there are undoubtedly aspects of the Irish Revolution which lend themselves to humorous treatment. But few things are more infuriating than to be a revolutionary and to have one's revolution treated humorously; and that is why we venture to suggest that the chief utility of Canon Hannay's latest novel lies in its power for making revolutionaries foam at the mouth. There is something about revolutionaries, when one is not co-operating with them for their revolution, which irresistibly impells one to endeavor to make them foam at the mouth, and we predict a good deal of purchasing of "Up, the Rebels!" for presentation to holders of the bonds of the Irish Republic of Mr. de Valera, by persons who do not hold those securities.

It is the tale of the setting up of the Irish Republic in the little town of Dunally, under the leadership of Mona Conolly, the lovely Sinn Fein leader, daughter of a high Irish official of the British Government and a romantic English mother. It is the tale of the setting up of the Irish Republic as the result of the "information" supplied by a Sinn Fein lady typist who is employed in the high official's office, and who pieces together a torn-up letter from a person of no importance, proposing an absurd plan for the enforcement of conscription in Ireland, and thinks that it is an official document describing an arranged

course of action. It is the tale of the setting up of the Irish Republic by a parcel of children, grown up and not grown up, intoxicated with their own make-believe, inoculated with a contagious virus that makes them blind to reality and deaf to practicality, a parcel of poets, of dreamers, of orators, of preachers, of anything except practical politicians. It is futility arm in arm with nobility, children seeking to rule grown men, a pretty girl aiming to shape the destiny of nations, and backed in her effort by a village full of people who think that beauty is an indication of political wisdom.

You have a perfect right, gentle reader, to send this book to your revolutionary friend, and to watch with an amused smile for the explosion of infuriation. But your revolutionary friend has a right to be infuriated. There are aspects of the case which Canon Hannay does not bother with. It is comic of the revolutionaries of Dunally to go off at half-cock on a false rumor that the British Government is going to apply conscription. But it is not comic, in these days, to live under a government which can apply conscription, or any other enactment, or refrain from applying it, according to the will of a majority in a legislative unit in which one's race and one's island are an insignificant though very separate minority. The life of a minority, provided only that it be a self-conscious minority, is hard, and in itself it is a matter for the tragic rather than the comic muse. The majority can earn the right to laugh at the struggles of the minority, but only on one condition: the majority must learn to be so tolerant and so just and so generous that the struggles of the minority are clearly shown to be folly and not heroism. A revolution is not a comic because it cannot succeed: it becomes comic only when it is so unnecessary that it might just as well fail. (McClelland, Toronto.)

Projected Life of D'Arcy McGee

Mr. John J. McGee of Ottawa is preparing a volume of reminiscences of his brother, the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, especially in connection with the part which he took in the events leading up to Confederation. He has been unable to locate a number of addresses which would go far toward making the record complete. The documents which Mr. McGee would particularly like to obtain or to consult are given in the following memorandum:

"(1) McGee's first speech in Parliament, at Toronto, about March 3, 1858. At the conclusion of this speech John A. Macdonald cross-

ed the floor of the House to compliment McGee. Wm. Lyon Mackenzie jumped out of his seat, holding out his hand, said: 'Shake hands, Brother Rebel! I knew it was you.' Papineau, less enthusiastic, also came forward with his congratulations.

"(2) John A. Macdonald's attack on McGee about April 6, 1859.

"(3) McGee's reply to Cartier's attack about May 18, 1861.

"(4) McGee's lecture on Burns v. Moore, delivered in Montreal, January, 1862. This speech offended the Irish."

Sea Seasons

By C. F. CRANDALL

THE NEW YEAR:

THE sky is hard and bright like burnished steel;
 The sea is cold and grey like steel;
 The keen wind bites and sings like a sword of steel;
 O, wind and sea and sky,
 With your steel I will cut me a way!

SPRING:

Earth and sea and sky are awake and alive,
 Glad with minstrel winds that leap and laugh
 Through the strong green of the spruce trees,
 The soft green of the young grass,
 The shining crystal green of the dancing sea—
 A great Aeolian harp, whose tone
 Is the blue of the new spring sky.

MIDSUMMER:

A chime of church bells far away:
 A drowsy hum of bees,
 Over the clovered dykeland;
 A salt tang in the breeze.
 Warm from Minas Basin,
 Where the broad red marshes sleep.
 Dreaming of strong sea lovers
 Storming in from the deep—
 Dear place of peace and beauty,
 Though I may wander wide,
 You hold my heart and draw me back
 As Minas draws the tide.

AUTUMN:

I know a quiet hill
 Above a misty marshland, where the tides
 Somberly ebb and flow;
 Over the waters wasting to and fro
 Blomidon broods and bides.
 So on this quiet hill,
 I'll bide and brood above the tangled tides
 Of life that come and go,
 Endlessly wasting what the stars bestow
 Seeking a dream that hides.

THE END OF THE YEAR:

In through the cold, grey fog,
 The dull, grey waves surge slowly:
 And break on the wintry beach
 With a sigh of lost illusion.

Letter to the Editor

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

Sir,—I was interested to read in your October issue the views expressed concerning the need for a book containing the complete list of military honors won by Canadians both as members of the O.M.F.C. and also those who served in various Imperial units. As "Canada" made a special feature from the outbreak of the war of tracing and noting all Canadians who served with the Imperials and in this way compiled a list which was very much larger and more complete than the lists compiled by any other publishing firm, we communicated with the Department of Militia at Ottawa in July of last year, suggesting that a book such as you described in your October issue was much needed and we should be willing to undertake the work on behalf of the Government, as it was obviously a publication which could not be brought out on a commercial basis.

We received a most courteous reply in August from the Minister's office, in which it was pointed out that the decorations awarded to all those serving with the Canadian Forces had been published from time to time in Routine

Orders, and that the Department had no record of Canadians serving with the Imperial Forces, therefore it would be unable to accept responsibility for the accuracy of the information printed in such a book as we suggested. It seems obvious that the names published in these Routine Orders should be collected in book form, so that some permanent and complete record should be available as a book of reference.

The inclusion of the many hundreds of Canadians who served with Imperial units would unquestionably add value to such a volume and a very nearly complete record of these names already exists on the files of "Canada."

If the Government announced their decision of publishing such a record, it would not be difficult through the press in Canada and in the Mother Country to obtain from the men themselves or their relatives practically a complete list of all who served outside of the Canadian Forces.—Yours, etc.

S. PARDOE.

General Manager, "Canada."

113 Kingsway, London, England, January 16.

Summary of English Literature

An index of nearly three thousand entries, confined to the names of authors and works of undoubted importance in the history of English literature and ranging from Boethius to Bliss Carman, and from "Night Thoughts" to "The Fudge Family in Paris", is a notable feature of the newest "cram book" on English letters, the "Historical Summary of English Literature" of E. W. Edmunds, published by Cassell, London, and McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. Another feature is the excerpts from critical opinions, appended to the sketches of the work of leading authors, and exhibiting a most charming variety and contradictoryness, as witness Francis Bacon, described by Church as "one of the most wonderful thinkers and one of the greatest of writers", and immediately after by Draper as "a pretender in science, a time-serving politician, an insidious lawyer, a corrupt judge, a treacherous friend, a bad man". Little differences of opinion like this are apt to send one off with a new zeal to the study of the

disputed author, to satisfy one's curiosity as to which estimate is nearer the truth—a very desirable result.

The book is excessively condensed and reads like the notes of an intelligent student attending a series of lectures by some eminent authorities, probably the editors of the Cambridge History of English Literature, to which Mr. Edmunds acknowledges large indebtedness. Such notes can be little more than a skeleton on which to hang the more substantial flesh of the lectures themselves, and the true function of this book and one which it is admirably fitted to perform is that of acting as a reminder of what the student knows or a directory of the places where he may find what he does not know. We can think of no other volume to which one could go with equal assurance to learn the name of the author of "Mother Bombie" or "Nymphidia", or the list of minor poets of the nineteenth century.

New Voices

By J. A. DALE

Lowes, J. L. "Convention and Revolt in Poetry." Houghton Mifflin, Boston.

Wilkinson, Margaret, "New Voices." Macmillan; Toronto.

THE publication of Prof. Lowes' Lowell Lectures has proved a very welcome addition to the library of the lover of poetry, if only because it is delightful to read, which is far from true of books of poetic criticism as a class. A kind of blight called (I suppose I must confess) with some justice, academic, dulls and saps books too often. There are too many critics who, as I have said on another page of this issue, "carry on traditions" new and old alike "without daring"

—I might have said without having the intellectual vitality—"to verify them, having atrophied their power of forming original judgments". But Prof. Lowes is always fresh and alert. He has moreover a rejuvenated style: his vocabulary is newly minted, so that he often adds the pleasure of a new association to re-inforce the comfort or polish the point of the old. He is not one of those who, as Gerald Cumberland "Set Down in Malice", have either "no literary delight—or a delight too literary": though he is hardly in the class of Dixon Scott, whose adventures in criticism gave him perpetual "little ecstasies".

There are two sources of the criticism of art. One is the immediate recognition of something beautiful—which we may call the exclamation. The other is the reasoned study of the causes that call for the exclamation, and the reference to some standard of worth—this we may call the appraisal. Every sort of art calls for both, and there is no complete criticism which does not flow from both sources. There is room and need for the minute study of technique. For the craftsmanship is there, instinctive and traditional, even if the craftsman be unaware or uninterested. Even an uneducated musician is dependent on the mathematics of harmony, little as he may know it: just as M. Jourdain was unable to talk without using prose. Henry Sidgwick summed up the matter perfectly in his aphorism, "sound practice is sound theory unconscious of itself, and sound theory is sound practice conscious of itself." Happy the critic (and his readers) whose apparatus of criticism has not calloused his sensitiveness to the thrill of whatsoever is lovely: who sees and feels for himself, not fuddling his brain with the narcotics of received opinion in any clique, but ready to compare notes with whosoever among his fellows has also seen and felt for himself.

I am not building a hierarchy of critics, and will not attempt to rank Mr. Lowes. I am content that his mind moves freely and brightly among things he really appreciates, that his judgment seems to me sound, and that he expresses it handsomely. If I were, I willingly admit that the pleasure I got from his book would prejudice me in his favor.

Miss Wilkinson's book I value chiefly for the admirable selection of poetic illustrations: it is one of the very best of modern anthologies in its width of range, its candor and catholicity of taste. There is no rigid definition of "new", and there is a generous recognition of this perennial quality in writers now middle-aged. Her essays in criticism, while less firmly based and less finely expressed than Mr. Lowes', and still interesting and helpful, with many a happy touch revealing the true lover of poetry: and her rosary of lyrics is skilfully strung on them. Her modest hope is "that this book will enable readers to find in poetry a new solace, recreation and inspiration, just the things they might expect to find in music, or in a beautiful friendship." That is well said, and justified in the performance: may her readers be many! (*)

Both books make very interesting contributions to the free verse controversy. With charming naiveté Miss Wilkinson contrasts the dulness of "meter" with "the larger, kinder, more poetic, rhythm", upon a real appreciation of which she has built her book. With equally engaging frankness Mr. Lowes says disarmingly, "without a line of verse to bless myself withal," (is that really true, Mr. Lowes?) "I still venture, most undogmatically, a few observations on the versifier's art." His sixth chapter "attempts some answer to the questions: how far do rhyme and metre restrict the poet's freedom? and wherein consists the peculiar freedom of free verse? That is really the central point at issue: the balance between restraint and liberty in art." I wish I had the space to quote or summarise the admirable pages in which these questions are dealt with. I can only strongly recommend those who are interested (and what lover of poetry is not?) in this controversy, which is in the forefront of the poetic criticism and practice of today, to read for themselves.

*A small correction in proof-reading. The 7th line of Mrs. Meynell's most lovely "At Night. To W. M." should read:--

"Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight?" not "strangest" as on p. 141.

“A Private in the Guards”

THE discipline of a Guards regiment is a fearful and wonderful thing, according to Stephen Graham—fearful in the early stages of its operation and wonderful in its ultimate effect. But there is nothing more wonderful about it than the fact that Graham subjected himself to it. For he is essentially an undisciplined individual, speaking at least in the physical sense. Virtually his whole life has been spent in the great open spaces of the world. His idea of enjoyment has been to tramp the open roads, to consort and fraternize with the poor and simple folk, to sleep in hedges and under bridges, to travel in the bowels of pilgrim ships or in the jammed compartments of third or fourth class railway carriages. He knows Russia as few non-Russians know it, and when he came to America armed with the most impressive letters of introduction, he kept them in his pocket, bought knapsack and a spirit lamp and tramped from New York to Chicago, instead of riding the distance in the Twentieth Century Limited in eighteen hours. That such a man should have voluntarily bound himself in the biting steel chains of a Guards regiment's discipline when he might have joined a hundred other branches of the service apparently more to his liking, is one of the miracles of the war.

The resultant book, “A Private in the Guards” (Macmillan, Toronto \$2.50) is a bit shocking to our pre-conceived ideas of the “way they have in the army.” We could easily imagine some of the methods of “Little Sparta” by which name he designates one of the recruits' training camps, practised in the training of the Potsdam Guard, but they do not fit in with our conceptions of a “citizen army” training for the defence of King and country.

And yet all this brutality, blasphemy and gross abuse does seem to have had its amazing effect in accomplishing the desired result. Our own Canadian officers are first to admit that “the Guards” in all that makes for soldierly excellence began where other regiments left off. Why, for instance, spitting in the ear of a mis-

erable recruit standing rigidly at attention and then reviling him in language of peculiar and maddening obscenity—why all this should make that recruit, turned into the finished article, decidedly a better soldier, it is difficult to see. Of course, the officers had no part in this initial bear-baiting. They were as gods upon Olympus, obeyed as such and usually loved as the gods never were. Why there was not a general clean up of N.C.O.'s in the first action is what is difficult to understand.

But it was not all brutality or obscenity: that was only for the recruits. Among the finished product there was a camaraderie and a wonderful *esprit de corps*, a general agreement with the sentiment of the old Scottish toast: “Here's tae us. Wha's like us? Damn few!” And the method of training, as Graham himself says, was invariably successful in producing something just a little better than the others. “They (the men of his regiment) cursed and driven into every fatigue or fight, did better than men in other regiments where the sergeants did not so constantly ‘put the wind up ’em’. The method seemed always justified,” he says.

Certainly ordinary standards and ordinary conceptions go to pieces in war-time. Who could imagine His Majesty's Guards, actually guarding the person of the King in Buckingham Palace during an air raid indulging in profanely seditious talk, scratching revolutionary lines upon the gates and then, a few weeks later fighting like fiends from the Pit for the very system they professed to despise?

It is a book of contraries, written with the restraint and insight that characterizes all of Graham's work. There were bloody doings in France, but the writer is less concerned with them than he is with their reactions upon the men themselves. He is above all a student of humanity which may explain why he refused a commission. The book of course comes late in the list of typically war books, but it is one worth having, if for no other reason than that it helps us to understand the things that go to make a guardsman what he is.



Textbook of Commercial Research

A volume which should be in the hands of most of the commercial executives of Canada is the recently issued Macmillan book, "Commercial Research; An Outline of Working Principles", by C. S. Duncan, Assistant Professor of Commercial Organization in the University of Chicago. Professor Duncan has a wide experience of shipping and export business, having been an adviser to the United States Shipping Board, and Statistician of the American Mission in London, and of the shipping delegation to the Paris Peace Conference.

The title of the book needs some explanation. We are familiar with Industrial Research, but commercial research is a more novel idea. Yet it is perfectly obvious that modern business necessitates as much investigation by the man engaged in the buying and selling functions, as it has received from the man engaged in the producing functions. It is perhaps impossible that commercial research should be quite as exact as industrial research, for commerce deals only with persons, while production deals with persons and things. But psychology is becoming a fairly exact science dealing with large masses of individuals, and the business man in his study of markets and marketing needs urgently all the facts that science can give him. Professor Duncan points out that organized commercial research is now being practiced by countries which, before the War, were committed to individualism and the hit-or-miss method of business experimentation. He holds up Great Britain as an inspiration to the American business man. He praises the work of various other nations and calls upon the Chamber of Commerce of the United States

to provide the motive power for a movement of commercial research, which will be even more effective than that of any other country.

The book is a statement of general principles, rather than a detailed text book, and it is obvious that the application of these principles must differ greatly in different trades. The chapter on sources of business facts covers fairly completely the methods by which the trader can secure sound information from his own private records and from a vast number of public sources. The most difficult part of Commercial Research consists however, not in the securing of facts, but in the intelligent use of them when secured. A very critical and exhaustive chapter on the character of business facts should be extremely helpful to those who are engaged in this kind of study. Statistics are to many people an incomprehensible juggling of figures, but Professor Duncan manages to get into his chapter on Analysis of Business Facts most of the important rules which have hitherto been confined within the covers of books for expert statisticians. The volume concludes with some information on the best forms of organization for research purposes, and a discussion on some of the new principles which are being introduced into industry and commerce in this age of upheaval. It is not likely that this book is the final word on what must be one of the most vital subjects of the age, but it is the best yet, and it is written in a thoroughly practical style for business men and students. (Macmillan, Toronto \$2.50.)

New Girls For Old

IT is obvious that Miss E. M. Knox speaks the truth when she states in the preface of her book, "The Girl of the New Day" (Mc-Clelland), that she has "written down practically as spoken, one after another of her talks to her girls." The book is consequently lacking in design, too diffuse and containing a good deal of unnecessary repetition. It would be interesting as a matter of curiosity to glance through the anthology from which Miss Knox has culled the quotations which liberally besprinkle every page. From the point of view of their moral sentiments these extracts are no doubt most excellent, but they do a good deal to explain the failure of the chapter entitled "The Joy of Music." On the practical side, Miss Knox is more in her element, and many of her

observations on life and the living of it are wise and true and reflect the results of her long experience as head of a large girls' school. A perusal of the pages of her book is a revelation as to the variety and scope of the careers now open to trained women, though it might be wise not to accept entirely without questioning her somewhat idealistic descriptions of the farming life for women, as it is to be led in the near future. Miss Knox weighs the pros and cons of every profession with much care and many wise observations, and her book should prove helpful, especially with the businesslike appendix containing details as to training, salary, etc., which presumably are correct.

Ballads and Singers of Nova Scotia

MR. W. ROY MACKENZIE is Professor of English at Washington University, and has passed several of his summer vacations collecting Ballads in Nova Scotia. Now in "The Quest of the Ballad" (Princeton University Press, \$2), he has given us the result of his peregrinations. Mr. Mackenzie is evidently an enthusiast, as all true collectors should be, whether ballads, coins or stamps be their particular hobby. He has given us a thoroughly painstaking book, and one that will certainly be valued by his fellow-collectors. The book not only contains a large selection of ballads, but also covers in detail the narrative of the author's quest, including pen-sketches and photographs of various "oldest inhabitants" who proved valuable as sources of information and supply. The book might well be half its present size without detriment to the subject treated. For some reason, only known to the author, he gives vent not infrequently to elaborately constructed apologies to the reader. The preface is wholly superfluous and many carefully penned dissertations throughout the book could well have been dispensed with, as they produce a painful sense of over-meticulous and elaborate verbosity that is entirely out of keeping with the inevitable simplicity and rudeness of the subject. This criticism, however, is in no way intended to detract from the work accomplished or the sympathetic manner in which it was approached by the author and his friends. Some of the ballads cited are both old and interesting, though a good number, it must be confessed, are somewhat disappointing. A good ballad is a national asset. It is an expression of folk-lore that holds a peculiar value of its own.

Ballads, of their very nature, are long and rambling and unsuited to quotation in limited space, but the opening stanzas of a ballad should tell much of what is to follow, and should set the tone with clearness and distinct movement. In many of the ballads given the first stanzas are poor and do not stimulate the imagination or place the modern reader in a key of sympathetic attention. To prove the essential value of a good opening let us quote a couple of stan-

zas from "Little Matha Grove" and "Jack Donahue" which are unquestionably among the best in this collection:—

'Twas on a day, a high holiday,
The best day of the old year,
When little Matha Grove he went to church
The holy word to hear.

Some came in in diamonds of gold
And some came in in pearls,
And among them all was little Matha Grove
The handsomest of them all.

The stage is set, the colors are painted for you, the contrast outlined, and the imagination prepared for the opening of the inevitable tragedy—

Lord Daniel's wife who was standing by,
On him she cast her eye—

For a good swinging, boot and spur type of ballad, the first stanzas of "Jack Donahue" catch the right effect:—

Come all you gallant bushrangers and outlaws of
disdain,
Who scorn to dwell in slavery or wear the brands
of chains.
Attention to pay to what I say, and value it if you do,
I will relate the matchless fate of bold Jack Donahue.
This bold undaunted highwayman, as you shall
understand,
He was banished for his natural life from Erin's
happy land
In Dublin city of renown his first breath ever he
drew,
And his deeds of valour entitled him of bold Jack
Donahue.

The book carries as frontispiece a photograph of a small country house, with the usual out-houses, adjoining shrubs and distant lake: Beneath this is written "In this retreat the stories of yesterday are developed to-day." Precisely what this is all about is left to the imagination of the reader. It would seem possible that this building is in some way associated with the author and the writing of his book. But why, oh! why!

I respectfully suggest for the next work a portrait of a new waste-paper basket containing superfluous and unnecessary manuscript.

—J. E. H.



Quarter's Publications in Canada

Compiled by E. A. HARDY, B.A., D. Paed.

Secretary of the Ontario Educational Society

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B.	Blackie & Co., (Hector Prenter)	33 Richmond St. West
C.	Copp, Clark Co.	495-517 Wellington St. West
G.	Gundy, S. B.	27 Richmond St. West
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O.	Oxford University Press	27 Richmond St. West
R.	Ryerson Press (Wm. Briggs)	Wesley Bldgs. Queen & John Sts.

* This Book is by a Canadian Author.

AUTHOR	FICTION TITLE	PRICE	PAGES	PUBLISHERS
Abdullah, Achmed	The Man on Horseback	\$2.00	340	M. & S.
*Arnold, Gertrude	Sister Anne! Sister Anne!	1.75	235	M. & S.
Austin, Mary	Outlaw	1.60	306	M.
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FICTION—Continued

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- Ade, George**, "Hand-Made Rables." Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75.—As a matter of fact Mr. Ade was a fable-machine, but the product is of good quality and well standardized.
- Allison, William**, "A Secret of the Sea." Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75.—This is a genuine first-class thriller about a murder-ship which sailed the seas with sails and lights correctly set but—apparently—no living soul aboard.
- Baroja, Pio**, "Caesar or Nothing". (Translated from Spanish by Louis How). Dent, Toronto, \$1.75.—The introduction of the translated writings of Ibanez to the English speaking peoples has enriched our literature with some truly remarkable books by Spanish authors—not the least of which is "Caesar or Nothing". Baroja has been hailed as Spain's greatest novelist and the present translation as his greatest book. Novels such as "Caesar or Nothing" lose much in translation and transition to a reading public unacquainted with Continental ideas and viewpoint, but Louis How's rendition has served to reveal Baroja as a master writer. The book deals with the ideals of one Caesar Moncado a blasé young man brought up among clericals but who professes a detestation for tradition. The scenes are laid in a small town in Spain and in Rome and the book is strongly anti-Catholic and endeavors to prove the decadence of countries ruled by the Vatican.
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- Bingham, Commander the Hon. Barry, V.C.R.N.**, "Falklands, Jutland and the Bight", intro. Sir David Beatty, O.M.G.C.B., Murray, London.—A brightly written account of personal experiences in three famous naval actions of the Great War. The writer, a very gallant officer, compiled his book while a prisoner of war in Germany, being captured after his ship had been sunk in the Jutland fight. A book we can recommend to the lay reader interested in naval history.
- Birmingham, G. A.** "Up, the Rebels." McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. A brilliantly witty and humorous, but perhaps not wholly fair, account of an imaginary but fairly typical Sinn Fein "uprising".
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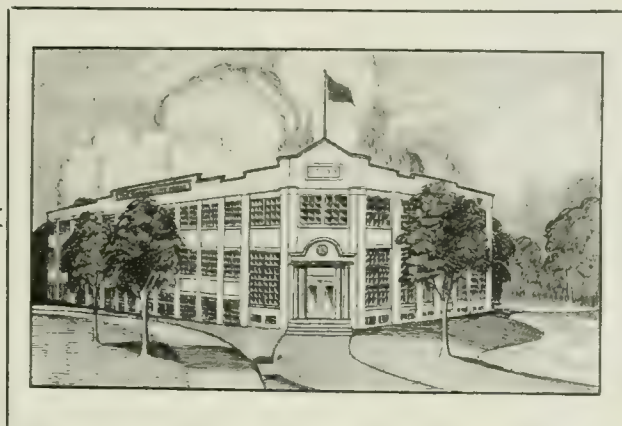
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NEW SERIES

Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q., July, 1920

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

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EDITORIAL OFFICE, B 30 BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, MONTREAL

THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN is published quarterly by the Industrial & Educational Publishing Company Limited, at the Garden City Press, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q.

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CANADIAN BOOKMAN

JULY, 1920

The Carelessness of Writers

IS it possible that carelessness is a widespread national vice in Canada? We have been editorially astonished, not to say editorially grieved, at the evidences of this bad habit which have been afforded by many of our would-be contributors, not excluding some of the ablest and best informed. The misspelling of well-known historical and contemporary proper names is one of the most prevalent forms of the vice. The mis-quotation of classic phrases is another form. The use of anachronism and geographical misplacement is a third form. All these defects are, we regret to state, common to large numbers of the writers who contribute articles for our examination. As for punctuation, we hesitate to make any complaint. There has ceased to be any recognized standard of punctuation since the compositors of our daily newspapers took the matter into their own hands, and it is therefore not surprising that some of our most eminent writers have ceased to pay any attention to it.

The position of an editor, between those contributors who regard it as his duty to brush up their spelling, syntax and punctuation, and those who regard it as an impertinence for him to alter a single inverted comma into a double one for the sake of uniformity with the practice of the magazine, is a very difficult one.

Taxed and Untaxed Advertising

ADVERTISING matter which is not combined with reading matter bears a heavy import duty when entering the Dominion of Canada. Advertising matter sandwiched in with reading matter, in the typical non-Canadian magazine, enters this country free of duty. There is no reason, in logic or equity, for the distinction. The advertising in foreign periodicals is an eminently proper subject of taxation by the Dominion Government. It would afford a substantial source of revenue, and would tend to afford a much needed protection to Canadian periodical publications,

which at present bear all the burdens resulting from the system of protection on everything else, and enjoy none of the benefits of that system for themselves.

It would not be difficult to assess such a tax upon the basis of the total page area occupied by the advertisements in the copies sent into Canada. Exact assessment would be necessary only in the case of shipments entering en bloc from the offices of publication; for single copies or small parcels a flat rate could be assessed, based upon weight, and sufficiently high to equal at least the maximum charge that would be made on the same articles if they were shipped in bulk. Foreign publishers sending copies into Canada by mail to regular subscribers would have to be required to pre-pay the duty, in just the same way as the duty is pre-paid on catalogues and other advertising matter, by means of a special stamp. There is absolutely no reason why the transportation machinery of this country should be employed for the distribution of thousands of tons of foreign advertising matter—frequently constituting three-quarters of the bulk of the periodical in which it is contained—without their contributing a cent to the national revenue.

The Copyright Law

THE 1920 session of Parliament has seen another effort for the enactment of a more modern and scientific copyright law in the Dominion of Canada, coupled as before with an effort to secure retaliatory legislation against the United States and insure for Canadian printers the business of printing books of American origin so long as the United States insists upon the American printing of books of Canadian origin as a condition of copyright.

The modernization of the Canadian copyright law is a matter of general public interest, in which no private commercial interest is very deeply involved. The retaliation measure, although represented as a matter of public interest, is really being advocated almost entirely on account of the large private com-

mercial interests which would be benefitted by its enactment. We discussed last year, at considerable length, the objection to a manufacture-in-Canada clause, or to legislation giving the Government power to enforce a manufacture-in-Canada regulation against the United States. If there was any reason to suppose that such a clause or regulation would induce the United States to abandon its own manufacture requirements, we might be willing to tolerate the evils that would ensue between the time of the adoption of such legislation in Canada and the conversion of the United States—which would of course make the continuance of our own manufacture legislation unnecessary or even impossible. But there is not the slightest prospect that the exclusion of American-manufactured books from the enjoyment of Canadian copyright would have the slightest effect towards inducing the United States to do what their own sense of decency has not induced them to do. Those who describe such legislation as a weapon for bringing the United States to terms are not properly considering their metaphor. If it is a weapon, it is one which is too heavy for the bearer to wield without discomfort, and too short to inflict the slightest damage upon the adversary.

As the proposed manufacture requirement would have no effect whatever upon the United States (except to cause the exclusion of Canadian authors from American copyright), it remains to consider what would be the domestic effect in Canada. That it would materially increase the amount of printing done in the Dominion of Canada appears very probable. We are unable to regard such a result as an unmitigated benefit. If it were an unmitigated benefit, it could easily be attained—and at little more cost to the community—by imposing a 100 per cent duty or a total prohibition upon the importation of all printed matter. If the mere printing of anything in Canada is desirable in itself without regard to any other considerations, then we might reasonably lay down the principle that everything that a Canadian reads should be printed in this country. We might insist that not only books but magazines of foreign manufacture be debarred from Canada. We might compel the *Saturday Evening Post* and "*John Bull*" to produce a Canadian edition, printed in this country, or to do without any Canadian readers. The plain fact is that the printing industry in Canada is already pretty large in

proportion to the population, and is in an extremely flourishing condition, and we should count the cost very carefully before taking any steps to give it further artificial stimulus.

An effort was made in this year's proposals to mitigate the rigor of the manufacture-in-Canada requirements by a licensing system. The substance of this system is that the owner of the copyright should be permitted to import into Canada printed matter of foreign manufacture so long as there is no application by a Canadian publisher for the privilege of producing the book in Canada. As soon as such an application is made and is declared to be *bona fide* and satisfactory by the Government officials in charge of the copyright office, the right of the copyright owner to import should be suspended, and the continuance of the copyright made conditional upon his acceptance of the Canadian manufacturer's offer. It does not seem to us that this proposal in any way mitigates the evils of the scheme. It certainly deprives the copyright owner of all control over the fashion in which his work is produced in Canada. It would be possible for a Canadian book manufacturer to demand a license for the production of a book which in the United States was turned out on high-grade paper, and with first-class printing, and to produce that work for the Canadian market in the cheapest possible manner. It would be possible for him to demand a license for the production of one, two or three chapters or articles out of an American work containing forty such chapters or articles. It would, in fact, be possible for him to treat the property of the author, or the author's assigns, in any way which might be likely to enhance his own profit, subject to no control by the author, and only to such vague and half-hearted limitations as might be expected from a bureau of Government officials. The whole proposal is nothing more than old-fashioned piracy, dignified by a Government license; the licenses themselves might not inaptly be described as letters of marque.

It is unfortunate that so much more activity can be elicited for the promotion of a private interest such as that involved in the manufacture clause than for the promotion of a general interest such as that involved in the modernization and simplification of the copyright law. The latter is a task which should not be delayed a day longer than necessary. It is not a controversial question, and if the

bill could be shorn of the controversial element introduced into it by the retaliatory clauses against the United States, it should go through both Houses without trouble.

The Most Important Marquis in Canadian History

IN a recent issue of the *Canadian Bookman*, Professor W. S. Wallace deplored the uninteresting character of Canadian history as it is written. One of its most serious defects is undoubtedly the fact that it has, up to the present time, paid attention exclusively to the political actions of Canadian citizens, and not to their economic actions. In this it has differed but little from the prevalent historical writing of all other nations, and indeed from the pattern of historical writing that has been handed down ever since the obscure scribes who led a precarious existence in the camps and courtyards of early monarchs, strove to justify their consumption of his food and drink by penning extravagant eulogies of his personal achievements.

The error of this kind of history-writing has been neatly pointed out by the brilliant naturalist, J. Henri Fabre, who says: "History celebrates the battlefields, whereon we meet our death, but scorns to speak of the plowed fields whereby we thrive; it knows the names

of the king's bastards, but cannot tell us the origin of wheat. That is the way of human folly." This observation has been taken as his text by Mr. A. H. Reginald Buller, who has written a book which will be recognized in a generation or so, if not today, as one of the most important contributions yet made to Canadian history. "Essays on Wheat" is devoted mainly to the history of Marquis Wheat, and we have no hesitation in asserting that no other marquis has ever exercised such a far-reaching influence upon the destiny of Canada, and of the world at large. Our old-style historians used to tell us much about the men who discovered the Canadian North-West, and the way to get there: but surely their work is less important than that of the men who have since made that territory productive, turning it from a barren and frost-bound wilderness into a home for thousands and a source of food supply for millions. We do not propose to discuss here the technical aspects of Mr. Buller's book, which will be dealt with elsewhere by an expert on the subject. But we do wish to point out that it is books of this kind, far more than lists of ministries and governors, and reports of political pronouncements and evasions, which must form the basis of the work of the intelligent historian of the future. We cannot study Canadian history without paying some attention to Marquises, but those of Dufferin and Lorne are not the most important.

Awakening

By HELEN FAIRBAIRN

WHEN day's outriders reach the bounds of night
 And sentient thrills disturb the dormant mind,
 As eyelids flutter under broadening light,
 So grope the thoughts, within a circle, blind;
 Some nucleus they seek, to shape aright,
 Some polar gleam to which to be inclined,
 Until the mists of sleep shall take their flight,
 And Reason her accustomed purview find.

Cometh a Voice — dull messenger of pain —
 Routing night's fantasies beyond recall:
*Once more your helpless wrist to mine I gyve,
 With me you tread the path of life again
 From opening day until the shadows fall;
 The links that bind us are not yours to rive.*

New Verse by Canadian Poets

Silent Music

By J. A. DALE

(The omission of a line, by a printer's error the nature of which is familiar to most of those who have had to do with modern machine typography, rendered Professor Dale's poem unintelligible as it appeared in the last issue of the *Canadian Bookman*. It is therefore reproduced herewith in complete form.—Ed.)

THE REBUKE.

Is your muse for ever dumb?
Will the vision no more come,
To leave your lips in song unbidden?
Lips! your lips are tongue-tied bells
Reverberating others' spells,
No passion shakes them into song.—
Like mazed noon that limply faints
Beneath the ardor of the sun,
Like empty night that dully sleeps
Through all the whisper of the stars!

THE REPLY.

As noon and night my muse is dumb,
For passing bright the visions come,
To take my heart with song unspoken.
In my heart the soundless bells
Weave away their silent spells,
Interlacing flames of song.
I burn like noon that panting throbs
With all the ardor of the sun,
I wait like night with ear intent
On every whisper of the stars.

Death

By MAURINE AYER

THE gallery held a picture
Of Death.
Death portrayed as an old man
With clawlike hands, white beard,
And carrying a sharp-edged blade.
Death was terrible.

But how can this be?

I saw a young girl dead,
Drowned in the perfection of her charm.
Yet in death she smiled
And was more beautiful
Than when she walked among us.
We brought her flowers,
Exquisite blossoms,
As a tribute to her loveliness,
Yet was she fairer than they.
If Death were so old and hideous
Could she have smiled?

Is not Death rather a Youth,
A Youth happy, full of life,
And promising wondrous things?
Else how could this world's living youth
Go to him singing?

If Death be not a splendid Youth,
Then perchance Death is a Maid,
Radiant, smiling.
Ah!—
That must be why little children
Slip away to her so often.

I think she takes them
To great flower-blown fields
Where neither cold nor hunger,
Sickness nor distress
Find entrance.

But whether Death be Youth or Maid,
Surely Death is young
And very fair.

The Creators

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

I DO not understand that"
People say,
"Away with it"—
Of painting or of poem or of song,
Or symphony:
Condemning it—
Thrusting it from them, if they can,
(And that's always easy!)
For the tried, obvious, conventional thing,
That long ago some brave soul met perhaps
With pain and striving,
Piercing its mystery,
Solving its problem.
For to every age
Come the Creators, bearing in their hands
New gifts, born in the travail of their souls.
Perhaps at times not wholly understood—
These new-born things—
By those who gave them birth.
Shall they be met
With the old, ice-bound cry?—
"We know them not—
We do not understand—
Away with them!"
Even so they cried in old Jerusalem
When the Christ came among them
Strange and strong—
The great Creator, with new harmonies,
New doctrines and new words,
Illumining
Dim, darkened Beauty
With new, blinding light.

May Song

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

ACROSS the sunlit sea
The singing birds return,
Those travellers far and free
To many an ancient bourne.

The winds are very gay
O'er every gusty hill,
Glad vagabonds of May
To frolic where they will.

Sun-odors, wild and sweet
As some old memory,
Fill ready hollows, meet
For lurking alchemy.

The morns are fair and white
Unto the crystal noon,
Magie is spun at night
Beneath an ivory moon.

The world is full of songs,
Like hearts of voiceless birds,
To us the joy belongs
Of giving to it words.

To us the joy of May,
Of every lyric thing;—
What though our heads are gray?
No one is old in spring.

No one is old and sad
Immortal youth is here;—
We'll just be mad and glad
With the mad, glad, young year.

A Prayer

By AGNES M. FOLEY

DEAR LORD, I ask this gift of Thee:
That I may grow old gracefully.

Grant I may never frown to see
Youth's dear frivolity and glee.

That I may watch the children play
And love it, as I do today.

That I rejoice in every one
Of Youth's hopes—though my own be done.

Let me remember, when I'm old,
That Spring is warm—and Winter cold.

Let me not lose my sympathies
With little childish miseries.

Grant that, for me, earth keeps her charms
Until I lay me in her arms.

And that the joy of life may still
Awake in me the old-time thrill.

Dear Lord, I'd hate, because I'm old,
To think that I'd grow hard and cold.

Grant that I ever close my eyes
To folly—when with years I'm wise!

Sanctuary

By KATHLEEN FRANCES KEATS

LIKE gold of early-garnered wheat
Loose strewn across the threshing floor,
The sunshine filters past my door
Where lurking shadows seek retreat.

I lift the latch—the door swings wide
To show far fields and summer sky:
My heart and I have said goodbye
To days that beckoned—since he died.

Still shines the sun, all prodigal
With golden gifts of days-to-be:
Since Life no more means Love, to me,
Why mark where shine or shadow fall?

Yet, for dear memory of a face
Swift clouded o'er for others' pain,
I pass beyond my door again,
To do his work,—to fill my place.

Life brims with tasks each day for me:
Some ill to cure—some wrong to right:
But ah! when fades the golden light,
I bar my door against the night
With dreams—old dreams, for company.

Spring On the Prairie

By E. L. CHICANOT

A DAY of softened lights and balmy air,
A calm, and quiet, and sober radiancy,
A day of subtle promise, everywhere
Expectancy.

The West's gray clouds uplift. A streak of blue
Along the skyline spreads in steady march,
And ever rounding in your wond'ring view
—A Chinook arch.

A breath at night that's soft as summer's kiss,
The rhythmic dripping of the eaves at morn,
A sun that's warm as August blaze, and this
A season born.

Bright limpid pools of newly melted snow,
A blade of green grass 'mid its sun-browned kin,
The creeks' and coulees' roaring freshet flow,
And echoed din.

A snow bird in a tree a song's begun,
A mallard cleaves the air with mottled wing,
A sodden gopher's drying in the sun,
And lo! tis Spring.

(*Note*:—The warm Chinook wind, blowing from the west through the passes of the Rockies, creates on the horizon a long, low, saffron-hued arch. The wind is caused by the influence of a cyclone passing northward, and the Japan current. The arch appears in the sky some time before the wind is felt. The effect of the breeze in the disappearance of snow within a few hours is experienced as far east as Medicine Hat and north as Red Deer in Alberta.)

Elusion

By MARGARET HILDA WISE

WHO would walk
Where I walk
When June is slipping by?

Down a lane 'twixt hedges high;
Sweetest-scented is the ledge
Of purple lilac: and beneath
Petals dripping from a hedge
Of foaming bridal wreath.

Who would walk
Where I walk,
When June is tripping by?

Meet a maiden, fair and shy—
Eyes that dance and hair that blows,
Dress and cheeks like blushing may—
Never will she pause, but goes
Lightly on her way.

Who would walk
Where I walk,
When June is slipping by?

A Dark Picture

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

YONGE Street at dusk,
With street cars clanging north;
And from the towering stores
Employees pouring forth:

A still, dark stream,
Moving with that still haste
The dark streams know; moving
Out where the stars are chaste

Above; though low,
All sides about, the earth
Slips close, muddies, defiles
Each ripple's shining birth.

Their thoughts are bright
For moments at release; but swift,
Swift darken; one white star
Shines on the spirit's lift,

Shines, and makes gleam;
Some face, its mirror, glows.
Then the dark stream flows on,
Through the dark world it knows.

One smile, one lilt
Of twilight laughter, then
No further tryst with stars,
Only the dark again.

Toronto, April 1920.

The Widened Vision

By ANNA PRESTON

HE had a work he wished to do;
It took a lifetime sternly spent.
He neither ceased to toil, nor knew
His toil had prospered, when he went.

He smiled, when he passed by this way
On spirit-business bent, to know
That he had finished out his play
On his old playground, long ago.



William Dean Howells

By ANNIE HOWELLS FRECHETTE

AS I take up my pen to write of my brother, I realize how sad and difficult a thing it is to speak and think of one whom we have known and loved all our lives, as belonging to the past. To say *he was*, where always we have said *he is*, needs each time a painful mental readjustment and a slow conviction. Even though during the last ten years my brother and I had but two short meetings for thousands of miles of land and water held us apart, and furious combat encircled us, his frequent letters bridged space, crossed cruel battlefields and found us at last in our war-surrounded refuge of Switzerland. They brought to us there much of himself, and something of the calm and safety of our native land, and always his unfailing fraternal love. So we still had him. But now—

Distance wider than thine, O Sea,
Darkens between my brother and me.

—to use the words he wrote many years ago, when news of the first break in our family circle (the death of a young brother) reached him in Venice. And now, save when we speak of the books in which he still lives, we must learn to say *he was!*

I shall leave to others, better fitted than I, to speak of his literary work, except where it is so interwoven with his life as to be inseparable from it.

As he has said, he lived literature. His work was so dear to him that it never seemed to tire him. He was always ready and eager for it. Though he never allowed himself the eccentric habits of work which many writers allow themselves, I doubt if he ever found himself in a place in which he could not work, when the time came for it. Apparently the mood arrived with the hours—those of the morning—which for many years he had set aside as sacred to it. As I write this there comes to me a vivid and pleasant picture of him as he once sat at work under the drooping branches of a great apple tree. It was the forenoon of one of those fiercely hot days which come even to northern Ohio, where we were both visiting our father, in the old home, and he had carried a light writing table out of doors in search of the coolness he could not

find within. We others sat idly on the shaded porch, watching his steadily moving hand, and his interested face, with its light frown which always rested there, when he was thinking intently. Though we were near, he was quite undisturbed by us and our quiet talk. He was alone with his work. It was probably this fortunate faculty of being able to shut out the world when it was necessary to do so, which enabled him to leave to it so much that was worth while. But once his work was finished he came cheerily and happily back to the world in which his friends lived, and gave most generously of himself, for if he found literature monopolizing, he also found life, if not absorbing, at least intensely interesting. He loved people and studied them unceasingly. As long as they were themselves he found in them something to reward his study of them. But once they ceased to be themselves, or tried by clumsy posing to be what they were not, he quickly lost interest in them. He enjoyed hearing people talk, though they might lay no claim to being what is known as “good talkers”—were perhaps illiterate—he led them to speak of themselves, for, as he said, they always told him something worth remembering. Even stupid people he did not shrink from, as long as they were honest, nor consider them hopeless bores, trying rather, with kindly patience, to get their point of view. Naturally so genuine a realist as he, had no more patience with the false in real life than with the false in fiction, which he always so unsparingly condemned.

In a few words Mr. Charles W. Eliot says what I have been trying to say, when he wrote of him on the occasion of his eightieth birthday celebration: “He has portrayed innumerable phases of American life with accuracy, sweetness and sympathy, with all the good there is in characters on the whole squalid or malignant, as well as with all that is noble and lovely in the best of humanity.”

It has been too often told to make it necessary for me to tell of the unvarying encouragement and welcome he gave to young or unrecognized writers. Someone has said of him that he would “rather find a struggling young author of merit, and bring him out, than to

write a book himself that would be applauded." And that is very true.

He was quick to make allowance for the foibles of those he met, and he looked indulgently upon traits which are so often trying. I remember once when he had patiently endured for several hours the company of a very self-satisfied poet, and when later we offered him sympathy, he laughingly replied: "Oh, it is rather fine to meet a man so full of poetry—*especially his own.*" He did not at all mind "talking shop," and I recall how once, after an evening spent with an author friend, he said with a sigh of content, "B. and I have had a glorious evening. *We talked about ourselves all the time.*"

A joke on himself he enjoyed as well as one upon a friend. I often laughingly protested that it was rather trying to be always introduced to people as the sister of my brother, and in reply to this he wrote me (after my marriage in Quebec, where our father was then United States Consul, and which he had come from Boston to attend): "You'll be glad to know that at last I've had my comings-up. On the Montreal boat I was looking over the books on the news-stand, and the young man who was presiding over it offered me one of my own, and *recommended* it by saying, 'Here is a book written by the brother of the bride who went up with us two days ago.'" It was a full joy for him to realize the insignificance of a mere author as compared with a bride.

In the fifty years and more that he has been a well known writer he has received many hundred letters from his unknown readers, often full of fervent admiration. He called them his love letters. These always gave him pleasure, and as he could find time he answered them or gave some token of acknowledgment.

My brother has left so much that is reminiscent in such books as "A Boy's Town" and "Years of my Youth" that there will be little left for a biographer to tell. In the last of these I think what will most impress the one who reads it, is his early discovery of what he was best fitted for, and the steady following of the path he had marked out for himself. Only once did he turn aside from it, and then in the hope that by doing so, it would make his chosen path more possible to follow. For one brief month he thought it might be well for him to become a lawyer, and so perhaps have more leisure for his literary work. But Blackstone in his first volume convinced him that law was not for him, in saying that it was

a jealous mistress who would brook no rival. And knowing how tenderly he loved the gentle muse already entrenched in his heart, he left the little law office, where he was to have studied, and gladly retraced his steps to the village printing office in which our father edited and published his paper. The very type became dear to him, because it had to do with that world of letters in which he was henceforth to live. It may be difficult for those who know only the printing office of today, to understand what a school the printing office of seventy years ago could be to such a boy as my brother was. But at that time the village newspaper had a higher ambition than to be merely the purveyor of news. Its editorial room was apt to be the meeting-place not only of the local politicians, but of the thinkers and serious readers of the village as well. And this atmosphere spread to the compositors at their cases giving to their occupation an intellectual quality which the purely mechanical trade of today does not know. There he worked and developed under the capable guidance of our father, reading what was best in our English literature, but also acquiring to an easy reading stage several languages from which he could broaden and enrich his mind.

In our home, although he never built up a barrier against us, we younger children knew that his hours for study or writing were never to be disturbed, and we respected them, though we probably did not understand why study was such a happiness to him. But my oldest sister, now long dead, who was only a year and a half his junior, read—and as often as she could—studied with him. Her companionship was sweet and helpful to him, as he has shown in his several beautiful tributes to her.

Between him and our parents the most perfect sympathy and understanding existed. I have often heard my mother tell how, as a young boy, he used to come to her, busy at some household task, and beg her to stop while he made her enjoy something he had just read, or listen to something he had written, her opinion of which he wanted. She loved to recall how one evening, after he had left home to become a journalist in Columbus, she heard the stage (which covered the ten miles between us and the nearest railroad) stop at our gate, and his quick light footsteps come flying up the path. His coming was unexpected, but leaving no time for greetings or queries, he burst in

amongst us, with, "I've had a poem accepted by the Atlantic!" The wonderful news was too precious to trust to the mail, and his happiness was so great that it carried him over the two hundred miles to the parents who he knew would be happy with him.

He has been singularly fortunate through all his life in having about him those who were in perfect sympathy with him in his work. When he came to have a home of his own his wife, a woman of unusual mind and cultivation, was an ideal companion. She helped him by her approval or her criticism of his work. They spent the first years of their happy married life in Venice, and through her keen artistic sense he saw and felt much that he might have missed without her.

Neither time, work or honors ever weaned him from the old home and those he loved there. From the day he left it as a boy of nineteen, he never let a Sunday go by without sending back a letter to our parents, and after they were gone, he still sent the weekly letter to my sister, who, remaining in the old home, represented home to him. In these many letters, especially those to my father, he brought many a perplexing problem, which my father with the beautiful wisdom of age, helped him to solve.

* * * *

I need not remind the readers of the *Bookman* that he knew and loved Canada, or that he had chosen it as the setting for several of his novels. Of these the best known are "Their Wedding Journey," and "A Chance Acquaintance." Both are amongst his earliest books and are written with the evident enjoyment of a young man in close sympathy with the characters he has created. Like most of his novels, they have slight plots, and his light-hearted young people simply fall into place, as they inevitably would in real life. It was my privilege and great pleasure to see the St. Lawrence and the dear old city of Quebec, for the first time in his company. He did not allow me to miss anything, and no doubt he gained fresh impressions through my surprised eyes, used as they were, to the scenes of the comparatively new middle west. I remember the delight with which he one day hurried me to a window to catch a glimpse of two priests, in their old-world garb, disappearing down one of the narrow streets of Quebec, and saying, "Come quickly; you'll not see anything more foreign in Europe!" He

felt the lingering charm of the old city's early days, which fifty years ago was so much more apparent than now, and that charm and the quaintness which then still existed he has shared so delightfully with his readers, that it is small wonder that one still finds these two books in the hands of the tourist of today.

His other Canadian book, "The Quality of Mercy," is of an entirely different tone from the two of which I have spoken. The happy young people whom we met in them had nothing they would have recalled from "the dreadful past," nothing to regret save the hours in which they had not known each other. But in "The Quality of Mercy," the central figure is the miserable man, whose guarded past holds the secret of a defaulter. Of him, and those akin to him, my brother writes with the keen insight into motives and temptations, and the matured judgment of the merciful man.

It was always a pleasure to hear my brother read one of his newly finished and unpublished manuscripts, for he read beautifully and enjoyed reading, as long as he was in his own library surrounded by his friends. But to read in a public lecture hall to an audience of strangers was a terrible ordeal to him.

* * * *

A short time before last Christmas he and his daughter went south, as had been his custom for the last few years, in order to escape the cold winters which he had grown to dread increasingly. At their first stopping place, Atlanta, he had a severe attack of influenza, which was complicated by an old ailment which it brought back. And, added to these, he somehow strained his back, and he suffered acutely. His son hurried to him from New York, and as soon as he was somewhat better, they took him to Savannah, a city he was very fond of, and where he could have every care. The news we received from him there, gave us reason to hope that the worst was over. He grew so much better, that he was able to write to us short letters, and I am tempted to quote from them, as they are very characteristic, and also show how his old habit of work clung to him almost to the last.

In answer to a letter from my sister, he wrote: "I wish I could write as fully in reply. But I am a poor letter writer, and I have my bad back disabling me. We have had raw and fitful weather, and it has added rheumatism to the hurt. . . . But I manage

to keep at work, and have just got some fun for an Easy Chair article* out of the supposed messages from Mars. . . . P. and I read to each other every morning, and see a good deal of rather lively and pleasant people who are filling up the hotel. We get on very well with the southerners, who are friendly and sociable." A few days later he wrote, "I am working slowly through my misery and am daring to look forward to escape from it." On April 4, his last letter to us was written

*The article referred to appeared in Harper's Magazine for April in the "Editor's Easy Chair."

from New York. It showed his happiness in once more being at home, surrounded by those he loved, and he wrote gaily. He says: "We came here on the third, and I find myself the better and not the worse for the change, though I am to be X-rayed and electrized and a lot of things, so expect to hear better and better of me. V.—very vivid and charming—looked in yesterday. She seemed full of life and spirits, and was sweet to see. I hope you are all well and happy."

A little over a month later he passed peacefully on to the other world, as he slept.

An Encyclopaedia for School and Family

MOST small encyclopaedias are poor encyclopaedias. By small, we mean comparatively small, a good deal smaller than the Britannica. But only a fool would declare that because an encyclopaedia is comparatively small it must be poor. Here, for example, is an encyclopaedia which, while comparatively small (ten volumes of about 650 pages each) is most emphatically a good encyclopaedia, and for quite a number of purposes, much better than the Britannica. "The World Book: Organized Knowledge in Story and Picture" rather avoids the use of the term encyclopaedia, which has acquired a suggestion of dryness and technicality. It is a publication which has two objects in combination; it proposes not merely to make knowledge accessible to the average member of the average family, but also to make it *interesting* to the same individual. Its quality of scholarship is high; but it is its mastery of the art of presenting the results of scholarship in striking form that makes it noteworthy among publications of this class. We know of no such compilation in which the modern art of graphic presentment has been employed so extensively and so cleverly. The number of illustrations is very great. Every geographical article, for example, is accompanied by line engravings showing not only a map of the territory described, but a small-scale map, showing its exact situation and size in relation to its neighbors; pictures of its leading physical or architectural features or products; graphs of its population, wealth, industry and so forth; and possibly portraits of its leading historical characters. No encyclopaedic work that we know of presents all this information in so salient a form. Many of the major articles are accompanied by "outlines" and questionnaires suitable for class use.

A feature especially notable in a publication of American origin is the fact that Can-

adian matters are treated on a scale proportionately equivalent to that of the American articles, and treated, moreover, from a Canadian viewpoint. The publishers have had the wisdom to associate a Canadian editor, no less a person than Dr. George H. Locke, the famous Toronto librarian, with their editor-in-chief, Professor M. V. O'Shea, and their editor, Dr. Ellsworth D. Foster. Dr. Locke has been given a very free hand, and has done his work with the utmost thoroughness.

We have always wondered why encyclopaedias refused to give pronunciation along with definition and description. The World Book editors give pronunciation, by means of very simple phonetic conventions, and we are grateful for the service, though we are obliged occasionally to differ from their accentuation, as when they place an accent on the second syllable of the word "annuals." The up-to-dateness of the information, especially biographical and historical, is a remarkable feature. The style of all the articles is a happy medium between the technicality which bewilders and the exaggerated effort at childish simplicity which merely annoys.

But it is to the illustration and display matter that our admiration returns again and again. With great wisdom the publishers have avoided the use of photographic reproductions, and have relied (except in the case of a few full-page pictures) upon well executed line drawings, in which a vastly greater amount, and a better selection, of detail can be presented in a small space. Many of the portraits, the natural history pictures, and the views of buildings and scenery are admirable in the highest degree. The volumes are a handy shape and the paper and binding are not open to any reasonable criticism. The publishers are W. F. Quarrie & Co. of Chicago and Toronto (cloth \$57.50).

Things Canadian

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

AT last it seems to be dawning upon Canada that there is such a thing as Canadian literature. For a long, long while it has been, apparently, a national pose to ignore it, to be self-depreciating, to show our (supposed) critical ability by implying that we have no such thing! Our attitude to our own vigorous school of landscape art has been the same—to our shame be it said. But there have always been a few who recognized the banality of this attitude, and who saw to their joy the beautiful work of their own countrymen and fearlessly pointed it out. The good that has been and is being done by these appreciative and constructive critics is incalculable.

If we can only go on with the highest ideal always before us, not running amuck in a wild strained effort after something that no one has ever said or thought or seen before, as if to be startling were necessarily to be great! Much of the passing phase of modern art and literature is like nothing so much as a severe attack of St. Vitus's dance. So far Canada has escaped this disease, at least in its worst forms, and instead of trying to express its most unhealthy moods has been contented with endeavoring to create or to interpret its vision of beauty, truth and good. There is a wonderful setting for Canadian literature, a country vast and beautiful in every aspect from ethereal subtlety to spectacular grandeur. Not that Canadian literature must necessarily have a Canadian setting. Far from it indeed; "the world is all before us where to choose,"—and time as well as space is ours. If a Canadian writes noble verse or prose on Ancient Egypt

or on Mediaeval Florence, that is Canadian literature—and if a Canadian writes ignobly or carelessly on the discovery of the St. Lawrence or the heroism of Madeleine Verchères, that is not literature at all.

Nevertheless, it is well that our own traditions and history, our own poignantly lovely landscape, should form a great part of the material for our own writers and artists. That is natural, and as it should be. If ever the world needed quiet beauty and rightness in literature and in art, it needs it now. There is healing in great open spaces, in sheltering hills and in deep-shadowed forests, in the austere voice of the sea and in the peace of azure rivers. The art and the literature that can embody for us some of this wonder and glory, this gift of *Natura Benigna* to her hurried and problem-beset children, is worthy of all honor and should be regarded as one of the greatest assets in our national life. The more the "Genius Loci" appears in our literature, the more vivid and enduring that literature is likely to be. But that does not mean, surely, that we must restrict ourselves, for subject and setting, to our own country. Neither need we endeavor strenuously to form a Canadian style. The best work must be done, I think, with a certain spontaneity and lack of too much national self-consciousness.

It does not matter, after all, whether one writes of the Laurentians or of the Himalayas, of the Nile or the St. John; if a Canadian writes, and the work is sincere, artistic and beautiful, the result is a lasting addition to Canadian Literature.

At the Cross Roads

By MAUD GOING

A stake thrust through the rebel heart that would not bear its pain
 Where folk and carts go by all day in sunshine and in rain,
 And rough winds dance with roadside dust—while green and still near by
 Beyond the shadows of fair trees God's peaceful acres lie.

Upon those green and hallowed graves, upon this grave unblessed,
 The fair impartial stars look down, the moon's pale glories rest,
 And music falls of larks arisen through night mist from the sod,
 Like souls that rise from sorrow, sin and shame to find their God.

Scotland and Canada

By J. E. MIDDLETON

A PERPETUAL excuse for the slow growth of Canadian literature and for the lack of writers of international reputation is found in our geographical position. Men say that the United States naturally must overshadow Canada, that our novelists, poets and historians cannot hope to compete against the writers culled from the population of 100,000,000 people.

Besides, the market in the Dominion for literary productions is narrow and not too profitable. Any man who hopes to live by his pen must join the staff of some newspaper. There is small hope for him otherwise, unless he goes to New York, or else adapts his material to American needs or demands. The fact that a few men have won a moderate success does not alter the general argument. In a real sense New York settles the sort of novels we must have. Many promising writers have found the struggle too severe in their native land. They have shaken all Canadian dust from their feet and have departed Southward for a life-residence.

The geographical position of Canada is similar to that of Scotland. Edinburgh is to London as Ottawa or Montreal or Toronto is to New York. Yet Edinburgh became a centre of literary culture. It is true that James Boswell and many other Scottish writers went to London to find fame and others are still going. But some stayed at home. Three of them, Horner, Jeffrey and Sydney Smith started the *Edinburgh Review*. Long before that virile periodical began its course there were critics north of the Tweed and their writings bit hard into the integument of southern writers.

Always, it seemed, Scotland was able to stand on its own literary legs, despite the fact that the population was small, that the Highlanders spoke no English, that England was populous and wealthy, and that Oxford and Cambridge had an ancient tradition and a stimulating atmosphere which Edinburgh could never hope to match. Yet Edinburgh won the nickname of The Modern Athens because of its learned men and its development of powerful and original thinkers. The greatest romance writer of the early Nineteenth Century was a

Scot—with an extra "t." One of the most eminent romanticists of the present day is J. M. Barrie, a Scot transplanted to London, but with a thistle still in his bonnet.

What has made Scotland a continuing power in literature, though it has only one-tenth the population of its rich neighbor? Nothing other than the passion of the people for learning. An army of plough-boys, poor but determined, marched to the University every year. The lad who had it in him to study got every encouragement from his parents, his dour old teacher and the parish minister. If Scotland has made a noise in the world—other than the bag-pipes—the cause may be here.

Before Canada can produce brilliant historians and critics, great poets, or leaders in the international field of thought, it is necessary for Canadians to be more considerate of learning and more eager to read. Before a novelist or dramatist of commanding stature can appear there must be a wide circle of cultured people who look at a novel as something more than a pastime or an entertainment.

Appreciation of Art in Canada (and also in the United States) is not lacking, but it is instinctive rather than reasoned. There is no solid basis of understanding conveyed at school to the children, or by social, political or religious leaders to the people at large. Because we know no better we buy a few fourth-grade stories, a few sixth-grade pictures, admire eighth-grade architecture and seek for jazz music, which is not yet accurately placed in the line of descent.

We are a mercurial people, cheerful and even gay. That is infinitely to our credit. The people of Vienna before the war were of that type also, but Vienna was the home of a remarkable school of light opera music, and was the Art Capital of Europe.

Intense diligence and initiative appear in Canadian business life. Prosperity is likely to continue for that cause. Concentrated application will overcome all difficulties that may appear. But we are intense also in our search for entertainment. Therefore the motor industry flourishes, the dance emporiums do well, more theatres are required—for uninspired melodrama, and a lower berth on a

Pullman car bound for Atlantic City or California is not to be had.

We have not yet learned that real enjoyment can be found in a picture gallery, a library or a concert hall. We are pursued by a fear of being bored. Yet if we were brave enough to "take a chance" we would be astonished at the infrequency of our yawning.

A few years ago an important biography was published in England. A Canadian publisher handled it in the Dominion, and the total sale through the regular book-shops reached 27 copies. Perhaps it is not unjust to say that we are not a reading people. In that respect at least Canada differs from Scotland. Yet reading must be the foundation of culture, and culture is the soul of national greatness.

Many wealthy leaders in Canada are interested in Religion or Politics. They were taught something about Religion and Politics when they were boys. Is there any reason why the young folk of to-day should be turned out of school in blank ignorance of the spirit of architecture, the aims of painting, and the reason for the existence of music? They get some smattering of English literature, but do they know why an author writes poetry instead of prose?

Canadians are captivated by Utility. We want useful courses in school, courses which will help boys and girls to put money in their purses. Is it not time to begin teaching them how to get a sense of Beauty and a feeling for culture in their souls?

Youth

By LLOYD ROBERTS

THANK GOD for the sun and the wind, the rain and the dew!
They beat on the doors of the heart, and they enter it too;
They sweep out the dust that has gathered with the labouring years,
And the chaff of ambition and pride that blossoms in tears.

They cry to the Child long asleep in the cells of the brain:
"Awake to the music and magic in the woodlands again;
The fields are as green and as gay as the day of your birth,
And the kisses of winter and summer still cover the earth.

"The skies are as blue, the rivers as light on their feet;
The woods are as deep and as black and as balsamy sweet;
The hill-tops as high and as clean and as fresh with the wind
As the day that you entered your prison and shut them behind."

For the Child that was with us in youth is with us in age;
(How often you glimpse his white face at the bars of his cage!)
You have only to strike off the chains, and once he is free
He'll return to the lips of the clover and the breasts of the sea.

For only the sinews grow old and the dreams turn to dust;
Only the tools of ambition grow blunted with rust.
The toiler within? Oh, you have only to lower the bars
To see that his youth is the Youth of the hills and the stars!

Thank God for the sun and the wind, the rocks and the trees;
The plains and the woods and the skies, the rivers and seas;
That open the doors of the heart to the spirit of Truth,
Till our feet are aflame once again on the hill-tops of Youth!

Home Reference Books

By MARY KINLEY INGRAHAM

WHO shall deliver the Canadian farmer, the Canadian merchant, the Canadian rural minister, from the book agent who furnishes him with a reference library? When such men as these ask for a dictionary or an encyclopedia they ask for bread. The agent, too good a fellow to offer a stone, is yet too poor a judge of intellectual bread to know when it is good. Consequently, those who buy from him, and they are many, get the mouldy crust of unrevised material, long obsolete, published after the copyright has expired. The book case in the sitting room tells a long story of ill-considered buying. There is the latest Webster with no Merriam imprint, and there the lives of celebrities published one month after death by those who knew them not. The date on the title page of the atlas is modern, but the maps are those our grandfathers knew.

These men are able and willing to pay for good reference books, and really the good cost no more than the bad. The trouble is doubtless this: The farmer seldom considers what books he will buy until the agent is at his heels. Down in his subconsciousness sleeps the thought that some money each year must be spent to furnish the family with "readin' matter." So also it often is with the people in our villages and small towns. If they knew what they should buy the agent would have to go out of business, or, better, bring good books to the people.

Three reference works every family must have or be illiterate. These are, of course, a dictionary, an encyclopedia, and an atlas of the world. Those who purchase the Century Dictionary have the three in one twelve-volume work. Primarily, the dictionary is concerned with the word, the encyclopedia with the thing. The Century Dictionary, however, concerns itself with both, and will give not only the history and meaning of the word to the family philologist, but also, at the same time, give him practical information concerning the thing for which the word is the symbol. The first ten volumes serve this purpose. The eleventh volume, a cyclopedia of names, is an excellent biographical dictionary. It pronounces the hard names for the children, and for the

parents too, if they are so wise as to consult it. The biographical information is brief, but of unimpeachable authority. The twelfth volume is an atlas.

For those who wish the dictionary in one volume, apart from the encyclopedia, there is but little to choose between Webster's New International and Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary. Both are excellent, but I see more spurious editions of Webster in the people's homes than of any other standard work. Let the purchaser make sure that it is published in Springfield, Mass., by the Merriam company. The New Standard is the most recently revised American dictionary. It lays special emphasis upon the present day meaning of words, and gives delightful information concerning slang. There are abridged editions of both these works, but have the big tome if possible. The dictionary is really a fascinating book, though one going to it for entertainment might complain that there is frequent change of subject. To the literary aspirant it will repay careful study, for a dictionary knowledge of words is indispensable to a writer.

For those who can afford a large encyclopedia there are several from which they may choose. The Britannica, of course, heads the list. The long monographs on large subjects, the literary quality of the articles, the biographies, the bibliographies, make this work one in which the scholar loves to burrow. The scientific articles are perhaps somewhat technical for the average reader. A late edition of an excellent encyclopedia is that of the New International, published in New York in 1916 by Dodd, Mead, and Company. This work has twenty-three volumes. The important articles are by specialists, the minor articles by a carefully supervised office staff. For the average family, however, the New International might be better than the Britannica, as the information is less technical. Being of late date, it has biographical articles concerning persons who came into prominence during the European war. An excellent small encyclopedia is the Everyman. It has twelve volumes, in the well known pocket size of the books of Everyman's Library. While we can-

not call this a substitute for one of the large standard encyclopedias, we can bring it to the attention of people who need an encyclopedia, yet cannot afford a large work. Its articles are concise and accurate.

The Century atlas is, I believe, sold separately. The family possessing this has no need of other small general gazetteers.

We have spoken of general works only, but every department of knowledge has its own re-

ference books, its clearing houses of wealth. Their name is Legion, but the good are necessarily few. Their making is always expensive, calling for profound scholarship, trained editorial oversight, careful and accurate proof-reading. Only the scholar or the experienced librarian is qualified to choose, and we suggest that the intelligent householders of our country consult these before they buy. Tell the book agent so, and bid him do likewise.

The Lighthouse Keeper

By BEATRICE REDPATH

HE crouched there motionless among the rocks
 Slippery with sea weed; far above her head
 The sea gulls wheeled, screaming with short sharp cries
 Or settled in prim rows upon the rail.
 She hated them, for they were of the sea,
 That cruel sea that robbed her of her joy,
 And laughed at her.

Sometimes as she sat there
 She felt as though the passion of her hate
 For that wide sea would burst within her brain,
 And she would be as mad as those wild birds
 And scream aloud with just those same shrill cries.
 For she had grown so jealous of the sea
 That held him so enamored with its wiles,
 And seemed a wanton, prostrate at his feet,
 Wrapped in bright silver, festooned with white lace,
 Stealing insidiously his love from her,
 Leaving her life as barren as those crags
 Of bleak gray rock beneath the lighthouse tower.
 She could not hope to gain him from the sea,
 She had no power to rival all its charm
 Of quick successive moods.

Flushed by the sun
 Expectantly it glowed beneath warm skies,
 Or dimpled at the lingering touch of rain.
 Sometimes it sparkled through a thin gauze mist.
 Or sober was, demurely clad in gray.
 She knew he could not live away from it,
 The sea had gained his heart, possessed his soul,
 Until he scarcely was aware of her.
 His every mood was governed by the sea,
 And though she wept, if but the sea should smile,
 She knew his voice would ring out from the tower,
 Singing the while he labored with the lamp.
 And when with rage and anger unrestrained
 It flung itself foam white along the shore
 The sea's dark mood was mirrored in his eyes.
 Through all the day she heard it mocking her
 With gurgling laughter, taunting her with smiles,
 And in the night time she could hear it then
 Murmuring to him even while he slept.
 Oh, she was grown so hopeless now and dumb
 And every day she crept down to the rocks
 And crouched upon the slippery brown sea weed,
 Drawn by her hate to look upon the sea.

Thomas Hardy's Lyrical Poems^o

By BARKER FAIRLEY

THERE is no more conclusive evidence of the profound but not easily describable change that has come over English lyrical poetry in the last twenty years than the esteem in which Thomas Hardy is held as a writer of verse. It is not Hardy's poetry that has changed; his five volumes of lyrics are curiously alike. What has changed is the reader's notion of what is, or rather of what is not, lyrical poetry. When this contemporary movement in English poetry recedes from us and shows its outlines more clearly, it will probably be found that no poet did more to bring it about than Thomas Hardy. Nor is it unlikely that his actual achievement as one who shared in the movement and competed for popular interest with the supple young minds of those who were his juniors by one, or even two, generations will be regarded as anything short of masterly. This is becoming common knowledge among those who follow contemporary literature, but it goes by hearsay rather than by direct evidence. The number of those who have given Hardy's lyrical gift more than a perfunctory reading seems still to be comparatively small. Until a year or two ago our critics usually treated Hardy's poems as an appendage or a prelude to the novels or "The Dynasts." Only recently have John Freeman, Edmund Gosse, and Quiller-Couch emphasised their independent value, and they have but made a beginning.

The old sweeping objections to Hardy's verse have now been overruled. Readers of the "Wessex Poems" in 1898 seem, with the exception of Lionel Johnson, York Powell, and a few others, to have felt chiefly the shortcomings of Hardy's workmanship. His vocabulary was felt to be unpoetic. He used such words as "intermissive" and "chancefulness" in the first poem in the volume, and seldom avoided for long such dry scientific words as had marred for some readers the lyrical passages in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." But these could at least be explained in the light of the past. What jarred more the susceptibilities of readers trained in the exquisitenesses of the 'nineties were the archaisms and archaic coinages, "wight," "gaingivings," or "tarriance." These did not belong to the novels and were felt to be arbitrary. It was also felt, it seems, that Hardy as a metrist was ingenious rather than subtle, that his ear was fundamentally defective, and that his poems were at bottom the efforts of a prose writer who even in his natural medium was not free from stiffness.

We now know that Hardy was deliberately

breaking down a hampering tradition of poetic diction which he must have condemned in his own mind as early as the 'sixties, when he began his verse-making, and which he must have objected to still more strongly thirty years later when he found the poets of the nineties with one or two exceptions fully as conventional as any of the Victorians. It was a convention less rigid than that which Wordsworth encountered, but it at least maintained in practice that there was a vocabulary for prose which was not that of poetry. The "Wessex Poems" throw off this restriction; their diction is archaic, scientific, prosaic at will. And of these three the prosaic source of vocabulary is the one that matters most for Hardy and for his younger contemporaries. It is not particularly prominent in the first three volumes of Hardy's verse, but it is there from the first in such poems as "Unknowing" or "A Commonplace Day":

The day is turning ghost .
And scuttles from the calendar in fits and furtively
To join the anonymous host
Of those that throng oblivion; ceding his place,
maybe,
To one of like degree.

It helps to redeem that curiously uneven volume "Satires of Circumstance." The "Poems of 1912-13" are full of the poignant accents of common speech; this is the most conversational body of elegiac poetry that we possess:

Never to bid good-bye
Or lip me the softest call
Or utter a wish for a word, while I
Saw morning harden upon the wall,
Unmoved, unknowing
That your great going
Had place that moment, and altered all.

This is from the first of the series and it is typical of the whole. Our older elegists stand up to harangue their dead; Hardy sits and chats with his. This everyday manner of his bears its richest fruits in his latest volume, "Moments of Vision," which is one of the most remarkable collections of occasional verse in the English language. In extreme old age Hardy seems to have mastered the art of turning any fragment of his experience into poetry. This is a fitting and logical outcome in the career of one who has always maintained the oneness of things. These casual, nondescript poems seem to point the crevices in the larger masonry of the novels and the epic. They do not weaken the unity of Hardy's whole output, but rather consolidate it. They offer in a sort of final analysis Hardy's fundamental thesis that life and

"The Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy." Macmillan, London, \$6.00.

poetry are co-terminous. This analysis, so indispensable to the trend of our contemporary literature, could not have been made with the help of a poetic diction. Even without the hindrance of this tradition, which, as we have seen, Hardy rejected from the first, it has taken both patience and labor to achieve it. Hardy showed a fondness for commonplace neutral tones from the first, but he had to wait years before he could write so faultless a poetic etching as "The Peace-Offering":

It was but a little thing,
Yet I knew it meant to me
Ease from what had given a sting
To the very birdsinging
Latterly.

But I would not welcome it;
And for all I then declined
O the regrettings infinite
When the night-processions flit
Through the mind.

And if this poem does not seem conclusive, take "The Photograph" or "The Musical Box" or any of at least half the poems in the volume, and consider how casual is their origin and how trite and transient the mood they record.

Such an attitude to Hardy's lyrics is incompatible with Mr. Abercrombie's contention that only the metrical pattern makes the diction tolerable. It is incompatible with the distinction which he examines between kinetic and potential values in words. As for this latter it may be only the old convention of a poetic diction in a new form, for we may be sure that the convention will seek an entrance somewhere. If Hardy, or Walt Whitman either, had accepted such a theory their poetry would never have been written, and a theory which strikes at the roots of the work of such men uproots itself. But Mr. Abercrombie at least allows Hardy to stand as a metrist, thereby going a step or two beyond some earlier critics. He admits that Hardy shows power in the pattern of his poems, the scheme or framework of them. This is, after all, little enough. The ingenuity which Mr. Abercrombie admits in Hardy's verses is little better than that which makes cones and suchlike geometrical forms of poetry after the fashion of some sixteenth century theorists. Pattern in the arrangement of lines and endings is a poor thing without rhythm within the lines themselves. It must be shown that Hardy has written poems that have rhythm as well as design.

The variety of design is easily established. Some of the poems are elaborate in metrical design where one feels that they ought to be simple, as, for instance, certain of the narrative poems, but for the most part the design is appropriate and sometimes it is inevitable. Hardy has taken more than a hint from William Barnes and may, for that matter, have ransacked the whole treasury of English poetry. The fitness, not the novelty, of the forms is the important thing. To examine

these in detail would take a volume. It will be found that some of the subtler arrangements begin to appear in the last two volumes, and that from first to last Hardy excels in the management of his double rhymes. "The Face at the Casement" might have failed in any other metre, but in the one chosen it compels acceptance:

Love is long-suffering, brave,
Sweet, prompt, precious as a jewel;
But O, too, Love is cruel,
Cruel as the grave.

And how else could "News for her Mother" have been written save in Hardy's breathless little metre:

Tremble not now
At your lot now
Silly soul!
Hosts have sped them
Quick to wed them
Great and small.

Since the first two sighing half-hearts made a whole

Yet I wonder,
Will it sunder
Her from me?
Will she guess that
I said "Yes"—that
His I'd be.

Ere I thought she might not see him as I see!

In the subtler rhythms of poetry Hardy's excellence is not so apparent. Just as in his metrical patterns Hardy at his best lets the subject shape itself, so in his rhythms he seems unwilling to cultivate any other cadences that those that come out of natural scenes and speech. The rhythms of Homer and Milton are beyond him and behind him. He seeks and is willing to wait for the inherent cadences in his themes. In "At Castle Boterel," when he writes:

Myself and a girlish form benighted
In dry March weather. We climb the road
Beside a chaise. We had just alighted
To ease the sturdy pony's load
When he sighed and slowed.

it is the pony that sets the pace—and the rhythm—not the poet. And when he shows the phantom horsewoman as she

Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide

he makes you see the long wave curl over on the strand and carry his words with it. If literature were an affair of finance we should have to weigh these successes against his failures, but fortunately we do not in the long run need to debit poets with their mistakes. We end by ignoring them. And, in any case, those who read Hardy frequently find themselves continually transferring poems that at first seemed uncouth to the credit side of the account. Hardy knew fifty years ago the kind of poetry that he wished to write; his readers have only found out more recently. If it can be agreed that his manner in vocabulary, rhyme, and rhythm comes out of the stuff of

his poems, it remains to be seen of what stuff they are made.

There are curious differences between the content of the poems and that of the novels with their richness of exterior life, their tangible wealth of pictorial vision. No novelist appeals more to the eye of his readers than Hardy. He gazes at the outer world like a man possessed. But his real purpose is far deeper than the pictorial, and it may well be that he chafed at the long approaches which the novelist must make towards the hearts of his characters. The Mayor of Casterbridge must carry all Dorchester in his knapsack, and you have to travel to the stars to understand Swithin St. Cleve. In the poems Hardy goes direct to his humanities with as little outward baggage as may be. The practice of writing novels must have taught him, if, indeed, he needed to learn, just where lyrical poetry scores over the more cumbrous forms of literature, and we find him "travelling light" even in his earliest poems. That splendid moorland landscape in "The Revisitation" is one of the few that recall the novels; more often Hardy describes at shorter range some slighter detail, the dewdrops on the bars of a gate, the thorn on the down, the nesting yellowhammers:

From bank to ground
And over and round
They sidled along the adjoining hedge;
Sometimes to the gutter
Their yellow flutter
Would dip from the nearest slatestone ledge.

Usually there is as little of nature or of outer detail in the poems as possible; it is the human inwardness that gives the poems their value and content.

Even the narrative poems surprise us by their brevity. The historical ballads and tales in "Wessex Poems," anticipating "The Dynasts," are, if we except "Valenciennes" and "The Dance at the Phoenix," not particularly successful. With "The Dynasts" before us they are flat indeed. Altogether better are the later narrative poems, chiefly in "Time's Laughingstocks"; not "Life's Little Ironies" could have prepared us for the fatal directness of "A Sunday Morning Tragedy" or "The Satin Shoes," which lose nothing when set beside the novels. More unique and perhaps greater than these straightforward tales are the numerous poems in which the mood intrudes upon the telling and produces something which is neither narrative nor lyric, but partakes of both. Browning may have given Hardy a clue to this form of poetry that had been so little practised before him, but for all the wealth that he has poured into his half-lyrics Browning was not able to realise the formal possibilities of his method. That was reserved for Hardy who did for the dramatic or narrative lyric what he also did for the epic or book drama. Early poems like "To Lizbie Browne" and "Unknowing" and "Friends Be-

yond," later poems like "The Torn Letter" and "Tolerance" and "Jubilate" are masterpieces of this novel blend. "The Day of First Sight" is another such, and for terse mastery may be compared with "The Peace-Offering," already quoted in another connection:

A day is drawing to its fall
I had not dreamed to see:
The first of many to enthrall
My spirit, will it be?
Or is this eve the end of all
Such new delight for me?

I journey home: the pattern grows
Of moonshades on the way:
"Soon the first quarter, I suppose,"
Sky-glancing travellers say;
I realize that it, for those,
Has been a common day.

This is what economy in narrative poetry can lead to. It bears fruit also in the more striking philosophical poetry. This will be found principally in the miscellaneous section of "Poems of the Past and the Present" and in "Time's Laughingstocks." It is less vehement, on the whole, than the chorus of "The Dynasts" and less impersonal. It is probably a much safer guide to Hardy's own opinions. He has been at pains to indicate the "dramatic or impersonative" nature of much of his poetry, but one cannot help suspecting that the remainder is as personal as poetry can be. It would be invidious to push these suspicions at present, but they can yield the inference that a poet who speaks so frankly as he does about his nearest human associates will have no secrets to keep between himself and the universe.

The philosophical poems are more than a formal departure in English literature; they enlarge the field of English poetry, extending it to include metaphysics of a more abstract kind than had hitherto found its way into our verse. This has meant the introduction of new words into our literature, and it is in this light that Hardy's archaisms and modernisms justify themselves. The scientific litanies of the phantoms in "The Dynasts" pass time and again into unqualified poetry. Here are abstract words invested with an ancient, almost ritualistic, potency, as in the emphasised words of this impressive passage:

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

What is the creed that these rich rites disclose?

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

A local thing called Christianity,
Which the wild dramas of the wheeling spheres
Include, with divers other such, in dim
Pathetical and brief parentheses,
Beyond whose span, uninfluenced, unconcerned,
The systems of the suns go sweeping on
With all their many-mortalled planet train
In mathematic roll unceasingly.

In the personal lyrics there is not usually so forbidding a diction. The metaphysics becomes almost a mythology in which the blind Mother Nature vainly seeks to cover up her deficiency:

She whispers it in each pathetic strenuous slow endeavor,

When in mothering she unwittingly sets wounds on what she loves;

Yet her primal doom pursues her, faultful, fatal is she ever;

Though so deft and nigh to vision is her facile finger-touch

That the seers marvel much.

Deal, then, her groping skill no scorn, no note of malediction;

Not long on thee will press the hand that hurts the lives it loves;

And while she dares dead-reckoning on, in darkness of affliction,

Assist her where thy creaturely dependence can or may,

For thou art of her clay.

In "The Dynasts," the Years and the Pities clash irreconcilably; they accept and deplore the Will respectively. In the short poems Hardy is found, as here, passionately sympathising with it in its own helplessness. In "The Subalterns," the leaden sky, the North Wind, Sickness, and Death confide in him, and they smile upon one another; in "Doom and She" Nature puzzles over her own riddle:

—So, baffled, curious, meek,

She broods in sad surmise . . .

—Some say they have heard her sighs

On Alpine height or Polar peak

When the night tempests rise.

"The Sleepworker" is perhaps the greatest of this group of poems, the profoundest group. It may be, that Hardy has written. Beside them the revolts and the gibes and the censures and the calculations of some of the less mythical of the reflective poems are bald and ultimately unsatisfying. Poetry, if it is to be great, must sympathise in spite of itself and herein lies the peculiar spell of these ultimate broodings of Hardy.

In the After Scene of "The Dynasts" the Spirit of the Years recalls the time when it "thankgave" as the Pities do. It is the poet himself who speaks here and in the smaller poems we can see him picturing yet more clearly the child-like ideal with which he began. In "To Outer Nature" we can feel the old ideal slipping out of his grasp, leaving its rapture fresh in his memory:

Fad'st thou, glow-forsaken
Darkness-overtaken.

Thy first sweetness,

Radiance, meetness,

None shall re-awaken.

Why not sempiternal

Thou and I? Our vernal

Brightness keeping,

Time outleaping;

Passed the hodiernal.

And we find, too, in a much later poem that he can, in the words of the Years, still "let raptures rule." In "Great Things" he praises cyder and dance and love:

The dance it is a great thing,

A great thing to me,

With candles lit and partners fit

For night-long revelry,

And going home when day-dawning

Peeps pale upon the lee;

O dancing is a great thing,

A great thing to me!

Will these be always great things,

Greatest things to me?

Let it befall that One will call,

"Soul, I have need of thee";

What then? Joy-jaunts, impassioned flings,

Love, and its ecstasy,

Will always have been great things,

Greatest things to me!

Read in the light of such a liting outburst as this the metaphysical lyrics lose something of their fell and forbidding aspect; Hardy becomes more intelligible. And the softening of his outlook which is hinted at in the closing lines of "The Dynasts" is given much less ambiguously in "Moments of Vision." The acrid savour of "Life's Little Ironies," of "Satires of Circumstance" (the group, not the volume) and of the Spirit Sinister yields to a responsive gentleness towards life that had once seemed so thwart and contrarious. It is a quiet, wistful note, yet profoundly significant, for a single drop of hope from Hardy is worth gallons of another man's inborn optimism. He sees now the futility of meddling with the "clock of the years," or of over-much repining:

I went where, not so long ago,

The sod had riven two breasts asunder;

Daisies throve gaily there, as though

No grave were under

Life laughed and moved on unsubdued,

I saw that Old succumbed to Young;

'Twas well. My too regretful mood

Died on my tongue.

He goes even further in "For life I had never cared greatly" which rings like one of his final pronouncements:

And so, the rough highway forgetting,

I pace hill and dale

Regarding the sky,

Regarding the vision on high,

And thus re-illumed have no humour for letting

My pilgrimage fail.

It must be clear from these quotations that the thorough-going reader of Hardy will be taken much further into the poet's own mind by the lyrics than by "The Dynasts," supreme as that stupendous work is in the objective aspects of thought and events. And the same may be said of the lyrics when they are compared with the novels. It is indeed astonishing that a writer endowed with such a comprehensive gift for personal utterance should have been able virtually to exclude the subjective from all but his latest novels. The outbursts in "Tess" and "Jude" were for nineteenth century readers artistic blemishes and no more; we can now see that they were

the beginnings of a new development that was forcing its way out after a too protracted repression. We may on the whole be grateful to Leslie Stephen for persuading Hardy to continue novel-writing when "The Return of the Native" was about to be written, for Hardy has now had his say in poetry too. The continued energy of his mind and art through the sixties and seventies of his long life is one of the miracles of our contemporary literature. Only last year Hardy wrote a poem on the British advance through Palestine which is amazingly vigorous. It is called "Jezreel," and like two or three other recent poems, notably one in the January Fortnightly, it outdoes most of the younger poets in their own field of immediate experience.

Hardy belongs, after all, to the twentieth century by virtue of his poetry. He has dwelt

in his lyrics almost excessively on remote memories, but he has also written "The Dynasts," which is ablaze with fierce action, and is frequently lyrical in form as well as spirit. He can be seen in relation to John Masefield or to Walter de la Mare, and most of our Georgian poets lie somewhere between these two. He has probably taught them in ways direct or indirect to write with individuality and without convention. Some one or two of them are now drawing abreast of him in technical skill and emotional sincerity. But he remains in one fundamental respect our chief living lyrical poet because he has expressed in remarkable fulness a philosophy of life and a consideration of the ultimate factors of our existence. He will probably have followers in this and then his real significance as a subjective lyricist will begin to be felt.

University Presidents and Ideals

We suppose that no man has a larger opportunity for the impressing of high ideals upon his own and his succeeding generations than a university president who has a sense of the dignity of his office, and a sufficient strength of character to fill it worthily. Such a man can alter the entire moral atmosphere of the college over which he presides, and change the entire Pantheon of its students' ideas. It is true that university presidents are not always selected on account of their fitness for this function; but it is assuredly the most important function pertaining to the office. Two of the most eminent of the university heads of this continent have recently published volumes embodying their efforts towards the production of a higher idealism among their students and the rising generation generally. The two books can be profitably read together. One of them is Canadian and one American. They exhibit certain differences of thought and attitude which are very characteristic of the two countries, but in the main they supplement and support one another in a very striking manner. "The Moral Basis of Democracy" by Arthur Twin-

ing Hadley, President of Yale University (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., \$1.75), is a collection of Sunday morning talks to students and graduates. Its closing address on "The Compelling Power of Ideals" might well form an introduction to "Idealism in National Character," by Sir Robert Falconer, President of Toronto University (Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.75), which is less definitely a student's book and more of an enquiry into historical and psychological facts. Both volumes are valuable protests against the spirit of selfishness, of neglect of public duty, of the worship of force and power, which have been too current in recent years in all sections of society. Both of them recognise that the work of the university is to turn out men not merely qualified in respect of technical knowledge, but educated for the leadership of their fellows by the possession of a strong, noble and self-conscious philosophy of life. The public will not, in these days, read books of sermons; but if it will read and digest the utterances of such men as President Hadley and President Falconer we do not know that it will suffer greatly from the lack of theological disquisitions.



A Good Name is Better than Rubies

By CHARLES W. STOKES

LITERATURE has already learned a great deal from advertising. (Yes, there is no mistake in this sentence, although literature would, of course, have it the other way round; but when you regard the question in the broader aspect, you see that it is really a fifty-fifty proposition, with the odds, if anything, rather against literature.)

What literature has specifically learned from advertising is the value of a good trade name for a merchantable product. Looks of deeply pained surprise will no doubt corrugate the brows of "straight" literary men at this linking of art and commerce; but if good trade names have not been capitalized by book producers and authors, from Homer down to Robert W. Chambers, just as they are capitalized by bacon-producers, then there is absolutely nothing in Fame except the ability to write books that are intrinsically famous. To produce good bacon, if you believe not only the advertising man, but also that school of thought headed by the California university president, who scornfully deprecated the study of Greek roots as compared with the study of plant roots, is of more importance than the production of good books—at least in these days of under-production of bacon. But to produce good bacon is not enough; one must advertise it as good bacon, and the first essential in advertising is a good trade-marked name to build the advertising around.

The briefest study of current advertising will reveal the remarkably pleasant names of many advertised articles—names full of soft, liquid music, such as Pep-O-Mint, Beaver Board, Neolin, Multigraph, Sunkist, Big Ben, and so on. Who composes these names I do not know; but I would like to submit to the budding literary man that all these articles with the phenomenal sales built upon enormous advertising campaigns owe their success largely to their names, and that, furthermore, the careful study of these names, as a matter of literary interest, would well repay him. He would, for example, be immediately struck with the invariability of three quali-

ties in successful trade-marked names—their impressiveness, their easy pronounceability, and their poetical metre.

It is probably the dearest desire of all who read this magazine to become famous and to leave their names ringing down the corridor of time and all that bally rot; it certainly is the modest wish of the present writer. Far be it from me (him, I mean) to suggest that the reverent worship of posterity should be based merely upon a tinkling name; but there is no sense in throwing the gifts of the gods back at their heads just to be priggish about it. For example, I wonder how many of our most cultured readers would remember Samuel Johnson where it not for the ease with which his name slips trochaically over the tongue, thus SAMuel JOHNSon. A writer whose name is so awkward to pronounce that it makes one catch one's breath to get it out may last a few years, but it takes that double trochee to last over into the next century.

Or take another example. How many books by Charles John Huffam Dickens would you be likely to read supposing you had to name the writer in full every time you borrowed or bought one? I believe that the author of the Pickwick Papers (notice it again—PICKwick PAPers?) was wise enough to recognize early in the game that for him to get into the best-sellers meant his jettisoning part of that baptismal handicap. My advice to the young literary man starting out to make a career is to get a good name, and, to do so, to study the principles of advertising already enunciated. In fact, what I am submitting in this article is to the best of my belief an entirely new theory of fame—which might be called the Trochaic Theory of Fame.

Advertising teaches us that if you only stay with it long enough a lot of people will one day believe what you say in your advertising. Jiggs may not really be a great writer, but if he keeps on steadily advertising himself as one—just that slogan, "Jiggs is a great writer"—he will eventually be accepted as a great writer by a number of people sufficiently large

to encourage him to keep on writing for the financial end of it. But the name "Jiggs" would never do. It is not a very good name for an author. An unusual name (see Rule 1) must not be too humorous. But still Jiggs is not so bad as Jones, Johnson, or Montmorency. You can, to go to the other extreme, have too good a name; you may remember, in one of Barrie's earliest stories, how a would-be journalist changed his real name of Richard Abinger into "Noble Simms" with gratifying results. A young writer cursed by "Reginald Wright" or "Henry H. Steedman" needs a natty little *nomme de guerre* right away. Merely to show how it could be done I would suggest "Astor Wright" or "Basil Lobster," but the possibilities of the thing are really illimitable.

Rule 2, Pronounceability, is involved to some extent in Rules 1 and 3, but it has a separate aspect. You might have a name that is easy to say, like Muff, and your intended wife might have one like Tchaikowsky, but everybody would put their money on Tchaikowsky. The happy mean is to get one like Longfellow, or Wilson, or Stevenson. Personally, I think that the twenty-first century will have forgotten most of these Bolshevist and German names like Tchaikowsky and Trotzky, and will remember only the Italians.

We now come to the most important rule, 3. To show exactly how metrical value may affect literary fame, let me make the illustration a personal one. My one desire, let us assume, is to become a famous writer, not only for this generation, but for the corridor of time and all that tosh. But I cannot become famous on my surname; it is too decidedly mono-syllabic.

Stokes.

You notice how all these great writers endowed with a monosyllabic name-endeavor to circumvent their misfortune. Shaw, Moore, Smith, and so on—you would forget these quickly where you can easily remember Bernard Shaw, Thomas Moore, Adam Smith, Robert Burns, Walter Scott, and all the rest. The straight monosyllables, it seems to me, are almost forgotten—the Popes, the Priors, the Crabbes. So we try a combination.

Charles Stokes.

This is a spondee, and has a certain explosive force. Numerous spondees are on the scroll of fame—Charles Lamb, Lloyd George, Mark Twain, Dean Swift; but how permanently? A breath can kill them as a breath has

made, and if they are wise they inaugurate the tradition that there is properly a stress upon one syllable, thus DEAN Swift.

Charles William Stokes.

There is something rather awkward to this. It lacks the snap and genealogical interest found in the tripartite American name at the head of the average American magazine story—Henry Irving Dodge, Henry Kitchell Webster. And poor comfort for a hustling young writer to discover that the only known name that "scans" like Charles William Stokes is George Meredith!

Charles W. Stokes

is all that is left. With the W pronounced dub-you, short, the result is a combination of trochee and iambus. Some meter!—I think I will get me a *nom-de-plume* like Robert W. Chambers. Some class to that triple trochee!

The wearer of an iambic name is probably the least favored of fortune. Out of a list of some half-hundred famous men, I fail to find one single iambic. The hollowed metre of our earliest hymns seems little fitted to enshrine great names; incidentally, I think that the finest example of heroic iambic in the language is that poem of Henley's beginning

Oh crikey, Bill, she says to me, she says,
Look sharp, she says, with them there sossiges.

Carlyle, of course, may be an iambic, or it may more probably be a spondee; but somehow Carlyle sounds naked without his first name, which makes another trochaic-iambic.

THOMAS CARLYLE

I find no anapaests in my selected fifty,
and but one amphibrach

disRAELI

The dactyl affords us

LONGfellow

CHESterton

TENNyson

KITChener

STEVenson

while in combination with the syncopated double trochee it yields

OLiver WENdell HOLMES.

But it is the trochee that provides the ideal metre for the name that wishes to become as familiar in the mouths of the twentieth, twenty-first and all the succeeding centuries as household words and in their flowing cups freely remembered. It is the metre upon which the Stokes Law of Fame is based, the metre par excellence for the poet, actor, or

novelist. It is susceptible, too, of numerous pleasing combinations. First, the single trochee:

MILton
ASquith
COLERidge
SHELLey
RUSkin
DRYden
GOLDsmith
Luther
ROOSEvelt
HOMer

The double trochee can be highly recommended to actors:

CHARlie CHAPlin
MARY PICKford
DOUGlas FAIRbanks
SARah BERNhardt
HENry IRving

It is a lovely liquid metre that falls trippingly from the tongue:

WILLYam SHAKESpeare
WOODrow WILson
THOMas HARdy
JAYem BARRie
ARNold BENnett
ROBERT BROWning

ARTHUR STRINGER

RUDYARD KIPLING

Syncopation blends easily with this measure in the class where the second syllable is syncopated we find, for example, several classics:

CHARLES pause DICKENS

JANE pause AUSTEN

GEORGE pause ELYOT

while the class with the fourth syllable syncopated yields some amusing bedfellows:

AITCHgee WELLS pause

HENry FORD pause

M'Tand JEFF pause

There is another combination, the double trochee with the dactyl—not quite so good, but considerably better than the dactyl alone:

WILLYam MAKEpeace THACKERAY

ROBERT LOUEY STEVENSON

That last example affords, I submit, the most convincing evidence of the reasonableness of this Trochaic Theory of Fame. What, I wonder, would be the insignificant following of STEVENSON to-day had not the reading public been educated—by advertising—to prefix that ROBERT LOUEY? All the twentieth century literature that posterity will remember will, I prophecy, be written by men with double trochaic names.

A New French-Canadian Anthology

There has just appeared from the press of Granger Frères, Montreal, an admirably produced volume of 316 pages entitled "Anthologie des Poètes Canadiens," selected by the late Jules Fournier, that erratic journalist, littérateur and politician, whose picturesque and brilliant career came to an untimely end not long ago. The volume, which is in paper covers, in the customary French style, is sold for \$1.25, and should be in the library of everybody who takes the slightest interest in French-Canadian self-expression. An extended review of it will appear in our next issue. The compilation of this volume it appears, occupied the leisure hours of Mr. Fournier during several of his later years. His attitude and his objects are set forth in a well-written preface by his friend and colleague, Olivar Asselin, who informs us that Fournier intended to include all those writers who had at any time been accepted by current criticism as entitled to the name of poet. The result of this almost illimitable charity was too much for Mr. Asselin himself, who, in his capacity as re-editor of his late friend's editings, cast out several of the rhymesters of the pioneer period without pity or ceremony. Even so, it

would appear that the chief merit of the productions of French-Canadian poetry between 1800 and 1840 is to cause us to realize the immense progress accomplished between that era and the present generation. The present generation, Mr. Asselin says, is Nelligan, Lozeau, Paul Morin, Chopin, Doucet, Ferland, Delahaye, Mlle. Lamontagne, Louis Dantin, and a few more youthful poets who have arisen since Fournier's death and have been admitted to the Anthologie not by his act but in accordance with his principles—Edouard Chauvin, Jean Nolin, Émile Vennes. Between these two periods comes the era of Crémazie, Fréchet, Lemay and Alfred Garneau, to whom Mr. Asselin denies, in the main, the qualities of originality, intensity, adaptability of rhythm, wealth of vocabulary, but whom he pardons because they had *du souffle*. An anthology compiled upon these lines and in this spirit should perform a great service for French-Canadian literature, and for those numerous English-Canadians who are interested in it. The work of preparing Mr. Fournier's MS. for the press has been performed by Madame Fournier, herself a writer of ability and a critic of discernment.

The Burial of Saul

By C. F. LLOYD

THE silence of death reigneth over Gilboa and red
 The moon rises slowly, and bathes the dark forms of the dead.
 There lies the grim war-chariot broken, and convulsed in each limb
 The proud charger all foam-flecked and bloody, his fierce eyes are dim.
 No more will his great neck clothed with thunder arch in its pride,
 Or his great breast blazing with gold the red billows of battle divide.
 The strong man with foam on his lips grips the turf with his hands,
 Where the Angel of Death struck him down as he fled from the bands
 Of the foe whom he mocked at but late, with that dust-blackened mouth—
 The Philistine Lords who came up from the lands of the South.
 O, boast not, ye warriors of Gaza, and ye men of Ashdod, be still:
 Not your might, but the sword of the Lord, has purpled the green of yon hill.

But say where is Saul in his beauty? He was straight as the palm-tree
 that grows
 In the lovely green valley of Jordan, where the sweet water flows.
 And where's Jonathan the friend of young David the generous, the bold?
 His face was as fair as the morning, his spirit as bright as the gold
 That blazed on his armor. Ah! pity, O Saul, that the hilt
 Of a Philistine sword should be purple with blood poured out by thy guilt!
 'Neath the ghastly glare of the moonlight go down by the wall of Beth-Shan—
 That thing which the hooded crows perch on—say, is it a man?
 O, where is the head with its love-locks and coronet to bind
 The brow, and the sword and the sword-belt, the mantle to float on the wind—
 The bright purple mantle which blazed like the waves of the sea
 When the sun goeth down in his splendor on blue Galilee?
 With a spike through the breast and a night bird perching on each shoulder-
 blade,
 While the moonlight gleams white on the bones where the red beak has made
 A hole in the firm flesh which lately the hue of health wore,
 When the great muscles tossed the red blade o'er the wild battle's roar;
 Deserted, blood-blackened, denied e'en a grave 'neath the sod
 Of the land which he ruled as Monarch, here hangs the anointed of God.
 Far away the torn head and gold armor in the Temple of Ashtaroth hang,
 While round them obscene dancers circle and loud cymbals clang;
 Loud laugh the great Philistine Lords, and the bright purple stain
 Of the wine on each golden beard gleameth like blood on the plain.

But hark! What sound now echoes, borne down on the wings of the blast?
 'Tis the thud of armed feet through the darkness approaching full fast.
 And see now the stealthy advance from the moon-lighted vale
 Of a band of great warriors, their huge limbs encased in bright mail.
 Forsaken by warrior and priest, shall not Gibeon—O Saul!—
 The drawer of water, the hewer of wood—still pity thy fall?
 The mighty of Gibeon have said, "Shall Saul lie unburied to rot
 On the wall of Beth-Shan like a felon? We say he shall not!
 When Nahash the Ammonite surrounded our city with fire
 We called upon Saul in our anguish; the Monarch arose in his ire,
 Came down with the swoop of the eagle, and ere ever the dewdrop had fled
 From the grass in the Vale of Engedi, lo, Nahash the Ammonite was dead.
 Was not Saul like a lion in battle? How fiercely he charged on the foe!
 Was not Jonathan a leopard in beauty? As swift and as deadly his blow
 As the rush of the hail from the clouds when the harvest is nigh
 And livid destruction sweeps down from the black rolling sky!
 Shall the beauty of Israel be left for the night-birds a feast?
 An object of loathing and scorn for the Kings of the East?"

No, the Fathers of Gibeon have risen and all through the night
 They journey by valley and mountain to where the great wall gleameth white.
 The vultures soar up through the moonlight and shriek like fiends in despair,
 As the warriors remove the black horror and swiftly bear it to where
 By Jabesh a pyre has been built of the noblest the forest will yield
 Of odorous woods, and upon it they lay Saul like a king on his shield,
 And Jonathan beside him. O beauty and valor, how little thou'rt worth!
 One moment exalted to heaven, the next thou art dust of the earth!
 Throw gold and frankincense and myrrh on the flames, let the mourner's low
 wail

Float away over meadow and mountain, borne on the wings of the gale.
 Till the wolf in his den and the raven soaring over Gilboa's red crest
 Shall hear the grim sound which announceth that Saul has found rest.
 Blood-blackened and headless and broken, still 'tis royal, this thing
 For body and spirit, remember, not sceptre and robes make a King.
 So tenderly bear the white ashes and bury them deep in the sod;
 Let them rest through the circling ages asleep on the bosom of God.
 There the stars in their courses shall watch him, the shadows shall fall
 On his couch, and the storm winds forever shall chaunt the wild dirge of
 King Saul.

Triumphant English Girlhood

THERE are few tasks in biography more difficult than to write of a life cut off in its first maturity. In "That Friend of Mine, a Memoir of Marguerite McArthur" (Swarthmore Press, London, Eng., 7s 6d) Mrs. Josephine Kellett has avoided the temptations of personal intrusion and prophecy and with conscientious restraint allowed a life to tell itself. A book written primarily in response to the demand of friends, it is entirely natural and free from "push," and amid the welter of war records and memories stands as a clear, true picture of triumphant English girlhood.

Marguerite McArthur died in France of pneumonia in February, 1919, at the age of twenty-six. A Londoner from childhood, she had for one grandfather, Mr. Samuel Finley of Montreal, and for the other Mr. Alexander McArthur, M.P., of Leinster, so that she grew up with a broad sense of Imperial unity. Her early education achieved Huxley's ideal. At Newnham, she took a first-class in her Tripos with distinction in spoken German, was an enthusiastic athlete, and while keeping up an affectionate intimacy with her friends and family, joined ardently in all social and college activities. She travelled and spent varied months in her own country, in Canada and in Germany, and her letters show how constantly she noted each changing color of their different skies. The war found her equipped,

At the Translation Bureau of the War Office she gave invaluable service with her knowledge of French and German, and one of the most interesting chapters in the book is her own account of the great Choral Commemoration of the First Seven Divisions held at the Albert Hall in 1917, for which she was secretary of the committee. In March, 1918, she went with the Education Section of the Y. M. C. A. to Etaples, and as librarian and teacher in Walton Hut, brought to the soldiers not only her powers of imparting literature, but the very spring of enthusiasm, flowers and youth. Whatever she touched glowed to life.

Marguerite McArthur was a prolific letter writer; her impressions, her friendships, incidents of the work around her went naturally to paper, and her letters from Etaples form a very real and detailed record of the men's hunger for education and the homeliness of a pleasant room, and incidentally the transformation wrought for them by the personality of a girl.

With her unusual intellectual abilities and broad sympathies, her sanity and loveableness, there is little doubt that Marguerite McArthur would have been a leader among English women. Her witnesses are many, that she gave of the richness of her life freely and died on active service as truly as any soldier on the field.—E. T.



Manhattan—The Bookbuyers' Heaven

By WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

A CERTAIN type of man hates books and fears them; he despises those who read them and deprecates without ceasing the enervating influence of printer's ink. The opposition to popular education of two generations back was not founded on a superstition but on the soundest logic. The book devotee is at a real disadvantage in the race for wealth. The subtler pleasures of the mind are bound, in the long run to undermine and supplant the pleasures of the body. The book passion is an appetite that grows by what it feeds on and is a far mightier force than alcohol in weakening materialistic ambitions. But since the Anglo-Saxon race has ceased to worship solely the golden calf—that jealous god, the accumulation of money—there has been an ever growing fraternity of book lovers. These happy souls are still looked down on by the wise sons of Mammon, but their numbers give them courage to continue their heretical way regardless of all admonitions to go to the ant; they still consider the lily. An old teacher of mine used to boast that when young he would go without his supper to hear a good concert. Today there are thousands of men living a hand-to-mouth existence from the cradle to the grave that they may possess modest libraries and have leisure to disport themselves therein. They do not consider themselves martyrs but the favored ones of earth.

The axiomatic poverty of these book-bested folk is recognized in New York. The Woolworth building was built as a temple sacred to the memory of safety pins, lamp shades and coat hangers, but there is no corresponding edifice erected out of the proceeds of book sales. The visitor will find no attendant with a megaphone directing him to the places he seeks, no conductor on the elevated announcing "Entrance to the Johnson Bookstore." From a Fifth Avenue bus he will see five bookstores, resplendent in plate glass and gilt lettering. Inside, alas, there is only disappointment, for these places cater to the millionaires, and will instal libraries in the home on a wholesale scheme. The shelves are filled with de luxe editions and the prices are also de luxe. In one of these emporia I picked up a small volume of D. G. Rossetti's poems about four by five inches, neatly bound in half leather. As the price was marked in code it was necessary to apply to a clerk. "Five dollars" he said. When I suggested that he show me the department where they kept books less expensively bound he said they had hardly a

volume in the store costing less. I found the air on Fifth Avenue singularly refreshing.

But hidden away in obscure corners of the city, off the gay and bedizened highways, in streets narrow and dark, and beneath fading signs and dilapidated awning you may find the entrance to paradise. For the second hand book stores of Manhattan will fulfill your wildest dreams. Here are the books that were given as presents but found no favor with their Philistine recipients; here at long last repose the libraries of the plutocrats waiting only for your awakening touch. What greater joy than to wipe the dust from one of these proud volumes and discover its uncut pages, the essence of fair virginity! With what quickened pulses you pay the trifling price of your slave and take her home to give full expression to your lust in the ravishment of those chaste pages! How you bless the pride which caused her erstwhile owner to pay the great price for her, how you exult over his blindness to her charms, how fiendishly you gloat over the stupidities of so many people which have resulted in this incomparable addition to your harem! How happy you are!

Even as Wall Street is the clearing house for the finance of this continent so the dozens of second hand book shops of New York—some of them very near Wall Street—are the literary clearing houses of America. They are fed from diverse and mysterious sources. Exchange is common. Poverty brings in a few; then dealers have relations with publishers and buy up remnants of editions, thus cornering a modest market; libraries public and private are bought *en bloc*. So on and so on. They keep pouring in, singly or by the thousand, and always there are the hungry buyers stealing softly up and down the rows and taking away anything from a little one at a nickel to a large boxful costing twenty dollars. One dealer told me that he had been in his shop till four that morning with an out-of-town customer who had bought sixty-four dollars worth. His store was one of the cheapest in the city and I happened to know that two men could not carry seventeen dollars' worth with comfort. So I got a mental snap-shot of a large dray backed up to the front door and the jubilant purchaser, a little wild and pale in the early dawn, directing the loading of his treasures.

Though these stores are not seen on the main thoroughfares they have a nesting tendency which is quite convenient for the buyer. If you stumble into one you have probably

connected with a chain of half a dozen, and can settle down for an afternoon's sport. This hiving habit is best seen in the Fourth Avenue section which extends on both sides of the Avenue from Ninth to Fourteenth Streets and there abruptly ends. On Fifty-ninth Street East you first strike luck at number sixty-one, then go a block east and find four, between numbers one hundred and nine and one hundred and twenty. The Vesey Street section begins practically at the West Side wharves and extends easterly past where old Trinity Church mingles its shadows with those of the Woolworth Building ("The Cathedral of Commerce") and on to Broadway, where the street changing its name for some forgotten reason becomes Ann Street. There are two or three stores on Ann Street. These three sections are the best places on the Island, though there is a long row on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, some more on lower Sixth Avenue and a few in the heart of the financial district on Beekman, Church and Nassau Streets. I am also told that there is a very large store in Brooklyn and another in the Bronx, but Manhattan Island will give sufficient scope to any ordinary purse.

Every shoe store is almost the same as every other shoe store, the tiers of white boxes, the benches for the footsore and weary, the show windows full of nickel-plated foot rests with empty boots on them. But your second-hand book store is not built on any conventional plan. Here the whim of the proprietor is given free rein in everything from the choice of stock and the price to classification and arrangement. The most common feature, though not universal, is the bargain table set out on the sidewalk where all books are either five or ten cents. Inside the door each store is as potent with personality as a character from Dickens. One man was taught at his mother's knee that order is heaven's first law, and he has never forgotten it. His shelving is symmetrical, his books are carefully dusted and divided by topics and arranged alphabetically. His next door neighbor has piled his wares on the floor in great heaps barring access to the shelves altogether. Some stores rise to an impossible height and one leans backward on ladders until the neck is weary; others have low ceilings, and one creeps along the bottom shelves like a quadruped. The stocks vary tremendously; this dealer will run to theological literature, and the next will handle a predominance of fiction. A few preserve a nice balance, but the majority take on a distinct "character" like a huge tangible mental projection of the proprietor. Indeed this is a very personal matter, for in the second-hand store you will find none of the bovine ignorance of the goods which is fairly typical of the "new" stores. Of course it is impossible for the dealers to read everything they sell, but it is simply amazing to see the grasp they have of both classical and modern literature.

They would put to shame the average librarian. Ask for some book a little out of the ordinary and you will be startled at the reply which will not only include a statement as to whether it is in stock, but also a short review of what other works by the same author are available and possibly a summary of books on the same or similar subjects over a span of a century. It is a pleasure to talk with these Hebrew gentlemen and obtain real help in one's search. Their instant understanding of the buyer's taste is a treat, their recommendations most satisfactory. Standing one day in the largest book store in a Canadian city, I saw a man enter and heard him ask for "Stalky & Co." The clerk immediately replied: "We haven't got it." Within reach of her hand was a whole Kipling section, and being curious, I counted five different editions of the volume asked for. The public library of the same city has placed Wells' novel "The Soul of a Bishop" in the reference department, theological section. I remember also a volume of selected tales from Boccaccio—quite the spiciest out of the Decameron—placed among the books for children. This brand of stupidity will not be found among the second-hand book stores of New York.

This knowledge of their stock and love of it has led to varied results. That witty passage of Omar—

I often wonder what the vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

was forcibly brought home to me in two stores where the proprietors sat in their doorways engrossed in their reading. On endeavoring to buy from the first I was surprised at the air of boredom with which he regarded my intrusion. The second was positively testy over being disturbed, and with the deepest sympathy I retired in silence, deeming it impious to transact business with one at his devotions.

By far the more common result is a discrimination in the purchase and classification of stock that will warm your heart. In what we came to call "the good store" on Fourth Avenue the literary taste of dealers reaches its acme. It is a little place containing about ten thousand volumes or less and trash is almost entirely absent. The prices also are at the minimum and marked plainly in each volume. In no book store, old or new, anywhere, have I seen such a proportion of books I wanted to add to my library. An alert critic and shrewd man of business this young proprietor has gathered around him a clientele of buyers with fine literary perception. Recognizing the proverbial impecuniousness of the book-worm, he sells at a narrow margin of profit, and thus has a constant and satisfactory turnover. All luck to him: would to heaven our professors of English knew books as he does! He told me that Trotzky, when living in America, used to frequent the store. He would take out a book, sit down and read it

through, put it back and go away. "He never had any money." Perhaps Trotzky entered on his career of adventure in order to get the wherewithal to buy some of those books. I hope so.

One of the stores on Vesey Street has an enormous amount of fiction, including, of course, translations from standard French authors. A lady seriously interested in literature and glad of the chance to get works seldom found in Canadian stores, bought about a dozen volumes, including Flaubert's "Madam Bovary," Prevost's "Manon Lescaut," "Madame du Barry," one of Paul Bourget's and so forth. Whereupon the affable proprietor made the lady a present of Elinor Glynn's "One Day," which is the sequel to "Three Weeks." The dealer's diagnosis was stupendously funny, but the point is that he made one at all. It is this very personal element that makes book buying in New York such a treat. Suppose you visited some department store in a Canadian city and bought the poems of Shelley, Tennyson, Browning and Matthew Arnold, and on the way out the manager met you and gave you a Wordsworth. Wouldn't it please you? Wouldn't it be rather "good business" on the part of the store? Yea, even if he handed you "Poems of Power," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, you would feel kindly and suppress your mirth.

Individualism among the dealers extends to prices and this is a serious matter. There is no such thing as a standard price for a second-hand book. At best there is an average price. But when a book is twenty cents at one store and eighty cents across the street, it is of no practical value to know that the average price is fifty cents. I do not exaggerate the range. A book may be any price from zero to double the ordinary retail price. There is only one safeguard and that is to be better informed on book values than the dealer. The labor involved is such that only the genuinely poor will undertake the job. But then the man who really loves books is nearly always the man who simply can't afford to buy any. Only those who haven't a dollar know how much can be bought for fifty cents.

The first thing to do on entering any store is to select five or six books whose price is known to you. Ascertain the prices that are being asked and if they prove high, walk out and try elsewhere. Of course, all dealers are fallible, and in that store are a few books which are bargains, but unless you are devoting eternity to your task you will not find them. If, on the other hand, the prices are "right," go over the stock thoroughly—the book you want is the one you will only find after an hour's search. Beware of pricings in cypher. They mean that the price is elastic and will be stretched to whatever you might possibly be induced to pay. On asking the cost you will see the dealer glance at the

mark, then look at you carefully. If your shoes are shined a nickel is added; if your collar is clean it means another nickel, and if you look as though you had had a square meal inside the week another quarter is tacked on. If the look in your eye is eager another quarter. The price, to wit, is what he thinks you've got. If you dress like a bum and go unshaved he will take you for a dealer and charge double. I know of no way to buy cheaply where the prices are marked in code.

Once having found the stores which sell at suitable figures, stay with them. You will find the stock changing rapidly enough for you and you will derive a two-fold advantage. The purchase of one book will leave the dealer chilly of heart, but buy eight or ten at one time and he will warm to you at once to your material benefit. The one book is a dollar, say, and no amount of pleading or argument will reduce his demands. Select a dozen or so at a total marked price of eight dollars and you will find the sultan quite ready to accept seven dollars or even six-fifty. You will also gain by getting well acquainted with the proprietor. Once he knows you and something of your tastes he will give you valuable hints, and even perhaps bring from some back room or cellar an armful of treasures which for some secret reason he is not displaying on his shelves. I had many instances of this, but none more striking than in my favorite store on Fifty-ninth Street. I wanted Edward Dowden on "French Literature," but objected to sundry thumb marks left by former shoppers. "I will take that book," I said. "if you will give me an absolutely clean copy at this price." The young lady put on her hat and returned in five minutes with a new copy.

The variation of price is what lends zest to the hunt. It is accounted for, in part, by the fact that the sale price is fixed partly on the demand. Rabelais is a good example of this. I found it priced twice at \$2.50, generally at \$2.00, twice at \$1.50, and in "the good store" on Fourth Avenue at \$1.00. The edition in every case was the same, Chatto and Windus; all copies were new except the one for a dollar, and in this the leaves were uncut beyond page fifty. Some time ago I wanted James Stephens' "The Crock of Gold" and wrote to London for it. I was told that it was out of print and selling at one pound second-hand. I found a first edition of it on Vesey Street among the current fiction at fifty cents. The dealer simply did not know what it was worth.

Not that I would have anyone write me down a first edition fiend! Far from it. There are many second-hand stores in New York which are first edition crazy, and I deduce that they find buyers. I am inclined to believe that the purchasers belong to the class of individuals who believe that if they pay a lot they must have something worth while. Modern novels by Galsworthy, Dreiser, Wells,

Bennett and writers of that class sell for five dollars in a couple of Fourth Avenue stores. Being surprised at the extreme modernness of these volumes I noted a title which I believed to be among the very latest fiction. The price was five dollars and a quarter. I walked over to Brentano's and found the same book at a dollar and a half; the first edition had not been exhausted. Why buy it second-hand at three and a half times the regular price? The first edition maniac belongs to the genus collector, not book enthusiast. He has more in common with the stamp collector than with the passionate reader. The majority of books never reach a second edition anyway, and if you will look through your library you will be astonished at the number of first editions on your shelves. It is nothing to get excited about. A first edition Shakespeare warrants some emotion. A first edition Robert W. Chambers is another matter.

I mentioned Brentano's, and I want to exempt that institution from all my remarks about Fifth Avenue stores in general. Standing at the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue Brentano's is the book store of Manhattan *par excellence*. It carries the largest stock and its prices are the lowest of all "new" stores on the Island. The stock is not exhaustive, but it is immense. The prices are clearly marked and the books are arranged by subject and author so that "looking around" is a pleasure and not a task. The clerks are "onto their jobs," they know their stock not superficially but actually. They have read a great many of the books in their own sections; are quite as ready to advise you not to buy as to buy. This inspires a confidence which I found justified. "I don't think you will like that book," she said. "Why? I like the author and have heard it well spoken of." Then she told me why she did not like it and after an interesting discussion I omitted it from the list, and Brentano's lost nothing by the transaction.

There is an "old and rare" section where the plutocracy can get lovely things. Marvellous print and gorgeous bindings at forty dollars the volume, or if you wish something better, two hundred dollars. There is a thick carpet on the floor of this room adding to the air of luxury. Its primary and psychological purpose is to keep out the noise and jar of a world scrambling after bread and butter; its secondary and practical purpose is to break the fall when the neophyte first hears the price and swoons. Very interesting, that room, it makes one think.

Brentano's is where you should start and will certainly finish. After searching vainly for some books, finally persuading yourself that you cannot leave the city without them, you will on your last day go to Twenty-seventh Street with a list, and your adventures are over. In the meantime there will be innumer-

able trips to Fourth Avenue, Vesey and Fifty-ninth Streets where the kingdoms of the book world are spread out before you and you will be sorely tempted. For the first time you will have something like a fair opportunity to buy what you want, instead of what your local bookseller happens to have. You can buy books in any European language—I even saw a Euclid in Chinese, and am sorry I didn't buy it. You will meet old friends and make new ones. You will see many straws pointing the direction of the wind. For instance the extreme scarcity of Edgar Lee Masters' poems. In strong contrast is the ever present "Lucile" of Owen Meredith, which has become the most noticeable drug on the market I never realized before the popularity which this work must have once enjoyed. It is everywhere in every store, and on almost every shelf in a multiplicity of editions approaching infinity. In one store we counted twenty-two copies, all different, and then decided we were wasting our time. If anyone still desires the book for the purpose of a Christmas gift it can be had in purple suède with gilt lettering for five cents, in an octavo with bright blue flowers all over the cover at the same price, or in a neat edition on fine ivory paper with each page neatly framed in grape clusters for ten cents. It takes no Sherlock Holmes to trace the matter back to a consuming popular craze and to trace it forward—just a little way—into the everlasting garbage heap.

Once more you go to the good old reliable stands and working slowly up and down the shelves gradually accumulate the very books you have wanted so long, and could never get. At the end of the afternoon a ten-spot is handed over and friend dealer does his last kind office. He wraps your purchases in two large parcels and puts a little patent handle on each quite free of charge. You take one in each hand and stagger out into the street, and on to the nearest sub-station. It is the rush hour, of course; there is no seat and no place to put your parcel. So you hold them all the way uptown and finally enter your own door. There languor leaves you and, tearing open the parcels, you start on the final inspection and leaf cutting. "Why, I had forgotten I bought that Yeats—well I'm glad I finally decided to take that Emerson—think of "The Pretty Lady," by Arnold Bennett, for thirty cents! What did you own James Branch Cabell's "Gallantry" and didn't know enough to cut the pages? Let's see, James Fanlan, Ithaca, 1911. Poor James! Cornell didn't teach him everything." And your final remark is: "How much better they look here than they did in the store." In your secret mind you are wondering just when you can make another sortie into that literary no-man's land.

The Education of Edward Eves

(A Recent Autobiography)

By WARWICK CHIPMAN

FOR fifty years poor Edward Eves was looking for his clothes.
 A naked man in such a plight might well indulge in oaths.
 But Edward only took to sighs and studied to proclaim
 In words of overwhelming weight the story of his shame.

For fifty years he moved about with dons and diplomats,
 And borrowed here a handkerchief, and there a pair of spats.
 Yet always in ironic gloom he hastened to confess
 That frills like these were not enough to hide his nakedness.

Thus he became beside himself (with modesty, not rage)
 And, as he wrote his story out, not once upon the page
 Would he permit his baffled soul to speak of "I" or "me":
 In the third person all his days he faced the third degree.

He sought and sought; he groped and groped; he strove to be arrayed
 At least in veils of verbiage portentously displayed
 Alas, he found the garb too thin, and with a final sigh,
 He hid his shivering limbs in bed, and waited there to die.

Oxford Economic Tracts

The Oxford University Press has commenced the publication of a series of tracts to be entitled "Oxford Tracts on Economic Subjects," and to be sold at the uniform price of 1½d each. The object is to communicate an idea of sound economic science to those who would shrink from studying a standard book—or, indeed, any book—on that science, without a teacher. Each tract deals with some one topic or aspect as simply and as summarily as possible. The writers, who do not sign their individual contributions, constitute a long list embracing almost all the leading economists of England, from Sir William Ashley, who, for

a brief period of his brilliant career, was a Toronto professor, to Mr. Hartley Withers, who edits *The Economist*. The first dozen or so of the tracts are available, including a very sensible one on the Industrial Conflict, which concludes: "No active society can exist without strong tensions, and the Industrial Conflict may never be wholly done away. But if the adversaries will think less about those they antagonize, and less about the money they fight for, and more about the nature of that work by which all alike live interdependently, the violence and the blindness of this battle will abate."



Arnold Bennett

By W. H. CLAWSON

(Continued.)

Another unforgettable picture of social injustice is the terrible account of Darius Clayhanger's boyhood in 1835 before the days of factory laws and child-labor laws and other grandmotherly legislation, when a child of seven worked eighteen and nineteen hours a day on a shilling a week in a cellar underground. Although Bennett's principal characters belong to the middle classes he has many such sympathetic portrayals of the sufferings of the poor and plenty of passages expressive of socialistic views. His numerous descriptions of domestic servants, for example, and of their relations to their masters and mistresses—a subject which interests him keenly—are full of satiric references to the treatment of the servant as an inferior order of being, who must not address her employer unless spoken to, and who is to look up in reverent gratitude to the superior race that is pleased to accept her services. Edwin Clayhanger, when he succeeds to his father's business, takes a very different view of his employees. He feels an uneasy sense of injustice in the fact of all these men and women—to the ordinary employer, so many "hands"—toiling in grime and clatter in order to make him and Hilda a luxurious home, and he sometimes wonders what the future has in store for men of his class.

But in spite of the injustices of the present industrial system, Bennett has a great admiration for its achievements and for the wonderful organizing power of its directors. This appears in his account of the Clayhanger printing works in operation and more particularly in the detailed description of a "pot-bank" or pottery works in "Anna of the Five Towns." The clearness with which the processes are explained, the vivid pictures of machines and furnaces and workshops, the insight into the psychology of the workers—all illustrate the inmost nature of the factory system. The account of the warehouse where the finished china is stored sums up the effect of the whole picture:

Here was a sample of the total and final achievement towards which the thousands of small, disjointed efforts that Anna had witnessed were directed. And it seemed a miraculous, almost impossible result; so definite, precise and regular after a series of acts appar-

ently variable, inexact and casual; so unhuman after all that intensely human labor; so vast in comparison with the minuteness of the separate endeavors. . . . Anna pondered over the organizing power, the forethought, the wide vision, and the sheer ingenuity and cleverness which were implied by the contents of this warehouse.

Next in importance to industrialism and commerce is the religion of the Five Towns. Of the religious activities and the religious spirit of the district Bennett gives a vivid but unsympathetic picture. In finding fault with G. K. Chesterton's religious orthodoxy he says in "Books and Persons": "In my opinion, at this time of day it is absolutely impossible for a young man with a first-class intellectual apparatus to accept any form of dogma." It is natural then that the strictly evangelical form of Dissent in which he was brought up should appear to disadvantage in his novels; and that he cannot approach Mark Rutherford as an interpreter of the religious temperament. But he has portrayed in a most life-like manner the activities of a Methodist chapel in the Five Towns; he has drawn a number of characteristic evangelical types of character, and he has powerfully exposed the evils of hypocrisy and intolerance.

In "Anna of the Five Towns" are descriptions of a Sunday School picnic, two prayer-meetings, a revival, a sewing-meeting, and a bazaar, all as experienced by a young girl without religious fervor. The observation is accurate, the satire clever and malicious. The revivalist, for example, is exhibited as a skillful calculator of his effects:

His glance swept masterfully across the chapel and round the gallery. He raised one hand with the stiling action of a mesmerist, and the people, either kneeling or inclined against the front of the pews, hid their faces from those eyes. It was as though the man had in a moment measured their iniquities, and had courageously resolved to intercede for them with God, but was not very sanguine as to the result.

The sewing-meeting too, with its gossip, rich food, and unctuous ministerial pleasantries is a delightful bit of satirical comedy:

At first, silence prevailed among the guests, and the enquiries of the maids about milk and sugar were almost painfully audible. Then Mr. Banks, glancing up the long vista of the table and pretending to descry some object in the distance, called out: "Worthy host, I doubt not you are there, but I can only see you with the eye of faith." At this all laughed, and a natural ease was established.

More serious, however, is the exposure of hypocrisy in Ephraim Tellwright and Titus Price. Tellwright, Methodist local preacher and financial steward, "expounded the doctrine of the Atonement in village conventicles, and grew garrulous with God at prayer-meetings," is more interested in the finance of salvation—"the interminable alternation of debt-raising and new liability which proves a lasting excitement for Nonconformists." Titus Price, superintendent of the Sunday School, resplendent in broadcloth and respectability, is tenant of a factory owned by Tellwright, and is hopelessly in arrears with his rent. The miser will neither make repairs nor allow any delay in payments and drives Price to ruin. To save himself, Titus induces his son to forge a signature and, when confronted with exposure, hangs himself.

Even more hypocritical is Aunty Hamps in the Clayhanger series, whose loud professions of submission to the Divine will are in little accord with her pride and her lack of Christian charity. She spends her last conscious moments in giving orders for the turning away from her house of a poor girl whom she had half-starved and forced to spend the whole of Sunday in chapel and class-meeting, and who was now in trouble and urgent need of help.

Miss Laura Price Hughes complains that Pennett does not show the noble and inspiring side of Methodism, the light and encouragement it has brought to narrow lives. There is a great deal of truth in the charge; but instances of true piety and Christian helpfulness may be found in the novels. Mrs. Sutton in "Anna of the Five Towns," is a fine example of simple, homely goodness, sincerely religious, eager for Anna's conversion, and also generously concerned for her health and pleasure. Another excellent character is Mr. Shushions, the oldest Sunday-School teacher in the Five Towns. He not only rescued Darius Clayhanger from the horror of the workhouse; he made a man of him, gave him strength to surmount the terrible difficulties of his boyhood, made religion a real force in his life.

The author's dislike of evangelical dogma ap-

pears in his account of the Watch-Night Service in "The Old Wives' Tale": "Multitudinous rows of people in easy circumstances of body and soul knelt in high pews and covered their faces. And there floated before them, in the intense and prolonged silence, the clear vision of Jehovah on a throne, a God of sixty or so with a moustache and a beard, and a non-committal expression which declined to say whether or not he would require more bloodshed; and this God, destitute of pinions, was surrounded by white-winged creatures that wafted themselves to and fro while chanting; and afar off was an obscene monstrosity, with cloven hoofs and a tail, very dangerous and rude and interfering, who could exist comfortably in the middle of a coal-fire, and who took a malignant and exhaustless pleasure in coaxing you by false pretences into the same fire; but, of course, you had too much sense to swallow his wicked absurdities."

This arraignment of the current theology of the Five Towns is also voiced in two of the un-predemitted but pregnant sayings of Edwin Clayhanger. He is as radical in religion as in politics and economics. From Sunday-School he is repelled by the stupid zeal of a young minister who insisted on holding his Bible-class on Saturday afternoon. When he attempts to defend the mildly rationalistic theology of Bishop Colenso in a young men's debating society connected with the Wesleyan chapel he is snubbed and practically silenced as a spreader of dangerous doctrine.—Thus he comes to that opinion which he so half-unconsciously let fall in discussion at the Orgreaves', electrifying Hilda Lessways and initiating their relationship:

All I say is—you can't help what you believe. You can't make yourself believe anything. And I don't see why you should, either. There's no virtue in believing.

Later he stands with Hilda in St. Luke's Square, witnessing the great Sunday School centennial celebration. Crowds of helpless children are massed about a platform in the centre of the packed square, ablaze with noon-tide heat. The communal emotion of the vast throng has found voice in Cowper's hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," stirring unsuspected feelings in Edwin himself. But the preacher, who presents with literal realism the sacrificial theory of the Atonement, rouses all his deep-seated rationalism. The flags, the tropic heat, the brass band-instruments, the great purple banner inscribed "The Blood of the Lamb," the zeal of the preacher,

the meek acceptance of the crowd, "all convinced that the consequences of sins could be prevented by an act of belief, all gloating over inexhaustible tides of blood"—these things suggest some Oriental Pagan rite.

He turned suddenly to Hilda and in an intimate half-whisper murmured—

"More blood!"

"What?" she harshly questioned. But he knew that she understood.

"Well," he said audaciously, "dook at it! It only wants the Ganges at the bottom of the Square—."

A novelist cannot interpret that with which he does not sympathize; and we cannot expect from Bennett a complete presentation of the religion of the Five Towns; but he has pointed out many of its failings, the revolt which they have promoted, and their effect upon the life and character of the district.

Of Taine's *race* and *milieu* as these affect temperament Bennett affords, as we have seen, many illustrations; and he is equally illuminating in his indication of the other factor, *le moment*, the effect of our accumulated past on our present state. One of the most significant themes in his novels is that of the passage of time, the changes that it works upon our bodies, our minds, our tastes, habits, and opinions; and the inevitable conflict between those who are young and those who are old.

This is the leading idea of what many consider his greatest book, "The Old Wives' Tale." In a Paris restaurant in 1903, Bennett noted a ridiculous old woman, who roused universal laughter by her mannerisms. It occurred to him that in her gradual transformation from graceful youth to uncouth old age was material for "a heartrending novel." "There is extreme pathos in the mere fact that every stout ageing woman was once a young girl with the unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind. And the fact that the change from the young girl to the stout ageing woman is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifies the pathos." So he decided to tell the story of a woman, daughter of a prosperous draper of the Five Towns, from her fresh, hopeful girlhood, through love, marriage, motherhood, bereavement, disillusion, disease, old age, and death. There was to be no other pathos than that of the gradual advance of years and the ordinary pains and sorrows of humanity. But Guy de Maupassant had done

the same thing in "Une Vie." To show that the French author had not said the last word, he decided to add another heroine, "out of bravado." Thus the lovely younger sister, Sophia, and her more dramatic story of elopements, desertion, self-reliance, and lonely middle age, made tolerable by self-mastery and proud independence, were added to enrich and intensify the theme. At the beginning of the story the two sisters in all the flush and confidence of youth, are in conflict with the older generation as to their right to seek their own happiness. Youth triumphs as usual and the two contrasting love-stories are rapidly developed, one in the homely atmosphere of Five Towns trade, the other in the brilliance and squalor of cosmopolitan Paris. Disaster reaches both, for Constance is widowed and Sophia deserted, but they find consolation, one in her child, the other in her work. Both sources of comfort prove at last disappointing, and after thirty years the two sisters are re-united in the old home at Bursley. They clash in ideals and the calmer and less brilliant sister proves the stronger. At length death comes to Sophia suddenly, to Constance slowly. "The Old Wives' Tale" is finished, and we seem to have been assisting at the spectacle of life itself.

The doubling of the theme and the breadth of the canvas give the book a universality. There is scarcely one of the fundamental experiences of life that it does not reveal—love, marriage, childbirth, parentage, crime, insanity, disease, death; and through it all one feels the steady progress of time with its constant unperceived changes, transforming the characters from youth to age. The final realization of the tragic results of time comes when Sophia stands beside the dead body of her husband, whom she has not seen for thirty-six years:

Sophia then experienced a pure and primitive emotion, uncolored by any moral or religious quality. She was not sorry that Gerald had wasted his life, nor that he was a shame to his years and to her. The manner of his life was of no importance. What affected her was that he had once been young and that he had grown old, and was now dead. That was all. Youth and vigor had come to that. Everything came to that.

In this and other novels the effects of time are illustrated by Bennett's curious predilection for the description of disease, senility, and death. Not one of his books is without an invalid and a sick-room, and almost every case is min-

utely described. The infirmities of old age are painted with vigorous realism. Darius Clayhanger's slow and inevitable decay is related with painful exactitude, but there is a pathos and almost an epic dignity in the narration, for all its unsparing vividness. The foibles of doctors and nurses, the derangement of a household by sickness, the apprehensions or fatalistic acquiescence of the patient are conveyed with verisimilitude. As to death, one of the characters says: "Everybody's afraid of it at the last."

The perennial succession of tastes, fashions, and opinions, and the perennial struggle between youth and age appear most strikingly in "Clayhanger" and in the play, "Milestones." Both works extend over a considerable stretch of time and the chief events are carefully dated and are associated with certain facts of political, social, religious, artistic, or literary history. Bennett's retentive memory and his journalistic habit of interest in everything enable him to do this with great cleverness. We are not allowed to forget that 1880, the year of Edwin's first acquaintance with Hilda, was the year of a General Election, a Sunday School Centennial, a potters' strike in Bursley, and the publication of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia"; that Darius Clayhanger's mental collapse coincided with the break-up of the Liberal party by Gladstone's introduction of the Home Rule Bill in 1886; that he took a turn for the worse about the time of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887 and died on the day of a bye-election in the borough of Hanley in 1888; and that the reunion of Edwin and Hilda beside the sick-bed of her son, George, occurred early in 1892, during the great influenza epidemic when Cardinal Manning and the Duke of Clarence died. Similarly in "Milestones," the three scenes are set in one London drawing room, the first in 1860, when florid patterns appear on carpets, bathrooms are a novelty, and people are ridiculing the idea that wooden ships will be superseded by iron ones. At the time of the second scene, in 1885, Victorian taste is beginning to yield to aestheticism, Gilbert and Sullivan are at the height of their popularity, steel is replacing iron in construction work, and William Morris is preaching socialism. Finally, in the third scene, 1912, Woman's Suffrage and Parliamentary Reform are in the air and parental authority, dominant in the earlier scenes, is set aside. This conflict between the old and the young is very dramatically set forth in both books. Edwin is bullied and humiliated by his

father and ultimately gets despotic power over him. John Rhead, in the first act of "Milestones," is a daring young innovator, advocating the building of iron ships against the opposition of his elders; in the second act he is a conservative business man, frowning on innovations and on radicalism in politics and industry, and thwarting the desires of his children; only in the third act does he admit that "we live and learn," echoing the resignation of Constance's "that is what life is."

"There are only two fundamental differences in the world—the difference between youth and age and the difference between sex and sex." Bennett's treatment of the second of these conflicts will appear in a brief study of his heroines. These fall into two general types, the passionate, intense woman, eager for power, pleasure, or love, and the calm, placid, sensible woman, strongly maternal, naturally submissive, but with a fund of unshakeable resolution. The dynamic type is illustrated by Sophia Baines, Hilda Lessways, Carlotta Peel and Lois Ingram; the static type by Constance Baines, Anna Tellwright, Rachel Fores, and Marguerite Haim. Of course, the women of each type show some of the qualities of the other. Thus Anna Tellwright, after years of submission to her miserly father, has moods of longing for pretty frocks and frivolity; and Rachel watching a cowboy drama at the cinema has dreams of being the object of a passionate devotion and valorous rescue. On the other hand, Hilda displays "a divine tenderness" as she bends in pity over poor Mr. Shushions, the bewildered old Sunday-school teacher in blazing St. Luke's Square, and her love for Edwin Clayhanger has something of the maternal. She married him for the look in his eyes—a certain wistful, appealing quality which called out all her womanly sensibilities. Her fascination by the resourceful, even brilliant adventurer, George Cannon, was due to masculine decision and effectiveness and to his dashing, though rather coarse handsomeness. Clayhanger's awkwardness and hesitancy enhanced these qualities by contrast. But all through the feverish affair with Cannon, Hilda had a deep instinct that she was sinning against some inherent quality in herself. Cannon's utter commonness of fibre, his lack of subtle feeling and of accord with her sympathies soon repelled her; and she had ceased to love him before she discovered that he was a bigamist.

Somewhat similarly Anna Tellwright loses her affection for her fiancé, Henry Mynors, in

spite of his wealth, business ability, good looks, good nature, and social success. His hard, patronizing attitude toward Willie Price, the social, financial, and moral failure, stirs her to indignation and pity. Price is twenty-one, slim, fair-haired, timid, gauche, ill-dressed; but there is a wistful charm in his youthfulness and helplessness. Anna's maternal instinct is aroused not to pity only, but also to protection. To save him from disgrace she defies her father and destroys the bill of exchange to which Price had been driven to forge a signature. This sympathy and this service prove degrees to love. But Anna fulfils her promise to Mynors; and Willie Price, who adores her and knows her love but also her obligation and his disgrace, leaps into an abandoned pit-head and is heard of no more. In the account of their parting Bennett achieves genuine tragedy:

"Be a man," she said softly. "I did the best I could for you. I shall always think of you, in Australia, getting on."

She put a hand on his shoulder, "Yes," she said again, passionately. "I shall always remember you—always."

The hand with which he touched her arm shook like an old man's hand. As their eyes met in an intense and painful gaze, to her, at least, it was revealed that they were lovers. What he had learnt in that instant can only be guessed from his next action. . . .

Anna had promised to marry Mynors, and she married him. . . . Facing the future calmly and genially, she took oath with herself to be a good wife to the man, whom, with all his excellencies, she had never loved. Her thoughts often dwelt lovingly on Willie Price, whom she deemed to be pursuing in Australia an honorable and successful career, quickened at the outset by her hundred pounds. This vision of him was her stay. But neither she nor anyone in the Five Towns or elsewhere ever heard of Willie Price again. . . . And well might none hear! The abandoned pit-shaft does not deliver up its secret. And so the Bank of England is the richer by a hundred pounds unclaimed, and the world the poorer by a simple and meek soul stung to revolt only in its last hour.

Hilda Lessways' story ends more happily, though the situation into which her rash impulsiveness leads her is almost as tragic, both for Edwin and for herself. A hostile critic might describe her as a cave-woman, giving way to mad, unreasoning impulses which bring misery on herself and others. Her neglect of an urgent message from her mother for the sake of Cannon, her rash marriage to him, her rash engagement to Clayhanger, her long conceal-

ment and sudden revelation of her reason for breaking it, her interference in her husband's business, her manoeuvres to persuade him to buy a country-house, her sudden whim to visit the prison where Cannon is confined—all are temperamental outbursts not commendable, but human and intelligible; and one admires her decision, her courage, her directness, her swift intuitions, her keen savour of the marvellousness of life, her immense maternal tenderness, her capacity for intense feeling.

With a woman of such a temperament Edwin was not likely to find marriage an uneventful experience. "These Twain" recounts his difficulties and elaborates Bennett's theory of marriage. Founded on a mysterious, instinctive attraction, often between personalities fundamentally different, it is bound to develop conflicts of opinion and of will. "It's each for himself in marriage after all." But these differences need have no effect on the passion at the heart of the relationship. The misunderstandings, the imperfect sympathies, the silent hostilities, and the fusion of these differences under the spell of mutual passion are all drawn with a vividness which few married people will fail to recognize. In the end Edwin, smarting from what he considers a piece of unfair capriciousness, takes a long walk through the Five Towns, during which he thrashes out the whole question of marriage and comes to the conclusion that only in compromise, in acceptance of injustice, lies the chance of true happiness. That is also the conclusion of Rachel Fores in "The Price of Love." She has proved her husband a spendthrift, a moral coward, a thief at heart; but she is still fascinated by his good looks, his good nature, his easy manners, his distinction. With her eyes open she accepts the bad qualities for the sake of the good and thus pays the price of love.

Of the marriage that ends in failure and catastrophe Bennett has made a powerful but disagreeable study in "Whom God Hath Joined." Two cases of infidelity under sordid and repulsive circumstances form the centre of the book, and the two resulting divorce trials are described in detail. Those who object to Bennett's realism as too sordid will find their strongest argument here, for the double crime and double trial certainly create an unduly pessimistic impression of human nature, well summed up in the disgust of the remorseful Charles Fearn as he sees the pairs and pairs of lovers sitting in the moonlight at Folkstone Parade, and by Lawrence Ridwire's terrified

suppression of a new love at the close of the story. The justification of the book lies partly in its sympathetic portrayal of the two injured parties, Ridwire and Alma Fearn, of the daughter, Annunciata Fearn, and even of the culprit, Fearn, himself; partly in its stinging arraignment of the English divorce courts, their publicity, salaciousness and cruelty.

In the art of novel-writing Bennett follows the tradition of French realism, the realism of Stendhal, of Balzac, of Flaubert, of de Maupassant, of Zola. A thorough study of heredity and environment, a resolute facing of the facts of life, pleasant and unpleasant, a careful indication of the physical sensations and mental states of the chief character or characters at each stage of the action, a breadth of canvas and minuteness of detail, yet a careful selection of significant fact, a skilful arrangement of incident and episode, a precise and restrained yet suggestive and pictorial style—these qualities of the best French realists Bennett successfully attains. His first novel, "A Man From the North," was written in a spirit of discipleship and with a slightly mechanical fidelity to his models. The sections, he tells us, were to begin and end abruptly and the style to be a mosaic of Flaubert's *mots justes* "composed into the famous *écriture artiste* of the de Goncourts. . . . The adjectives were to have colour, the verbs were to have colour, and perhaps it was a *sine qua non* that even the pronouns should be prismatic—I forget. And all these effects were to be obtained without the most trifling sacrifice of truth. There was to be no bowing in the house of the Rimmon of sentimentality. Life being grey, sinister, and melancholy, my novel must be grey, sinister, and melancholy. . . . No startling events were to occur in my novel, nor anything out of the way that might bring the blush of shame to the modesty of nature; no ingenious combinations, no dramatic surprises, and above all no coincidences. It was to be the Usual miraculously transformed by Art into the Sublime. The sole liberty that I might permit myself in handling the Usual was to give it a rhythmic contour. . . ."

The hero is Bennett himself, though he is represented as a failure instead of a success. It is a case of "there, but for the grace of God, goes Arnold Bennett." "I decided that he should go through most of my experiences, but instead of fame and a thousand a year, he should arrive ultimately at disillusion, and a desolating suburban domesticity." Richard

Larch, a lawyer's clerk from the Five Towns, comes up to London with vast literary ambitions; but the distractions of London and some inner lack of persistence and vision prevent him from completing anything. The girl with whom he half falls in love cannot stir him to literary achievement or to resolution enough to keep her from taking herself and her comfortable fortune to relatives in America. At length all ambitions are forgotten and he sinks into a moderately successful clerk and man about town, marrying at last, through loneliness, a girl whom he had first known as cashier in a restaurant and settling down to monotonous existence in a London suburb. The theme resembles that of Flaubert's *Education sentimentale* as described by a French critic: "It is the slow and progressive attrition of a soul by life; the hero is a mediocrity, a weakling, who fails to achieve the ideal that he dreamed in the fever of the twenties, by a series of ordinary experiences, minutely described in their dull reality, all his ambitions are little by little overthrown all his illusions vanish. The profound tragedy of the book is the gradual ebbing away of a life in which nothing occurs, the final submersion of all the hopes of youth in an unintellectual and monotonous middle-class existence."

Both in form and in matter, then, Bennett's first novel is a work of discipleship and apprenticeship. In the Staffordshire series he has assimilated what his models could give him and achieved a manner of his own. Of these novels considered as narratives "The Old Wives' Tale" and the Clayhanger series stand first both in scope and in achievement. The art of both is to conceal art. One's first impression of "The Old Wives' Tale" is that it is a mere faithful transcript from life. Only a second reading shows that the details have been skilfully chosen so as to exhibit the changing mental states of the two women. Their two stories are now juxtaposed, now followed separately, now coalesced, and their two temperaments are first differentiated and then brought into sympathetic comprehension. The Clayhanger trilogy in no way falls below "The Old Wives' Tale" as a work of art. The scale becomes even larger and the narrative feat more difficult. After a whole book has been devoted to the inner and outer history of Edwin Clayhanger up to the time of his marriage, a second book is occupied by an equally detailed account of the same affair from the heroine's point of view. The feat, one may hazard the assertion, is unique in the history of the English novel,

though Browning, of course, did the same thing on a larger scale in "The Ring and the Book." Bennett has achieved it triumphantly, as will appear by a comparison of the two accounts of the encounter in the Orgreaves' garden. A second and a third reading of the two passages in conjunction will not exhaust their interest. But this is not all. The novelist has gone on and given us a third book, in which the contrasted points of view of Edwin and Hilda are traced through all the intimacy and all the conflicts of married life to a basis of firm understanding. This reconciliation of diverse temperaments resembles the ending of "The Old Wives' Tale."

In continuing the annals of the Clayhanger family with "The Roll Call," perhaps the first of a new series, Bennett seems to be emulating Zola, who traced the Rougon-Macquart family through three generations. The new book shows no falling-off in Bennett's power of tracing mental states and painting significant detail, of his incisive wit, nor of his mingled irony and sympathy in the portrayal of life. But the characters are less minutely drawn and less appealing to the reader. The hero is of the hard, ambitious type, the provincial in London striving for material success, a reflection of the author himself. George Cannon, Hilda's son, achieves his stepfather's ambition to become a famous architect. He gives up a strong, placid woman for a restless, hard, temperamental woman, more materialistic and more ambitious than himself. True, at the end of the story an impulse deeper than self-interest and calculation leads him to abandon his profession for a junior lieutenancy in the artillery; and at the very close he is sinking his personality in the common life of the nation and the army. Final judgment must be reserved in view of the possibility of a sequel.

Of the shorter Five Towns novels the best are "Anna of the Five Towns," "Leonora," "Whom God Hath Joined," and "The Price of Love." All combine realistic background and living characterization with effective plots. Bennett's remaining novels are concerned in the main with the cosmopolitan instead of the provincial world. One group is almost purely humorous, and few tales are more diverting both in their amusing situations and crisp commentary on life's incongruities. "A Great Man" and "Buried Alive" are delightful satires on the jealousies, the ambitions, and the manoeuvrings of London artistic and literary life. "Helen with the High Hand," "The Card," and

"The Regent" are picaresque novels tracing the careers of two adventurers with a keen eye for the main chance and a natural sense of dramatic effectiveness. The sensational group includes such novels as "The Gates of Wrath," "The Grand Babylon Hotel," and "Teresa of Watling Street." Bennett does not take them very seriously. They were written in a spirit of bravado to give the public the thrills and the splendour that it demanded, and incidentally to reap the profits of popularity. The author entitles them "fantasias on modern themes," meaning that they are exercises in literary virtuosity, brilliant fioratiura improvisations on the pursuit of power and pleasure in the great centres of an over-refined and decadent civilization. Standing apart from the other novels is "The Pretty Lady," a powerful but disagreeable study of the seamier side of London in war-time.

In the drama and the short story, Bennett exhibits the same easy mastery of technique as in the novel; and many of his plays and brief tales deal with themes more fully developed there. The plays, for all their cleverness, lack the depth and body of the novels. Some are mere farces, others are rather interesting re-handlings of his own novels, one of the most noteworthy, "Milestones," is a work of collaboration. "What the Public Wants," with its keen satire on the Northcliffe Press, is perhaps the best. Many of the short stories have the conciseness and dramatic effectiveness of the best of de Maupassant's. "The Idiot," "Tiddy-fol-lol," "The Elixir of Life," are powerful concentrated pictures of Five Towns life, tense with tragic significance. "Phantom" is a striking excursion into the occult, and "The Death of Simon Fuge" and "The Matador of the Five Towns" are wonderfully comprehensive portrayals of the organic life of the district.

How does Arnold Bennett stand the test of comparison with the best modern novelists? However much he falls below Thomas Hardy in range of experience, depth of insight, philosophic interpretation of life, and tragic power, he resembles him in the truth and sincerity with which he has portrayed in every detail of its physical features, human types, customs, and beliefs an important district of England. George Gissing affords a readier basis of comparison. Both portray middle-class English life, neither shrinks from the sordid, both give much detail. Bennett is technically the better artist. His plots are better constructed, his descriptive detail more concrete and suggestive,

his style more animated. Their view of life differs. Gissing was a sensitive, fastidious man of letters, repelled by the meanness of ordinary life and portraying it with remorseless truth. Bennett is of a more buoyant temper and sees beauty and wonder in the most commonplace activities of the ugliest industrial centre, exposing evil and pettiness with equal candour, but a more genial irony. In "The Mummer's Wife," and "Esther Waters," George Moore anticipates Bennett's assimilation of French realism to the novel of humble middle class English life. Both are admirable studies of temperament and *milieu* and in the first the action begins in Hanley, which is described in considerable detail, both as to its general appearance, and as to the interior of its potteries, But the portrayal has less solidity and the writer's art is more evident than in Bennett's closely-woven descriptions which present the organic life and essential spirit of the community so intimately that the reader hardly feels the distinction between the book and reality.

John Galsworthy resembles Bennett in his technique, his use of realistic detail to indicate mood and character, and his narrative skill. He does for the English aristocracy what Bennett does for the middle classes. But his themes are fewer, his temperament less robust, his invention slighter, and none of his novels attain the epic proportions or the greatness of conception of "The Old Wives' Tale." As a dramatist, however, he is far superior in weight and seriousness. H. G. Wells has many points of similarity with Bennett. Both men rose from the middle classes without Oxford or Cambridge training; both are decidedly autobiographic and give us the impression of a youth of hard, concentrated effort towards literary distinction; both are practised literary craftsmen, extraordinarily fluent and well-informed on all subjects and ultra-modern in their opinions of dogma, science, art, literature, politics and sociology. But they differ fundamentally in their aims and in their method. Wells uses the novel as a vehicle for social reform and fills the mouths of his characters with his own opinions on the doctrine which at the time he is maintaining. Bennett is as full of social ideas as Wells, but he is primarily a narrative artist.

The story is first with him, and the social views are included only as they illustrate the characters. As a recent reviewer put it, Bennett, unlike Wells, keeps an artistic balance between people and problems. He makes the proper adjustment between the centralising ideas and the people in whom they are discovered. Edwin Clayhanger exists for his own sake, as an artistic creation, not as a mouthpiece of the social and religious radicalism to which nevertheless he gives such natural and memorable expression. But Edward Porphyry Benham in "The Research Magnificent" is an impossible character, the mere embodiment of an idea of self-mastery directed to the formation of a new aristocracy of social service. Of course "Kipps" and "Tono-Bungay" are fairer illustrations of Wells's power and they are magnificent pieces of characterization and construction; but even these have hardly the impress of sheer homely reality that stamps Bennett's best books.

Professor Stuart Sherman has drawn a further contrast. He has asserted that in Wells the characters usually yield to their impulses, whereas in Bennett they more often control them; and in distinction to Wells' rebels against restraints of various kinds he sets Bennett's Sophia, young and lovely and friendless and abandoned in Paris by her worthless husband and made love to by a man she respects, and for whom she feels a stirring of passion. She is, nevertheless checked by an inhibiting principle, an inheritance from Five Towns training, a principle of self-control and self-respect which will not allow her emotions to blind her to moral issues. This illustration, whether the inference drawn from it is a fair one or not, should be remembered by those who condemn Bennett as a painter of depressing and unpleasant realities without idealism. It is true that he does not shrink from depicting the selfish, the sensual, the criminal, the diseased. But he also depicts the strong, the confident, the helpful. He does not allow us to forget the beauty of life, even amid its grime; and though the deeper spiritual influences are not in his experience and his guiding principles are those of self-mastery and common-sense, he sees life steadily, and sees it whole; and he has given us two works that rank with the finest in English fiction.



The Life of General Booth

By J. W. MACMILLAN

"The Life of General William Booth," by Harold Begbie, 2 vols., pp. 446,465. Macmillan, Toronto. \$12.

JAMES J. HILL once addressed the young men of his time in such words as these. "There is one simple and certain test of your future success. Can you save money? No matter how small your earnings, can you save something each month? If you cannot, drop out! You will never come to anything."

William Booth was a man who could not save money. He never wanted to. His desires were as far above money-making as the skies are above the earth. Every cent beyond what sufficed for his meagre subsistence was spent on attempts to rescue broken and defeated lives. To him the hoarding of money was treachery to humanity and rank disobedience to his Divine Master. Yet his name is written above the names of millionaires. His memory is venerated in every country of the globe. The saint and apostle, once more, in the lists of fame, has bested the magnate of material things.

The wonder and glory of the career of William Booth is that, in an age profoundly materialistic, he asserted and vindicated the power of spiritual things. It is characteristic that the most venomous and malignant attack made upon him—and there were many such—came from Professor Huxley, the arch-priest of scientific naturalism, "Darwin's bulldog," as he called himself. In him the spirit of denial of spiritual realities was incarnated, and, while able to look with amused tolerance on the formalism and lukewarmness of the organized churches and to dismiss the ecstasies and fervors of mystics and sacerdotalists with a sneer, he was roused to fury by the vigor, exuberance and audacity of the Salvation Army. He is like some giant-killer who had attacked and was demolishing a giant's castle, and was busy sending out reports of his victory and of his discovery that, after all, no such thing as a giant existed, when he is suddenly startled and dismayed by the giant coming roaring behind him, brandishing his terrible sword and threatening his instant extinction.

Mr. Harold Begbie has told the story of the masterful and devoted spirit who founded the

Salvation Army, in two portly and absorbing volumes. He is disclosed as a man of tempestuous nature, wilful, dogmatic and inflexible, yet thrilled and tortured by the sight of human misery. Those qualities which all the great have in common—courage, endurance, ambition, resourcefulness, imperiousness—he had in full measure. But he cared only to do God's will. He is in the apostolical succession of the practical mystics, the God-intoxicated ones, who, careless of personal wealth, fame or power, yet assail the fortresses of old abuses and "take the gates of empire off their hinges and turn aside the stream of history."

His conception of what was God's will deepened and broadened with his experience. Two cardinal developments can be marked in it, the first when he discovered that "the one way in which he could lastingly change men and women was to make them, from the moment of their conversion, seekers and saviors after the lost." The other came ten years after the foundation of the Salvation Army when he perceived that, if he would rebuild the lives of the lost, he must take account not only of moral and religious but also of physical and economic destitution.

He is brought up in a religionless home. He is apprenticed and serves seven years as a pawnbroker, where he learned intimately the pains and privations of the struggling poor. His whole life is changed, not after the sudden and explosive fashion current in the army he created, but none the less radically, by conversion to religion. After that his aim is to foment revivals. He becomes a Methodist minister, and conducts his meetings, in chapels and on street-corners, in such sensational and bizarre ways that he is forced out of the church connection. He goes to London, organizes a mission after his own heart in the depth of its slums, all the while battling with poverty and ill-health, and with a growing family dependent on him. He is fifty years of age when this "Christian Mission" takes shape as an army, faithfully copying the design and discipline of national military bodies. His own willing contribution to the form this army adopted was its autocratic nature. His disposition was to rule, and as he had been nause-

ated by committees and councils, during his ministry in the Methodist church, he insisted on the supreme authority being centralized in his own person. The other particulars, such as the military titles, the uniform and badges of rank, were forced upon him by his assistants, notably his son Bramwell and George Railton.

The narrative of the persecutions to which the new Army was subjected is a curious chapter in social psychology. For several years the organization was assailed by most violent and virulent attacks. Prelates, brewers, statesmen, editors, magistrates and mobs joined together to traduce, slander, imprison and stone the little groups who shouted their stirring songs in the streets and gathered tramps and prostitutes to the penitent bench. It is unexplainable save as an uprush of the deep-seated religious impulse in human nature, in a perverted form. Back of the calculated enmity of the vested interests in liquor and benefices lay something else, a wild resentment which stirred even the dissolute at what they took to be desecration and blasphemy. The same primitive fury was unleashed as when the Ephesian mob cried against Paul for the space of five hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

One of General Booth's sayings grew out of these experiences, "The day has gone by when the Priest and Levite are content to pass by the wounded man. They must needs stop now, turn back, and punch the head of any Good Samaritan who dares to come to the rescue."

He was an autocrat, by nature and conviction. As a boy he was nicknamed "Wilful Will" and was always a ringleader among other boys. He dominated any group to which he belonged, or that group was soon split in twain. So it is curious to find him, in respect of the chief characteristics which he imposed upon his followers, choosing a path averse to his own personal wishes. We have noted that he shrank from employing military nomenclature and methods. He thought the title "General" a pretentious one. Yet it was the uniform, the bands, the marching, the flags and the military terminology which caught the eye of the world, and advertised his movement to all men. Similarly, though in a different fashion, he was driven against his will to make his Army an agent of social reform. Says Begbie:

The troubled and divided spirit which manifested itself in his life from 1888 onwards, is

one of the most valuable clues to his personality. His love for men made him a social reformer, almost against his will. His faith in conversion, bound up with his faith in his mission as a preacher, haunted him like a ghost, almost rebuking him as he fed the hungry and housed the homeless. He never understood Theism; he never realized the profoundest meaning of immanence. The soul of the man was saturated with the dogmatism of evangelical Deism. If his heart had not been as greatly saturated with as simple and emotional love for humanity as ever illuminated our sad and tragic history, he would never have glanced at social reform. But his pity tortured him, and he was torn between Martha and Mary. The better part was obviously to hold up before a perishing world the Cross of Christ; to build a shelter for the homeless, and to carry meat to the hungry, this was obviously to be busied with temporal things.

It is an interesting conjecture, with which the author plays for a paragraph or two, what might have resulted had William Booth set himself in downright fashion to the task of social reconstruction:

It is possible, we think, that William Booth might have been the very greatest force in history since St. Paul if he had seen vividly the spiritual character of social service—that is to say, if he had thrown himself with undivided will and undistracted religious enthusiasm into the work of righting men's social wrongs. But in that case his revolution would certainly have been a violent one, and the world's politics would by now have suffered a vast change. For if this man could win the affection of the saddest and most abandoned classes in the community, addressing them with a Mosaic authority on their duty towards God, what must have been his effect in the abyss, among the hungry and the embittered, if he had addressed them on their wrongs, not as a political agitator, but as a prophet of God? He was, however, at the very centre of his nature, a convinced Deist, a convinced conservative, and a convinced individualist. I am not sure that he had much faith in democracy's rightful use of political freedom. If he missed absolute greatness, it was because his will was divided and because his spirit, even in its most emotional moments was controlled by one fixed and unshakeable idea in religion.

As the Salvation Army gathered strength there were approaches from the organized churches, notably the Anglican establishment, for some sort of an alliance. These General Booth met with frankness and friendliness, and he found much sympathy among the bishops and chaplains with whom he conferred. But two insurmountable obstacles intervened. The church wanted control, and this he would

not give. The church also wanted a definite recognition of the sacraments. This also he refused, arguing that they were not essential to the Christian life. So the negotiations broke off, and the Salvation Army took its place as a distinct and independent religious organization.

Through the two volumes of this biography runs the golden thread of the love story of William and Catherine Booth. She was a woman of great qualities. Less impetuous than he, she was as ardent an evangelist. They came together in youth, both poor and both moved to compassionate energy by the sins of the world. She was his comrade in his public ministry as well as in his home. As a woman preacher she attained immense popularity. If his career had ended, as that of many ministers do, at the dead-line of fifty, he would have been remembered chiefly as the husband of Catherine Booth.

Their home, always straitened, overbusy and noisy, filled with guests, disciples and a brood of children, was the scene of such tenderness, loyalty and mutual love as could not be surpassed. His love-letters, included extensively in the biography, and running from their earliest friendship to her sad and agonized death from cancer, forty years later, are lyrics of unclouded and passionate affection. At her funeral he addressed his friends and fellow-workers, standing by the new-heaped grave, in a speech too long to quote in this place, remarkable for its restrained outpouring of regret and praise, and of calm fortitude in the midst of fearful trial. Of Catherine Booth, Mr. Begbie writes:

. . . The growth of her spiritual power seems to me like one of the miracles of religious history. In her frail body the spirit of womanhood manifested its power and the Spirit of God its beauty. It is a tribute to the age in which she lived that this power and beauty were acknowledged by the world during her lifetime. She exercised a spell over many nations.

His wife died when both he and she were sixty years old, when the Salvation Army, after ten years of obloquy and struggle, had won general recognition and approval, and when he was publishing "In Darkest England," the manifesto of the new-found social purpose of the Army. From that date success continues and increases mightily. New lands are occupied by the Army, till it circles the earth. The ministrations in prisons and lodging houses rapidly increase. His tours

of inspection become triumphal progresses. He meets the great on even terms, Churchill, Asquith, Gladstone. King Edward gives him a long audience. Goldwin Smith writes him a congratulatory letter on his birthday. London gives him the freedom of the city. Oxford gives him a D.C.L. degree. The world is at his feet. His course has won popular vindication. He that lost his life had found it. Once, when told that "The first law of life is self-preservation," he had replied, "The first law of grace is self-sacrifice." His career had justified the transformation of the familiar adage.

The eighteenth century despised and tabooed enthusiasm. Such was supposedly the sign of an ill-balanced mind. Gravity, composure and elegance were set as the supreme qualities of behavior. Exuberance was the mark of a savage or a fanatic. Wesley constantly met this criticism. It lived on into the nineteenth century, and supplied a topic for Sydney Smith's raillery. There is something in the constitution of the northern peoples which makes them suspect the utterances of warmth and excitement. General Booth had to face this antagonism. The Salvation Army faces it still.

An illuminating sentence of Bramwell Booth's is recorded in the biography. The author said to him, "Enthusiasm is a highly dangerous thing." He made answer, "Not if you organize it."

There were these two sides to all the work of the Booths—for father, mother and seven sons and daughters were united in the upbuilding of the Salvation Army—"an effort to overcome the apathy and torpor of the world by an excess of religious fervor" and the organization and control of the enthusiasm which resulted. The General often rebuked his soldiers for excess of zeal, and his "Handbook for Field Officers" is full of warnings against irrational and profitless fervor. It was his custom to cut short those who wished to discuss doctrinal refinements, or linger in the enjoyment of religious rhapsodies, with the instruction, "Go and do something."

His body was refused burial in Westminster Abbey, where Darwin had been interred a few years before. Yet never had the streets of London been so thronged as at his funeral, and every land on earth mourned for the passing of an apostolic hero, who had spent his life in saving the poorest, the lowliest and the worst of his human brethren.

"The Science of Power"

By W. T. HERRIDGE

IN view of the doubt which oppresses many minds today with regard to the future of the world, any voice speaking in tones of assured confidence ought to be a welcome one. So far from accepting the doctrine, popular enough in less troubled times, that evil is negligible, there are those, just now, who seem disposed to raise the question whether it is not the triumphant principle. Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in his posthumous book, "The Science of Power" (Putnam, New York), says, in effect, that it is not, and backs up his assertion with arguments of suggestive cogency.

More than twenty years ago, the same writer, in his "Social Evolution," contended that, in order to human progress, a super-rational force must be introduced to impel to altruistic conduct. This latest work shows the same distrust of reason as a guide to the goal of life. "Reason," he says, "is essentially the knowledge of material force, and not the knowledge of the world as it is," and therefore, it will not carry us farther than that individualistic selfishness which always stands in the way of social amelioration. The secret of advance is to pass beyond reason to feeling with its broad idealisms, and its inspirations to service and sacrifice.

But thought and feeling are so intertwined that it is impossible thus to put them in opposition to each other. Even though it be granted that feeling is the flower of life, it must have some root to nourish it. At times, feeling seems to precede definite thought; yet unless one ultimately knows why he feels, feeling could never have the influence which Mr. Kidd rightly ascribes to it. His quarrel must be with narrow, cold-blooded, unillumined reason—if reason it can be called—which is scarcely human at all. Otherwise his book is misnamed; for Science, whether of power or of anything else, cannot be acquired apart from the exercise of the intellectual faculties.

To this, no doubt, Mr. Kidd would agree. But he holds that "civilization has not yet arrived," because, while the western world has not been devoid of thought, its thought has been too much in bondage to evolutionary postulates. Darwinism has nothing to say about the moral nature of man. It is largely re-

sponsible, the author thinks, for the militarism of the European continent, and the hard economic laws of Britain. But the doctrine of force is being all the time discredited by experience, and what sounds a simple maxim, "the survival of the fittest," has raised the complex question, "Who are the fittest to survive?" If heredity alone determines the future, Mr. Kidd would not feel sanguine about it; for in that case, however much men might grow in dexterity and knowledge of their environment, the old programme would be continued, with variations, down to the end of time.

But this, the author says, need not be. "There is no ideal in conformity with the principles of civilization dreamed of by any dreamer or idealist which cannot be realized within the lifetime of those around him." The progress of mankind has been retarded by "the failure to employ in the cause of civilization the emotion of the ideal." But this defect can be remedied, and that speedily, when once it is perceived that "in the social integration man must reach the highest efficiency," and that limitless effects are produced by "the idealisms of mind and spirit conveyed to the young of each generation under the influence of the social passion."

Thus the race emerges from the worship of force to the worship of Power, which is a different thing. The inheritance of the past, whatever its unfavorable elements, may be replaced, the author believes, by the better inheritance of each new age when rightly trained to possess it. And for this the way is being prepared. "Through all the stress of conflict, there swells the deep diapason of the social passion calling for service, for subordination, for sacrifice, for renunciation on a scale unprecedented."

Idealism, then, is the conqueror, and the rapid conqueror too. It accounts for the German unity of purpose; and had her idealism been in line with the truth of things, there is nothing that Germany might not have done. "The people who first grasp this tremendous lesson" (i.e., the science of organizing in society the emotion of the ideal) "will have the world at their feet." But it must be a

right ideal; and though Mr. Kidd does not expressly say so, his description of the right ideal coincides with the Christian one.

This book will enrage misogynists. For not only does the writer regard men as shy of emotion, but as incapable of being swept into it in the splendid way which is natural to women. He holds that we must have more of the feminine in world-life: "A new horizon in the history of Power will be reached when civilization perceives the significance of utilizing towards the aims of Power this being to whom the race is always more than the individual and the future greater than the present." And if anyone objects that the "new horizon" is yet dim, Mr. Kidd's answer would be that hitherto "the fighting male" has had too much the monopoly of large affairs, and has confined the opposite sex to smaller ones.

It would be impossible, at the close of this brief review of Mr. Kidd's most stimulating treatise, to deal adequately with a subject which deserves thoughtful and sympathetic consideration by itself. Few will doubt that a rich treasure of emotional ideals is locked up in true womanhood, and that the world has not yet enjoyed the most active use of it. Whether that treasure can be best employed

by a separate movement is a debateable question. Coleridge profoundly says in his "Table Talk," "A great mind must be androgynous." But, failing the advent of that rare personality which combines in itself the finest elements of both sexes, perhaps some fusion of man's often blundering common sense with woman's subtle intuitions might yield the best results. Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" shows some scepticism as to woman's ability to develop a cosmic consciousness, and finds her real vocation in the noble purpose of her individualism. But, however that may be, Mr. Kidd deserves the special thanks of women for a reminder of the wonderful possibilities which reside in their nature, and of the part which they alone can play in the salvation of the world.

The whole book lifts us above Mr. Gradgrind's philosophy of "facts and figures," and so helps to banish the pessimism which expects nothing and aspires to nothing, because it has failed to discern what great things may come to pass when the human race is awakened to a full appreciation of those spiritual powers which reside in it, and which, under proper training, may become the supreme arbiters of life.

Nelson's History of the War

MR. JOHN BUCHAN has completed his task. The twenty-fourth volume of Nelson's History of the War, bearing the sub-title of "Victory," has issued from the press. The great undertaking which was begun scarcely three months after the commencement of hostilities without any idea of the tremendous size to which the subject matter, and consequently the history, would extend, has been finished. It stands in its entirety what it has been all along: the best record of the war for the purposes of the ordinary man. It needs only one thing to make it entirely satisfactory for his requirements at least. We do not know whether it is the intention of the publishers to produce a supplementary volume of Index, and there is no suggestion of such an intention in the volume now under our hand. But the value of the whole work, one conceives, would be immensely enhanced by such an addition.

The concluding volume doubtless gave Mr. Buchan less trouble than any of its predecessors. Only 124 of its 320 pages are occupied by narrative and comment. The remainder are given up to

the text of the final reports of the various British commanders and of the armistice documents. The story ends with the armistice, or rather with the advance of the Allied troops to the positions allotted to them under that abject surrender of Germany. It is told with Mr. Buchan's usual dramatic skill and justice. It is not entirely lucid, for it concerns a series of breakdowns in enemy morale of which we are scarcely yet informed as to the reasons in detail. But one of the penalties of writing "history" contemporaneously is that one must deny oneself the use of much material that can only become available with the lapse of time. For these reasons the Nelson History does not pretend to be a final statement of the story; but during the ten or fifteen years which are likely to elapse before anything like a full supply of material becomes available it will certainly serve the needs of the ordinary reader in a most efficient manner. The complete set of 24 volumes is \$20, and any volume can be had separately at 85 cents postpaid. (Nelson, Toronto.)

Triumph

By FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

WHEN I at last am dead—having lightly spent
 The latest breath that bound me to the flesh,
 Cast as an empty sheath the cerements
 Of clinging clay that erstwhile fettered me,—
 Think you, O Well Beloved, I shall return
 For all your sad beneficence of tears?
 Think you that I shall keep a sober pace,
 Girded to earth by earth's remembrance,
 Bonded to life by life's pale tenderness?

Oh, I shall take a merry flight enough,
 Being thus freed of care and carefulness;
 Young moons shall light me, and the little winds,
 Loosed from the trees, make riotous jest with me;
 And all the happy torrents of the rain,
 And all the thunders of the dawn astir,
 And all the tides of heaven shall welcome me—
 I shall be as Gods are, mightier than men;

When I at last am dead, and you have set
 A Watch about my broken sanctuary,
 The silent house that held me prisoner,
 It may be I shall see you, leaning down
 From the far haven of a rainbow's wing,
 And have some mirth for you, and some distress!

O little candles, lit against the dark,
 O little tapers burned at head and feet,—
 What need have I of these, who hold as torch
 The splendor of a flying meteor?

O loving, futile hands, how tenderly
 The shroud is laid!—how soft the wrappings are!—
 Think you that I have further need of such?
 Think you that still the tempest can beset?

I wear the mists of morning as a robe,
 And all the sunset clouds for covering.

It may be I shall come and stand awhile
 Above the candles, looking wisely down
 On that which did so long companion me,—
 Poor, idle hands, poor, laggard, stumbling feet,
 I who was ever waiting on your will
 Have won beyond you now; what doth it care
 Where they may lay you, who would honor me
 Seeking with tears a fitting resting-place?
 I am not weary,—rest, if so you would,—
 I shall run and leap, and traffic with the stars.

O Well Beloved, when you pray, and weep,
 Set the low bed, and weep again, and pray,—
 I, too, might weep, but that I have forgot,
 Being mindful of high missions elsewhere;
 But, when you hear a whisper on the wind,
 The lilt of moon-rays striking on the sea,
 Do you forget awhile the broken sheath,
 And hark the singing of the loosened sword
 Aflame through all the Citadel of God.

Caribbean Fantasy in D Minor

By J. E. HOARE

THIS is the peaceful life — so often dreamed
 There, where the shell-torn pits of death outspread
 A grim horizon to the wearied eye,
 There, where we cursed the moon that lightly beamed
 Upon "Herr 'Gotha'" throbbing overhead,
 Poised with a nest of eggs expectantly,
 While little "Archies" cracked
 Their futile protest from the spot attacked.

This is the peaceful life, unsought, unfound
 'Neath London's restless, petrol-tainted breeze
 Vibrating with the thrill of high success;
 Nor, when the teeming transport had unbound
 Her final straining hawsers from the quays
 To breast the old Atlantic's boisterousness,
 Did the whole dream come true—
 That dream of nothing in the world to do!

But here, upon this richest of the Isles,
 Where Time glides idly down the mellowing day
 To sunset, all one really needs to do
 Is eat whene'er the dinner-bell beguiles,
 Or watch slim-throated lizards at their play,
 While Lenny, dark-skinned scamp, with much ado
 Clambers the fruited trees
 And picking, grins, and grinning, picks ackies:

Lenny, true product of this wiser land,
 A land where laziness and warmth abide,
 A land of seas most softly blue and calm,
 Of year-round summer sun, of silver sand
 Beneath clear depths where parrot-fishes glide,
 While buzzards idly float from palm to palm;
 A land where dark content
 Laughs the bronze chuckle of the indolent.

Soft, at the whispering dawn, a mountain breeze,
 A little delicate rush of cooling air
 Rustles the palm leaves from their listlessness
 And passes, smiling, o'er the rippled seas
 Across that tiny bay, where debonair
 A schooner, hoisting sail, begins to press
 Forth seaward, leaving mute
 Her lighters ravished of their ripening fruit.

* * * * *

Kind Paradise of peacefulness, I feel
 'Tis better to have known your Southern sky,
 'Tis better to have loafed and lost, perchance,
 Than never to have loafed at all. The keel
 Of some relentless ship, bound northerly,
 Shall bear me from your rich inheritance
 To where the foolish bray
 And chase wild passions down the snow-swept way.

Farewell! to Rachel of the ebony face,
 Arch-priestess of the bedrooms; and farewell
 To shy Celeste, chief scrubber of bright floors
 And polisher supreme! The dark, slim grace
 Of Lenny, palm-tree imp, gives up its spell
 As swift we near those practical frigid shores
 Where creatures, coldly blue,
 Jabber their creed of "Hustle that thing through!"

Where men serve gods whose green-backed mysteries
Lie deep in sacred banks; where women dance,
Between two gulps of chicken-à-la-King,
To music garnered 'neath some savage skies—
High peak of triumph from the fields of France,
Beyond that vision of our imagining
When, freed from hovering death,
We waited for the world's next Shibboleth.

Jamaica, 1920.

A Tribute to Robert Norwood

MARGUERITE WILKINSON, the brilliant American critic and author of "New Voices," speaks very highly in a review of current verse in the *New York Times*, concerning the latest volume of the Canadian writer, Robert Norwood. She says:

Side by side with the rebellious modernity of Lieutenant Ransom and the devout mediaevalism of Miss Doney it is well to set the the illuminating spirituality of Robert Norwood, whose poetic drama, "The Man of Kerioth," is a finer book than either of the others mentioned.

Without a line that could be called trite or tiresome or artificial, Mr. Norwood tells the story of Jesus, the Carpenter, the friend of all mankind. He shows Jesus sitting down by the roadside and whittling a piece of wood into a boat for the little son of Simon surnamed Peter, or molding a bird out of clay for the pleasure of a little girl. He interprets the miracle at Cana of Galilee without recourse to a material changing of water into wine, by showing

how the presence of a supremely beautiful personality at the feast sufficed to quench the thirst of the revelers. He shows how blind Bartimaeus came to have a sweeter vision than men who could see. And instead of the supernaturalism of the miracles as they used to be explained to us, Mr. Norwood reveals the greater miracle of spiritual power over life.

His treatment of the Bible characters is fresh and unconventional. Judas, the lover of Mary of Magdala, is not the arch fiend. He is only a worldly man who expects the Kingdom of Heaven to come with all the pomp and circumstance of the kingdoms of this world, and who is unable to find Messiah in Christ without that pomp and circumstance. What his heart tells him his mind will not permit him to accept, and he goes on his way, forever looking for a sign, forever trying to test and prove Christ, forever saying, "Now, Master, show Your power!" until the end, when, broken-hearted, he hangs himself, because, misled by the quality of his frantic faith, he has betrayed his friend.

So Let Us Sleep

By ENID A. MCGREGOR

AS children, weary at the close of day
Whom neither direst fears nor dearest toys
Nor visions of the morrow filled with play,
Nor memories of today's heartbreaks or joys,
Nor yet their mother's kiss or twilight song
Can keep from yielding to the sleep god's spell
Under whose charm they weave, the whole night long,
A maze of dreams which, waking, none can tell,
So let us sleep at close of life's long day,
Weary and heavy-eyed with tears and play;
Seek not to call us from our heaven of dreams;
The God of Sleep, who so relentless seems
Is kind to give us rest; doubt not; we'll wake
As children, too, when a new dawn shall break.

Some Old Books on Canada

By R. F. DIXON

ACADIA COLLEGE, it is said, possesses the finest collection of Canadiana in existence, in the shape of old books on the Canadas and the Maritime Provinces, the North-West and Hudson Bay region, pamphlets, gazetteers, missionary reports, etc., all forming a portion of the library of that indefatigable collector, Col. Plimsol Edwards of Halifax, which the University recently purchased. On examining this collection, which is housed in the handsome up-to-date College Library building in Wolfville, N.S., I was astonished to find so many books on "the Canadas" and other portions of British North America now included in the Dominion of Canada, published before the year 1860, which I have set as my limit. Some of those works, like Heriot's "Travels in the Canadas," reviewed later, are well illustrated, handsomely and in more than one case "sumptuously" bound, and no doubt in their day were more or less widely read in Great Britain. But "Travels," even if "touched with genius," are the most ephemeral of all literature, and their day, big or little, soon ebbs out. Those books on Canada with possibly one exception, that of Mrs. Moodie's, are one and all forgotten today on both sides of the Atlantic, and of course are long out of print. Nevertheless, perhaps indeed all the more so, all of them in varying degrees contain much that is of real interest and value to the present generation. Like William Lyon Mackenzie's book recently reviewed by myself in the *Canadian Bookman*, they deal with the every-day lives of our Canadian ancestors, with their long drawn, arduous, toilsome, heart-breaking and one may fairly add, heroic battle with the stern forces of Nature, one of the most inspiring chapters in the history of human effort and achievement in any age or country. Full justice it seems to me has never been done to the early settlers and builders of Canada, especially of Ontario, and by "Settlers," I mean settlers, the real nation builders. A great deal has been written of the great Canadian explorers and pioneers of early days, and rightly so, of Cartier, Champlain, Montcalm, Frontenac, the path-finders, La Salle, Hennepin, the coureur des bois, the Jesuit missionaries, fur

traders, Indian fighters, all men of wide vision and heroic mould who first "broke in" and showed the way, to be followed later on by the home maker and tamer of the wilderness. These latter, the real makers of Canada as we know it today, it seems to me, have received comparatively scant recognition at the hands of our historians. The original settlers, for instance, of Ontario were surely the sturdiest and most enduring, the most typical embodiment of the traditional Anglo-Saxon qualities of bull dog pertinacity and pluck the whole history of the settlement of our colonial Empire affords. The history of Britain's overseas expansion contains, no doubt, many vivid and thrilling pages, but for "dour deidly" courage, and iron steadfastness of purpose the record of the makers of old Upper Canada, from the influx of the Loyalists to, say, the early forties, to my mind excels them all. Pioneering today no doubt has its trials and hardships, its hopes deferred, its privations, its loneliness, even its perils, but compared with the experiences of those men who entered the Canadian wilderness in the last quarter of the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth centuries the trials and tribulations of the modern settler are a sort of glorified picnic. With the railroad, telegraph, telephone and later on the automobile following on their heels, they are saved the one ordeal, which among all the rest of their hardships, as some of the first generations of original settlers have told me, pre-eminently tried them, the terrible isolation, the long weary waiting years for the establishment of communication with the outside world, almost unthinkable and quite unimaginable to us of today.

These old books on Canada are real history. It has been very truly said that the real history of the Christian Church is to be found not so much in the decrees and the "Confessions" of Councils, or the records of the doings and controversies of the great ecclesiastical statesmen, but in the lives of the individual church members. So it is with nations. The true history of Canada is perhaps more faithfully recorded in those descriptions of the experiences of early settlers and visitors, than

in the doings of our legislatures and the acts and utterances of our politicians and representative men." (How very unrepresentative, by the way, is the typical representative man!)

I do not propose, of course, to review all or many of these books, which I have exhumed from the shelves of Acadia College Library. Some may be passed over with a descriptive sentence or two, others merit a fuller treatment. With the space at my disposal, it will be manifestly impossible to give anything like an exhaustive résumé of their contents.

Here is a partial list, which may be added to later on, of these old books on Canada. It was made with no attempt at chronological order, and just as they stood on the shelves.

"Three years in Canada, 1826-7-8," by John McTaggart; Civil Engineer, in the Service of the British Government; "McGregor's sketches of the Maritime Provinces—1828"; "Life in the Clearings, Mrs. Moodie, 1853"; "Voyages and Travels of an Indian Trader and Interpreter, describing the manners and customs of the North American Indians with an account of the Posts situate on the River St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, to which is added a vocabulary of the Chippewa language, etc., etc." (This title page is too lengthy for reproduction here), J. Long, London, 1791; "British Colonies in North America," by Wentworth Bowyer, Rector, 1847; "The Canadas as they at present commend themselves to the enterprise of Emigrants, Colonists and Capitalists, comprehending a variety of topographical reports concerning quality of land, etc., by John Galt, Esq., late of Canada Company now of the British American Land Association, with map, 1832"; "Canada and Her Resources, An Essay, to which was awarded by His Excellency Sir Edward Walker Head Governor-General of British North America, Second Prize, by Alexander Morris, A.M., Barrister-at-law, 1855"; "Hawkins' Pictures of Quebec with Historical Recollections, 1834"; Directories of Montreal, 1844-1853; "Echoes from the Backwoods, or Sketches from Trans-Atlantic Life, by Capt. Levinge, 1846"; "An Account of the Countries adjoining Hudson Bay in the North West part of America, containing a description of their Lakes and Rivers. Showing the benefit to be made by settling Colonists and opening a trade in these parts whereby the French will be deprived in a great part of their traffic in Furs and the Communication between Canada and the Mis-

issippi cut off, by Arthur Dobbs, Esq., London, 1744"; "A Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Arctic Ocean, 1833-4-5, by Richard King, M.R.C.S., Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expedition, London, 1836"; "A Short topographical Description of His Majesty's Province of Upper Canada in British America, to which is annexed, etc., etc., by David Wm Smyth, Esq., Surveyor-General of the Province of Upper Canada, 1799"; "Geographical Review of the Province of Upper Canada and Promiscuous Remarks on Government, M. Smith, New York, 1813"; "Smith's Gazeteer of Canada West, 1846, Toronto; "Authentic Letters from Canada with an account of Canadian Field Sports, The etchings by Samuel Lover, Esq., edited by Rev. T. Radcliffe—London and Dublin"; "Sketches of Upper Canada, Domestic, Local and Characteristic, To which is added practical details for Emigrants and every class, by John Howison, Edinburgh and London"; "Narrative of an Expedition to the sources of St. Peters River, 1823"; "Twenty Years in Canada West, by Major Strickland, 1853"; "L'Acadie or Seven Years Exploration in British America, by Sir James Alexander, 1849"; "A General Description of Nova Scotia, 1825. Printed at the Royal Acadian School, Halifax." "The present state of Nova Scotia with a brief account of Canada, Anon., Edinburgh, 1787."

Heriot's "Travels in Canada" was the first of this interesting collection that came under my notice.

"Travels through the Canadas, containing a description of the picturesque scenery of some of the Rivers and Lakes, with an account of the productions, commerce and inhabitants of those Provinces. To which is subjoined a comparative view of the manners and customs of several of the Indians of North and South America, by George Heriot, Esq., Deputy Postmaster-General of British North America, 1807."

A ponderous title to a ponderous tome, written in a style ponderous, even for those ponderous days, nearly as big and quite as massively bound as a family Bible, and as the title page informs us "profusely illustrated" by colored engravings based on sketches made by the author, in my crude judgment (whatever their literal fidelity to their subject) of considerable artistic merit. Among these illustrations are two or three views of the City of Quebec, estimated by the author to contain

about 15,000 inhabitants, of Niagara and Montmorenci Falls, a number of "studies" of the shores of the "Gulph" of St. Lawrence, scenes of Indian life and two very spiritedly drawn double-page pictures of two French-Canadian dances, the "Rond" and the "Minuet," showing the picturesque male costume which I fancy was largely peculiar to French Canada,—the men with their plumed broad-brimmed hats, knee breeches, brilliantly colored tasselled sashes, coats of many colors, queues and buckled shoes. The women, more soberly attired, join with the men in the figures of these old French dances, with that combination of grace, dignity, ease and sprightliness, then and now and always apparently peculiar to their engaging race. In size, binding and especially in its beautiful illustrations, and apart from its literary merit, which is neither here nor there, it is quite the most considerable work of its class that I have come across.

In one respect the book is a little disappointing, being too much taken up with descriptions of scenery, sometimes very elaborate and minute and rather wearisome. But here and there are interesting allusions to people and things.

Of York (now Toronto) he writes: "The town, according to the plan, is projected to extend to a mile and a half in length from the bottom of the harbor along its banks. Many houses are already completed, some of which show considerable taste. The advancing of this plan to its present condition has been effected within the lapse of six or seven years, and persons who have formerly travelled in this part of the country are impressed with sentiments of wonder on beholding a town, which may be termed handsome, raised as by enchantment in the midst of the wilderness."

Heriot spent some time in the Niagara district, then a very important centre, and one of the oldest settled in the Province. "In many branches of husbandry," he says, "the settlers of this district seem to display a superior degree of skill, and fields of corn are to be seen here as luxuriant and fine as in any part of the universe." The following remark comes home to us of today, "A stranger here is struck with sentiments of regret on viewing the numbers of fine oak trees which are daily consumed by fire in preparing the land for cultivation." For many years to come the tree in Ontario was to be regarded as

man's natural enemy, to be ruthlessly slaughtered and made away with. One's heart tends to think of the millions of noble forest trees—oaks, maples, hickory, walnut, pines, elms, chestnut, ash—veritable monarchs of the forest, that have been destroyed to make room for the farmer's crop; an unavoidable, but to us in these times of visibly growing timber scarcity an unspeakably painful necessity. The general appearance of the country in the neighbourhood of the Falls was evidently a revelation to the author, as it has been for a hundred years, and is still today in some cases to his fellow Britons. "The improvements of every description, in which, for the last few years, the country has advanced, have in some situations divested it of a new settled colony, and made it assume the garb of wealth and of long-established culture."

Returning to Lower Canada, he visited Montreal, then quite inferior in importance to Quebec, which he disposes of with a few half patronizing lines, "The streets are airy and regularly disposed, one of them extending nearly parallel to the River through the whole length of the place, the habitations of the principal merchants are neat and commodious, and their storehouses secured from risque by fire." The most interesting part of the book to me is his concluding impressions of the French Canadians:

The inhabitants of Canada may be divided into four classes. Those belonging to the Church and Religious Orders, the Noblesse or seigneurs, the mercantile body, and the landowners or habitants. The Roman Catholic clergy of the Province are more distinguished by devotion, benevolence, inoffensive conduct and humanity, than they are by learning and genius. They are regular and rigid in the performance of their religious ceremonies and more devout, with perhaps less bigotry, than the Ecclesiastics of any country where the same religion prevails. The secular and regular priests number about 180, the nuns 250, there are 127 churches and 7 convents.

The habitants or landholders are hospitable, honest, religious, uninformed, inoffensive, possessing much simplicity, modesty, and civility. Their propensity to a state of inaction retains many of them in poverty, but their wants are circumscribed, and they are happy. Contentment of mind and mildness of disposition seem to be the leading features in their character. Their address to strangers is more unembarrassed and polite than that of any peasantry in the world. Rusticity in manners or in language is unknown even to those who reside in situations the most remote from towns.

A Master of the Rolls in Nova Scotia

By EFFIE MAY ROSS

AMONG the most renowned of Nova Scotia's sons must ever stand the name of Samuel George William Archibald, who in his day filled almost every office in the Province that could be held by a lawyer and a politician, and whose versatile talents would have brought him distinction in any country. Truro may well be proud of having given birth to such a man—the most distinguished in its long history of one hundred and sixty years—for it was on the banks of the Salmon River that on February 5th, 1777, the future Master of the Rolls was born.

Two years after the settlement of this township four brothers Archibald—originally emigrants from Ireland to New Hampshire—brought thither (1762) their families and household goods; and the eldest, David, became at once the leading spirit of the little community, being appointed a Justice of the Peace, Major of the Militia and its first Representative to the Nova Scotian Assembly. His eldest son, Samuel, was twenty years of age when he came to the Province, and being a ready speaker and writer also represented Truro in the Assembly from 1775 till his death five years later. Though a prosperous lumber merchant, his untimely death left his widow and five small children in straitened circumstances; but the family lived at the old homestead till the mother's re-marriage in 1783, and consequent removal to St. Mary's.

The next nine years little Samuel spent with his grandfather, David Archibald, attending the village school; but his eldest sister, recognizing his uncommon mental gifts, then placed him in the home of a cousin to attend the Academy at Haverhill, Massachusetts, for several years, thence he went to Andover Academy, where he studied diligently till his return to Nova Scotia, towards the close of 1796.

His original intention of being a Presbyterian minister was now changed, for we find him acting as Prothonotary of the Supreme Court and Clerk of the Peace; and about 1800 he became a law student in the office of Mr. Robie, then member for Truro. His marriage, two years later, to Elizabeth Dickson, daughter of the late member for Onslow, was followed by an appointment to the office of Judge of Probate; and on being admitted as Attorney and Barrister in 1805 he quickly sprang into a good legal practice. The next year he was elected one of the Representatives for the county of Halifax which then included Pictou and Colechester—and during the

following thirty-five years not only took a leading part in all public questions, but exerted a more permanent and dominant influence over the Assembly than any other member. He early took as his special department the division of money for roads and bridges, and during the fifteen years' agitation over the need of a University in Nova Scotia for those debarred on religious grounds from attending King's College, Windsor, Mr. Archibald's speeches so aroused public feeling that the Assembly finally granted an endowment.

He had already received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Glasgow University, and while visiting Europe was appointed (1824) Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island with permission to reside and follow his profession in Halifax. On returning home he was warmly congratulated on his advancement and the following year saw him made Solicitor-General and Speaker of the House of Assembly. When dissatisfaction arose in Prince Edward Island over his non-residence there except during the discharge of his judicial duties, Mr. Archibald resigned the office in 1828 as his hopes centred on the Chief Justiceship of Nova Scotia. The other contestant for this prize was Judge Halliburton, the senior Puisne Judge—who later secured it—and both went to England to press their equally strong, though different, claims.

Mr. Archibald was accompanied by one of his beautiful daughters, and they received much attention from their friends. General Fox and his wife, Lady Mary Fitz-Clarence, a daughter of King William IV. These former Halifax residents introduced them to London society, where, among others, the Marquis of Lansdowne was so charmed with one of Mr. Archibald's public speeches that he offered him one of the seats of Calne if he would enter the British Parliament, but received the characteristic reply: "No, my lord, I am already the head of one House, I do not care to become the tail of another."

In the heated debates which followed the attempt of H.M. Council (1829-30) to dictate the amount of duty to be imposed on brandy, Mr. Archibald maintained "the sole inherent and inalienable right of the Representatives of the People to frame and originate all money bills," and it was largely due to his determined stand that the Upper House finally passed the Assembly's Revenue Bill. A severe stroke of paralysis, followed by the usual nervous affections, now attacked him; but, though careful to avoid excitement, he was soon able

to resume the chair and discharge its duties with his customary grace. Having great reverence for the constituted authorities of the Empire he disapproved of the advanced views of the new Liberal party, and particularly of the Assembly's Resolution for the removal of Sir Colin Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, though as Speaker, he forwarded it to the Colonial Office; which, shortly after the arrival of Lord Falkland, appointed him to the Executive Council.

When the House re-opened in 1841, Mr. Archibald—now promoted to the Crown Office of Attorney-General—was pronounced, according to British custom, ineligible for the Speakership. His removal to the floor of the House now enabled him to take a prominent part in its discussions; and his speeches give abundant evidence of his vigorous intellect, peculiar command of poetic imagery and appropriate illustrations—largely drawn from the Holy Scriptures of which he was a reverent student. Just before the close of the Session, the House passed a unanimous resolution declaring their high sense of the faithfulness, ability and urbanity with which Mr. Archibald had discharged for sixteen years the onerous duties of Speaker; and this well-deserved compliment came at a fitting time. For five days later he retired from political life to accept the offices of Master of the Rolls and Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty.

Judge Archibald, with his numerous sons and daughters, annually spent the few leisure weeks he could command at his beautiful estate on Bible Hill, Truro, where his house, situated on a steep bank, looked out over highly-cultivated meadow-lands studded with gigantic elms—remnants of the forest primeval. Through these the picturesque Salmon River meandered gracefully and such distinguished guests as Lord Dalhousie, Sir James Kemp and General Fox were as much delighted by the charms of the pastoral scene as with the witty sallies of their brilliant and courteous host, whose bonhomie also made him highly esteemed by his simpler neighbours. He not only had a marvelous fund of humour and repertory of odd stories, but his wonderful gift of impersonation enabled him to assume the features, manner and voice of a person, making him renowned as an inimitable storyteller.

For five years Mr. Archibald performed successfully the duties of the Master of the Rolls, but on January 28th, 1846, while seated at table with his family, he was suddenly again stricken with paralysis, and in a few seconds passed away. His death was deeply felt by all classes, and the House of Assembly adjourned to attend his interment in Camp Hill Cemetery, Halifax, where a marble monument marks his last resting-place.

It was said that Mr. Archibald's great vice was ambition, but the desire to wield power

and influence political action in the right direction is surely laudable; and while he doubtless had faults, no more blameless private life can be found in our history. The only political charge ever brought against him was a seeming disregard of economy in public expenditure; but even his critics admitted that this liberality was intended for the development of the country's resources in which he had unbounded faith—and hence showed his far-seeing wisdom.

Though that other great Nova Scotian Joseph Howe, differed in his opinions from Mr. Archibald, the young leader of the popular party—who had enjoyed exceptional opportunities of knowing the Speaker during his political career—paid the following sincere and eloquent tribute to his contemporary in the columns of the "Nova Scotian":—"If the manners, the temper or the intellect of a country were to be judged by a single specimen culled from the mass of its population, we know of no man to whom all eyes would have so naturally turned to produce upon strangers a favorable impression as to him who was followed to the grave by his fellow-citizens on Saturday last. . . . That we shall ever look upon his like again appears to us very improbable, for we often saw him surrounded by able men, none of whom presented so rare a combination of intellectual and agreeable qualities, and we look around upon our own contemporaries and do not find his equal. . . .

Almost self-educated and, perhaps, profound upon no single topic, his range of information was extensive; while bred among peasants, and trained in his youth to mechanical employment, his person was remarkably handsome, and his manners polished and unrestrained. . . . Circumstances made him often a courtier, and official employment made him the guardian of the prerogative, yet he was for years the darling of a popular Assembly, and while discharging the onerous duties of an officer of the Crown, rarely forgot that he was the Representative of the People. There were more laborious men than Mr. Archibald, both at the Bar and in the Assembly, but he generally outshone them all by a tact that was almost instinctive, a discretion that seldom erred, a flowery elocution that never offended good taste, and homeliness, yet brilliancy, of wit. . . . It may be that we were over partial to our countryman, but we often looked around the benches of Congress, of the British Parliament, and of the Canadian Legislature for a man combining so many of the points of a brilliant and polished orator, but looked in vain. A more dignified and imposing Speaker we never saw in the chair of any legislative assembly. . . . But it was chiefly as he stood before us on the floors of the Assembly, as the leader of that great popular movement which convulsed the country in 1829, and which prepared the way for the final onslaught on the old system of Government,

that we have ever delighted to contemplate the deceased. Then it was with all the power and influence of the compact arrayed to crush him . . . he took his stand upon the privileges of the People's House, and with a luminous eloquence and power of sarcasm which we have seldom seen equalled and never surpassed, formed and controlled the public opinion which sent him back at the head of a triumphant majority. . . . Those who have seen him at the head of his own table, or shared the enjoyment of his fireside, need not be reminded of the ease with which he threw aside the cares and labors of life, as a knight of old threw off his armour when the battle was over, and indulged in the merriment of the hour with the vivacity of a wit, and the playfulness of a child. . . . Light be the turf and cheerful the flows above his head—we may almost venture to predict that no thorn will grow upon his grave."

Mr. Archibald was most happy in his domestic life, and of his eleven sons, Edward,

British Consul-General at New York, received a knighthood; as did also Thomas, who became a prominent judge in England. A daughter by his second marriage to Mrs. Brinley—the widow of a British officer—became the wife of Sir Charles Pollock, Baron of the Exchequer, and thus the Master of the Rolls in this little province by the sea had both a son and a son-in-law presiding over English Courts.

In reviewing this remarkable career one is tempted to agree with the late Mr. Longworth (from whose biography of S. G. W. Archibald many of these facts have been culled) that while Nova Scotia has produced many notable men, there is not one—viewed as citizen, lawyer, scholar, politician and judge—of whom his countrymen have greater reason to be proud than of the subject of this brief sketch; who did so much to mould the institutions and shape the destinies of his native land, and, "by a manly independence had vindicated the title of first commoner of his country."

Writing About the Living

By E. J. ARCHIBALD

"The Prime Minister: A Life," by Harold Spender. Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto.

"Woodrow Wilson and His Work," by Professor Wm. E. Dodd. Doubleday Page, New York, \$3.00.

O write the biography of a living man who has played a great part in the affairs of his country or of the world is an ungrateful and, in a sense, a risky undertaking. The initial and really insuperable difficulty is to get a correct perspective. A cynic has said that a statesman is a politician who is dead, and the really great biographers have, almost without exception, accepted that dictum. But assuming that one's subject is still alive, and that circumstances call for a "Life," what is our biographer to do? Impelling circumstances are sure, and are too often to be found in political exigencies or that gratitude which still another cynic has defined as a lively sense of favors to come. Two paths lie open before him. He may choose to make a careful and balanced study of his subject, or he may make his work merely a hymn of praise or hate. Mr. Spender has chosen the first of the two latter courses.

Lloyd George's worst enemies cannot and do not deny to him many of the attributes of greatness: Mr. Spender finds in him nothing but these. Of course, he labored under certain definite limitations. His book is not a long one, and he has set himself to the work of chronicling a wonderfully crowded life within narrow limits. Naturally, he was confined to what are popularly known as the "high spots." But not all of these are illumined by a light of the purest accuracy.

Lloyd George in the hands of Mr. Spender is not human: he is a demigod. Not once, from early boyhood until the time his worshipper regretfully leaves him, does he make a slip, to say nothing of a blunder. One possible exception may be noted: Mr. Spender admits, almost with blushes, that he stayed away from school on one awful day to chase a rabbit or go skating, but hastens to set his hero right by explaining that this never happened again.

On he goes "from strength to strength," like the Christians in the hymn. Carlyle, who found something to admire in hero worship, would be put to the test in the Spender book. The mistakes, the slips, the almost blunders, are carefully glossed over or calmly omitted: the triumphs are set in the dazzling centre of the Spender batteries of searchlights. Whether he be fighting a duke or a Hohenzollern Mr. Lloyd George is inevitably right, not only in his aims but in his methods. If the war went badly, it was because Mr. Lloyd George's counsels were not listened to. When it went well it was because Mr. Lloyd George was at last at the head of affairs. The man is not a mortal, he is a god, omniscient, benign yet terrible, a prophet, a judge in Israel, a giant among pygmies.

This is not to belittle the enormously valuable work done by the British Premier in a life unselfishly devoted to his country's service. It is only to say that with the materials at his disposal, with his almost unparalleled opportunity to study his subject at first hand, and with his literary gift, Mr. Spender might have written a Life of Lloyd George which

would have been much more worth reading. As it is, he has produced a book from which even the ardent Georgeites will turn away with cloyed appetites. It is less a serious study than an election pamphlet. Perhaps that is all it was intended for.

* * * *

Professor Dodd, on the other hand, has been faced with the same problem as Mr. Spender, but has done his work more worthily. He is a "Wilson man"—one sees that on every page—but he has not allowed himself to be so blinded by the worship of a Messiah that he cannot see the mistakes of the man. The result is a book which is well worth reading.

If there is one outstanding criticism to be made of the Dodd book it is that its author has not succeeded in making his subject live for us. But perhaps in this very quality of human unreality he has caught the Wilson atmosphere. In one illuminating sentence he says more than he could have said in a laborious chapter of analysis. The Wilson cabinet was held together, he explains, by the intellectual dominance of its central figure rather than by the spirit of "The Gang's all here." Now "The Gang's all here" is an essential spirit in politics—not using "Gang" in a derogatory sense, but a "Gang" as Roosevelt understood and inspired it, a band of men of ability held to their arduous tasks by the spirit of camaraderie, the comforting if mistaken idea

that upon their single endeavors depended the safety of the whole machine—under God and Roosevelt, and with Roosevelt only half page to the rear of God. Professor Dodd sees his Wilson through other and more accurate spectacles than Mr. Spender sees his Lloyd George. The former admits that the last election slogan of Mr. Wilson, "He kept us out of war," was an unworthy one, and that his hero adopted it with shame. Mr. Spender sees in the outrageous demagoguery of the last Lloyd George election appeals only something to be passed over in discreet silence. Wilson, fighting the wild beasts at Washington or Paris, is at least a man with a man's limitations in Professor Dodd's book: in Mr. Spender's, Lloyd George is almost God incarnate.

Professor Dodd has given us the first, so far as the writer knows, of the careful studies of the Wilson regime which history demands we must have. He has gone to state papers and to contemporary authorities for his sources of information and he is not afraid to quote them. The pale and frigid Wilson almost lives at times, not through his biographer's enthusiasm, but in the penetrating blue light of comparison and analysis. He gives us something of an insight into what Wilson has passed through since his second election. He admires the man immensely, but he has consistently refused to discard enthusiasm for historical fact.



HOPKINS MOORHOUSE.

The Bible as Commentary on Modern Literature*

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

OF all the present day shifts for getting the Bible under the modern cuticle, Dr. Davies' is probably the best. It is at least the most dignified. And further, in the event of its possible failure in the matter of the Bible there is always the probable success in the matter of literature. The by-product of Dr. Davies' failure to get people to read and love the old Book would almost always be, we imagine, his success in getting them into intimacy with Ibsen, Francis Thompson and Masfield. Most other methods for introducing the Bible under the modern cuticle have no redeeming by-products. If Billy Sunday fails in the matter of the Bible, there is nothing left but the slight odor of bad slang. If the ordinary peregrinating variety of countryside evangelist fails, there is a heap of stale emotion growing staler. If the regular minister, following his routine, fails, there is a visible parasite, ubiquitous in a community, and that is all. When Dr. Davies fails—and it is no discourtesy to suggest such a possibility since the difficulty of his task is so notorious—there remains the stimulated interest in literature. And if he succeeds—the Bible is reintroduced to twentieth century minds as something significant, as a source and potency which else had been considered stagnation and dead water.

We are assuming that Dr. Davies has been talking to twentieth century minds. In so far as Toronto may be assumed to contain such. Dr. Davies, in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, would get his share of them as his listeners. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, business men, glowing young insurance agents up in all the divine psychology of salesmanship, clerks, office girls, an occasional labor man—"worker," spelled always nowadays with quotation marks about it—maiden ladies, brokers—among these and such as these there would be alertness, the familiarity with superficiality which is sophistication, ability to make successful snap judgments in the matters that don't really count, inability to judge very well where fundamentals are concerned, self-sufficiency, capability, shallowness, wistfulness, sentiment—the marks of the twentieth century mind. It is just possible that Dr. Davies, in this series of sermons (is the fact that in the book they are called lectures, due to the canny wisdom of the publisher, who no more would

endeavor to lure the public with sermons than an old horse with the halter?) has stimulated the twentieth century mind to a fresh sense of Bible truth. If it can be shown that Bible truth (and, we suppose, Church truth; the two seem to go together) is the truth of Ibsen, Thompson, Masfield, Browning, i.e., that it is the real, emancipated, flavory truth of something one must acknowledge and admire, the truth of life in modern literature, why, that's something new, something fresh, something that makes sermons (or lectures?) in a church significant. At any rate, it is said that Dr. Davies got his hearers in increasing numbers; the young lawyer said: "I like that man, he gave a fine talk on 'The Hound of Heaven'; he's worth hearing."

Dr. Davies is evidently an instance of a modern preacher under the compulsion of issuing a fresh apologia for his Bible in order that he may attract vital hearers. The historical method of criticism, which the dear old Deists of the eighteenth century blundered away at so amazingly, has given us a real Bible, a Bible that is a collection of literary documents, a collection manifesting crudities and barbarities as well as sublimities and excellences. The way to make the Bible vital is to set it alongside other living literature, ancient and modern. When Dr. Davies looks at the Bible alongside modern literature, views it in terms of its power to be commentary, on that literature, and views in turn the power of that literature to be a commentary upon the "sacred text"; he is apt to register in his own mind and in the minds of his hearers a sense of success in the attempts to give to the Bible and "Bible truths" significance in this modern weather; and as we have said, even if this premeditated attempt fails, there is still left a body of interesting commentary upon modern literature—upon Ruskin's "Seven Lamps," Browning's "Saul," Morley's "Gladstone," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Masfield's "Everlasting Mercy," Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," and more.

Most readers of "Spiritual Voices" will feel that Dr. Davies has not failed in his evident main attempt. He has made Bible truth appear the real truth of life. He has vitalised the "old Book" for today. The fact that this needed doing and that it could be done successfully after this fashion awaits the appropriate comment of the cynic, the sentimentalist and the scientific philosopher.

* "Spiritual Voices in Modern Literature," by Trevor H. Davies; Ryerson, Toronto.



Facts of Canadian Immigration*

By F. N. STAPLEFORD

IN contrast to the wealth of literature which exists in the United States in regard to the Immigration question, Canada has but three or four books and a number of scattered articles in periodicals dealing with this question from the purely Canadian standpoint.

A book on this problem is then an event of large significance, and Professor Smith has written a book which will stand out as one of the milestones in the social literature of Canada. The importance of the question of immigration to Canada is shown by some facts brought forward by the author (page 348). "The first decade of the present century shows 1,244,597 persons entered through Canada's open doors and the second decade shows 2,177,072; a total immigration of 3,421,669 in twenty years, but since the population in 1900 was 5,371,315 the figures evidenced that the increase from immigration merely was nearly 64 per cent." Immigration is then, Canada's root problem.

Professor Smith is dealing with the subject in a comprehensive way, as the chapter headings will indicate. The author indicates his method of approach to the subject in the preface. "It is an attempt to understand the significance of the mass of material bound up in Government blue books and to see the far-reaching connection of the influx to this country of various peoples from nearly every land beneath the skies." It is then, a study of documentary sources, an attempt to make available for the general reader information otherwise inaccessible. There is a very considerable amount of this data available, and Professor Smith has evidently secured, read and digested all of this. In the patience of its research and the care with which it selects and weighs data, the book sets a new standard and it will be a real contribution to the effort to establish a scientific approach to social problems. There are a large number of tables of statistics; every page teems with statistical facts, so much so indeed, that some little care has to be exercised in reading the book lest the detail clog the main thread of the argument. The presence of so much data, while it increases the value of the book to the student, may have a tendency to limit to some extent its reading constituency. It will be for many years valuable as a source book, and, in spite of the fact just noted, will be a widely read and widely useful book.

The style of the book is clear and the method adopted is not to prove a thesis, but to submit the available data, analyse it and leave

largely to the reader the task of passing judgment. A good many loose statements are shown to be without foundation, and the whole situation put in a clear and understandable light. Naturally many of the statistics had to be based on the 1911 census, and a very large percentage of the immigration took place since that date. This difficulty has been overcome, as far as possible, by a study of Government reports and special investigations, and articles dealing with subsequent conditions. The fact that the book is a study based on documentary sources is important, in that one will not expect that it will convey that human, intimate sort of picture which is only possible to those who have first-hand contacts with the immigrant as a real flesh and blood individual. The chapters dealing with the Immigration Groups deal with the question, then, from the more abstract point of view. We see the relation of these groups to Canadian life, also some of the problems which the immigrant must meet, but it is of course impossible to have in a study of this kind an interpretation of the psychology of the immigrant. We do not look out upon Canada through the immigrant's eyes and feel and know his reactions to it all. This is not intended as a criticism; Professor Smith simply has not written that kind of a book.

The author has strongly in his mind the whole question of citizenship raised by the war. The question of the immigrant as human material is discussed in the chapters on mental defect, illiteracy and crime, and in these chapters and in fact throughout the book, one of the dominant interests is to discover how far the various racial groups are able to make a contribution to Canadian citizenship. It goes without saying that many people might be admitted who will be a strength to the economic life of the country and yet through their unwillingness or incapacity to assume the duties and responsibilities of citizenship constitute a real problem. The writer is in no way prejudiced against the alien, and states the case in each instance fairly and impartially. The importance of strengthening the British connection and the British tradition makes him, however, pass over somewhat too lightly the problems connected with British immigration. The facts in relation to this immigration are, of course, stated, but the writer appears somewhat unwilling to face the logic of his own facts. There is no dispute about the desirability of securing the major portion of our immigration from British sources, but those who are in somewhat close grips with the lower grade of British immigrants, as these congregate in large cities, cannot entirely share

*"A Study in Canadian Immigration," by W. G. Smith, B.A., Associate Professor of Psychology in Toronto University; Ryerson Press, Toronto.

his optimism. Not all, by any means, of these immigrants go to the suburbs, build their shack towns and in a few years come through their period of struggle to success. That such a large number do go through this process is a very hopeful feature, but there still remain those who help to congest the central areas of our cities.

The two final chapters on "Future Immigration" and "Some Present Needs" contain some constructive suggestions which will doubtless be widely approved. Prof. Smith adopts the view that whatever might be the case before the war, Canada now certainly needs no advertisement, and that the expenditure of large sums for the solicitation of immigrants is totally unnecessary. The money formerly spent in soliciting immigrants he suggests should be spent in the examination of immigrants, and he very properly points out that the best place this can be done with the least injury to the immigrant, in case of rejection, is in the country from which that immigrant comes. "Either the Canadian Government should maintain at the great ports of embarkation a properly qualified staff to carefully examine every immigrant before going on shipboard; or the various transportation companies engaged in carrying immigrant passengers must be required to make the proper selection." Both of these proposals are argued at some length. The author also discusses the literacy test as another method of the selective process. The movement of the United States to secure this legislation is reviewed and the general conclusion seems to be favorable.

The author also urges that much greater attention be given to the reception of immigrants and their adjustment to Canadian life. In place then, of spending large sums to get immigrants to Canada, the view is urged that it would be much better to spend this money in helping the immigrants to adapt themselves and in bringing to them on their first entry to the country a kindness of treatment which would do much to win their allegiance as citizens. The suggestion is made that the cost of the immigration service, both in this regard and also in connection with the ports of embarkation, should be borne by a small head tax on the incoming immigrants, unless the poll-tax accrued from Chinese immigrants be devoted to this purpose.

The concluding pages of the book strongly urge the further development of schools as community centres and other such positive influences which would bring the immigrant into intelligent relation with our community and national life. Many illustrations are drawn from the West to show the possibilities in this regard.

Altogether Professor Smith has written a most timely and most helpful book. It has been impossible to give even in most generalized form a summary of the contents, so packed with information are these four hundred pages. Speakers and public men who wish to deal with this question will feel a real sense of gratitude that it is no longer necessary to urge the importance and gravity of immigration as a Canadian problem by means of illustrations drawn from United States sources.

The Life of Sir Wilfred Laurier

Prof. O. D. Skelton's "Life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier," which has been running in serial form in the Century Magazine, will probably be issued as a book by the Century Company in the United States, and by S. B. Gundy in Canada, during the coming autumn. It will undoubtedly be the outstanding Canadian biography of a good many years. Not only are the character and career of the subject exceptionally interesting, but the author represents a combination of learning and literary skill which ideally qualifies him for his task. The biography has attracted much admiration in the course of its serial publication. The book, however, will be a very much more substantial and documented piece of writing than the serial. The already large sources of information at Prof. Skelton's disposal have been notably enhanced since the publication in the Century, by contributions of important letters, memoranda and anecdotes from friends

of the great statesman, and much of this matter is being incorporated in the final work.

Prof. Skelton is perhaps more of a historian than a biographer, and perhaps even more of an economist than a historian. This does not in any way disqualify him as the ideal biographer of the late Liberal leader. Sir Wilfrid's private life is a pleasing but not an absorbing spectacle. It is in proportion as it touches the history of Canada, in which Sir Wilfrid was the commanding figure for twenty years, that it becomes important and interesting. And the history of those twenty years was as much economic as political, and would be misrepresented if handled by a historian with the customary negligent attitude towards economics. In spite of his predilection for the economic side, Prof. Skelton has shown a lively interest and an almost unexpected skill in the depiction of the personal character of Sir Wilfrid and his associates.

An Adventure in Working-Class Education

By J. A. DALE

MR MANSBRIDGE begins his account of the Worker's Educational Association with the remark that "educational adventures . . . are numerous and full of romance." So indeed they are, though the element of romance, of adventure, is the last thing we look for in most educational circles. And the last thing that would be welcomed in many too. For it involves personal initiative, and freedom, and variety, which are just the things the educational authoritarian and the educational dullard dislike and fear. Much educational effort is wasted, with deadly conscientiousness, in reducing individual differences and all their rainbow promise, to the commonest and lowest of Lowest Common Terms. But here is a real romance, from its earliest struggles against apathy and omniscience, to its present commanding position pointing out the Highway along which all civilized educational systems are destined to travel.

It was adventure at every step, more so than Mr Mansbridge can fully tell, seeing that he was himself its errant knight. I have no space to do more than make a few references. The adventure began when a young co-operator started going the rounds of labor meetings with the gospel of liberal education as the sequel of elementary schooling which gave it its real meaning and value. Technical education was easy to understand for workman and government alike, but what was this? Where did it lead? To a fuller and richer life, was the answer; and to that everyone who has the capacity has the right! He expressed his message with a rare yet simple eloquence which won him applause and sympathy and even resolutions, while it was still not clear what was to be done. But it won him the devoted friendship of a few who shared his ideals, and who were in time to help him carry them through. One historic scene I must recall. A committee meeting, one of a long, long series: Mansbridge had announced that with the hearty approval of his wife he was going to give up his employment and trust to the Association for a living. He left the room for us to discuss the matter, but with the Parthian shot that he would take no denial. We felt the responsibility very heavy and talked it over seriously. But we knew that we were only just cautious, fumbling committeemen, nervous about finances, while he had drawn the sword of the spirit and taken the vow of Blake that it should not "sleep in his hand."

You must read for yourselves the condensed

story of how the trade unions and co-operatives became convinced. We will call it the romance of the letterhead "A Federation of . . . Educational and Workers' Organizations." The blank would have been 12 for 1904, it is "over 3000" for 1920. Then there is the conquest of the universities. Is it not romance that Oxford, her oldest college going back to the 13th century, with all her long and varied experience of service, shall call in workmen to meet her academic authorities round her table to hear what working-folk think of, and hope from, universities, and to see what they can offer? I need hardly say that much candid talk resulted; but much more than that even in tangible results. One consequence was the remarkable Report which is among the documents which the Association has contributed to the history of democratic education. And another was the foundation of the University Tutorial Classes, which is England's most characteristic contribution to the higher education of democracy. The day was soon to come when every university had its joint committee of labor and college representatives, to express the demand, and provide the supply, of liberal education for adults.

The real romance here is in the story of individual students and classes—what they studied, under what disabilities and with what enthusiasm they persisted. But their number is almost as wonderful; it had risen from 237 (in 8 classes) in 1908-9, to considerably over 5,000 (exact number not available—in 230 classes) in 1919-20. Branches are everywhere, usually in industrial districts, but spreading in the country, 300 in all, and the number of individual members, i.e., not belonging as members of affiliated organizations, is about 20,000. About the significance of these figures, enormously increased since the war, I will only say this, that they represent the most intelligent and best organized and informed body of public opinion on education to be found anywhere. Mansbridge is its representative on the Consultation Committee of the Board of Education.

I have room only for reference to one more adventure—the conquest of Australia!—and leave that great achievement to my readers to explore. Mansbridge and his gallant wife paid the price of knight-errantry. Overworked for many years, he was worked beyond the limit in Australia. In Montreal he was seriously ill and only made one public appearance; in England he was stricken down, and had a narrow escape at a slow recovery. But now, after admirable war work, he has founded a World Association for Adult Education: with Masáryk (President of Czecho-Slovakia) as

* "An Adventure in Working-class Education" by Albert Mansbridge. Longmans, London, 1920, 73 p., 6s.

president; with eager workers in nearly all countries, especially the war-torn. Its first English work is for that peculiarly difficult and neglected body, the seamen of the merchant marine.

One more touch. Mansbridge was to have delivered the Lowell lectures at Harvard this spring, but was prevented by his appointment to the Commission of Enquiry into the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

A Defence of Secret Diplomacy

By W. S. WALLACE

IN this age of great popular heresies, the *advocatus diaboli* has a very useful function to perform. We accept our ideas nowadays in the most uncritical way from the Solomons of the daily press, worshipping at the shrines they set up, with a slavishness beside which the orthodoxy of our ancestors was enlightened indeed; and it is only when some devil's advocate comes along that we begin to realize that the devil has some good tunes after all. We all subscribe, for example, to the doctrine of national "self-determination"—until a writer like Mr. Alfred Zimmern brings it home to us that it is "a poor and unhelpful substitute for the Christian doctrine of human brotherhood." We all pay homage to the formula of "no annexations"—until it is pointed out to us that this formula is merely "a cynical Socialist catchword invented by those who can conceive of no relation between the strong and the weak but one of rapine and exploitation," and that the Christian alternative to the formula is the principle of trusteeship.

Perhaps there is no popular formula which has gained a wider acceptance of recent years than the doctrine that diplomacy should be "open" rather than "secret." It has come, indeed, to be an article of faith with many people that secret diplomacy was one of the chief, if not the chief, cause of the Great War. It is therefore refreshing, and conducive to clearness of thought, to come across a book such as Mr. Heatley's "Diplomacy and the Study of International Relations,"* in which a thorough-going defence is made of the view that diplomacy to be effective must be secret.

Mr. Heatley's book divides itself into two parts. The first is an essay, covering some seventy-five pages, on "Diplomacy and the Conduct of Foreign Policy, and the second is a series of chapters on "The Literature of International Relations." The second part, together with the illustrative documents in the appendix, will be found of great interest to the student of foreign policy; but it is to the first part that the general reader will turn with particular interest and attention.

Mr. Heatley is anything but controversial. He attacks his subject from the historical angle; and indeed there is such a wealth of

historical allusion in his pages, such a plethora of historical illustration and quotation, that the wood is sometimes in danger of being obscured by the trees. But the trend of his sympathies is abundantly clear. He shows that the first ambassadors were in reality spies; he quotes numerous authoritative pronouncements as to the necessity for secrecy in negotiations; and when he comes to the present day, he does not hesitate to say:

Those who have to conduct business between nations cannot, without detriment and disaster, violate the rules and methods that are essential to the conduct of business and to success. Instruments and agents may vary with conditions. They may come to be quite unexceptionable in work and character. But the need for circumspection is not likely to become less (p. 73).

To the advocates of an open diplomacy he thus presents his compliments:

Those in Britain who have lately criticized the very foundations of the British plan of conducting foreign policy, on the ground of its disregard of democratic ideals and national rights, are neither genuinely democratic nor genuinely national. . . . Many of them there are who have been influenced by considerations of an extraneous kind—by an economic bias, for example, with the consequences it seems to entail in spheres not primarily or not exclusively economic, or by a diffused and bounteous humanitarianism of not less secure foundations.

We must never forget that any movement of this character—and there are more than one in our midst, and there are likely to be more still—must proceed with some approximation to equal step and equal weight in the several leading States, if it is not to carry with it grave misfortune for that State which outruns the rest in trust and confidence in men and humanity (pp. 74-75).

It is easy to dismiss such views as these as reactionary. But when we find an historical scholar, steeped, as Mr. Heatley without question is, in the history of diplomacy and international relations, deliberately adopting such views, it should give the rest of us food for thought. Can it be true that "open diplomacy" is not, as we have fondly imagined, a panacea for the ills of the world, but on the contrary a dangerous and ineffective substitute for "secret diplomacy"?

Mr. Heatley's book is not a great book. It has defects which a more technical critic might feel under obligation to point out, and which the author might be the first to admit. But it has distinct value for anyone who is interested in the problem of international relations: and in its challenge to the champions of "open diplomacy," it strikes a note which is wholly salutary.

* D. F. Heatley, "Diplomacy and the Study of International Relations," Gundy, Toronto, \$2.50.

The New "Labor Christianity"

A LITTLE book just published in Toronto by McClelland & Stewart, containing only 168 pages, and written by a Toronto minister who has several times been a centre of violent controversy, is quite likely to attract more attention throughout the English-speaking world than any other Canadian publication of the year. "The New Christianity, or the Religion of the New Age," by Salem Goldworth Bland, D.D., the well-known Methodist minister and Socialist leader of Winnipeg and Toronto, is an arresting book because it is written by a man who thinks and who dares to say with utter frankness what he thinks, even about religion, and who has the gift of eloquence to state his thoughts with power. Dr. Bland believes that Protestant Christianity is passing away; that it is synonymous with Teutonic and Bourgeois Christianity; that it will be superseded by a new Christianity chiefly arising in North America, and therefore termed by him American Christianity, and chiefly concerned with that universal brotherhood which he conceives to be the aim and spirit of organized labor, and therefore alternately named Labor Christianity. Christianity, he points out, has existed in a series of different phases: Jewish, Greek, Latin, Teutonic, each corresponding to the requirements of a society and a period; the society and the period which produced Protestantism are vanishing. Protestantism was the religion of the middle classes, of individualism, of property and business. It betrayed the peasants in the very country and era of its origin, and has been neglecting the lowly ever since. The age of property, of individualism, of the bourgeoisie, has, so Dr. Bland conceives, come to an end. We have reached the age of social brotherhood, of the ascendancy of the worker, of co-operation for service instead of competition for profit. The labor movement puts down the individual to exalt the whole, subordinates the worker to the good of the workers, treats all as equal who comply with its requirement of working or a living and not aiming at a profit. "Christianity has never found such an expression as the Labor movement promises to give it." The American Church (American in the continental sense, and with Western Canada occupying a rather leading place) will be a Labor Church; Christianity, already in turn aristocratic (the Roman Catholic hierarchy) and bourgeois (Protestantism), will "undergo a third transformation and, in a society dominated by Labor organizations, will become democratic and brotherly."

The historic knowledge, the originality of thought, and the passionateness of conviction with which this thesis is presented will win

it many admirers and the attention of all students of contemporary thought. That it will be most strenuously combatted goes without saying. To us it seems that Dr. Bland puts far too much faith in the unselfishness of the Labor movement—or perhaps we should say in the capacity of that movement to remain unselfish in the day of ascendancy; it is easy for any class of men or women to abstain from seeking profits when they have no chance of making them, but will they still abstain from seeking profits (perhaps under another name) when they are in control of the mechanism by which profits are made? It seems also that Dr. Bland is in error in some of the purely economic aspects of his argument: He demands a change not merely in the system of our economy but in its motive: history gives plenty of examples of changes in the organization, but none of changes in the motive. The great majority of men have at all times worked only under pressure of one or other of two motives—desire of advancement (not necessarily for self, but for other individuals loved or favored), or compulsion (slavery or the prospect of starvation). The great majority of men will not work, earnestly and consistently, except from one or other of these two motives; and we fancy that a considerable majority would not work very much except for the latter. There have always been exceptions—men actuated to great endeavor by religion, by art, by charity, by love of fame, by public spirit, by a sheer passion for work itself. But society cannot live by the work of exceptions; it needs the work of all. And frankly, we do not look forward to life in a society which has no impulsion towards work save an unselfish desire for service. It is one thing to declare that men *should* be actuated by unselfish motives; it is quite another thing to organize on the assumption that they will be.

Nor do we share Dr. Bland's identification of Public Ownership with Christianity. "To discredit and attack the principle of public ownership," he tells us, "is to discredit and attack Christianity." This is an expression of that astounding deification of the community which is part of so much of the "uplift" thought of the present age, and which curiously goes hand in hand with the most vehement denunciation of all existing political organization—in other words, of all the machinery which the community possesses for carrying on its functions. It is due to a confusion of thought against which a theologian, schooled in the distinction between the Church as a spiritual body, the representative of Christ upon earth, and the Church as a collection of mutable and fallible human institutions,

should have been thoroughly armed; a confusion between an ideal community whose sole pursuit must be the highest good of all its members, and the real community as exhibited in our nations, our provinces, our cities, with their incessant selfish conflicts and compromises, their negligent citizenry, their incompetent bureaucracy, their subserviency to the strong and their contempt for the economically weak. Dr. Bland may reply that these evils of the existent forms of community organization are due to the profit system; that if nobody were allowed to make or hold profits everybody would work with an undivided zeal for the common good, municipally, nationally, cosmically. Is this assumption true? Profits can indeed be abolished by law; they are an institution. Selfishness cannot be abolished by law; it is an element in human character. Would not selfishness take some other form if debarred from expressing itself in the acquisition of wealth? Would there not remain the

pursuits of influence, of prestige, of authority, of social position (which can exist without the basis of unequal wealth), of the privilege of being lazy at the public expense? Is there any justification for expecting that the community will ever be a true expression of the best interests of all its members, that its machinery will not continue to be manipulated by the most powerful in their own interests and against the interests of the weak? It may well be that one class will constitute the powerful at one time of the world's history and another class at another time; it may well be that the organized workers of certain essential trades may prove to be the powerful of the next economic epoch. If so, even as the powerful of all ages have used their power for their own ends, so we may expect that the organized railway men or coal workers will use their power for their own profit, either monetary or in some other kind. There will always be a Plumb to show them the way.

New Edition of "Blue Water"



FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

The Musson Book Company, Toronto, have published a new and very much more satisfactory edition of "Blue Water" by Frederick William Wallace, the secretary of the Canadian Fisheries Association and well-known writer on marine subjects. This book, when it first appeared, was much handicapped by an unsatisfactory garb, and now that the growing interest in Captain Wallace's work has made another edition necessary, the publishers have taken the opportunity to bring it out in a style befitting its merits, and with a frontispiece and slip cover done from the author's own photographs. "Blue Water" is a picturesque account of life in the Nova Scotia fishing fleet, told in a straightforward manner by one who has participated in it and loved it, and not merely studied it for literary purposes. Captain Wallace can describe a stern at sea just as it appears to a sailor, interested in the business of fighting it and getting his craft and himself to safety; he can describe a fight between two highly able-bodied fishermen, and make it look like a natural part of the day's work, instead of a Homeric conflict between two demigods, such as the ordinary "red-blood" novelist seeks to depict.

Among Books and Bookish People

PROFESSOR LASKI'S LATEST.

The Oxford University Press and the Yale University Press announce a new book by Professor Harold J. Laski, entitled, "Authority in the Modern State," which is described as a sequel to, but covering rather broader ground than, his "Studies in the Problem of Sovereignty." The author explains the necessary basis of the State in the individual mind, and emphasizes the unsatisfactory character of any political attitude which does not examine the relation of obedience to freedom. Mr Laski is well remembered in Canada, for the highly stimulating character of his public utterances on many economic and political subjects. He is now leaving Harvard, after an equally spectacular career, to take a very responsible post in the London School of Economics.

YALE SERIES OF YOUNGER POETS.

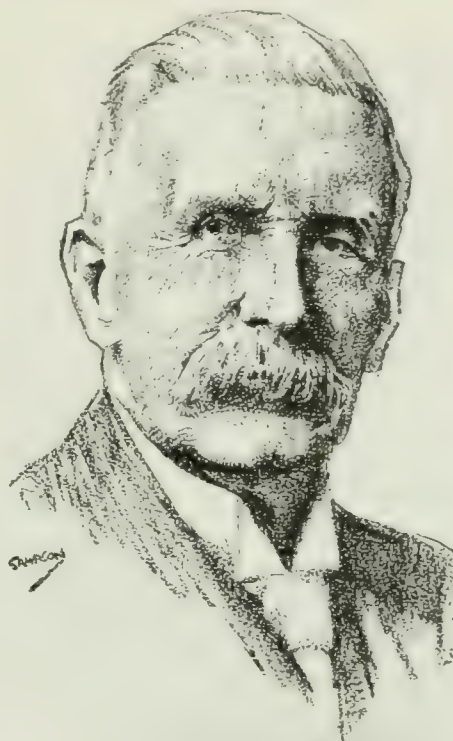
The Yale University Press has commenced the publication of the Yale Series of Younger Poets, a collection of neat but inexpensive brochures which is "designed to afford a publishing medium for the work of young men and women who have not yet secured a wide public recognition." The first two booklets are "The Tempering," by Howard Buck, and "Forgotten Shrines," by John Chipman Farrar. Both are, as might be expected, distinctly young men's verse, their writers being successive recipients of the Albert S. Cook prize for Yale poetry. Mr. Farrar is much influenced by the younger English poets, particularly Dalter de la Mare. Mr. Buck's book is largely devoted to experiences of the war. Its most promising element is the strong, half-humorous, half-ashamed expression of a boy's affection for the scenes and surroundings of his happy family life. It is to be hoped that some day some Canadian university will have a press at its disposal to perform a corresponding service for youthful Canadian poets.

MR. HOPKINS MOORHOUSE'S NEW NOVEL.

The Musson Co. announce for immediate publication, a new and thoroughly Canadian novel by Hopkins Moorhouse, whose book on the wheat industry and wheat politics, "Deep Furrows," attracted so much attention a year ago. It is entitled "Every Man for Himself," and is described as a mystery story, crammed with action, and containing not a single word about the war. Mr. Moorhouse is a native of London, Ont., and a graduate of Western University in that city, but he has lived for a good many years in places where the idea of an Ontario University calling itself western is greeted with a wild ha! ha! He has been a successful short story writer for several years, but this is his first full-size novel.

COL. G. T. DENISON'S REMINISCENCES.

The Musson Co. will shortly issue in book form the reminiscences which Col. G. T. Denison has been contributing serially to the Canadian Magazine. They are an entertaining collection of anecdotes relating to the work of a Toronto Police Magistrate, and include references to an immense number of the well-known personages of by-gone days in Toronto.



COL. GEORGE T. DENISON

The author has probably had a more picturesque and diversified experience than anybody upon the Canadian Bench today, and his anecdotes are full of that mellow personality which has made him the life-long recipient of the affection of his fellow citizens.

"SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN SERIES.

Thomas Nelson and Sons are agents in Canada for a delightful series of books published by T. C. & E. C. Jack known as the "Shown to the Children" series, and sold in this country at one dollar. The books are pocket size and are handsomely illustrated with numerous three-color plates. Recent additions are "Work and Workers" by Arthur O. Cooke, which describes and illustrates a great number of different vocations, and "Railways" by G. S. Dickson, which will fascinate the juvenile mind with its forty-eight pictures of steam transport in operation, ranging from the Liverpool & Manchester line of 1830 to the Brennan mono-rail. There are now some twenty volumes in the series, which is being continually expanded.

PROVINCIAL LIBRARIAN OF MANITOBA

The appointment of W. J. Healy to the post of Provincial Librarian of Manitoba is a recognition of a journalistic lifetime largely devoted to the propagation of good taste and knowledge of the arts among the people of Canada. Mr. Healy is a graduate of the University of Toronto, having taken honor classics, with mathematics as an extra. After a very few years in journalism, he rose to the responsible position of Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto Mail, and was for six years Secretary of the Press Gallery at the national



W. J. HEALY

capital. Later, he was associated with A. T. Wilgress, now King's Printer at Toronto, in the publication of the Brockville Daily Times, after which he went west to join the Winnipeg Free Press as Associate Editor. While on the Free Press, he made a name for himself by instituting the column called "Heliograms," in which he showed a lively humor, and a wide acquaintance with literature. When the western farmers began to become wealthy, and to exhibit an interest in the aesthetic affairs of life, they invited Mr. Healy to impart an air of culture to the Grain Growers' Guide. From 1911 to 1918 he was Western Canadian Correspondent of the Commercial Intelligence Branch of the British Board of Trade. An ardent devotee of music, Mr. Healy was one of the editors of the University of Toronto Song-book, which has so long been the basis of the musical culture of university-trained Canadians.

THE ROUND TABLE QUARTERLY.

The price of that invaluable periodical of high-political information, the Round Table Quarterly, has been increased to \$5.00 per annum, and a systematic effort is being made by the Macmillan Co. to enlarge its circulation in Canada. There is probably no periodical better calculated to assist the Canadian student of politics in making up his mind on those numerous questions which present themselves with increasing force, as Canada's responsibilities outside of her own borders continue to extend. The June number includes an exceedingly able review of the action of the action of the United States in regard to the Treaty, and a brief but pregnant pronouncement upon the situation in Ireland, which concludes by urging its rulers "to follow the example of Abraham Lincoln, take up the challenge, and employ all the resources of the State to suppress murder and crime and so make it possible for reasonable men of good will once more to play their part."

APPLETON'S ROAD GUIDES.

The Musson Book Co. are performing a notable service to Canadian road travellers of every kind in issuing the Appleton Road Guides, which appear in a handy pocket form, each book covering an area of about 250 by 100 miles, and containing two sheet maps on a scale of six miles to the inch, with all roads, towns, villages, and the chief natural features, and inset maps of the large cities. An index enables all localities to be found without difficulty. Main motoring roads are distinguished by a heavy black line. There are four volumes at present issued, No. 1 running from Detroit to Toronto, No. 2 from Goderich to Belleville, No. 3 from Belleville to Montreal, and No. 4 from Hull and Huntingdon to Quebec and Sherbrooke. The books are fifty cents each.

CANADIAN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

The old established quarterly of the University of Toronto Press, known since 1896 as "The Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," has exhibited great common-sense in changing that overwhelming title to the Canadian Historical Review, and somewhat altering its character and arrangement in the direction of suiting a larger public. The second issue of the new series appeared in June, and, in addition to the usual reviews of historical publications, contains a very important article by Prof. W. S. Wallace on "The Growth of Canadian National Feeling," and a plea for a Canadian National Library by Lawrence J. Burpee. The reviews, as hitherto, are all signed. The Review costs two dollars a year, and in its new and wider scope it should fill a very useful and important place.

WILL E. INGERSOLL DOING A NOVEL.

Will E. Ingersoll, the Winnipeg newspaper man and short story writer, who was the sole Canadian to be honored in O'Brien's "Short Stories of 1919," has a new novel under way which will probably be published this autumn. He is a young writer who has been maturing



WILL. E. INGERSOLL

very rapidly, and who is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the West. It begins to look as though Winnipeg may become a literary centre for the production of a special type of Canadian fiction.

BOB EDWARDS' SUMMER ANNUAL.

Canada has at last commenced to produce a species of literature which, although not without importance, has not hitherto been manufactured in this country. We refer to the species known as Summer Annual or Winter Annual, as the case may be, and exemplified in England by the annuals of that interesting creature, "The Snark." The task of producing such a publication for Canada could have fallen to no other person than "Bob" Edwards of the "Calgary Eye-Opener," a periodical which is *sui generis* in this Dominion, and need make no apology to any other of our periodicals. "Bob Edwards' Summer Annual" is published by the Musson Book Co., Ltd., at sixty cents per copy. Mr Edwards and Mr. Musson have reached a friendly compromise as to the degree of naughtiness to be permitted in it, which is consequently much less than one would expect from one of them, and rather more than one would expect from the other

We are frank to admit that in our opinion, Canada needed this kind of a publication and owes Mr. Edwards a debt of gratitude for providing it. Copies of it will be sent home to good old England, and out to Australia and to the Malay States, and even to New York, by people who would not dream of boosting Canadian literature abroad by sending copies of Sir John Willison's *Reminiscences*, Dr. Watson's "The Twentieth Plane," or poems of Robert Stanley Weir. The 1920 Annual is not unnaturally devoted largely to the Prince, prohibition and high prices. So much solemn and somnolent English has been poured forth upon these three topics that Mr Edwards' frivolities are quite refreshing.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

The most interesting of recent additions to that admirable pocket series the World's Classics, of the Oxford University Press (S. P. Gundy, Toronto), is Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Bronte," which, originally published in 1857, is still one of the greatest feminine biographies in English literature. Special interest attaches to the introduction by Clement Shorter, the leading authority on the Brontes and also on Mrs. Gaskell. In this introduction is included a long letter, hitherto unpublished, in which Mrs. Gaskell gives a descriptive account of her visit to the Bronte home—a wonderful piece of atmospheric description. We suggest, however, that although Mrs. Gaskell's handwriting may have been ambiguous, there is an error, either of the editor's or the printer's, in the reading of a phrase describing the character of the small landed proprietors of Yorkshire, who were then beginning to grow rich by developing the water powers of their hills. Mr. Shorter makes Mrs. Gaskell say that they were "uneducated—more strained by public opinion—for their equals in condition are as bad as themselves, and the poor, besides being densely ignorant, are all dependent on their employers." Undoubtedly, what Mrs. Gaskell meant was "unrestrained by public opinion."

AN ADMIRABLE POCKET SERIES.

There is no more pleasing form of pocket novel than the Nelson reprints which are now being sold at two shillings in England and fifty cents in this country, and which are being steadily added to by the addition of fresh works by standard writers. A feature of the series is the recent date of many of the volumes included. Several of the best books of Maurice Hewlett, W. W. Jacobs, Arnold Bennett and John Buchan are to be had, as well as such older writers as Marion Crawford, George Gissing and Conan Doyle. The type is large and the paper good.

Who's Who Among Contributors

Louise Morey Bowman, (Mrs. Archibald Abercromby Bowman), of Toronto, is a Canadian of English descent, born in Sherbrooke, Que., the daughter of Mr. Samuel Foote Morey and Lily Louise Dyer of Utica, N.Y. She was educated privately and at Dana Hall (Wellesley) specializing in literature and music, and devoting some years to violin study. She submitted no manuscripts for publication until after her return from some months of European travel and her marriage; her first published poem appearing in the Outlook in May, 1913. Her verse has also appeared in various Canadian and American publications including the University Magazine and "Poetry" (Chicago).

Eugène Louis Chicanot was born in Sunderland, England, twenty-eight years ago. As his name indicates, his father was French, but his mother was English, and he was educated at St. Mary's College, Rugby, coming early to Canada, settling in Alberta, where he taught school for some years, then joining the editorial staff of the Calgary Herald, which he left to go overseas with the 2nd Field Ambulance. He returned to Calgary last summer after being gassed and wounded. He is a regular contributor to Canadian, British and American publications, and is at present Assistant Editor of "Agricultural and Industrial Progress in Canada," published by the Department of Colonization and Development, C. P. R., Montreal.

W. H. Clawson, born in St. John, N.B., in 1879, graduated from the University of New Brunswick in 1900 and obtained his Ph.D. at Harvard in 1907. Was for three years professor of English in the University of New Brunswick, and has been since 1907 a member of the staff in English at Toronto, where he is now assistant professor in University College. He has published a critical analysis of The Gest of Robin Hood in The University of Toronto Studies, and is a Vice-President of the American Folk-Lore Society.

William Arthur Deacon, born at Pembroke, Ont., 1890, educated at Stanstead College and the University of Toronto, began a business career in 1909 which he gave up to study law in 1914, graduating at Manitoba University with LL.B. in 1918, and is now practising law in Winnipeg. Has written "In Fame's Antechamber," containing appreciative studies of Lord Dunsany, Edgar Lee Masters, etc., yet unpublished, numerous essays contributed to magazines, and is the founder of Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society.

Rev. Richard Ferguson Dixon is a native of the county of Cumberland, England, and was born a few miles from the Scottish border.

Educated at Blencowe Grammar School and Clifton College, he came in early life to Ontario, and after a course at Huron College, London, was ordained by the late Bishop Hellmuth. Has held various parishes in Ontario and Nova Scotia, and is at present Rector of Horton, N.S., and Rural Dean of Avon. He has acted as Canadian correspondent for a number of Church papers in England and America, has contributed to many Canadian religious and secular periodicals, also to Chambers' Journal, the London Guardian, etc., and for six years edited "Church Work," the organ of the Anglican Church in the Maritime Provinces.

Helen Fairbairn, born in Montreal, was for some time secretary to the late Mr. C. H. Gould, Librarian of McGill University, and since going to Toronto twelve years ago has been secretary to Mr. H. H. Langton, Librarian of the University of Toronto. "I used to write occasionally for Montreal newspapers and weeklies, but I am sorry to say that for years the exigencies of life forced literary interests into the background, and it is only lately that, for love of it, I have again taken to writing verse."

John Edward Hoare was born in London, England, in 1886. Educated Winchester College, and Oriel College, Oxford (B.A. 1907, M.A. 1911); was assistant editor of the Isis. Specialised in study of the drama. In business in London, 1907 to 1910; contributed to various periodicals. Came to Montreal 1911, entered Dale & Co., Ltd., marine insurance; now secretary-treasurer. In 1911 initiated movement for bringing to Canada the Horniman Repertory Company of Manchester, as carried out in 1912-13 by Dr. (now Sir) Andrew Macphail and Mr. D. S. Walker. Contributor to University Magazine, etc. War service: Joined McGill O.T.C. in September 1914. Commission, August 1915. Left Canada with 148th Battalion C.E.F., 1916. Transferred to Engineers—Signals. Demobilised and returned to Canada, July, 1919.

Cecil Francis Lloyd was born in the county of Leicester, England, in November, 1884, acquiring his early education at a London Grammar school, Old St. Paul's. Came to Ontario at the age of fourteen, later returning to London, where he spent two terms at the University. Devoted the next three years to travelling in Europe and the East, finally going to Winnipeg in 1911, where he still lives. "The only two wise things I ever did were to be born and to come West, and since for the first I am not responsible, I claim full credit for the last. What do I like? O, a lot of things! Apple pie, for instance, and flowers, and Homer, Keats, Browning, the

Bible, 'Lavengro,' Elia, the Religio Medici, Gibbon's Rome and the 'Apologia Pro Vita Sua.' How I love that title. I often spring it on a chance acquaintance, rolling it grandly, as a High-Church curate rolls the word 'damnation,' and then walk away leaving him with the impression that I know Latin."

Enid A. McGregor, born in McMaster Hall, Toronto, daughter of the late Principal D. A. McGregor of Toronto Baptist College (afterwards known as McMaster University), spent her childhood in the little town of Princeton, Ont., was educated in Woodstock Collegiate Institute and McMaster University, graduating in 1912; taught for four years in the High Schools in Durham and Tillsonburg, Ont., after which she returned to Toronto in the capacity of Librarian and Reader in English at McMaster University, while pursuing post-graduate work in English.

✕ **Lloyd Roberts**, born in Fredericton, N.B., a son of Charles G. D. Roberts, and now living in Ottawa, was connected with McClure's Magazine at the age of eighteen, was an editor of the Outing Magazine at twenty-one, and entered the Civil Service at twenty-eight. "England Over Seas," a small book of verse published by Elkin Mathews, London, shortly before the war, was given a full-page review by the Sketch, and Dr. J. D. Logan, in Canada, hailed it as a "second renaissance" of Canadian literature. Since then, Mr. Roberts has written more verse, three plays, and many essays which have been published in a Boston paper.

Effie May Ross was born in Harbour Grace Newfoundland, the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman who, on his retirement from the ministry, settled in Truro, N.S. Miss Ross

there attended the public schools, and later made a specialty of English, elocution, piano and singing at the Halifax Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music. She later went abroad, continuing advanced work in music in London and Edinburgh, and after five years there and in Europe returned to Truro, going from there to visit Newfoundland, Bermuda, the West Indies, British Guiana, and again to England, shortly before the war. Miss Ross has contributed various historical, biographical, artistic, and musical articles, and others concerning her travels and general subjects, to different Canadian periodicals during recent years.

Charles William Stokes, born in London, England, 1886, educated privately and at the University of London, was for two years in newspaper and publishing work. In 1907 he joined the European staff of the C.P.R., moving in 1912 to Calgary, and in 1917 to Montreal as Assistant General Publicity Agent of the company. Is the author of many of the C.P.R. brochures, and has contributed stories, articles and verse to numerous Canadian, British and American magazines and newspapers.

Frances Beatrice Taylor, born in Brussels, Ont. in May, 1891, is at present engaged in journalistic work on a daily paper in London. She has done a limited amount of short-story writing, but her chief literary work has been poetry, a love for which was early induced by her father, an Ontario barrister. Miss Taylor last autumn shared in the prize offered by the Ottawa Arts and Letters Club for the best Canadian poem in an open class, dividing the first award with a Toronto poet. Her verse, of which "Triumph" is a fair sample, is mainly of a serious nature, somewhat severe in construction.



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Park, J. Edgar	The Good Results of Bad Habits	1.65	—	A.
Parkin, Sir George R.	Round the Empire	1.00	278	M. & S.
Paine, A Bigelow	The Best of Mark Twain	1.75	297	M.
Peddle, J. R.	The British Citizen. (A Book for Young Readers)	2.6	—	B.
Postgate, J. P.	The New Latin Primer	1.10	219	M. & S.
Radhakrishnan, S.	Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy	4.00	—	McM.
Rapports Faits Aux Conferences de la Haye de 1899 et 1907		5.00	—	A.
Redlick, E. B.	Introduction to Old Testament Study	2.00	—	McM.

NON-FICTION

AUTHOR	TITLE	PRICE	PAGES	PUBLISHERS
Righton	City Manager in Dayton	—	—	McM.
Robertson, Rt. Hon J. M.	Free Trade	1.50	221	D.
Russell, B.	Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy	4.50	—	McM.
Russel, Frances T	Satire in the Victorian Novel	2.75	—	McM.
Ryan, John A.	A Living Wage	2.25	—	McM.
Sanderson, Edgar	A History of the British Empire (new & revised ed.)	4 6	—	B.
Sandon, F.	Everyday Mathematics	1.25	260	H. & S.
Saunders, C. F.	Useful Wild Plants of the United States and Canada	3.00	274	D.
Schauffler, Robert H.	Fiddlers' Luck	2.00	—	A.
Sorimshaw, S.	Bricklaying in Modern Practice	1.35	—	McM.
Sears, F. C.	Productive Small Fruit Culture	3.00	368	M. & S.
Sechrist, F.	Education and the General Welfare	1.80	—	McM.
Sergeant, Philip W	Charousek's Games of Chess	2.50	220	M. & S.
Short, E. H.	Introduction to World History	1.25	248	H. & S.
Sloane, T. O'Connor	Electrician's Handy Book	4.50	823	M. & S.
Smith, F. and Lyde, L. W	A Brief Introduction to Commercial Geography (new ed.)	2/9	—	B.
*Smith, F. D. L.	Achievements of a Modest Old Gentleman	.10c	—	McM.
Smith, Logan P	Treasury of English Prose	2.00	—	A.
Smith, Vincent A.	Oxfords Student History of India from Earliest Times to 1911	4.00	—	O.
Spaight, J. M.	Aircraft in Peace and in the Law	2.85	—	McM.
Spender, Harold	The Prime Minister	3.00	—	H. & S.
Spikes, H. W	Light of History	1.25	248	H. & S.
Starch.	Educational Psychology	2.75	—	McM.
Stockbridge, F. P. & Trabue, M. F.	Measure Your Mind	3.00	349	G.
Stoddard, W. L.	Everyday English Writing	\$1.10	—	McM.
Stoddart, Jane T	Christian Year in Human Story	2.00	342	H. & S.
Stone, Gilbert	The British Coal Industry	1.50	388	D.
Studer, Paul	The Study of Anglo-Norman (Inaugural Lecture)	.50	—	O.
Swift, Edgar James	Psychology and the Day's Work	2.50	388	M. & S.
Talisman Library of English Authors		2/-ea.	—	B.
Kingsley, Chas.	Hereward the Wake, pp196.			
Scott	Talisman			
Scott	Ivanhoe, pp. 213			
Henty	With Clive in India			
Henty	Under Drake's Flag			
Taussig, F.W	Free Trade, The Tariff and Reciprocity	2.25	—	McM.
Terry, T. Philip	Short Cuts to Spanish	3.50	—	A.
Thomas, G. Holt	Aerial Transport	7.50	259	H. & S.
Thomas, H. H	Climbing and Rambling Roses	.25c	80	M. & S.
" "	Pansies and Violas	.25c	80	M. & S.
" "	Practical Amateur Gardening	2.50	276	M. & S.
" "	Rock Gardening for Amateurs	2.50	276	M. & S.
Thorley, Wilfred	Fleur-de-Lys	1.65	—	A.
Thorne, P. C. L.	Chemistry from Industrial Standpoint	1.25	244	H. & S.
Villiers, Frederic	Days of Glory	5.50	213	M. & S.
Wallace, E. & N	The Household Income	2/-	—	B.
Walsh, Wm. S., M.D	Yours for Sleep	3.00	274	D.
Ward, Francis	Animal Life under Water	3.00	178	M. & S.
Ward, Stephen	The Ways of Life; A Study of Ethics	2.25	—	O.
Warner, G. T	Tillage, Trade & Invention (new ed.)	2 6	—	B.
Welch, G. E	Chemistry Lecture Notes (new edition revised)	2 -	—	B.
Westaway, F. W	Science and Theology	15 -	—	B.
Wilson, James M	Christ's Thought of God	1.65	—	McM.
Wilson, Rev. Thos	Permanence of Christianity	1.75	297	H. & S.
Wister, Owen	Straight Deal	2.25	—	McM.
Witwer, H. C.	There's No Base Like Home	1.75	284	G.
Worts, F. R	Citizenship	1.25	273	H. & S.
Worts, F. R	Modern Industrial History	1.25	248	H. & S.
Wright, H. R	The Young Man and Teaching	1.75	—	McM.
Zittle, K. A. Von	Pathways of Christian Unity	2.00	—	McM.
Zittle, K. A. Von	Text Books of Paleontology (Vol. 2)	4.25	—	McM.

BIOGRAPHY

Anson	Sir William Anson: A Memoir. ed. H. H. Henson	4.00	—	O.
Blake	William Blake, the Man by Charles Gardner	3.50	201	D.
Booth	Life of General Booth, 2 vols. by Harold Bebgie	12.00	—	McM.
Brown	P. Hume Brown. 1849-1918: A Memoir by George Macdonald	.35c	—	O.
Chekhov	Letters of Anton Chekhov	3.50	—	McM.
Cody, W. F	Buffalo Bill's Life Story. An Autobiography	3.50	328	C.
Day, Holman	Storm Pilot	1.25	—	A.
Livermore, Thomas I	Days and Events	7.00	—	A.
Maxwell	Alice Maxwell, Deaconess, by Mrs Horatio N. McCrae	\$1.65	255	H. & S.
Mercier	Cardinal Mercier's Own Story	4.50	441	M. & S.
Pasteur	The Life of Pasteur, by A. Vallery-Radot	4.00	484	G.
Roosevelt	Talks with T. R. John L. Leary	4.00	—	A.
Scott, Admiral Sir Percy	Fifty Years in the Royal Navy	6.50	341	M. & S.
Stevenson	The Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez	2.50	337	C.
Wilson	Woodrow Wilson and His Work by W. E. Dodd	3.00	369	G.

POETRY AND DRAMA

AUTHOR	TITLE	PRICE	PAGES	PUBLISHERS
Beckett, Grace, comp.	Songs of Joy	1.25	—	O.
Courthope, W. J.	The Country Town and other Poems	1.25	—	O.
Golden Books of English Verse, Vol 3.		2/-	—	B.
Lawson, Alex.	St. Andrews Treasury of Scottish Verse	2.50	—	McM.
Lincoln, Elliott C.	Rhymes of a Homesteader	1.65	—	A.
Manners, J. Hartley	God's Outcast: All Clear: God of my Faith	—	92	M. & S.
Markham, Edwin	Gates of Paradise and other Poems	1.75	149	G.
Masters, Edgar Lee	Starved Rock	2.00	—	McM.
Sones de la Lira Inglesa, por G. de Zendegui	English Poems translated into Spanish	1.75	—	O.
Vachel, Lindsay	Golden Whales of California	2.00	—	McM.
Waley, A.	Japanese Poetry, the "Uta"	2.50	—	O.

THE GREAT WAR AND AFTER

Adam, H. Pearl	Paris Sees It Through	4.00	331	H. & S.
Allen, W.	Our Italian Front	8.50	—	McM.
Anderson, B. M.	Effects of the War on Money, Banking and Credit in the U. S.	2.50	—	O.
Bacon, Admiral Sir Reginald	The Dover Patrol, 1915-1917 (2 vols.)	11.00	370ea.	M. & S.
Bogatt, E. L.	Direct and Indirect Costs of the Great World War	2.50	—	O.
Buchan, Lt.-Col. John	The S. A. Forces in France	5.00	404	N.
Carver, T. Nixon	War thrift and Government Control of the Liquor Business	2.50	—	O.
Cook, Sir E. T.	Press in War Times	2.50	—	N.
Czernin, Count Ottokar	In the World War	4.50	385	M.
Dillon, Dr. E. J.	The Inside Story of the Peace Conference	2.75	513	M.
Ellis, Capt. A. D., M. C.	Story of Fifth Australian Division	4.00	468	H. & S.
Gibbs, Philip	Now It Can Be Told	3.50	558	M.
Goricar, Joseph, and Beecher-Stowe, Lyman	German Intrigue	3.00	301	G.
Hallam, H. G.	War in a Nutshell	.10c	—	McM.
Hammond, M. B.	British Labor Conditions and Legislation during the War	2.50	—	O.
Mann, M. A.	On Salonika Front	8.50	—	McM.
Percy, Lord Eustace	The Responsibilities of the League	2.00	318	M. & S.
Scheer, Admiral	Germany's High Sea Fleet in the World War	7.50	—	M. & S.
Ward, Col. John	With the "Die Hards" in Siberia	3.50	278	M. & S.
Yeats, Brown F.	Caught by the Turks	2.25	—	McM.

TRAVEL

Chase, J. Smeaton	The Pennance of Madgalena	1.65	—	A.
Chatham, Dennis & Marion	Cape Coddities	1.50	—	A.
Conway, Sir Martin	Mountain Memories	7.50	282	M. & S.
Grenfell, Anne, Spalding & Katie	Le Petit Nord	1.65	—	A.
Luke and Jardine	Handbook to Cyprus	4.00	—	McM.
Millais, John J.	Sportsman's Wanderings	6.00	—	A.
Mills, Enos. A.	Your National Parks	3.50	—	A.
Shackleton, Sir Ernest	South	7.50	376	M. & S.
Sykes, P.	Through Deserts and Oases	7.00	—	McM.

JUVENILE

Anderson, Anne	The Betty Book	1.75	60	N.
Boinvilles, Chastel de	Margot, B. G. S.	1.65	—	McM.
Beston, Henry B.	Full Speed Ahead	1.50	254	G.
Burgess, Thorton W.	Bowser the Hound	1.65	206	M. & S.
Cadby, Carnie	Puppies and Kittens	1.75	201	D.
Dwig	School Days	1.10	—	M.
Griffis, W. E.	Young People's History of the Pilgrims	2.25	—	A.
Hook, Hale	Charlie's Mascot	1.65	—	McM.
Hope, Ascott R.	McKickshaws at School	1.65	—	McM.
Hope, A. R.	School Boys of Other Lands	1.65	—	McM.
Kirkman, F. B.	Five Funny Tales	1.20	—	McM.
Kirkman, F. B.	Tea Toys and a Tale	1.20	—	McM.
Knipe, C. B. & A. A.	A Cavalier Maid	1.75	—	McM.
Meeklejohn	The Cart of Many Colors	2.50	204	D.
Peeps Series	Ancient Greece	1.00	—	McM.
	The Blue Jacket	1.00	—	McM.
Reed, G. H.	History Pictures—Modern Times	.60c	—	McM.
Schultz James W.	In the Great Apache Forest	2.00	—	A.
Tappan, Eva March	Hero Stories of France	2.00	—	A.
Wade, Horace A.	In the Shadow of Great Peril	1.25	171	C.
Walter, Edna L.	Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes	4.00	—	McM.

Books Received

Ayres, Ruby M. "A Bachelor Husband," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.50.—A good example of light fiction for a hot-weather holiday. The story deals with a young man who very nearly failed to appreciate the splendid girl who adored him.

Ayres, Ruby M. "The Woman-Hater," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.50.—A complicated love story based on the very ancient subject of the man who has been jilted and who becomes a woman-hater.

Adams, Franklin P. "Something Else Again," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50.—Mr. Adams is, we presume, the leading columnist in the United States, and this volume contains the gems of his columning for the last year or two. Part of it is devoted to the daring undertaking of translating Horace into the language of Broadway, 1920, in which "F.P.A." is astonishingly successful:—

Why shun me, my Chloe? Nor pistol nor bowie
Is mine with intention to kill.
And yet like a llama you run to your mamma;
You tremble as though you were ill.

Anderson, Anne (Illus.) "Briar Rose Book of Old Fairy Tales, Nelson, Toronto.—A fine example of the large-type, colored-illustration editions of children's books, for which T. C. and E. C. Jack, Ltd are famous. It contains a score of full-page plates, delicately designed and reproduced in color, and many line decorations, and should stimulate the sense of beauty in any child.

Anonymous. "Our Unseen Guest," Musson, Toronto, \$2.50.—A report of various experiences with psychic phenomena, the participants in which are not willing to reveal their identity. It is difficult enough to attach importance to alleged communications from the other world, whose recipients are willing to back them with their own credit. The authors of this book apparently consider it valuable chiefly for the definitions given by a deceased spirit, named Stephen, concerning the persistence of personal identity and consciousness after death. They have, at any rate, the metaphysical merit of being largely incomprehensible.

Austrian, Joseph E. "We Need the Business," Ryerson, Toronto, \$1.00.—The correspondence of the firm of Citron, Gumbiner & Co., makers of the Quadreangle brand of shirt-waists, head office New York, Mr. Citron's comments on buyers, stenographers, travelling salesmen, mothers-in-law, bankruptcy lawyers, and other accessories of the shirt-waist trade are extremely amusing, and are made more pointed yet by so very telling pen-and-ink drawings by Stuart Hay. An excellent book for presentation to anybody with a sense of humor.

Bartley, Nalbro, "The Gorgeous Girl," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75.—This will not greatly enhance Miss Bartley's reputation, which was beginning to exhibit some impetus. Steve O'Valley married the gorgeous girl for her gorgeousness, and she taught him how to spend money, while the other and non-gorgeous girl managed his business, saved him from ruin, and ultimately made him an excellent second wife.

Bacheller, Irving, "A Man for the Ages," Bobbs Merrill, Indianapolis, \$1.75.—A somewhat laborious piece of fiction, the object of which is to present a vivid portrait of Abraham Lincoln, in the setting of his time, for the benefit of that large class of readers who would not look at a work of history or biography. It is not difficult to use historical personages in the background of a work of fiction, and indeed tends to enhance the verisimilitude of its effect; but it is very hard to use the novelist's pen freely and vigorously when one of the principal characters has to accord with a clearly-defined record or tradition. The more thoughtful of Mr. Bacheller's readers will turn from these pages to the authentic biographies of

Lincoln, and be much benefitted by so doing; the less thoughtful may form the erroneous impression that the Liberator President was merely the most interesting group of rural philosophers and philosphisers.

Bennett, Arnold, "Sacred and Profane Love," Doran, New York.—A dramatisation, which has been quite successful upon the stage in London, of a novel known in England by this same title, and in America as "The Book of Carlotta." Both book and play are a very powerful depiction of the overwhelming selfishness of genius, and Mr. Bennett's technique makes the play not only effective on the stage, but quite readable in the library.

Bojer, Johan, "Our Kingdom," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.65.—Mr. Bojer never writes a novel without having a perfectly definite idea to express in it. In this book, which was originally, and much better, entitled "Treacherous Ground," he is expounding the thesis that what seems to be an acute desire for betterment of those around one is very frequently an extreme form of selfishness. The idea is sufficiently important in these days of "parlor Bolshevism," to be worth the attention of any serious reader. The hero of "Our Kingdom" undertakes a very showy piece of "social uplift," and because his motives are not really altruistic he involves all the beneficiaries of his scheme in a gigantic ruin. The way in which vanity acts in some natures to impel towards the more showy sorts of reform work is very cleverly portrayed.

Brainerd, Eleanor Hoyt, "The Little Old Lady," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.25.—"The Little Old Lady" tells the story of her love, courtship and marriage in the days when Powers' Greek Slave was causing all the United States to debate furiously whether nudity was permissible in sculpture or not. Readers not acquainted with the ideas of that period may find much to interest them.

Buchanan, Angus, "Wild Life in Canada," McClelland, Toronto.—This is a record of an expedition in far Northern Saskatchewan, made in 1914. The author left Prince Albert on May 6th, and reached Lake Du Brochet on August 1st, encamped north of this lake, and only abandoned his plans for wintering when he heard of the outbreak of the war in late October. It contains an immense amount of new information concerning the animals, fish and birds of the territory. The expedition was not an exceptionally adventurous one, but will attract considerable attention owing to the interest that is now being taken in the Arctic prairies as a possible source of future food supply. A long chapter is devoted to the Caribou, which the author estimates to be increasing considerably in numbers, owing apparently to the decrease in the number of Indians. Captain Buchanan saw thousands upon thousands of them and secured many interesting photographs, though usually his camera was incapacitated by the intense cold.

Buck, Charles Neville, "The Tempering," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75.—Kentucky mountain stuff, with feuds and illiteracy. One of the mountaineers "gets civilization," and trouble naturally results. A better book than this account of its hackneyed subject-matter would suggest; the development of character in the converted mountaineer is well studied and depicted.

Bullard, Arthur, "The Stranger," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.25. Mr. Bullard is well known as a writer of books of travel and international politics, but it has only lately become known that he is also "Albert Edwards," author of "A Man's World" and "Comrade Yetta," two novels which are among the more important efforts of American fiction. They are not, however, to be compared with "The Stranger," which is an extremely powerful contrast between

the "values" currently accepted by Anglo-Saxon communities and those in vogue among cultivated Mahomedans, of whom the Stranger is a representative. The main thought of the book is the immense over-valuation, in America, of health and efficiency, and the under-valuation of purely spiritual qualities. The lesson is taught chiefly by the depiction of a very beautiful love-story between the Stranger and a woman who by heredity is a hopeless invalid, and who dies immediately after their love has been formed and confessed. It is impossible not to feel that her life has been of more value and of greater beauty than that of the efficient, healthy and hard young woman around her. A book for all who like ideas with their fiction.

Buller, A. H. Reginald, "Essays on Wheat," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.75.—See editorial on "The most Important Marquis in Canadian History." Review later.

Bury, G. Wyman, "Pan Islam," Macmillan, \$2.00.

An effort to convey to the English reader an idea of the social organization and spiritual attitude of the Moslem world. The author is an acute observer, if not a deep thinker, and his book is made the more vivid and interesting because nearly all the information that it contains is first hand. The book makes it very clear that the Moslem is not at all a bad character, and has a religion well suited to his needs.

Carleton, S., "The La Chance Mine Mystery," McClelland, Toronto.—Our adventure story expert, a young lady, tells us that this is a good one. Lovely girls, and wolves, and devilish cold, and a place called Skunk's Misery, and a gang of crooks, and—O, lots of thing like that.

Castle, Agnes and Egerton, "New Wine," Goodchild, Toronto.—A fine example of the remarkable skill of these writers in extracting the utmost of effect from the bringing together of violently diverse characters—in this case an Irish peasant of deep religious faith and utter simplicity, and a lovely woman without conscience, living in the fastest set of Irish society.

Chekhov, Anton, "Letters of Anton Chekhov to his Family and Friends," Trans. Constance Garnett, Macmillan, Toronto, \$3.50.—The literary works of Chekhov owe a great deal of their interest to the personality which lurks behind them, and that interest will be enhanced by the reading of these letters, in which the author reveals himself as a man of extraordinarily broad sympathies, no beliefs (or very few of them), an intense conviction of human progress and a passionate desire to aid it. The letters are annotated where necessary and afford a better picture of the details of life in Russia than can be had from any work of fiction. There is much discussion of artistic methods, and Chekhov seldom gives an opinion of any writer without advancing careful arguments in support of it. It will perhaps help to a realization of the extreme newness of the educated middle class in Russia, to learn that the father of Anton Chekhov was born a slave; in 1841 the grandfather, a serf belonging to a Russian nobleman, purchased his freedom and that of his family for 3,500 roubles, or 700 roubles per soul.

Crabitès, Pierre, "Armenia and the Armenians," Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.50. We have indexed this book under Crabitès, for the simple reason that that is the name which appears upon the back of the binding. On the title-page, the name of the volume is followed by the words "By Kevork Aslan: Translated from the French by Pierre Crabitès, with a preface on the Evolution of the Armenian Question by the translator." We incline to suspect that the book was written by Kevork Aslan, and merely translated by the gentleman whose name appears upon the cover. The original French work is in part a condensed edition of a much larger volume which covered the history of Armenia only down to the eleventh century, while the present small volume brings it to the present day. As a result, it suffers greatly from excessive condensation, especially as the author has been very generous with his facts, including many of but small significance, and has given little in the

way of comment to explain and connect them. It is doubtless true that the history of Armenia consists of a series of massacres, but a discussion of their effect upon the character of the population would have been much more interesting than a list of their dates and the names of their perpetrators.

Cromwell, Gladys, "Poems," Intro. by Padraic Colum, Macmillan, Toronto. The poet was one of two twin sisters born in 1885, who were even more closely united in life and thought than most twins are. In 1918 they served in the Red Cross in France, and the inhabitants of the town where they worked called them the "Saints," or the "Twin Angels." Overwrought by the strain of their work and the sufferings which they witnessed, they both jumped from the deck of the steamship on which they were returning home. Their bodies were recovered and buried in France with military honours, and they were awarded the Croix de Guerre and other decorations. The poems exhibit a subtle and feminine gift of spiritual analysis. They are thoroughly original and scarcely influenced by the searchings and utterances of those around it. Mr. Colum ranks some of the lyrics "indubitably among the best that have been written in our day."

Cutting, Mary Stewart, "Some of Us are Married," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75.—Mrs. Cutting had not produced a volume for several years prior to the appearance of this one. It contains some fifteen short stories, of which at least half are studies in domestic friction, executed with the remarkable observation and comprehension which have characterised this author's previous books. Unlike a great many tales of the same description which are current in modern fiction, these little studies do justice to both sexes, and to all the elements of the average domestic establishment, and one closes the book with the feeling that a moderate allowance of humor and intelligence would prevent most of the domestic misunderstandings of the age.

Cheng, Sih-Gung, "Modern China," Gundy, Toronto, \$2.25. Review later.

Crowther, Samuel, "Common-sense and Labor," Gundy, Toronto, \$2.—Presenting the judgment of a man of fair mind, fraternal spirit, and wide information, this book might be read with profit by both employers and employees. Its chief defect is lack of sympathy with labor organizations. The author has no vision of the organized association of workers by trades and crafts or as a whole. Each establishment is to stand on its own bottom, and find the way to peace through intelligent and friendly co-operation between master and men within it. There are many vivid illustrations drawn from the author's observations in both Europe and America.

Dobie, Charles Caldwell, "The Blood Red Dawn," Musson, Toronto, \$2.00.—If this book, published in the United States by Harpers, is a first novel, as it appears to be, it is a highly promising one. It deals with life in San Francisco among people ranging from broken-down "old families" to Greeks, Armenians and Orientals. The study of the contrasting ideas and habits of thought of these different elements is accurate and convincing. The author does not quite succeed in making Dantilo, the Serbian propagandist and prophet, a living and comprehensible character, but in a vague, shadowy way he is a very powerful piece of drawing.

Eden, Emily, "Miss Eden's Letters," edited by Violet Dickinson, Macmillan, Toronto, \$6.00.—Miss Eden was a friend of Lord Clarendon, and the daughter of a Government functionary who filled a succession of important offices in America, Ireland and other parts of the world. She was related by marriage, friendship, or hatred, to most of the influential and intellectual elements of the British aristocracy, and her letters, which are wonderfully self-expressive, extend from 1814 to 1863, and are written from (and to) almost every part of the world. Readers interested in the first half of the Victorian reign can hardly afford to miss this illuminating and amusing volume.

Ervine, St. John G. "The Foolish Lovers," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.25. John MacDermott was an Ulster man and a Protestant. If all his fellow countrymen are at all like him, it is not difficult to understand the existence of the Irish problem; the only incomprehensible thing is that a race so strong-willed and so persistent has not driven all other races out of the island. John arrived in London on Monday, and on Tuesday saw a girl in a restaurant and fell in love with her. She was quite a respectable girl, and he had no introductions, but on Wednesday he began proposing to her and in three months he married her; and it is greatly to Mr. Ervine's credit that he makes all this appear quite feasible. There are some amusing accounts of journalistic life in London. It would appear, however, that self-confidence is the road to success only in love and not in business or literature, for, after having two novels published and a play produced John goes back to Ulster and finds his life adventure in conducting the ancestral grocery business.

Ferber, Edna, "Half Portions," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75.—Miss Ferber has an uncanny faculty of showing up, in a quite friendly way, the weaknesses of various types of American character, and of making a good story about them at the same time. There is a good deal of the O. Henry tradition in these short stories, a remarkable technical dexterity and a great range of character observation. The admirable Mrs. McChesney crops up again in one of the stories, and takes another step forward towards her destined position as the typical American business woman in fiction.

Flammarion, Camille, "The Unknown," Musson, Toronto, \$2.00.—"L'Inconnu," of which this is a translation, appeared originally in 1900, but is quite worth reading today. Some of it sounds almost prophetic, as when Mr. Flammarion, after narrating some instances of hoaxes perpetrated upon prominent scientists, says: "The man of science being strictly honest (for there would be no science without honesty) was not in the habit of mistrusting the genuineness of the specimens he worked upon, and it is more easy to deceive such men than to deceive others." The book is little more than a collection of recorded instances of telepathy, prophecy and "apparitions," and Mr. Flammarion concludes from these that "there is a force unknown, proceeding, not from our physical organization, but from that in us which can think"; "that the soul exists, and that it is endowed with faculties at present unknown."

Fowler, Warde, "Roman Essays," Gundy, Toronto, \$4.—Review later.

Gibbs, Philip, "Now It Can Be Told," Musson, Toronto, \$3.50.—This is a much more important volume than might be supposed from its cheap title, with its suggestion of suppressed secrets now whispered forth for the first time. It is true that the book could not have been written during the war, but the reason is almost entirely propagandist: it was not in the national interest that the full horror of what was going on at the front should be put too vividly before the common reader. The value of the book is not in the light it sheds upon the military events of the crucial years, but in the fabulously rich collection of observations of human character in violent eruption or under equally violent pressure. There are times when one suspects Mr. Gibbs of being a syndicate. It seems impossible that one man, however, observant and retentive, could have noted in the given time so vast a mass of interesting episodes, in addition to those which he has already given to the world in his despatches and in other books. But they all have the first hand appearance, and they all tend to the same end—to show the utter horror, futility, madness and bestiality of war. Mr. Gibbs is one of those rare men who can live in the very cauldron of war for months on end and retain the judgment, the sympathies, the healthy reactions, of the sane and normal man of peace. This is War portrayed by a man of Peace who knows it and has not been biased or overwhelmed by it. And he never philosophises; he merely

tells us the little stories of what he has seen, and lets them speak for themselves.

Gibson, Thomas, "Simple Principles of Investment" Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50.—Although American in its origin, and therefore concerned to some extent with securities not much cultivated in Canada, this book can hardly fail to be useful to the numerous Canadians who are newly entering the investor class, and who want information in plain language, without technical terms. The chapters on "When to Buy," and "When to Sell" are very practical and sensible.

Grey, Zane, "The Man of the Forest," Musson, Toronto, \$2.00.—We cannot do better than the press agent, whom we endorse in toto. "A story of love and life, of the glory of the mountains of danger, daring and adventure, and finally of a great joy. Told as only Zane Grey could tell it."

Hall, Grace, "Stories of the Saints: for Children, Young and Old," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50.—Now that *Book of Martyrs* is no longer a staple article of juvenile literary diet, it was not a bad idea to make a collection of the more picturesque of the traditions concerning the early Christian saints, in a form which would make them attractive to the young. Miss Hall's method, however, is somewhat too literal and circumstantial to achieve the best effect with these materials. The story of a miracle if it cannot be written by one who believes it literally, should at least be written by one who accepts it poetically.

Harris, Corra, "Happily Married," McClelland, Toronto.—There have not been many more subtle and delicate novels of domestic life written in the United States than this latest book by the author of "Eve's Second Husband." Mrs. Harris is making notable progress as a psychologist and a depicter of American family life. This is the tale of a brief intimacy (technically quite innocent) between a small-town banker in the Southern States and one of those married women whose sole interest in life is pursuing such intimacies with other women's husbands. The reaction on the other husband and the other wife are exhibited with great cleverness. The American novel is distinctly coming along.

Hergesheimer, Joseph, "Linda Condon," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75.—Linda was the daughter of a lady whose method of livelihood was one which is discountenanced by society. Linda grew up indescribably lovely, refused to marry George Pleydon, the great American sculptor, married a thin-blooded Philadelphia aristocrat, had two beautiful children, and finally discovered that her one great achievement in life was the statue which Pleydon had executed under the inspiration of her personality. One imagines that the idea, and possible some of the writing of this book, must have ante-dated Mr. Hergesheimer's finer works. He is now too individual a writer to placard himself as a disciple of Henry James by commenting a novel with the statement that "black bang was, but not ultimately, the most notable feature of her uncommon personality."

Hobson, S. G., "National Guilds of the State," Macmillan, Toronto, \$4.50.—The world still awaits a compact and intelligible statement of the Guild theory, which according to Mr. Hobson is not a theory but a movement, and may therefore not have moved forward to the point of expressing itself. The one thing of which we feel sure after reading Mr. Hobson's book is that he regards "wagery" as a modern equivalent of slavery. This is a theorem which, it would seem to us, ought to be proved before going any further, but Mr. Hobson takes it for granted. The most pleasing thing about his book is his recognition of the fact that the State is at present far too much concerned with economic matters, and should be relieved of these and left free to its proper business of politics.

Holliday, Robert Cortes, "Peeps at People," McClelland, Toronto.—A collection of clever little sketches of character reprinted mainly from the Saturday Magazine of the New York Evening Post. Charming as they are, we suspect that they seemed more

at home in the Saturday Magazine than they do in a book. But after all, a book in these days lays no claim to permanency.

Hughes, Rupert, "What's the World Coming To?" Musson, Toronto, \$2.00. It seems to be coming to the stage of having to take a new Rupert Hughes novel every six months or thereabouts. There is just one thing we like about this one, and that is the idea of calling the villain and villainess Yarmy; it's a good villain name. The book contains 400 close pages of the wildest episodes that ever happened in New York. The New York of Hughesian fiction.

Johnston, Sir Henry, "Mrs. Warren's Daughter," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.25. If there was little of Dickens in this writer's "continuation" of "Dombey & Son," there is less of Bernard Shaw in this story of the daughter of Mrs. Warren of the "Profession." In fact the continuation device, of which Sir Henry seems to be the fond parent, does not possess a single merit except that of giving the publisher's publicity-man something to write about. Vivie Warren becomes an advanced feminist and passes as a man in order to be called to the Bar and show that a woman can be a lawyer. If this book were anonymous every body would say (doubtless most unjustly) that it was by a woman for it is extremely rambling, bitterly feminist and obsessed with sex.

Lindsay, Vachel, "The Golden Whales of California," Macmillan, Toronto. —\$2.—Presumably the most important volume of "Rhymes in the American Language" (to quote the sub-title) of the spring season. Mr. Lindsay is the most authentic voice now audible in America. His "Golden Whales" spout somewhat incoherently, but with admirable and never-failing vigor. Of the other poems in the book the most important is "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan," and the legendary Bryan of the campaign of 1896 which Mr. Lindsay here creates will live when Mr. William Jennings Bryan is as utterly forgotten as any other defeated candidate. The book is crammed with interesting, daring and confident experiments in meter, rhyme, thought and expression.

Mackenzie, Compton, "Poor Relations," Musson, Toronto, \$2.—It has been suggested that the author of "Sylvia Scarlett" wrote this book to show that he could, if necessary, write a novel without a smear. We imagine that Mr. Mackenzie is clever enough to write any kind of novel that he wants to, and we can only regret that he has persistently wanted to write a kind of novel that should not be written. "Poor Relations" is a harmless novel, a clever novel, and a very amusing novel, slightly damaged by Mr. Mackenzie's characteristic inability to recognize moral obliquity when he is painting it. It tells the tale of a successful author and the way in which he is beset and victimised by his less successful brothers and sisters and uncles and cousins. Most of them are probably Mr. Mackenzie's real cousins, at that.

Mackinnon, Albert G., "Guid Auld Jock," Goodchild, Toronto.—A Scotch dialect, a juicy sentimentality, and a consistent devotion to coincidence seem to go together. We do not know why this should be. A Welsh dialect story is seldom sentimental, and a Cornish dialect story is usually very free from coincidence. In these short stories, most of which are concerned with hospital life during the war, dialect sentiment and coincidence are raised to the Nth degree. Those who like them at this power will enjoy the book.

Markham, Edwin, "Gates of Paradise, and other Poems," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75.—It is quite possible to admit the prominent position of Edwin Markham among American poets without endorsing the "critical opinions" which are profusely reprinted at the end of this volume, and which range gently downwards from Ella Wheeler Wilcox's assertion that "Edwin Markham is the greatest poet of the century" to Richard Le Gallienne's more cautious remark that "Edwin Markham is a poet, and a good poet, but not of the twentieth century." Everything in this book could have been written before the death of Queen Victoria. To many it will be a source of joy and surprise that good Victorian verse can still be

written; to others it will be a matter of sorrow that any Victorian verse should still be read.

Marvin, F. S., (ed.), "Recent Developments in European Thought," Gundy, Toronto, \$4.00.—A collection of very valuable essays by such writers as Dr. F. P. Jevons ("Religion"), Prof. C. H. Herford ("Poetry"), G. P. Gooch ("History"), and A. Clutton Brock ("Art"), each accompanied by a well selected list of volumes for further reading. The individual essays are on a scale large enough for fairly systematic treatment of the subject, and their value, though varying, is decidedly high. There is, however, little correlation between them, and there is still room for somebody to write a single volume pointing out those tendencies which are common to recent thought in all its different branches.

Massingham, H. J. (Ed.), "A Treasury of Seventeenth-Century English Verse," Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.20.—There are not many four-hundred-page books of pocketable size, and purchasable for \$1.20, in which the lover of good English verse is likely to find so much of it that is new to him, as in this Treasury. The Seventeenth Century has only lately begun to come into its own. The best work in this volume is that of John Donne, of whom enough is given to send many an appreciative reader to his collected works. Herrick and Milton are omitted as needing no popularization. The names of Vaughan, Cowley, Crashaw, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, Waller, Herbert and Marvell, are represented, for the most part, not by the two or three poems which are to be found in all the common anthologies, but by other examples, equally delicious and less familiar. That the prevailing note is somewhat metaphysical might have deterred readers twenty years ago, but is more likely to attract them in the present age of revolt against the excessive domination of physical science.

McKenna, Stephen, "Sheila Intervenes," McClelland, Toronto.—This early novel by the authors of "Sonia" is almost a preliminary sketch for the later work, dealing with a very similar group of people and in a very similar tone. But it never reaches the pitch of dramatic intensity attained by "Sonia", and its effort to be brilliant and profound often seems strained. Not a bad novel, but after reading it one begins to realise how "Sonia" was done, and to see that there is a good deal of trick about it.

McKishnie, Archie P., "A Son of Courage," Allen, Toronto, \$2.00.—Mr. McKishnie shows notable progress in this novel, which, however, still hovers between the realm of the boys' book of adventure and the grown-up's book of out-door life and out-door, love-story. The improvement is certainly due in part to a careful study of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." "A Son of Courage" is the story of an enterprising youth, living in the Northern Ontario woods who takes a hand in every conflict between good and evil in the small community where he dwells, and always brings good out triumphant. Mr. McKishnie knows and loves his creatures of the wilds, both human and animal, and he is acquiring the ability to write about them sanely and vividly, and without excessive sentiment. Whether he will ever be able to make his plot arise out of his characters, is another question. At present, it is a rigidly constructed and very complicated frame into which they all have to fit, whether they will or no.

Montague, Margaret Prescott, "England to America," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.00.—The first-prize American story of 1919, as adjudged by the O. Henry Memorial Committee. It tells the story of a visit paid by a young Virginian to a family of English aristocrats who, a few hours before he arrived, received news of the death of their oldest son at the front, and decided not to tell him about it, for fear of spoiling his little holiday.

Morley, Christopher, "Kathleen," Doubleday, New York, \$1.25.—An amusing short story extravaganza by one of the more cultured of America's younger writers.

Morley, Christopher, "Mince Pie," Gundy, Toronto.—This is another volume of essays, sketches

and whatnot, by the author of the inimitable "Shandygaff." The author commends it as being what E. V. Lucas calls a "Bed-book," but it is rather too lively for that—mince pie is not soothing at bedtime. The sketches are in all moods and veins: one feels like saying to the author what the lawyer in "Dear Brutus" used to say to his lady-loves "You are so very fluid;" there is no form in which his fancy cannot dwell. President Wilson's reception in London is even more graphic than the London illustrated papers, and Syntax for Cynics is an excellent grammar of the Feminine Language. On Unanswered Letters: "There are a great many people who really believe in answering letters the day they are received, just as there are people who go to the movies at 9 o'clock in the morning; but these people are stunted and queer. It is a great mistake. Such crass breathless promptness takes away a great deal of the pleasure of correspondence.

MacWhirter, Margaret G., "Treasure Trove in Gaspé," Chapman, Montreal, \$3.—The Gaspé peninsula is one of the finest treasure-houses of folklore, character types and picturesque traditions to be found anywhere in Canada, and will eventually be exploited by the student and fictionist as the coast settlements of New England are being exploited today. Meanwhile this little work by a native of the peninsula and a lover of its people and scenery, while it does little more than scratch the surface of the rich deposit of interesting material, will afford guidance to visitors and may attract a wider attention to the territory described.

Moore, Frederick Ferdinand, "Isle o' Dreams," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.50.—Mr. Moore is the author of "The Devil's Admiral" and "The Sailor Girl." This is the tale of an expedition to hunt for gold in a mysterious island in the China Seas. There was no gold, and there was treachery, murder and hardship galore; but the hero and the heroine Found One—another, so nothing else mattered. The author's style is a trifle tepid.

Masters, Edgar Lee, "Starved Rock," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.—Credit must be given for good workmanship and honest intentions, but this latest volume of verse by the author of "Spoon River Anthology" earns him little more. He is still striving to use verse as a means of writing special articles on common places, which are not less commonplace because he pulls a long face over them. He reveals a very complete range of trite phrases and an obvious desire to be a Walt Whitman. But his psychological reactions are too sudden and shallow. Occasional musical couplets are scattered thinly, and one of two verses suggest readings in a trade paper. The background of somewhat morbid amours is present throughout. Lines which should have epitomised the height of passion in a few flashing phrases of intense expression are used rather as a catalogue of sex symbols, betraying the fact that the writer has more confidence in his powers of scribbling than sincere craving to express something vital.

Nipote, Collodi, "The Heart of Pinocchio," Musson, Toronto, \$2.25.—This is the latest volume in the series of children's books narrating the adventures of a puppet who came to life. Pinocchio goes to war, defeats the Austrians in his customary amusing manner, and has scores of adventures which will fascinate the juvenile mind. The rendering into English is excellently performed by Virginia Watson.

O'Brien, Edward J. (ed.) "The Best Short Stories of 1919," Musson, Toronto, \$2.00.—Mr. O'Brien continues his pleasant and useful task of acting as the president, executive and entire membership of an Imaginary American Academy of Letters. It is probable that a real Academy would not do any better in the difficult task of valuing literary works almost before they are off the press; though it is hardly likely that it would have given recognition to anything quite so bad as Horace Fish's tale "The Wrists on the Door." The majority of the twenty selected stories are first-class of their kind. One Canadian author is represented in the person of Will E. Ingersoll, of Winnipeg.

Peake, Arthur S. (ed.) "Peake's Commentary on the Bible," Nelson, Toronto.—There could be no more important service than that which is undertaken by this commentary, of placing the results of the latest scholarship before the ordinary reader in intelligible language, in compact form, in a single volume, and at a reasonable price. This book, of 1014 pages, contains some 70 signed articles, one of which, that on the Book of Proverbs, is by a theologian now resident in Canada, and a member of the Canadian Bookman's editorial committee—Prof. S. H. Hooke. The work pre-supposes the modern critical view of the Bible. Those who are unfamiliar with it are recommended to read the first article by Principal E. Griffith Jones on "The Bible: Its Meaning and Aim." Bibliographical references will enable the inquisitive reader to pursue his investigations as much further as he desires. We cannot imagine a better beginning for a religious library, for one who desires to make his religion and his intelligence accord with one another, and is willing to devote some labor to this important task.

Percy, Lord Eustace, "The Responsibilities of the League," McClelland, Toronto.—The author, who is a contributor to the Round Table, has undertaken in this 320-page volume to examine "the responsibilities assumed by Britain and by the British Commonwealth of Nations" during the last five years. The book includes much intelligent discussion of the relations between Great Britain and the Overseas Dominions and the United States. Lord Eustace ascribes the failure of the United States in the peace-making to the fact that the moral element in President Wilson's addresses was "traditional rather than original," and that the Americans failed to take into account the social revolution which was proceeding in Europe, and to grasp the significance of Bolshevism. The author holds that the social revolution is an inevitable movement in the opposite direction to Nationalism, and that the treaty of Versailles, as a purely Nationalist arrangement, is out of keeping with the ideas which are gaining the ascendancy over the world.

Phillipotts, Eden, "Miser's Money," Macmillan Toronto, \$2.25.—A penetrating study of various different attitudes towards money, as exhibited in the persons of Cornwall farmers, executed in Mr. Phillipott's usually leisurely manner, with an almost excessive amount of casual conversation. The manner in which the evil influence of a miser's life continues after his death is portrayed most convincingly. "There is no death, and a man cannot be shieldless if he would, for none dies who leaves nothing behind him. In measure of his quality he must tincture the human life that touched his spirit and bequeath an immortality of influence alike beyond mortal power to measure or resist."

Pedler, Margaret, "The House of Dreams Come True," Hodder, Toronto, \$3.75.—When a perfect lady, who had the misfortune to be jilted on her wedding day, announces quite frankly that she will help her brother to marry the daughter of the man who jilted her, just because that will be such a good way to get revenge upon the father, one knows at once what kind of a novel one is in. This is a very good example of this kind of novel, full of emotional and sentimental episodes of this sort, and with an entirely happy ending. Miss Pedler's former work, "The Hermit of Far End," was good stuff in this class of fiction, but the new book is more rapid and plausible.

Porter, Eleanor H., "Mary Marie," Allen, Toronto, \$2.—One of the established dogmas of American sentimental fiction is that divorced couples (or even separated couples) can always be brought together again if they have a bright little girl of fourteen and she really sets herself to the job, the late Mrs. Porter's heroine manages it in less than two years, and tells us about it in a diary, and the tales considerably less slushy than some of the same author's earlier works. It seems a pity that the book should not have stopped with the reunion of Mary Marie's parents, but Mrs. Porter always manages to get

little too far, the episode of the decision of Mary Marie herself, twelve years later, to separate from her own husband, and her sudden change of mind, is an unrelated and badly developed appendage stuck on merely for "moral effect."

Rickard, Mrs. Victor, "Cathy Rossiter," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.15.—A very thin streak of yellow in a man may be responsible for very horrible actions. Cathy Rossiter married Colonel Jack Lorimer with her eyes open; in fact the yellow streak was apparent in the way in which Lorimer threw over a friend of hers in order to get Cathy. But it was not a liking for yellow that led her to accept him; rather a character so generous that it refused to believe in yellow streaks unless they were the most conspicuous thing in the decoration. Her girl friend had a yellow streak too, and probably had Lorimer married the friend instead of Cathy there would have been no trouble; the streak would have blended harmoniously. The marriage with Cathy was a tragedy, which ended in the poor girl being packed off to a lunatic asylum; and Mrs. Rickard's portrayal of her ebullient, impulsive disposition shows how easy it would be to manufacture evidence against her. A delightful novel, full of incident, always based on correct characterization; a worthy successor to "The Fire of Green Boughs."

Ruck, Berta, "Sweethearts Unmet," Hodder Toronto, \$1.75.—Always amusing, entertaining and with well-drawn characters, if rather sentimental, the author has gone a long way from "Miss Million's Maid" the memory of which brings a laugh even on the dullest day, in writing a novel with more or less of a purpose. In it, the Sweethearts Unmet, after many false starts, find the loves of their dreams, and are paired off to their own and the reader's satisfaction; but in a postscript, Miss Ruck deplors the fact that so many lonely boys and girls in life never meet their mates, and pleads that this should not be left to chance alone.

Rawlinson, Private James H., "Through St. Dunstan's to Light," Allen, Toronto, \$1.—A well written account of the educational work of the famous school for blinded soldiers, established by Sir Arthur Pearson in London. The writer is a Canadian, a member of the 58th Battalion, C.E.F., and apparently a Toronto man; but he has shown great skill in confining himself to the proper-subject matter of his volume—the technical and spiritual progress of the blinded man under the clever and sympathetic handling of the St. Dunstanites.

Roche, Arthur Somers, "Uneasy Street," Copp Clark, Toronto, \$2.—A considerable number of American adventure stories of recent date are concerned with the subject of the theft of money from persons who came by it dishonestly. The device enables the American author to give his hero the thrills of the thief and the clear conscience of the honest man. The present volume is a good example, except that Mr. Roche's hero and heroine are rather less likeable and no more real than most of their contemporaries in magazine fiction. New York as Mr. Somers sees it is exciting but not alluring.

Taggart, Marion Ames, "A Pilgrim Maid," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.60.—A re-telling in the form of fiction suited for the youthful mind of the recorded adventures of the Billington and Hopkins families, in Plymouth Colony in 1620.

Talbot, Ethel, "The Story Natural History," Nelson, Toronto.—This is an effort to convey to the youthful mind a knowledge of the facts of natural history by means of stories of animal life, hunting, exploration and adventure. The illustrations, which are numerous and well reproduced, are calculated to rivet the attention of the young reader at a glance, for they depict the moment of most strenuous action and most extreme peril in each of the tales narrated by the author. It is just possible that a nervous and excitable child might find them a trifle too strenuous.

Taussig, F. W., "Free Trade, The Tariff and Reciprocity," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.25.—This volume should have a large circulation in Canada, at a mo-

ment when the tariff policy of this country is again under heavy fire. Professor Taussig is the most broadminded authority on this question to be found in America and was until recently chairman of the United States Tariff Commission. His discussion of the Tariff Commission, as an engine of fiscal government, is very interesting. He argues that high money wages are the result not of protection but of the effectiveness of labor in export industries. He is not very keen for reciprocal arrangements, arguing that favors in tariffs soon cease to be favors being given practically to all countries. A significant fact is the absence of any discussion of the protection of young industries, once almost the sole basis of tariff argument. This topic is treated in the author's book, "Some Aspects of the Tariff Question," and he deems it wise not to repeat himself.

Thompson, Sylvanus P., "Calculus Made Easy," Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.00.—Great mathematicians are nearly always humorists; second-rate mathematicians and those who know just enough mathematics to try to teach others are always the exact opposite. Charles L. Dodgson used to alternate between the "Alice" books and works on plain algebraical geometry, and puzzled Queen Victoria greatly by sending her one of the latter when she asked him what he had been publishing since "Alice in Wonderland." Professor Thompson puts his comedy and his mathematics into the same volume, to which he gives the sub-title "A very-simplest introduction to those beautiful methods of reckoning which are generally called by the terrifying name of the Differential Calculus and the Integral Calculus." He explains that "the fools who write the text-books of advanced mathematics—and they are mostly clever fools—seldom take the trouble to show you how easy the easy calculations are. On the contrary, they seem to desire to impress you with their tremendous cleverness by going about it in the most difficult way." It is wonderful how the terrors of even the most abstruse subjects disappear when a combination of humor and intelligence is employed in expounding it.

Tuell, Harriet E., "The Study of Nations," Gundy, Toronto.—A new volume in the Riverside Educational Monographs, devoted to the explanation, for the benefit of school teachers and others, of a new method for correlating the history of the various nations in such a way as to make it constitute a real and intelligible picture of the progress of humanity. The writer's suggestions are not very profound, but are practical, and are greatly enhanced by the inclusion of well constructed topical outlines and reading references which will take the student very far afield from the mere pursuit of dates and kings and treaties.

Twain, Mark, "Moments with Mark Twain," selected by Albert Bigelow Paine, Musson, Toronto, \$1.65. Mr. Paine was a lifelong companion of the great American writer and has written his biography. He is therefore well fitted for the task of making a selection of choice extracts from the voluminous works from "Innocents Abroad" to "Eve's Diary." They are well chosen and characteristic examples of Mark Twain's sublime common-sense and remarkable narrative and descriptive power.

Ullman, Albert Edward, "The Line's Busy," Ryerson's Toronto, \$1.—A moderately amusing narrative of the adventures of a hotel telephone girl, with a large heart, a vivid vocabulary and ample ability to look after herself—in other words the telephone girl of modern fiction, who is quite a distinct species from the telephone girl of ordinary life. Clever illustrations by C. A. Voight make it a good book for a small gift.

Vachell, Horace Annesley, "Whitewash," Cassell, Toronto.—A Galsworthy idea—the refusal of an obstinate English squire to make needed improvements in the housing of her villages, with the ensuing tragedies—but used for a Vachell purpose, to provide the needed obstacles to a love match between the squire's daughter and the local-physician. They are overcome in a Vachell manner, and the lovers

are united and the houses drained. What more can a novel-reader ask?

Vallery-Radot, René, "The Life of Pasteur," Gundy, Toronto, \$4.—The late Sir William Osler, in a noble introduction, endorses the opinion of an anonymous writer that Pasteur "was the great perfect man who has ever entered the Kingdom of Science." The Life is by no means a mere record of scientific achievement, intelligible only to scientific men; it is also the story of a great moral achievement, a life motivated throughout by the sincerest and most self-denying love for the human race. The treatment of rabies is of course but one, though the most spectacular, of the wonderful discoveries of this chemist and thinker, whose history is here told with a lively sympathy, a thorough knowledge, and all the necessary technical equipment of the writer of biography.

Vance, Louis Joseph, "The Dark Mirror," Doubleday, New York, \$1.75.—Mr. Vance has invented a new brand of mystery. The heroine, a very nice girl, finds herself dreaming that she is engaged in the commission of a succession of crimes, and in each case learns afterwards that a real crime of exactly corresponding character was committed at the corresponding time. It would be cruel to divulge the secret, but we may murmur the one word "twins."

Van Vorst, Marie, "Fairfax and His Prince Goodchild," Toronto, \$2.—Tony Fairfax is from the Southern States, where pride is manufactured of a higher efficiency than anywhere else in the world. He was a great sculptor, but was done out of his fame by the man for whom he worked. He became a railroad engineer, married an Irish working-girl, struggled at sculpture in his old moments, and was constantly receiving telegrams announcing deaths or making immensely interesting chances of acquaintance. Eventually, of course, he was a huge success and married his lovely cousin who had inspired his best statuary. A notable novel, for containing the shortest chapters we remember seeing.

Walsh, J. C., "The Invincible Irish," The Devin-Adair Co., New York.—Mr. Walsh, who was for many years one of the most brilliant of Canadian journalists, is now engaged in promoting the freedom of Ireland by propaganda in the United States. This book is an extremely clever and good-tempered exposition of the Irish case, and can be read with profit by Canadians who desire to form their own opinion concerning the greatest tragedy of the present era. Mr. Walsh has had unrivalled opportunities for studying these Sinn Fein movements from the inside. He feels very deeply, and expresses himself with remarkable power.

Watson, Albert D., "Three Comrades of Jesus," Ryerson, Toronto, 75c.—Dr. Watson has re-written a considerable portion of the Bible, and we cannot feel that he has notably improved it. It is possible that if the founder of the Christian religion had lived in Toronto in the twentieth century, he would have said, "Whosoever shall forsake any lesser interests for the sake of the Great Kingdom, shall have all good things more truly his, and a deeper, intenser life forever." But we greatly prefer what the translators of the King James version represented Him as saying to the same effect.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas, "Ladies-in-Waiting," Thomas Allen, Toronto.—A collection of five of Mrs. Wiggin's most characteristic short stories. Unlike some of this author's more ambitious efforts, these tales will probably appeal more strongly to readers of the gentle sex than to mere males, and to young readers more than to older ones, though an exception must be made in favour of "Huldah the Prophetess," who allowed Pitt Packard to marry Jennie Perkins when she could just as well have had him herself, merely because he took no stock in her Cassandra-like faculties; but who was rewarded after nineteen years by the privilege of becoming his second wife, and completely converting him to a belief in the science of prophecy as practised by experts in the rural parts of Maine.

Williams, Archibald, "Thinking it Out," Nelson, Toronto.—Can you explain why we are not thrown

off the earth by centrifugal force? or how the door-check on your office door works when it closes the door gently and silently? or why the water at the bottom of deep oceans is intensely cold? or why the sky is blue and the sunset red? All these questions and hundreds of others are answered without technicality and with a complete and usually illustrated statement of the general laws involved, in this fascinating 400-page book. It is the kind of book that father will buy for Johnnie, and then borrow from Johnnie's library and forget to put back.

Williams, Ben Ames, "The Great Accident," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.25.—Mr. Williams writes very well when he is writing of the sea, as we have frequently had occasion to remark. Unfortunately Hardiston, Ohio, is decidedly inland, and the Great Accident, which is the tale of the mayoralty of wild young Winthrop Chase, elected in mistake for his father, is lacking in most of the atmospheric qualities of the author's earlier work. It is the kind of thing that Mr. Winston Churchill might possibly write if he took lessons from the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, which we trust he will not do.

White, Stewart Edward, "The Killer," Gundy, Toronto, \$2.—Excellent example of this well known author's work. Review next issue.

Young, F. E. Mills, "Almonds of Life," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.65.—If this story were not set in a small and rather unpleasant South African town, it would not differ greatly from many score of other recent novels, dealing with the problem of the woman who marries for other reasons than love, and then finds that love is more important than all other reasons. Yet the South African atmosphere is not very important, and the interest of the book is mainly in the psychology of three or four leading characters. The book is a tragedy, and a powerful one, though very quietly written. Its philosophy is that of the Chinese proverb which gives rise to the title, and which reads "Almonds come to those who have no teeth."

Canadian Stories

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Gardenvale, P.Q., December, 1920

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EDITORIAL OFFICE, 205 DRUMMOND BUILDING, MONTREAL,

THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN is published quarterly by the Industrial & Educational Publishing Company Limited, at the Garden City Press, Gardenvale, P.Q.

J. J. HARPELL, President and Managing Director

A. S. CHRISTIE, Eastern Manager,
205 Drummond Building, Montreal

A. LONGWELL, Vice-President

H. W. THOMPSON, Western Manager,
1402 C.P.R. Building, Toronto

CANADIAN BOOKMAN

DECEMBER, 1920

The Position of Canadian Periodical Literature.

THE Association of Canadian Clubs discussed, at its recent meeting in Montreal, as many other bodies have of late discussed, the question of the permeation of Canada by foreign periodical publications. The Canadian Club discussion was mainly concerned, and we believe unduly so, with certain American periodicals whose tone is distinctly unfriendly to the British Empire. We doubt very greatly whether the influence of these particular periodicals is by any means the most regrettable feature of the present situation. Mr. Hearst's publications at any rate make their appeal only to those individuals who have already a certain anti-British bias; and this class is not either particularly large or particularly influential in the Dominion of Canada. The more-innocuous American publications with which this country is flooded exercise a powerful influence, often unperceived, upon the whole mental character of every class of Canadians, accustoming them to American habits of thought and American modes of expression, and, what is perhaps still more serious, accustoming them not to expect any element of Canadianism in ninety-five per cent of their reading-matter.

The reason why Canada is so exposed to the invasion of American periodical literature is, in the main, the fact that we have no Canadian periodical literature of corresponding merit and ability. We are accustomed to reconcile ourselves to this condition of affairs, by declaring that it is not possible that we should have a periodical literature in any way comparable to that of the United States, because we are a nation of eight millions and they are a nation of one hundred millions. The explanation is sound, so far as it goes, but it is made to go much too far. We must refuse to believe that if the United States, with its population and wealth, is capable of maintaining from fifty to a hundred magazine publications of varying but considerable degrees of merit, Canada, with its population and wealth, is not capable of sustaining at

least one-tenth as many—provided only that the Canadian field were as well preserved for Canadian development as the American field is for American development. The fatal element in the situation is that the Canadian field is not preserved for Canadian development at all.

We have already discussed in previous issues the old-established idea of the desirability of free interchange of thought, which led to the exclusion of periodical literature from the operations of the protective tariff in Canada, and still further, to the adoption of preferential rates in the Post Office for the carriage of periodical literature of all kinds, including that of foreign origin; and we have shown that the typical American magazine of today in no way corresponds to the concept which was in the minds of the legislators of bygone generations when they adopted this policy. The modern magazine, as chiefly developed in the United States, is an aggregation of advertisements accompanied by reading-matter of the precise amount and kind calculated to perform most efficiently the task of conveying those advertisements to the attention of readers. Now there is no reason why Canadians should create a special free classification in their tariff, or a special privileged classification in their post office system, for the purpose of facilitating the conveyance of American advertisements to Canadian readers. It is true that there are still publications, a few in the United States and a considerable number in Great Britain and elsewhere, which exist more for the conveyance of ideas than of advertisements, and which are paid for by the subscribers, the recipients of these ideas, rather than by the advertisers. It is still desirable that our tariff and our postal system should facilitate the distribution of periodicals such as these. The method of discrimination is obvious enough. It is to impose a tax upon the advertising space, at so much a square inch. Other advertising matter (not contained in periodical publications) such as catalogues, price-lists, descriptive pamphlets and house organs, is already taxed, the method of collection being a

pre-payment stamp which entitles the stamped article to pass without further trouble through the customs department of the Post Office. There is no reason why a similar pre-payment stamp should not be employed in the case of individual copies of foreign magazines, mailed to subscribers or other recipients in Canada. The great bulk of the importation of foreign periodicals takes place in the form of express shipment for distribution by agencies within the Dominion. On these shipments the rate of duty could be closely assessed by computation of the actual advertising space. On individual copies passing through the mails there would obviously have to be an arbitrary rate which would be somewhat higher than the accurate rate based upon advertising, in order that there should be no temptation to evade the accurate rate by sending copies separately through the mails instead of shipping them in wholesale quantities.

The effect of such a tax upon periodicals of the higher grade, which are less dependent upon large-space advertising, would be very slight. British periodicals would enjoy a marked advantage, due partly to the British preference and partly to their much lower percentage of advertising space. We do not suggest for a moment that such a tax would put an end to the importation of American magazines into Canada. It might not even seriously reduce it, for a considerable period of time. Its most important effect would be that of giving to the Canadian periodicals a marked competitive advantage in respect of price. The rest would depend upon the skill and intelligence with which the publishers of Canadian periodicals availed themselves of that advantage. We come back, once again, to the fact already stated in the beginning of this article, that the reason why Canada is so exposed to the invasion of American periodical literature, is our own lack of periodicals of corresponding merit and ability. Every degree of improvement in our own periodical publications means a corresponding progress towards the supersession of foreign by domestic publications. If our own magazines were absolutely first-class, an American periodical would be as rare in this country as a Canadian periodical is in the United States.

The Canadian people must have periodical literature of a certain degree of ability and merit. The way to prevent them from feeding upon foreign intellectual pabulum is to

provide them with an adequate supply of the desired article at home.

The Canadian Language?

IT is, we believe, becoming more and more widely recognized that there exists a certain mode of expression properly to be denominated the American language, and differing in certain important and characteristic respects from the English language out of which it is mainly derived. This fact is now proclaimed with boasting by American critics; and if there were any further doubt upon the subject we might bring forward the impartial evidence of a French publisher who recently produced a French version of a novel by Gertrude Atherton and described it as being "traduit de l'anglo-américain." This French publisher went somewhat further than some of the English critics would be disposed to do, for he admitted the existence of "l'anglo-américain," not merely in the baser forms of speech employed by baseball "fans" and Wall Street followers, but also in the higher realms of language traversed by a literary artist such as Gertrude Atherton. There might be some dissension on this point, and it might be claimed by some that while Mr. Irvin Cobb writes American, the late Mr. Henry James did not. On the other hand, there might be many who claim that whatever Mr. Henry James did write, it was not English. The main point, however, is to establish the fact of the American language; as in the case of the nation of Czecho-Slovakia, we cannot well proceed to delimit its territory until we have recognized its existence.

The granting to the American tongue of a franchise in the League of Languages necessarily raises interesting questions for the people of Canada. If there be two languages, one English and one American, which of the two (if either) are we to speak and write? It will not do to say off-hand that because we derive our constitution from Great Britain we must necessarily derive our language from the same source. Language may have a tendency to follow the flag, other things being equal; but other things, such as a 3,000 mile land boundary, and thousands of people daily running to and fro across it, are by no means equal. Our laws may be British, but our songs are provided by Mr. Leo Feist, of New York. Our Governor-General may patronise

cricket, but our business men prefer baseball. Our dollar may be worth only eighty six cents, but it tries its best to be a dollar, not a pound sterling.

The Canadian writer who sets himself to produce literature is thereby compelled to decide for himself, before setting pen to paper, which language he will elect to write. If his aim is merely to produce popular reading matter, he will not even have to come to a decision; for he will necessarily write in the American language which is, in Canada, the language "understanded of the people." But for literature, as we have said, there is an option. There are many Canadians who would prefer that their national literature should be written in the tongue currently employed in London or Oxford, rather than in that of New York or Chicago. There are, on the other hand, perhaps almost as many Canadians less cultured, possibly, but more redolent of the soil, who, while not demanding a slavish adherence to the standards of Chicago or New York, would at least like to see their Canadian writers evincing a consciousness that they belong not to any nation of effete Europe, but to a new continent, with new ideas, a new attitude towards life, and a somewhat new manner of expressing itself.

We have said that there is an option available to the Canadian writer who desires to produce literature. Perhaps that is scarcely an accurate way of putting it. It implies that a Canadian writer must aim either at the production of English literature or at the production of American literature. But this is precisely the concept against which the *Canadian Bookman* has tried to protest. The business of a Canadian writer who desires to remain Canadian is to produce Canadian literature, and that means literature in the language best adapted to express the thoughts and feelings of the Canadian people. That language is not wholly regulated either by the standards of London or by those of New York. It is regulated by the standards of the cultured people of Canada—and by this latter phrase we do not mean the small group of cultured persons from Oxford and Cambridge, or the still smaller group of cultured persons from Boston, who have come to this country in a missionary capacity; we mean those persons who are of the same origin and social condition as the uncultured Canadians, who mingle freely with the uncultured Canadians and share

most of their aspirations and beliefs, and differ from them only in the amount of time and energy which they have put into the pursuit of cultural things. The man who writes for these people, and not for the outside world, will write Canadian literature. The language in which he writes it may not for many generations to come, may perhaps never, be sufficiently characteristic to be described as a Canadian language; but it will not be absolutely identical, either with the English of London, or with the American of New York. It may be somewhere between the two. In any case it will be the unconscious product of the modes of thought and expression of an educated Canadian people.

The Return Postage Stamp

AS our intelligent readers will have perceived, the *Canadian Bookman* is anxious to do everything in reason for the advancement of Canadian poetry. We are now printing more Canadian poetry, and we venture to think better Canadian poetry, than any other Canadian periodicals. We have already, in the short period of less than two years, introduced to Canadian readers a number of accomplished writers of verse who previously had no public beyond the readers of their own local papers.

There are, however, limits to the extent of the sacrifices that we can afford to make, even for the advancement of Canadian poetry. There are some things which we do not think we should be asked to do. One of these things is the purchasing, out of our own slender resources, of the postage stamps for the return of verses which, for one reason or another are "not suitable for the purposes of the *Canadian Bookman*."

Poets show but little affection for their offspring, when they leave them on the doorstep of a magazine such as the *Canadian Bookman*, without waiting to enquire whether they are acceptable for adoption into the *Bookman* family, and without making any provision for reclaiming them if they are not. We do not insist upon addressed envelopes, although they are a valuable assistance to the hard-worked editor. We do feel entitled to insist upon the provision of sufficient stamps to get the poem back to its birth-place. In the case of poems whose place of origin is outside of the Dominion of Canada, we feel entitled to insist

upon Canadian postage stamps, or international reply coupons.

All that we have said about poetry and postage stamps applies equally to prose.

The Poetic Movement

THE collection of Canadian poetry in the last issue of the *Canadian Bookman* has attracted much favorable attention from those who are competent to judge. It was not by any means put forward as the result of a special effort, only to be equalled on rare occasions; and the publishers of the *Canadian Bookman* hope to be able to equal it, and indeed to excel it, in many future numbers. We may add that we have already in had a considerable quantity of what we believe to be distinctly notable verse by writers who have already contributed to these columns, and by several new aspirants, and that we are quite convinced that there is a very live movement going on in Canadian poetry which only needs a reasonable opportunity for self-expression.

One of the most discerning tributes to our poets of the July number is that of the Literary Editor of the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, who writes:

The Editor of the *Canadian Bookman* calls our attention to the July number of that interesting and progressive magazine. He apparently feels some little pride in the poetry published in it. He has succeeded in gathering together a little group of poets who, without being exclusively modern, have at least freshness. One cannot recall off-hand a more thoroughly Canadian lyric than "Spring on the Prairie," even though the poet has broken the music of it with a curiously awkward line, the first of the last verse, "A snowbird in a tree a song's begun." Arthur L. Phelps in a rather striking poem, "A Dark Picture," has shown us that some of our Canadian poets are not afraid to use words that are essentially unpoetic:

And from the towering stores

Employees pouring forth.

That may not be a virtue in itself, and at times it may become a vice, but if a poet in this country ever does a big thing by flouting some poetic tradition, then we may be thankful that someone started to get away from ancient laws and traditions. Anyway, words like "employees" are to be preferred to ponderous archaisms like "erstwhile" and "methinks." We have to thank the editor of the *Canadian Bookman* for pulling us up short and for pushing this verse into our hands. It has many of the characteristics of the modern verse, even being unduly forced at time in an effort to be clever, as in the poem "Death." On the whole, it is promising.

Mavourneen

By AGNES M. FOLEY

O YOUR feet were very light on the wind-swept grass,
Mavourneen,
Where the pointed, sun-flecked shadows loved to pass,
Mavourneen.
Tho' the song of the thrush from his leaf-shaded nest
Would flutter the heart of me deep in my breast,
'Twas your own lilting laugh was of all songs the best,
Mavourneen.
O, your eyes were very blue when the world was in flower,
Mavourneen,
And your hair gleamed gold as the corn-fields thro' a shower,
Mavourneen.
And the heart of you would leap when Spring stood on the hill,
And the amber skies at evening would set your soul a-thrill,—
But the feet of you would follow their wild, young will,
Mavourneen.
O, August has returned, with poppies in her hair,
Mavourneen,
O, the hills are very green and the dales are very fair,
Mavourneen.
But the grass will wait in vain for your eager feet,
And the thrush will never sing again one half so sweet,
And O, the years are dragging, that used to go so fleet,
Mavourneen.

War Moods and War Poetry In Retrospect

By G. R. STEVENS

THE thrall of the Fifteen Hundred Days is heavy upon us. A line of print, a familiar face, or the ring of an old jest, and we sheer away quickly towards the caves of recollection. On August 5th, 1920, the afternoon newspapers announced in display that two divisions of British infantry would form an expeditionary force to Poland. Among the first swift, a padre telegraphed from Los Angeles for disposition, affording the brilliant touch. Night closed over such tidings, and morning exposed the fiction, but for that one evening visions were strewn in the sunset. Beyond a dozen such sunsets, there might be another Mons, and the long way back. Then the tightening of thews under punishment, and the nations loud with resolves. The patient cursing infantry would go up rather worse roads than in their younger days, the engineers and chemists would organize mightily for the defiling of flesh, and in decency and in order the great inauguration of war would be consummated anew. For another season, happiness and the dear things in living would be held in suspense, and our normal world would end like a Wells-ian paragraph, in a bleak negation of dots.

For that evening, before the fiction showed (and before the Poles had pulled themselves together), it seemed strange to old soldiers that we had learned nothing. If all the cunning of our strength, and all our knowledge, still wet with its price, could not keep our infantry from Poland, it was a very odd business indeed. We had had our war, and after it, histories and philosophies, anthologies and memoirs, and all manner of clever reasonings; and yet the infantry was still marching wearily about the world, going to the killings. From which it would seem that we had nothing to give over from our war, unless it was the rehash of old ideas, which do not die easily, as men do. This seemed strange. When the lizard first searched the slime for warm and bleeding food, the small mammals eschewed the hot swamps, and scampered to the bleak uplands; when the apes fed on succul-

ence that made them writhe for a little before they were still, the rest of the tribe passed by the tenderness of that herb forever. It is hard to believe that the stuff of brains has not improved in texture since the days of the big brained men. Yet there is no end to this madness of marching armies. The reason is plain; the old tradition has failed to protect the world, and it is high time that some were about the making of a new tradition. The unadaptable species dies, and many will surely die if we are not hasty with our record of war, and what it means in these times of cunning.

The young chaps should have made such a record. They were foremost, and probably thought most about our war, for they had so little else to do. Not being rulers, they could not command, and not being philosophers, they could not make laws; but being young, they could play with songs, and some of these songs were amazing. There were bards, and thoughtful men withal. The record of the songs and verses of these men who adventured amazingly should be a clean and true history of how men found war in the twentieth century after Christ, and such a record should be a great and vigilant compilation, and mightily true. Yet all the books of the songs of our armies show little today, unless it is the futility of art when men are greedy or lustful or hungry or bloodthirsty. They churn old memories from their decent depths, and make something of a mock of our dead men. At the very best, tomorrow's children will see yesterday's tragedy as yesterday's splendor, and this may be a very bad thing for tomorrow. The reason for this failure of war poetry to expound war lies in the bardic nature of all war poetry that matters. The poets were soldiers and fighting men, and they lived in the moods of their armies, and so came to much bitterness at the finish.

The distinguishing characteristics of our war poetry were its youth and non-professional purity. Bona-fide and established artists were generally pitiable objects during those years; they were remnant and relict of a late

lamented world. The excess of maudlin patriotism, the bellowings to an unconcerned God, and the totem-poling of the enemy, were the trade marks of the majority of the older school. Fortunately, the bulk of the young men of all nations were intellectually foot-loose, and from their plasticity emanated the Splendid Phase of the War. The first two years suckled that mood. The well-nourished and the keen, the sensitive and appreciative, the young and the manly, were translated suddenly into an atmosphere of intense and inhibiting ideas. In the first place, they were all to go to war together, which was a wonderful thing. More than that, and more wonderful, they would go in the consciousness of imminent death, and the consciousness of vicarious sacrifice would bear their hearts high. A richness veiled them, and many men were poets as they moved down to their crusade. (By grace of circumstance, Masefield watched at Mudros, and saw the souls of men silhouetted against their doom on the morrow, and he wrote it down in a thousand words of crystal English, moving and perfect.) Imminence and expectancy were a superb basis for the poetic mood, and much of the best verse of the war was snuggled into newspaper nooks at this time, over signatures that meant nothing to anyone except perhaps a platoon commander. The best of all war anthologies might be a collection of poems under twenty lines, and all written before 1916. A hundred little songs, neither deep nor broad, but splendidly clean and manly, dripped in those years from the great and beautiful company for which Brooks and Seeger stand as markers. The dazzle was in their eyes, and fey seemed to clear their brains; they felt their glory, and said so briefly and excellently. They wrote of other things for the most part, because they thought of war so persistently; and because they had forgotten themselves so completely, they found themselves anew in amazement.

A small group caught the gleam before all others. They were the knights of the game, who met the new life in the spirit of the cavalry charge. They made no argument or apology, but broke back swiftly to the fighting strain of their ancestors. Grenfell and Vernède, and many other gallant chaps who passed quickly and never dreamt of failure, scrawled verse of a rare and abiding headiness, when they found that their generation

had been chosen for the testing. Their songs were beaded at the brim with wonder. Their war was the ascent of the Hill of Storm with Sir Percival, and the path of flame across the seas. A great thing had come upon them. "Giants are what I want," cries Cyrano de Bergerac with his beautiful gesture. Giants ringed the dear greenness of England, and these fighting chaps were well content.

- Such a group were of blood royal, in art as in descent. The mass of young and likely men who went out could not claim such inheritance. The Empire's thinking youth did not regret the lack of the spur of instinct, for they were accustomed to reasoning matters out for themselves. (At the imminent risk of contradiction, Kipling's flaunt holds good. The average educated Britisher does do more reasoning to the unit of intellect than the corresponding citizen of other nationalities.) When these lads had gone down into the fighting lands, they began to cast about them for the truth of this matter of war and bitter death. The atmosphere of crusade was diluted to a trace on the fighting side of the Channel, and when once involved in the vast business of going and coming and killing, the ever adaptable human consciousness got briskly down to brass tacks. The first thing to find was a reason for being out there. Never was anything so elusive as the true inwardness of the translation into the deserts of destruction. Men groped and fumbled with their experience, and they sought the truth with vague persistency. If their explorations did not end in some rainy dawn, or behind some broken traverse, they came bluntly to a dilemma and ceased presently to think. All the facts of the case seemed arrayed against all the ritual of their race and breeding. War stood in their paths as a great bleak pit into which mankind flowed unceasingly. There was no orientation in the jumble, and everyone was as ignorant as everyone else. The sturdiest searched for the secret of the pit. Donald Hankey was a typical searcher; he sought truth in the guise of theology, and found precious little of it; but he was brave and full of decent pride. But many who had stirred and exulted in their beginnings were dulled in their search, and lost heart, and avoided the scorpion tail of too much thought ever afterward.

Whatever war was, there was no doubt that war was not what it was thought to be.

"Who dies fighting has increase"
 may have been the blazoury of the first companies of shining riders; before many moons were poisoned with slaughter.

"Empire and 'igh Destiny be damned"
 represented a more intelligible reaction. The great lack lay in leadership. The men who had blazed trails for the younger intellectuals had utterly failed them at this crisis. Mr. Kipling, with his younger dreams re-embodied and enacted as in prophecy fulfilled, mourned for his son after Loos, and hid his bitterness in silence. Mr. Wells wrestled with himself as in the place Peniel, and it is doubtful if he was fit company for any man. Galsworthy found sex lucrative in American monthlies, Shaw played the buffoon until discredited, and Belloc and the Chestertons became profoundly isolated and technical overnight. The other good men and keen that might have thought things out were mucking for Britain, the senates were deep in their absurdities, and the young fighting men had an eternity to themselves. Great ideas sang in many brains—of the beauty of giving, and the coming of a cleaner world, the invincibility of our cause, and our trek through pain to God. But the devil of it lay in the fact that no one was very sure about any of these things in the light of one's daily experience. Whereas the old and the maudlin and the non-combatant were so cocksure of everything that they destroyed confidence.

Thus the blight arose which scotched war poetry. Clear brains began to despair, or took to cynicism and strong waters. Those who persisted, and strove for expression, found only the old and regular things about country and God and splendour and pain and glory. A few tried the grand manner, with pathetic gestures: there were several attempts to surpass "The Dynasts," but none of them seem to have annoyed Hardy's publishers. New and then, some one mourned over a dead boy, in a perfect beautiful way that recalled the Greek in exultation and pride of achievement. But most named the world as mad, because no meaning came to them from the jumble of peoples poured out into war.

The dream passed from many. Art was comrade to our campaigns in failure. Then came a time when the British nations went up into Picardy, bent on making an end of war. Mr. Philip Gibbs has but lately thrown the light of his knowledge upon the effects of

our failures upon the battlefields of the Somme. Being pure Anglo-Saxon, and sentimental to boot, Mr. Gibbs is perhaps not the best judge of the personnel of an army that was neither so soft nor so sensitive nor so stupid as he makes out. Mr. Gibbs is faithful to his keen, imaginative, frivolous south-of-England kin; but his atmosphere does not fit at all for the hard and dour and dirty men from Lancashire and north of there, nor can he comprehend with any nicety the mental outlook of the blasphemous men from the Dominions. Nevertheless, the reaction to the sustained and senseless slaughter that inaugurated our first general offensive marked the fighting men indelibly, and the time arrived shortly when even the rank and file lost faith. Had we battered the Boche back swiftly upon his cities, and chased him from his strong places in ignominy, then the virtue of the old order would have been rehabilitated in the hearts of the victors. As it was, our strength, appalling in its magnificence, was wasted on uncut wire and little hills. Here likewise, at last at grips with a visible enemy, we learned that other pride was high and other strength was firm almost to invincibility. After week-long agonies under destroying fire, isolated in hunger and in thirst, and all hope gone, the German scorned the shelter of his burrows when he saw us come, but leapt down, almost joyfully, to his finish. On our side, it seemed that everything failed except courage. The suspicion grew that the vastness of our war sheltered incompetence more than criminal, and much pettiness, and more than a little dirtiness. The dear and gay chaps that strode in the files with us were left sprawled up there because of some one's foolishness. It was heart-breaking to think that our war should come to this. The wet winter after the Somme gave much time for thinking, and along a hundred miles of line British men were altering their ideas grimly. The time of bewilderment and ignorance was passing; with or without leaders certain definite facts were emerging. Men were coming to consider that the blood guilt was not all on one side, and that the fault lay in no nation, but in the old order and in the old tradition. And because this truth was strong upon them, they were vowing that war could never again be a crusade, nor could it ever again be justified as a national occupation.

The poets of the first phase were mostly

dead, somewhere between La Boisselle and the Butte of Warlencourt. The poets of the later years had not arisen. It is difficult to recollect a notable poem of that winter. "The Children" had said all that Mr. Kipling had to say, and Mr. Oxenham was viewing the war through his own particular bit of stained glass. Alfred Noyes was in America, Sir Owen Seaman was splendidly cheerful once per week, and scores of club window poets were vitriolic, or pathetic, or both; but the fighting line sent few songs. The thinking portion of the army was remembering certain things in bitterness, and becoming surer all the time of where the truth lay. Of the growth of that bitterness, and of how the new attitude arose, which Sassoon not over-worthily represents today, the tale may be brief and bald.

The Army hardened. The confirmed skeptic is as excellent with the bayonet as the confirmed idealist. If the youth of all nations were trapped by circumstances, because of failures not their own, the future could care for itself, but the present would be classic in its deviltry. Shorn of illusions and sustained by bitterness, the Army plunged into more tremendous phases of slaughter. No one dreamed of great causes or great days or great endings any more; the morrow inherited futility. The young men who remained became - out of touch with all the world except their routine employment. When they went home on leave or with wounds, they soon became bewildered and uncertain; they came back cursing to their deaths, but not altogether unwillingly. In this spirit of isolation and recklessness, the Third Battle of Ypres, which would have destroyed either an enthusiastic or a downhearted Army, was fought to a finish such as minstrels never dreamed. Ludendorff, brisk organizer of butchery, is colorful in the midst of his technique. "The enemy plunged against us like a wild bull in those days. Our ring barely held." Fifty-two divisions of the British Army went up through the Square at Ypres, and came back in remnants if they came at all. But there was no pride of achievement, nor songs of beauty, nor even many casual vignettes of the thousand phases of life in the field. Such verse as appeared was strictly non-combatant, and the gulf that separated the fighting man from his fellows was confirmed.

This latter phase of war mood, which appeared for the most part after the war was won (so prideful were they that they kept

their peace, even though heavier peace awaited them at any dawn), unfortunately has produced but little poetry, and has attracted less attention than it deserves. The mood of contempt and cynicism is tainted ground, and the seed of poetry does not live happily in it. But the reflection of this mood is immensely important, because the tradition of the future is still in the making. It is the hope of many that the world is having done with the national creeds that made war necessary. There can be honor without either competition or secret diplomacy, and mustard gas is not a necessary adjunct to our civilization. Because he believes these things, the thinking soldier is a hard man and scornful today. He brims with the failures that were redeemed at an overwhelming price. He has an equal contempt for intensive nationalism and evangelical internationalism. He looks upon the wreck of his generation and curses the older men. He is too broken and hasty and unaccustomed to do much in this world, and he hates the thing that broke him with a consuming bitterness.

Of the younger poets who are infected with this attitude, Sassoon is outstanding, partially through his boldness, and partially because of the mediocrity of the other representatives of this school. Nichols is still too much of a gentleman to subscribe fully to such an uncouth spirit. Robert Graves, a really excellent poet, is a cheerful philosopher by temperament, and finds the role of bitterness to be irksome. As for Sassoon, he had an initial sensitiveness that the war frayed to consistent irritability. He was downright in his beliefs, and had something of Rupert Brooke's appreciation of grossness. Today, he is past wishing to be evangelical, and is content with scorn. There is nothing great or wonderful in war; it is rather cheap business when it is mismanaged so persistently; but a volume could not summarize his discontent and disillusionment, his isolation and contemptuous jeering carelessness, any better than the calculated disdain of poetry which he evinces when he is truly in earnest, as when he talks to any of the dead men of his mess:

Well, how are things in heaven? I wish you'd
say,
Because I'd like to know that you're all right.
Tell me, have you found everlasting day,
Or been sucked in by everlasting night?
For when I shut my eyes your face shows
plain,

I hear you make some cheery old remark,
I can rebuild you in my brain,
Though you've gone out patrolling in the dark.

You joked at shells, and talked the usual shop,
Stuck to your dirty job, and did it fine,
With "Jesus Christ! When will it stop?
Three years. . . . It's hell unless we break
their line."

Goodbye, old lad! Remember me to God,
And tell Him that our politicians swear
They won't give in till Prussian Rule's been
trod

Under the Heel of England. . . . Are you
there?

Yes and the war won't end for
at least two years;
But we've got stacks of men. . . . I'm blind
with tears,

Staring into the dark. Cheero!
I wish they'd killed you in a decent show.

So at the finish Percival plays something very close to Pélleas. Whether there is any future in this phase, only the lords of the world's unrest can know. As an artistic conviction, it is perhaps preferable to the abominations that were postulated in the pre-war days in the name of realism. But a young realist is always something of a poseur; whereas these young men are dangerously and damnable in earnest. As the shadows settle over the political world, it is just a question whether these bitter and disappointed chaps may not become linked to the philosophy of destruction that is seeding like a death fungus in many brains today. Should this occur, then war poets and their verses will be surely ended, for they will have set their faces towards greater and yet more indecent war.

Of the back eddies of this main current of mood, there were many and varied. Possibly even more strange were some of the lacks. It was rather odd that no disciple arose to trans-

late the beer-and-bones personality of Mr. Belloc into war verse. From the memoirs of Ben Kelling, who was killed on the Somme, it appears that the "jovial" demeanor was the pride of certain sets at Oxford. Kelling himself carried his admiration for this pretence to a ridiculous degree, and behaved abominably to those who loved him. But the war developed no swaggering musketeer of a poet—it was hardly the war for that sort of thing. Nor were there any to lapse into the colorful mediaevalism of thought and carriage which is as prettily futile in literature as it is in pictures. Nor was there any particular apostle of the public mind, unless Harold Begbie and Horatio Bottomley were to divide that kingdom between them. It would be a blessing to be able to say that there were no propagandizing poets, but the land stank with them.

George Bernard Shaw once subscribed to the Shakespeare Memorial Fund with a one-act play written about Will and the Dark Lady. As might have been expected from such a source, Shakespeare appears as a pert, somewhat Villonesque hackman, with a rare ear for a turned phrase. He noses about and jots from the conversation of others. A sonorous Beefeater attracts, and Will inscribes feverishly until the speaker notices him. "What then, sir," demands the Beefeater, "are you such a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles?" "Good God," cries Will, "the man is greater than I am." And so, at the finish, the world cannot find any greatness in its war, and apparently cannot even resolve its experience into a tradition that might help to protect tomorrow's children; and the sum of the store of poetry for those years of desolation are the unconsidered trifles that young men flung from them in all gladness when about to die, and the bitter cursings of those chaps who lived through, only to feel that their kind had betrayed them.



On Canadian Texts

By FREDERICK NIVEN

FROM among the bi-lingual placards (French and English) in the streets of Montreal, the racy ones of Toronto hoardings, those tacked upon trees in the bush region of Lake Superior, the witty ones on the walls of Winnipeg, the Regina ones, and those of this wild and alluring British Columbia (where I write now) what a romantic, amusing and instructive album might a wise collector make! I wish I had begun taking notes toward the preparation of that album in Montreal. In many there I delighted; but it was not till I reached Toronto that I realized memory was not enough for them and produced my notebook. I pray you to believe me that the manners of the people are not necessarily uncouth though the first note of this order (I made it in the "Queen City") may seem so. It read thus:

If you expect to rate as
A Gentleman,
Don't expectorate on the floor.

A placard of the same *genre* out west has a slightly different accent. While having my hair electrically cut in a little mountain town of the Kootenay country I was confronted by:

Gentlemen won't
Others please don't
Spit on the floor.

One other specimen in this vein will suffice, and we shall pass to nicer themes. That specimen was as follows:

Please spit on the floor.

As a brass spittoon two feet high stood below the notice, I am bound to believe it was intended rather in the nature of a taunt or a challenge than as a genuine invitation.

From a store in Lethbridge I culled this touching example:

We do not give credit.
Please do not ask for it.

Something of the easy manners of the riders of the range, or what is left of them, may be gathered from a carefully penned notice in

the vestibule of a hotel in the neighbourhood of the rolling South Alberta foothills:

Gents are requested not to set
on the table.

It comes very natural there to "set" anywhere, just where one finds oneself. There is something in the atmosphere that makes a man easy—jack-easy. He drops off his horse, or falls out of his automobile, and pulling a hat-brim over eyes strained a little by looking across big spaces, he "sets" on the veranda edge, or props himself against the balcony support. We are still close enough to Nature in the west to sit down when we wish to do so, even if a chair is not at hand.

But this is primarily of Canadian Placards, Notices, Public Proclamations, and I must stick to the central theme: These, in British Columbia, are of a kind totally different from the ones that billposters put up back east to direct urban folks who walk on pavements in crowded streets. I am ten miles from town, five miles by wagon road and five by trail. The way winds through woods of tamarack and fir, cedar and balsam. By the roadside, where the automobiles of the fruit-growers and ranchmen bounce, every here and there upon a tree is a red-lettered card which reads thus:

THE COST OF CARELESSNESS.

A woods foreman left a fire burning.
A wind swept the fire into 8,000,000
feet of logs, burned donkeys and
camps, and cost 240 men their jobs.

CAREFULNESS PAYS.

Another, aimed at the sportsmen and tourists who come here after rainbow trout, or bear, comments genially:

Camp, hunt and fish, and come again
next year; but you'll enjoy it more
if you leave no fires burning.

The same placard, by the way, you may read half way across the continent when setting out into the wilds from White River, or in the region of Muskoka or Parry Sound. There is a very charming one, by my own trail side, that must have been as often viewed by the

uncomprehending eyes of bear, deer, and coyote as by human beings. It is placed (tacked to a tall and serene cedar soaring there) at a fork in the trail. It serves the dual purpose of cross-roads sign-post and fire-warden's notice, and here it is:

Five miles to Dora Milroy Mill.
Ten miles to Little Lardo Mine.
Green forests afford shelter for game,
and clean streams for fish.
Help keep them green.

There always seems to me almost the intonation of a voice in that: "Help keep them green."

They are green enough now, green and solitary and grand. The creeks swirl down, plashing to the silence, and rub-a-dub, awesomely in the quiet, through miles of mountain. I have taken up my temporary abode at a deserted cabin, beside an abandoned prospect (with blankets and frying-pan, tin cups and saucers, a rifle and fishing-rod, a few books and a writing-pad, a stylo pen and a ridiculously elated heart) among these wild scenes and in the midst of scent of resin and balsam. Further back, among more firs and boulders, is a silver mine; and provisions go up to it, and the ore is brought down from it, in buckets that depend from a wire-cable. At the mountain foot is a big wheel, set horizontally, round which the cable turns; above, at the mine, is another big wheel, similarly set. The force of gravity, when the buckets that depend from the wire are filled, sends them down hill with their loads of ore; at the bottom they are tipped and come creeping back empty. It is a slightly uncanny looking thing, gliding along through the cleared strip of forest that is dotted at intervals with the supporting trestle towers. The cable gently creaks; the buckets swing high in air, at one or two places gliding above deep gorges from tower to tower. On the wall of the big open-ended barn-like structure in which the lower wheel revolves, and where the buckets are tipped, is the announcement in large black letters on a white card:

Persons riding in the buckets do so
at their own risk.

The notice, mark you, does not read: "Trespassers will be prosecuted," nor does it announce: "Riding in the buckets strictly prohibited"; only that: ". . . . at their

own risk." This is the west, the free and easy west!

I do not smoke much here. The pleasure of breathing the balsam scent is too great; but when I do I am wary regarding where I drop the igniting match. I trust I would have sense to be wary even without the red-lettered card on one of the gravity-tram towers:

DANGER!

From camp-fires, matches, cigarettes,
PUT THEM OUT!

All the mountains are washed with that odour of balsam and resin. The snow still lies in shining wedges in high crannies and rocky summits that peep above the firs; but yellow butterflies, the size of half your palm, poise and veer and flutter through the dim green recesses of the groves where the grouse cluck to their chicks. Bright dragon-flies, wherever there is a fairly straight bit of wagon road, or of trail, select that straight cleared strip to dart to and fro. I should not like to see the whole mountain range ablaze. I have seen such a sight once, and the terrible pictorial grandeur of it does not atone for the subsequent desolation.

The nearest human thing is one of these fire-warden's notices upon a tree. It has a queer effect on me when I have been down in town, and come home with provisions through the dusking lower woods, toiling up, with pumping heart and lungs, to where the last daylight is strangely adrift among the scattered bullpines and on the rocks round this prospector's shack. To see it is something like meeting a ghost. The fire-warden of the range looked in upon me the other day to swap the gossip of the hills, and I discovered that he too finds a certain sentiment—and something unreal, not easy to express—in the placards he nails up in the wilderness. He told me how once, about his lonely business, he came to a deserted trail which led to an abandoned prospect, such as that on the slope behind my shack, and remembered that two years before, while it was still in use by men in their quest for mineral, he had gone a mile up it and affixed one of his warnings to a big cedar there.

"It came into my head," he said, "that I'd just like to go up and have a look at it—see how it was getting on, so to speak, and how it had stood the weather. The trail was all grown over pretty well, and in bad shape. There had never been any pack-horses up and

down it, just men hiking and packing on their own backs, so it hadn't ever been broadened."

He rose to act the incident, and continued:

"Well, sir, I came up to this here tree and there was the notice on it none the worse. And I kind of stood considering it, like this here—" he acted on, before an imaginary tree in my little cabin, with a ray of sunshine slanting in at the open door. "It is kind of queer to think of that warning-card away up there these two years, and I guess hardly anybody ever using the old trail. I didn't turn round to walk away from it after I had sort of meditated over it. I just moved back like this here—stepping backwards before turning around—and, say! I got the scare of my life, for I went heels over head over something behind me. What do you think it was? It was a cougar walking down the trail. Fortunately he'd just passed me instead of just come level. If I'd stepped back pat in front of him I guess it would have been different. There would have been a dust-up all right! As it was, I fell over the last of him, right over his rump. He was as much scared of me as me of him, I guess. He went on down that there trail like gee-whiz! It's pe-eculiar he didn't scent me, but I guess he wasn't thinking about humans and his scenting machine was kind of switched off. And me standing ruminating on that there notice, I reckon he took me for a stump."

"You didn't get a chance to draw a bead on him?" I asked.

"No, siree! He just travelled; and I didn't have a rifle. I had to go down the trail after him anyhow, but he must have turned off it and gone into the woods at a place where the bush was thinner, for there was no sign of his paws even in a wet bit further down."

I am high enough here to meet the dubious silver-tip as well as the comparatively affable,

the live-and-let-live black bear; and one or two stories of that kind regarding bear, cougar or wild cat abruptly encountered (despite the constant assurance that there is nothing to be scared of in all these hills) give an additional friendly feeling to the notices by my trail side. Seldom do I pack a rifle, coming and going from and to town, for it would add to the weight of the provisions I take up with me. When I am wakened at night by the melancholy wailing of coyotes, and visualise them padding about with their sneaking gait in the darkness, I like to think of the warning (evidence of at least the existence of humanity) a stone's throw away. There is something in the coyote's voice that suggests the end of all things and the abomination of desolation. When the bestial wail fills the dark cavern of the outer night I think of that notice (tacked on its tree), and of the buckets, man made, hanging stationary along the wire until the morning, when they will begin to move again, set in motion by a man only a few miles away.

Whether it is for my special benefit or not I do not know, but a new announcement appeared recently, nailed to the blazed tree by the wagon-road where my trail breaks away up hill. A store-keeper in town—not one with whom I have been dealing—must have motored past, I imagine, on the Sunday, or on early closing day (they have an early closing day here, too, in the little towns) and, seeing that the trail had been recently used, have alighted on business bent. It was really the friendly chirp of a chipmunk, frisking up and down the trunk, that attracted my attention first; and I saw a brand new tin-tag advertisement, a neat little thing, about four inches square, nailed up just below the old weather-worn blaze. It announced:

Tomson's Stores (on the Athabasca Block)
Aim to Please. When you are in Town
WADE RIGHT IN.

The Evangel of Evangeline

By B. K. SANDWELL

THERE is too much truth about Canadian history. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that there is too much truth of the wrong kind; too much truth of the letter and too little truth of the spirit. There are

love their country. History for this latter class cannot be dry-as-dust; if it is dry-as-dust it is untrue and misleading, though that does not greatly matter because they will not read it, or, if compelled to read it, will not be influenced by it except to a distrust and a dislike of all history. History for the great public—and it is by far the most important kind of history; indeed the history of the historians exists only to provide a foundation for it—must possess the quality of imagination. Without that quality there is no truth in the higher sense of the word. Without that quality a man may compile facts concerning the year 1812, or the year 1837, or the year 1867, until he has filled a hundred massive volumes without a single error or misstatement; but he will not have written a word of history.

It is the lamentable defect of Canadian history, as written for school-children and the large public of adults, that it is hopelessly lacking in the quality of imagination. It would be vastly truer for the addition of a few really good lies. Probably the most effective piece of truth in all Canadian history is technically a lie. It is the story of Evangeline, as originally set forth by a highly biassed historian, and as imbued with an intensely vivid life by the poet Longfellow. President Cutten, of Acadia University, put the matter

very correctly in his address at the unveiling of the Evangeline statue at Grand Pré, last July:

Some may ask if the poem "Evangeline" accords with historical fact. Of course it does not! But poetry is always truer than history,



Henri Hébert's Statue of Evangeline, at Grand Pré.

two kinds of history, that which is written for historians and which may be as literal and as dry-as-dust as it likes, and that which is written for the great public, beginning with school-children and ending with those who like to read about their country because they

and sculpture than biography. Poetry touches the unseen and eternal, history the seen and the temporal. Sculpture is the snapshot of a heart beat, biography the distorted account of real events. Of course *Evangeline* is true! And as we look at the statue today the appeal to the heart is real and lasting.

Did *Evangeline* live? *Evangeline* did live and still lives. This statue represents the longing of a deported people for the old home, one last lingering look at the beloved scene before leaving it forever. Wherever, to day, men and women long for lost homes, wherever they look longingly back upon the days of joy and happiness with the feeling of loss and sorrow, wherever the innocence of youth, the virtue of middle life, and the contentment of old age have been lost, or the joy of a richer life appeals to us as the might have been, *Evangeline* still lives and touches our hearts even more than the maid of Grand Pré.

Canada needs more Longfellows (if possible of Canadian birth or at any rate of Canadian training) and fewer historians of the kind represented by the average writer of school history. The United States is extraordinarily well off in unvarnished legends concerning the founders of the Republic from George Washington and his cherry tree to the amorous adventures of Aaron Burr. Canada has nothing but a record of the most commonplace truths. Yet we have plenty of characters in our history who could, with little difficulty, be made the wearers of a handsome halo of legend. Sir John A. Macdonald is as good a figure for the majestic drappings of a really able legend-builder as anybody has ever been on the American continent. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when he recedes a little further into distance, will very possibly be found to be growing a fairly thick foliage of legend by force of his own picturesque qualities, and the intensity of his hold upon the affections of his followers. For be it noted that nothing contributes so much to the growth of legends as an intense and passionate admiration for the personality who is the subject of them—admiration, affection, fear or hatred, for all are equally stimulating to the imaginative mind. Canadian history is cold-blooded because it is too literally truthful; but it is too literally truthful because it is written by persons animated by no intense feelings concerning the subjects with which they deal.

A recent writer has expressed the view that the name of *Laura Secord* will soon be more suggestive of chocolates than of heroism. We hesitate to subscribe to this opinion because *Laura Secord* is one of the few characters in our history who do lend themselves to imaginative treatment. It is true that those who have written of her story have lacked the courage to tell the one essential, imperative lie, without which the truth of the whole story is obscured and ruined. They have insisted on dragging in the utterly unimportant and spiritually meaningless fact that the information which she risked her life to convey was already known to the British commander; thereby injecting a note of futility into the whole proceedings. Details like this should be forgotten as soon as possible by those who wish to write history in a form to make it impressive to the population for which it is intended. The United States would never have been so great a nation as it is, if the people who knew that George Washington had no cherry-trees or no axe had succeeded in keeping their knowledge steadily before the minds of the rising generation of America.

Art, having once started to take an interest in the subject of *Evangeline*, and having found it highly amenable to treatment, is plainly disposed to carry the process to its logical conclusion. The verse of Longfellow has now been supplemented by the sculpture of Henri Hébert, whose statue, recently unveiled at Grand Pré, is herewith reproduced. Mr. Hébert must have gone to his task with an unusual feeling of sympathy for his subject, for he is himself of partly Acadian descent, and can trace his ancestry back to a number of those whose deportation furnished the foundation for the *Evangeline* legend. The dignity and pathetic beauty of the figure which he has created must forever enrich and embellish the old story as it has been known to the English-speaking world for the last fifty years. How long will it be before other historical poets or poetic historians will succeed in building up in the public mind of Canada other heroic figures, of equal vividness and power, which he and his fellow sculptors may similarly embody in stone or bronze?



Ballad of a Swan Maiden

By EDWARD SAPIR

THREE wild swans of a summer noon
And white shades below
Came down the lake in the wind's croon,
Soft-sailing slow.

Gliding from a mystery flight,
They swayed within the sun,
They drew over the blue the white
Of their plumage, heaven-spun.

And gently moored by the windy grass
That whirred upon the shore,
And lingered over the ruffled glass
In swan-grace before

They fluttered in the singing air
The softness of their wings,
And lo! the wings were maiden hair,
The swans were changelings.

They bathed their whitest bodies in
The guise of maidens three,
And their great loveliness was seen
But of the sun only.

Whom they did innocently tease
With such a vain desire
He threw them gold upon the knees
And made their tresses fire.

Then lay upon the flowery grass,
Themselves three ivory flowers
On which an idleness there was
In long, sunny hours.

Until a clinging drowsiness
Clothed their eyes and lips,
And they had for a blown dress
Soft hair down to the hips.

"Now have I gone and Heaven found
For on these maidens three
Is wound about and girt around
Beauty perfectly.

"But I shall have this only maid
Whose knees are sweetly bent
Under the hands and bosom-shade,
So shall I be content."

His passion was a fire so soft
He bore her in his arms
Up to his mountain house aloft
And made her no alarms.

Two maidens wake and are afraid
For what they saw in sleep,
Turn swans upon the deep;
And rushing down, white arms outspread,

Gliding to a mystery flight,
They sway toward the sun,
That gilds to gold with his dying light
Their plumage, heaven-spun.

Now he did love the swan-maid
With the fire of his soul
And she was all his wine and bread
And his hearth's burning coal.

And from the dawn he hung upon
Her eyes' gentleness
And breathed her in the sun
Went down in darkness.

And had her for a queen to him
Who was a strange maid;
He put upon her jewels dim
And richness of brocade.

Her face was smiling in his sight
Nor did she yet withhold
Her body's most exquisite delight
Within his arms' fold.

Yet was there something in her eyes
That looked not upon him
But brooded far and dreamwise
Nor womanlike did seem.

He cried, "I have no wife in her
Who is beyond her eyes,
But this most new-maid pleasure
Is but sweet flesh that lies

"Beside this lustful flesh of mine,
So have I burned in vain."
And though she was his bread and wine,
He cried for hunger pain.

Softly, she did commiserate
Upon his secret pain
With silver words compassionate
And hand unto his arm.

Yet was there ever in her eyes
What looked not upon him
But walked afar and dreamwise
Nor womanlike did seem.

And this that never looked on him
Was full awake one night
And sprang from him with sudden scream,
Withholding him delight.

She flew down on the mountain side
Within the moon's light
And when his eyes were seeing wide
She was not in his sight.

But on the lake there beat white
Wings under the moon,
Rising to a mystery flight
Upon the wind's croon.

New Library Legislation in Ontario

By MARY J. L. BLACK

ONE does not always look to governmental heads for vision and aggressive development campaigns, but the attitude of the Ontario Government in relation to the public library system is a rare and most gratifying exception to the general rule. Ever since 1851, when the first Act relating to Library Associations and Mechanics' Institutes was passed, in which provision was made for their organization and aiming at their better management, the Ontario Government has endeavored to foster a provincial system of public libraries, by means of which books and the facilities for study could be carried into every home in the Province. Originally under the Department of Agriculture, the Library Branch was transferred in 1880 to the care of the Minister of Education, in whom was found a more suitable, if not more sympathetic guide. In 1882 the Government passed the Free Libraries Act, which for many years was the most important event in the history of libraries in Ontario. It provided for their establishment, management and maintenance, and from it dates our real library development. On its authority a group of citizens could petition for the formation of a public library, and on the approval of the Minister of Education the Council of the municipality had to organize a board and levy a public library rate for maintenance. It authorized a board to ask up to half a mill, and in some cases three-quarters of a mill, for maintenance purposes. Much freedom was given the board, which while chosen locally was finally responsible to the Department of Education for filling its trust.

Excellent as this Act of 1882 was, and important in its results, it was entirely superseded in May of 1920, by another Public Library Act, which without exception may well be considered as the most progressive and practical Library Act that has ever appeared in any statute book, the world over. Though the bill was sponsored by the Hon. R. H. Grant of the Farmer-Labor Cabinet, the initiated recognize in it the hand of an experienced

librarian, one familiar with every detail of the work, and with the most complete grasp of all its possibilities, and so one is not surprised to learn that the Minister's adviser in compiling this important document was Mr. W. O. Carson, Inspector of Public Libraries, and formerly the successful and original librarian of one of the best public libraries to be found in Ontario, namely that of London.

The outstanding features of the new act, as shown in the Ontario Library Review, are as follows:—

A free public library may be established in a city, town village, police village, township, or school section. The vote of electors is required in all cases except that of the school section, where a petition signed by a majority of the school supporters will serve.

One board may make a contract with another board for service.

It specifies how boards shall be composed and the duties thereof.

Capital expenditure on lands or buildings from current revenue without council's consent is fixed at one-fifth library's claimable rate for the year.

The right to close a library for limited period with the Minister's consent is provided.

The public library tax rate that a board may claim shall not exceed fifty cents per capita of the population of the community to be served. Council may increase up to seventy-five cents, and may make a special grant at any time. (Variations in per capita assessments throughout the Province are so great, even in places of the same size, that rates on assessment are not practicable. The principle adopted is entirely new).

No important changes were made in association libraries, the hope being that the majority of them will soon become free.

Grants will be made by regulation in future. This arrangement will be better adapted to meet changing conditions than the former statutory methods.

The Minister's powers to encourage and assist public libraries have been widened.

Provision is made for passing regulations to govern the qualifications of librarians and assistants.

Wider scope has been provided for the travelling library system.

* * * *

From the standpoint of the aggressive librarian, the most important clause of the Act relates to library extension, introducing as it does all the necessary regulations for branch, co-operative, and travelling library service. The most remote and sparsely settled districts may now through affiliation receive excellent library care.

In the Act, the Minister takes a stand in regard to the need of controlling the scholastic and professional qualifications of those engaged in library work, and it can be easily seen that in the near future a librarian will have to be chosen because of his or her real value to the community to be served, and paid accordingly, rather than because he or she has a pull or is in need of a position. The provision for a Government Library School is most encouraging, as is also the power that is given to aid the work through grants, organizations, institutes, travelling libraries, and anything else that may tend to develop the usefulness of the institution.

The regulation governing the public library tax rate is one that appeals to the majority of the librarians, as in the past the greater number of them have suffered seriously through lack of funds. The change in regulation affects some few places adversely, but generally speaking the libraries are all very delighted with the change. With the provision that it contains authorizing a council to make a special grant at any time for public library purposes, there is no reason for a library suffering from lack of funds if it has public confidence at its back. It is to be hoped that in the course of time the Act may be amended to give the Public Library Board the same right to claim what it requires for maintenance as is given to a School Board, but in the meantime it does not do a library executive any harm to have to assist in training public opinion to that suggested innovation, and undoubtedly the new regulation is a great improvement on the old one.

As a bit of literature, the Public Libraries Act, 1920, is something with which every librarian in the country should familiarize

herself, for in it she will find not only her duties clearly specified but also such regulations as will make it possible for her to realize her hopes for growth and progress. Altogether it is an Act of which every librarian and every intelligent citizen may well be proud, for in it, for the first time, the public library system is officially recognized as occupying a most important educational position in the life of the people and for the first time is treated with the dignity that is in keeping with the work that it is capable of doing.

“THE BECKONING SKY-LINE.”



J. LEWIS MILLIGAN.

Mr J. Lewis Milligan, a member of the editorial staff of the Toronto Globe, a sound critic and one of the most accomplished writers of pleasant verse in Canada, has produced a volume of verse entitled “The Beckoning Sky-line” (McClelland, Toronto, \$1.50), which should have a large sale during the present holiday season and for a good while thereafter. The title-poem is a lyrical narrative of the experiences of a man with a young family, slipping from the moorings of the Homeland and sailing from Liverpool to other fields of endeavor in the New World. This is the first attempt by any writer to treat at length in a poetical manner the modern emigrant. It tells in musical verse the heart-story of thousands of British-born Canadians. Another poem of especial interest is “The New Olympians,” an ambitious and original venture in verse, describing the first flight of an airship across the Atlantic.

The Manitoba Provincial Library

By ELIZABETH PARKER

At last the Provincial Library of Manitoba has a capacious and beautiful home in the south front of the unfinished Parliament Buildings. The south front faces the Assiniboine River. The grounds will be terraced to the river, above whose bank will stand the memorial column for the men of Manitoba who died in the Great War. An avenue bordered with double rows of trees will run between the monument and the main south entrance. This will be the immediate view from the windows of the Library.

The corridor on the second floor of the south front, between the rooms of the Library on one side and the Archives Department on the other, is 345 feet long. The whole corridor belongs to the Library, except for space on the north side of its left wing, which is occupied by the Speaker's Chambers and a committee room. The Speaker's entrance to the Legislature is from this corridor.

The main room of the Library, itself, across the corridor from the Chamber of the Legislature, is 71 feet long, 28 feet wide and 28 feet high, its centre window on the south side looking directly to the site of the monument. Around the other three sides run two balconies, with steel shelving for 25,000 volumes, which are reached by two spiral stairways and an automatic elevator. The color scheme of the room is in tones of blue and pink marble, with a skilful use of bronze, the ceiling especially beautiful in squares with enrichments, the handsome chandeliers and the fine walnut furniture and woodwork adding to the whole effect. The main stackroom is on the floor beneath, with steel stacks to hold some 60,000 volumes. Beneath this in turn is the room for storing bound newspapers, also on steel shelves.

On either side of the main room on the second floor are two rooms each 92 feet long, 24 feet wide and 24 feet high, finished in walnut with ivory-toned fluted columns, ornamented ceiling, high wide windows, and large marble fireplaces. The west room is for current periodicals and newspapers; the east room for reading and writing. The Librarian's office is at the east end of the corridor,

opposite the Archives Department. Certainly the Members' Library in our magnificent new Capitol is at once an inspiring place and a restful. An atmosphere of the spirit is there which is more than the presence of books, even the influence of art.

The first mention of the Provincial Library is in the report of the Public Works Department in 1871, showing that the infant Province had immediately taken notice of its intellectual needs. The private residence of the Hon. A. G. B. Bannatyne was leased and turn-



The Late J. P. ROBERTSON, Provincial Librarian
Manitoba.

ed into a Parliament Building, the Members' Library being in the attic, which was fitted with fourteen sections of shelves "with a crown cornice over all" and sky-lights in the roof. The Red River people had always been a reading, thinking people, and there may have been more than one Attic philosopher in the first Legislature. As early as 1821, Peter Fidler—who figures in the fur trade from the Red River to the Athabasca, and

whose Fidler's Fort was situated somewhere near the centre of Winnipeg by his will made at Norway House bequeathed "his library of 500 books, his maps, globes, telescope, microscope, sextant, barometer, thermometers, for the general good of all those colonists settled in the lands of the Earl of Selkirk in Assiniboia." Additions were evidently made to this first public library in "Britain's one Utopia," as in 1848 books imported for the Red River Library were put on the free list. There were gifts, too, from the Old Country. The point is that the Utopians, who kept the soil in the Red River of the North for the multitude to come, loved books. More, they were a religious people, Catholic or Anglican or Presbyterian, who laid the foundations in righteousness. In Carlyle's phrase, these two counts are significant of much.

It was not until 1884, when the Government moved into the first Parliament House, that a librarian was appointed, and Mr. J. P. Robertson took hold of the meagre nucleus of 1,200 books to begin the great and zealous and devoted task which he laid down after thirty-five years, leaving 60,000 volumes on the shelves. Not literally on the shelves, for their new home was unfinished. I doubt if the present citizens outside the House had any notion of the extent and value of the collections in the different sections of the Library, until the books were ranged on the shelves prepared for them in the new Parliament buildings. In a library whose chief purpose is usefulness for the members of the Legislature, you would not expect a wide range of books that go in the catalogue as classical, but there they are as gathered from London and elsewhere by the Father of the Library. Rare and curious books also; and complete files of magazines picked up by Mr. Robertson's London agent. There are the London Quarterly, the Edinburgh Review, Blackwood's Magazine, Henley's National Observer, Punch, the Fortnightly, the Saturday Review and others. I wonder if the first four are complete in any other Canadian library. When I wished to read at first hand the brutal anonymous attack on Charlotte, Brontë, whose shade may well be laughing at the shade of Lady Eastlake, I found it in the old Quarterly. Does not the shade of Lockhart, its editor, regret it to this day? So, with the insolent review in "Maga" of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of that now universally acknowledged gen-*

us. So, too, concerning the setting in "Noctes Ambrosianae" of the much discussed "Lone Shieling." Also many another case. In the Quarterly Review, the reader is happy to find the writer's names pencilled long ago by some knowing reader. Another most important file is the Journals of the House of Lords, beginning with the year 1273 ("Rotuli Parliamentorum"); also the Journals of the Commons beginning with 1547. The printing of these began a century and a half ago, when a commission was appointed by the Lords to collect, arrange and print all records that had been preserved of the Upper House, the Commons taking similar action a few years later. More than a hundred feet of the shelving in the top gallery of the main room of the Library is occupied with these tall, stout tomes, lettered in gold on rusty leather, and the antiquarian may have at hand this happy hunting ground of the Mother of Parliaments. Mr. Healy, the new Librarian, has been writing about it in the Manitoba Free Press. He was greatly interested in one record which he photographed for reproduction. It shows how the British North America Act received the Royal Assent in the House of Lords in the following order: An act to repeal a dog-tax; an act making valid certain marriages between British subjects in Russia; an act for the union of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the government thereof, and for purposes connected therewith; an act to establish asylums and dispensaries for the insane and sick among London's poor. Thus casually, in England's way, that Bill fraught with such significance to the British Empire and to the whole English-speaking world became a fact.

The oldest book in the Library is a well-preserved volume in Black Letter, Norman-French and Latin (1598), being *Legal Compendiums of the time*. The index is a model that would have suited Sir Edward Cook or Carlyle himself, who said that the publisher ought to be hanged who sent forth a book without an index (I would incarcerate him for life). The index to these old briefs fills sixty pages at the beginning of the book. The Black Letter looks like German text. I thought of how Lamb loved reading it in his folios, his "midnight darlings."

The next volume in date (1633), published by Special Command of King Charles I, is: "The Dangerous Voyage of Captain Thomas



INTERIOR OF MAIN ROOM, PROVINCIAL LIBRARY OF MANITOBA.

James In His Intended Discovery of a North-west Passage Into The South Sea, Wherein The Miseries Indured, Both Going, Wintering, and Returning," and so-on and so-on. The Dedication to His Most Excellent Majesty testifies to the physically and spiritually recuperating influence of the very thought of writing this report for the King's reading, such "Remembrance" often overcoming despair and death itself.

I cannot help making a note on two more old and very rare specimens of Canadiana: "North-vest Fox, or Fox from the North-vest passage" (1635), in fine hand-tooled binding, and Father Hennepin's "A new discovery of a vast continent in America" (1698) in plain leather. Of course these titles are also, as the custom was, very long and quaint and cumbersome. "Captain Lyke Foxè," as the name is spelled farther down the title-page, entered Hudson's Bay and explored its further shore north to "North-west Fox, his farthest." His book was printed in Grub Street thirty-five years before the Hudson's Bay Company was founded and nearly ten years before Milton's freedom-giving "Areopagitica."

Father Hennepin's book has also a unique interest on two counts: the quaint illustrations, and the claims made therein to the discovery of the Mississippi's mouth in the Gulf of Mexico. Among the woodcuts is one representing the first drawing of a North American buffalo, which is made to look like a huge and shaggy and knowing wild cow. The buffalo is the emblem of Manitoba. He paws the earth on the shield, having the field all to himself under the St. George's Cross. Hennepin's book contains the earliest engraving of Niagara Falls and the earliest written description. A bronze tablet has been placed there on a huge boulder by the Knights of Columbus, to tell the passer-by that Father Hennepin was the first white man to see and describe the phenomenon. The claim of Hennepin to La Salle's discovery is interesting, and about as ingenious as that of the notorious Dr. Cook in our day. Parkman gives the true record of Hennepin on the Mississippi. He was as adventurous and brave and clever in outwitting Indian treachery as the best of them. He was a Recollet priest, but La Salle had relations with the Jesuits: therefore Hennepin, although in his expeditions, hated La Salle with a jealous hatred. He says

of his present volume (1698): " 'Tis true, I published part of it . . . in 1684, but was then oblig'd to say nothing of the course of the River Meschasipi from the mouth of the River of the Illinois down to the sea, for fear of disobliging M. La Salle, with whom I began my discovery." He is very bitter, and pronounces the murder of La Salle to be a judgment of G. d. But Parkman exposes Hennepin as an "impudent liar." This last of the adventurer's books went into twenty editions and translations. It is dedicated to William the Third of England! For this the Franciscan Friar had his reasons.

Every work obtainable through the patient years, that touched discovery and exploration and history in British North America and on the Continent itself, has a place in the Library. The Archives contain a great mass of MS documents, letters and pamphlets re-



Earliest Known Picture of the North American Buffalo, from a print in possession of the Provincial Library of Manitoba.

lating to the early history of this vast fur-trading country from the Great Lakes to the Western Ocean and the Far North. We hope and believe that the enormous body of documents now lying in Hudson's Bay House in London will find their speedy and ultimate home in the muniment rooms of the Manitoba Library. Seeing that the Canadian headquarters of the Great Company are in Winnipeg, and seeing that Western Canada is the Company's own true country, this is the right resting place for them when they are removed from that grave in London Town. Mention may be made of a curious pamphlet touching the Red River Rebellion, published in New York, but forbidden in Canada, after the execution of Riel, and lately acquired by the present Librarian. It is, he says, more re-

markable as Fenian hatred of British Government than as light on the second Riel rebellion.

Science, jurisprudence, philosophy, religion, economics, history, biography, poetry, essay, fiction and all branches of learning are well represented in the Library. Also the great dictionaries—Murray's mammoth work, and the Century;—the great encyclopaedias, the Dictionary of National Biography, the Irish Cyclopaedia, giving the history of the Celtic Revival, and like works. You will find not only the great English essayists, but all about those great essayists. So well are the essayists represented in belles lettres that I was surprised at the absence of Wyndham's "Essays on Romantic Literature" until I remembered that there was no librarian for over a year. In poetry, besides our own masters, there are the Greek and Latin and French, rows and rows of them. In fiction and drama it is the same ample representation. In contemporary Canadian history, from the Champlain books to the Chronicles of Canada, every work touching our political history by a Canadian publicist is on the shelves. It goes without saying that Parliamentary and other reports are there from everywhere in the British Empire. The best magazines and periodicals and dailies on both sides of the Atlantic, in bound volumes, are there of course.

John Palmerston Robertson, who made the Library, came from Scotland in early childhood. Before coming to Winnipeg in 1879 to join the staff of the Free Press, he was a journalist in Ottawa. When the Government of Manitoba, under Premier Norquay, moved into the first Parliament House, Mr. Robertson entered upon his duties. That was in 1884, and he held the office until his death in California at the age of 79, having completed over thirty-five years of service. He was a kindly and courteous and obliging officer, devoted to the institution which he had built up year by year until it ranked with any Members' Library in the Canadian Provinces. In his last years there was an element of sanctity in his devotion. He was a famous curler but he loved his library better than curling, and what more can we say? He was exceedingly keen about his Canadiana, and jealous for every document and book on the shelves. How eager he was to live long enough to see his treasures housed in their new capacious and elegant home!

The long lack of accommodation grieved this ardent student of the catalogues, who had gathered 60,000 volumes at a minimum cost. In his last Report, he gives their present approximate value at \$300,000. When he died without entering that promised land in the south front of the unfinished Parliament Buildings, there were expressions of unfeigned regret on the lips of members and of all others who had made researches or who had merely read for pleasure in the straitened quarters of the old building.

For many years, Mr. Robertson's chief assistant was Miss Isabella Norquay, daughter of the premier. Miss Norquay's death in 1915 was a distinct loss. Inheriting many of her father's gifts, she was well suited to the position. She had also understanding, and dignity and charm, a stern conscience and great kindness. Born at the Red River, she had an enthusiasm for the Archives, and she knew at first hand the political history of the Province, in this especially being a competent collaborator. Her place was filled by Mrs. R. C. Clifford. There has been only one secretary to the Librarian, Miss Mildred Butler, who also is the accountant. The cataloguer and record-clerk is Mr. W. E. Smith, who came from Lincoln's Inn.

After Mr. Robertson's death, the office of Librarian remained vacant for some time. I understand that applications were very numerous, but the Government waited patiently in hopes that Mr. W. J. Healy, who, knowing ones declared, was the ideal man for the place, would accept the position. And in the end, Mr. Healy was persuaded to leave the happy editorship of the Grain Grower's Guide for the most compatible office in the province. For Mr. Healy is a bookman, a genuine man of letters who loves the English and French masters, and is well acquainted with the Greeks and Romans.

Sometimes I go to the Library and browse, lately in the sixteen volumes of the National Observer (I saw there that Lawrence Oliphant had visited the Red River), and I get a glimpse of the new Librarian in the earthly paradise which is the south front of the Parliament House. He is well known in the East. Graduating from the University of Toronto, where he was a scholarship man in classics, he went to Ottawa as correspondent of the Toronto Mail and became secretary of the Press Gallery in the House of Commons. In 1896 he left

Ottawa and became editor of the Brockville Daily Times, of which Wilgress and Healy were proprietors, going next to Winnipeg as associate editor of the Free Press, where he remained until 1918, when he became editor of the Grain Growers' Guide. From 1911 until 1919 he was the correspondent of the British Board of Trade for Western Canada. On March 1 of the present year, he entered the service of the Government as Librarian-in-Chief and Deputy Minister in the newly created department of the Library and Museum.

Mr. Healy is well-known also in the West, as a scholarly and piquant editorial writer, as a Pepysian parodist of the first order, and as a stinging political satirist. Of late years he delighted a wide constituency with his Helio-grams in the Free Press. In that column he covered many subjects and conducted amusing correspondence, turning off many a witty epigram and many a dainty bit of verse. In that column he once exploited in chivalrous and entertaining fashion a gifted unknown lady whose suggestive signature was Carmen cita. And it was characteristic of this Irishman (he says he is a Canadian, but I refer to blood) that he never sought his pseudonymous correspondent face-to-face, nor so much as asked to know her patronymic.

Although I have left unsaid much that interests a bookman in the Members' Library of Manitoba, I must not conclude without giving the personnel of the Library Board. The Minister of the Department is the premier. Others on the Board are: Hon. J. B. Baird, Speaker; Hon. J. W. Armstrong, Provincial Secretary; Hon. A. B. Hudson; Prof. Chester Martin and Dr. R. C. Wallace of the University; and Dr. C. N. Bell, President of the Historical Society. Prof. Martin is head of the Department of History, and Dr. Wallace is head of the Department of Geology and Mineralogy, and Commissioner of Northern Manitoba, where such valuable mineral discoveries have been made. Dr. Bell is an old collector of old books and manuscripts and maps touching the Western Country. He owns the very earliest maps. "I never bothered with anything after 1800," he once said to me. Dr. Bell and Prof. Martin have to do especially with the Archives Department, which now receives the whole collection gathered by the Historical Society. I have said nothing about the Museum for the reason that the collection was burned in its storehouse years ago, and no aggressive efforts were made to renew it until prospects of a suitable home became tangible. When completed, the Museum will be worthy of the Capitol.

To An Old House

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

AS in a dream I hear the by-gone laughter
That echoed through your halls;
I see the firelight warm on wall and rafter,
I hear your heart that calls,—

Calls for an old-time mirth, a vanished rapture,
Youth's dancing feet and hopes forever new,
All the great dreams that life would fain recapture,
All the lost love that life would fain renew.

What years on years of wise and wide endeavor,
Of hopes that reached the sky
And comradeship that time could not dis sever,
Within your bounds went by.

Kind memories lean to shelter you, to greet you,
To bless you, roof and walls,
And from afar my thought goes out to meet you,—
I hear your heart that calls.

New Verse by Canadian Poets

Birch and Maple

By J. A. DALE

ABOVE a shivering birch forlorn
I watched a maple shine:
Its sheltering glory seemed to scorn
The armies of the pine.
A pageantry of life and death
Upon my spirit burned:
It caught the pulse of human breath
And into music turned.

Birch and maple, bride and groom,
Death waiting by their side:
She dropped before the helpless doom
His angry flame defied.
In changing skies their changeless eyes
Had kept unsevered ways,
While setting suns returned to rise,
And morrows lit the days.

The impending night a vision breaks,
She dies to dream of spring:
In her chill heart a sweet stir wakes—
The buds awakening.
And where the maple's red glows bright
In stress of winter's breath,
Life takes the torch of dawn, to light
The sunset fires of death.

Life

By ELOISE W. STREET

LIFE is a strange thing,
Heartbeats—breath—
Strung on the hidden chain,
Men call death.

Life is a bright thing,
High above
All the toil and tears of earth,
Life holds love.

Life is a sweet thing,
Steady true—
Shining o'er my path of dreams,
Life holds you!

Ad Astra

By ALFRED BUCKLEY

O star above!
White beams of light shine through
the darkened air;
But cold! so cold! no breath of warmth is
there,
O star above!

* * *

O star of Life!
It is not light alone shall fill my spirit's need;
Or string my heart to power and joysome deed,
O star of Life!

* * *

O star of Love!
Earth shall not keep me from your radiant fire;
I climb on wings of an unquenchable desire,
O star of Love!

* * *

O star of Joy!
Now I have found the pulsing heart of life
And God has quieted my restless spirit's
strife
O star of Joy!

Hallowee'n

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

ALL Hallow's' and All Fools' Day
Never meet.
All Fools' sky is apple green—

Rosy feet
Trip the brown earth o'er:
But before
All Fools' day returns
All Hallow's' ghosts
(I believe)
In the grey and windy eve,
Knock at door.

One ghost cries out "Open! I am April—
I am sweet warm breath of welcome rain;
I am misty purple of the crocus,
I am primrose yellow come again."
One ghost, wistful, calls
"I am September—
I am golden waving of the corn,
I am bloom of ripening grapes in sunshine,
I am echo of the hunting horn."
And another "I am June's wild roses"—
Or "I'm August's hushed and golden green"—
But each lovely haunting voice
Falls silent
(Grey Hallowee'n!)
While lost Helen—mine own Helen—
Whispers
In between.

From My Window

By AGNES MACKNIGHT

I don't think I'll go to the garden tonight,
Though I hear the meadow-lark call;
For it's quiet and lonely now out there,
With the shadows along the wall.
And a soft spring rain is coming down
From out the twilight skies

In slender little silver threads,
 Misty gray like your eyes.
 And I know if I went I would see you there,
 Yet you wouldn't be there at all;
 For you'd glide away at the stretch of my
 hand,
 And the sound of my yearning call.
 I would see your face in the pink peach
 blooms,
 And feel your hands in my hair,
 But your form would drift into gray, gray
 mist,
 And leave only shadows there.

So I'll not go out in the garden tonight,
 But I'll watch from my window pane
 The lacy arms of your lilac-tree
 Trembling in the rain.

Greek Tragedy at the Hart House Theatre

BY H. D. LANGFORD

MOCKED in her grief for Troy and
 murdered Priam,

Hecuba, cruelly spared to suffer blows
 More dreadful than the stroke of Ajax's sword,
 Mother, bereft of every gentle son
 Waiting among her daughters. Ample woes
 At hand for each, and that maternal breast
 Straining to bear them all. Diana's votary
 Sacred Cassandra, in her ecstasy,
 With awful beauty veiled in snowy white—
 Even in the robes of sacrifice!—led forth
 To Agamemnon's bed. Andromache
 With that last look of tearless agony
 On Hector's son Astyanax—victims both
 Of her new lord Achilles. Crested Greeks
 With torches. Troy in red flames. The crash
 Of Priam's Palace. Hecuba—to live—
 A curious dumb old slave in a Grecian court.
 Measures of chorus pregnant with destiny

To the clear tones of harp and cornet, fading
 Into an ominous whisper of sea-waves.
 A train of captive women led in shame
 To the long ships of the Argives. Oars
 upraised
 And figured prows pointing to open sea.

The Little Garden

BY GERTRUDE MACGREGOR MOFFAT

THERE grew a little garden, where the rose,
 Rosemary, musk and marigolds made
 fair.

Hedged in with vine and thorn the sweet
 enclose,

Where June her fragrant bridals did prepare,
 And one came by, and spurned the vine and
 thorn:

He snatched the rose, and went his heedless
 way.

Oh June, thy rose-tree of the rose forlorn!
 Thy musk and marigold that trampled lay.

Anthology

BY GERTRUDE MACGREGOR MOFFAT

UPON this slender thread of memory,
 For careful keeping, these my jewels
 are strung;

The little songs the lesser poets sung;

My Treasury, mine own anthology.

A sonnet to his darling child of three.

From out a soldier's weary exile wrung;

The challenge that o'er Flanders' Field was
 flung;

This dirge: this song of love: this litany.

Like to some quiet child who sits alone,

And threads with care her beads of Venice glass,

Lest being small she lose them, one by one,

Scattered and gone, like petals on the grass.

But held secure upon the silken thread,

She counts them on and on, and has no dread.



Canadian Bookplates

By R. H. HATHAWAY

HOW do you indicate your ownership of your books?—for, of course, you have at least a touch of that desire for immortality which is the possession of all men, secret and unconfessed though it may be with most of them. Do you write your name on a flyleaf (of course, you know better than to use the title-page for this purpose, and thus desecrate the very entrance or doorway into the temple which is a book), or do you insert a bookplate with your name and the family coat



A Historic Canadian Bookplate

of-arms or some other design upon it inside the front cover? It is to be hoped for your own sake—unless you are a man of fame, and particularly literary fame—that you follow the latter course, for when the time comes for you and your books to be parted—as come it must, sad thought!—a bookplate can be soaked off and replaced by its new owner's, if he so desires, but only the most skilful hand can remove a name scrawled in ink without leaving evident traces of it behind.

These remarks are apropos of a volume on the subject of Canadian bookplates—that is, bookplates belonging to Canadians or men

who live or have lived in Canada—for strange as it may appear to the uninitiate, there are those whose hobby it is to collect bookplates as others collect books or pictures or stamps—or bugs! The title of the volume in question is "A List of Canadian Bookplates, with a Review of the History of Ex Libris in the Dominion," compiled by Stanley Harrod and Morley J. Ayearst, and published by the Society of Bookplate Bibliophiles, of Boston and Toronto, in an edition of 250 copies. The volume is illustrated with prints from the original coppers and blocks of many of the plates described, and forms No. 4 of the publications of the Society of Bookplate Bibliophiles.

Winward Prescott, of Boston, whose name appears on the title-page as editor, refers in a "Foreword" to certain early lists of Canadian bookplates, with accompanying biographical notes, "which have come down in the present list as a monument to the energy and patience of some unknown collector," at whose identity, he says, he "should hardly wish to hazard a guess." I shall venture—though with some trepidation, and as one subject to correction—to be more daring than Mr. Prescott, and hereby suggest the late Lawrence Haydon, of Toronto, as the probable author and compiler of the lists and notes referred to by Mr. Prescott.

Mr. Haydon—who is still well remembered in Toronto, if not by name, as a figure in its streets, for who could forget his tall broad-shouldered form, dressed in a tight-fitting black coat, his red beard flaming and flying in the wind, his strong spectacles glittering in the sun, striding along, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and with a bundle or parcel invariably under his arm!—was the most determined and multifarious collector it has ever been my pleasure to know. Although only a youth, I became known to him through meeting him in places he was wont to haunt and venturing at times to engage him in converse about books and writers. One of Mr. Haydon's interests was bookplates, and I have always believed that he was one of the first men—if not the very first man—in Canada

to collect such things, or, at any rate, to make a specialty of Canadian plates. The book-sellers and dealers of the time seemed to have no idea that bookplates could have any monetary value, for they good-humoredly allowed him for years to carry home books containing them in order that he might soak them off for his collection. I never saw the collection, nor could I ever learn definitely what became of it after his death, some ten years ago, but I remember getting a catalogue from Libbie's auction house of Boston, a year or two later which offered a quantity of book-plates, largely, if not mainly, Canadian, which I felt at the time must be Mr. Haydon's. My reason for so feeling was that one of the "lots" included a plate of mine, and I could not recall having given a plate to anybody other than Mr. Haydon, who collected such things. I am almost convinced as to the accuracy of my conjecture now, for the reason that Mr. Prescott speaks in his "Foreword" of one of those early manuscript lists having appeared "in a bookplate auction in Boston."

To glance through this book and note the names which on almost every page seem almost to leap out at one is to see the pageant of Canadian history unroll itself in quick perspective. Here, among others which might be mentioned, are some of these names, chosen almost at random: Pierre de Voyer D'Argenson, Robert Baldwin, George Brown, Lord Dorchester, Earl of Dufferin, Lord Durham, Sir Sanford Fleming, Lord Haliburton, Sir Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Allan Napier Macnab, Joseph Curran Morrison, Chief Justice Osgoode, Joseph Octave Plessis, Gen. Robert Prescott, John Beverley Robinson, Maj.-Gen. T. Bland Strange, Lord Strathcona, Lord Sydenham, Thomas Talbot, Sir Charles Tupper. What varied visions and memories are called up by these names, connecting, as they do, the early days of Canada with those but recently passed! Not all their owners, like many other men whose names figure in our history and

whose plates are listed in the volume before us, can be claimed or described as Canadians, but no bookplate collector will question their right to the place given them in this volume.

Dealing with the history of the bookplate in Canada the compilers say: "The Ex Libris history of Canada hardly begins before the American Revolution with the Loyalists who went to Canada after 1775, so that early Canadians took to bookplates about 1800, when the most tiresome and inartistic style, the die-sinker armorial, was popular in England. Thus it is that until comparatively recent times we find in Canada an uninteresting series of die-sinkers with very few Jacobean or Chippendale and practically no pictorial plates." The die-sinker, of course, served its purpose well enough by demonstrating not only the ownership of the book but also that the owner was a man with a family history; but as names are ceasing or should I say have ceased? to count among us, men who adopt bookplates are turning more and more to pictorial designs. This is all to the good, so far as the bookplate collector is concerned, for he, as a rule, is a man of taste, and nothing is more monotonous and uninteresting than to turn over a pile of armorial plates differing from each other only in minor detail. Better still, it is leading to the employment of some of the best known artists among us to design plates, and some really beautiful specimens of their handiwork are reproduced in the volume before us.

The compilers point out an interesting difference between French-Canadian and English-Canadian Ex Libris which may be mentioned here. It is that the former are much in the minority as regards number and are usually labels. The predominance of the label among French-Canadian plates is attributed to the fact that most of these belonged to Catholic priests, who with true clerical humbleness were content with the simplicity of a label rather than with a more proud and elaborate plate.



The Work of the Hart House Theatre

WITH the completion of its first season and the preparation of a largely increased programme for its second season, the Hart House Theatre, Toronto, is already well established as the first University theatre of this kind in the world. The whole establishment, which forms a part of Hart House proper, is the far-sighted and generous gift of the estate of the late Hart A. Massey of Toronto, and has been put into physical being through the tireless efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey. The new theatre differs from all its predecessors in that it is primarily a theatre for a university community and undertakes to present with the best means at its disposal a season of plays which will supplement the ordinary dramatic fare of a city like Toronto. To this end Mr. Massey has seen that the theatre possesses every modern device in the way of mechanical equipment, and has in effect made it the finest Little Theatre in the world. To this has been added a routine of work based upon the experience of men who have had to do with university dramatic work, and so designed as to avoid the more flagrant errors which arise in non-professional work in a university theatre. The theatre is leased and operated by an organisation known as the Players' Club, a body consisting of members of the faculty, graduates, and undergraduates drawn from all departments and colleges in the university. This body makes itself responsible for the maintenance of a regular season for subscribers and the general public, and undertakes to preserve the equipment and administer it for the benefit of organisations which under the present system are entitled each to one production a year. For the rest, which constitutes the major work of the establishment, a season of eight plays is given at intervals of one month throughout the academic year, and each play this year will run for one week. The principles governing the choice of plays possess special interest. There are three primary ones: that there shall be

(a) No plays which have been done in Toronto before,

(b) No plays which are likely to be done in Toronto in the near future.

(c) No dramatizations.

This last is based on the belief that the drama should be a work of art in itself, and conceived originally in dramatic form.

So much for the prohibitions. The season of eight productions is made up as follows:—

(a) An Elizabethan piece in the original manner,

(b) A classic from a dead language,

(c) A classic from a living language,

(d) A festival play, unchanged from year to year,

(e) A modern prose drama,

(f) A modern poetic or decorative drama,

(g) A bill of three original Canadian plays,

(h) A double bill made up of two pieces which may be from any school or period, or type of work for the theatre, so long as they are decorative.



ROY MITCHELL

The foregoing routine, which at first glance might seem too severe, really gives the greatest possible elasticity without permitting any group to forget the prime purposes of a theatre for a university. The Elizabethan play in the original manner may be Shakespeare or any of the Elizabethans, and is the big English classical production for the convocation season. Last year the play under this head was "Love's Labor Lost". Next June it will be "Cymbeline". A third year it may be from Ben Jonson or Marlowe. The play from a dead language is most likely to be a Greek tragedy, but it may be a piece like the "Clay Cart" of Shudraka, or the Sakuntala of Kaladisa from the Sanscrit, or the "Phormio" of Terence from the Latin. Last year this theatre presented the "Trojan Women" of Euripides. This coming year it will play the "Alcestis".

The classic from a living language provides for a wide range of plays and is, in fact, the easiest item to fill in the year's programme. It may be from any of the European classical authors—Moliere, Goldoni, Holberg, Calderon. Last year, for special reasons, the classic from a living language was English, Ben Jonson's "Alchemist". Next year it will be Gogol's "Inspector General".

The Festival play, which is more an observance than a dramatic production in the ordinary sense, is given at Christmas time, and the impression created last year by the Chester Cycle of the Nativity and Adoration seems to justify its constant revival from year to year. It is played for a series of twilight matinées on the days preceding Christmas, and on Christmas Eve at eight o'clock, ten o'clock and midnight, the actors remaining the same from year to year, the only changes in the production being the gradual enrichment of properties and dresses.

The modern prose drama may be from any country, and an effort is made to secure the mature and more advanced type of work. Last year's play under this head was "The New Sin" by Macdonald Hastings. For the coming season, it will be Shaw's "You Never Can Tell". Because of the late opening of the theatre last year, it was necessary to omit the modern poetic drama. This year the piece will be "Les Romanesques" by Rostand. Another omission from last season was the bill of three Canadian plays, for the reason that three suitable pieces were not available. In the coming season, the theatre will offer Duncan Campbell Scott's habitant play "Pierre" and two others now in course of preparation. The last item on the bill, the double programme, gives the theatre its greatest opportunity for novelty and for lavish decoration. It is usually played at the beginning of the season, and the requirement is so phrased as to permit of the presentation of strict drama, farce, pantomime, ballet or opera, at the discretion of the Syndics of the theatre.

At first glance, it would seem that the programme is fearfully "highbrow". The fact of the matter is that a great proportion of it is given up to the most buoyant kind of comedy. Neither is the programme necessarily foreign; in fact, one half of it can be, if satisfactory material is available, purely Canadian: the double bill may be, the modern prose drama may be, the modern poetic drama may be, and the triple Canadian bill must be. So far, however, the supply of Canadian material, of even a passable sort, has been so small as to prevent a genuine Canadian dramatic offering.

Hart House Theatre is much more fortunate in its equipment and appointments than ninety-nine per cent of little theatres can ever hope to be, at the present time at any rate. In addition to its superb mechanism, with the

third largest stage switchboard in America, a mile and half of electric conduit, capacity up to 80,000 watts of electrical illumination, a rotary cyclorama, upwards of 70 lamp houses of all styles, special effects for smoke, flame, moonlight ripple, flowing water, rain, cloud and lightning, complete workshops, paint studios, wardrobes with power machines and dyeing apparatus, papier mache plant and plaster cast equipment, the theatre carries a professional staff of eight persons, and a number of apprentices and paid casual workers. It has a professional director, his assistant, a musical director, a directress of wardrobes, a directress of property shop, a carpenter, a head cleaner and a treasurer, who supervise and perform most of the work connected with the making of a production. The players, however, are non-professional, are drawn from the faculty, the graduate body, the undergraduates and, wherever necessary, from outside of the university. In this manner, it has been possible to put together an excellent combination, capable of the most severe roles and several of them ex-professionals with long training behind their present work. Where necessary it is also possible to import actors on a purely friendly basis from New York for particularly exacting parts. During the coming season, Miss Josephine Victor will come to Toronto to play Imogen for the company.

From the foregoing it will be seen that it lies within the power of Hart House Theatre to become the core of a genuine Canadian dramatic movement. The great need at the present time is for Canadian plays. This does not mean that the theatre will do plays merely because they are Canadian. Such a policy would inevitably prove the ruin of the theatre, just as it has wrecked so many little theatres in the United States. The Syndics of the theatre have chosen, therefore, to do the best plays available in dramatic literature, irrespective of their origin, leaving places for satisfactory Canadian plays when they come along.

The plays which have come to hand so far have shown considerable promise, but so frequently have they been based upon the theory and method of the modern commercial American drama, and so rarely have they shown any quality which is genuinely Canadian, that it would have been absurd to put them in competition with the great plays of foreign origin. No one realises better than the sponsors of Hart House the urgent need for Canadian drama, if the theatre is to be a vital factor in the life of the country, and they are constantly seeking original work from Canadians who know that this country possesses an atmosphere, a soul and a background of its own, and who wish to embody this in dramatic form without keeping a constant eye upon what the New York producer would be willing to accept.



MISS FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

Dedication*

By FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

GOD, who hast set our pleasant heritage
Foursquare between the mountains and the sea:
Lo, the long years of labor and of wage,
We dedicate to Thee!

Out of the void, the cry that summoned these,
Our sires of unforgotten yesterdays,
Surely hath bidden us upon our knees
To give our meed of praise!

These thronging streets—these heaven-soaring towers,
These cities lifted from a broken clod,
We hold in bond from mightier hands than ours—
And they from Thine, O God!

Theirs were the tears that dewed the untrodden land—
 Ours but to reap the ripened crops they set;
 In all the bounties emptied from Thy hand,
 Grant we do not forget!

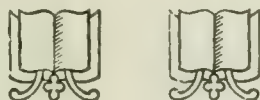
Theirs was to blaze the trail for us to take—
 Theirs was the vision ours the broadening way—
 Lord, for the fathers of our race we make
 High testament today!

Somewhere is written every hurt of theirs,
 Havoc of storm and deluge, drought and frost;
 Some precious phial holds their gathered prayers,
 So that not one is lost.

Lord, we have builded swift, and none too wise.
 Our sires are dead—our sons are yet to be—
 Grant us strong wills, and unbeclouded eyes,
 To offer them to Thee.

Take Thou our hands, and make the journey plain—
 Guide Thou our hands, to fairly end the page—
 Scourge us from sloth—till we return again
 A goodlier heritage!

(*) This poem, by a well-known London, Ont., contributor to the Canadian Bookman, won the first prize in the Manitoba Free Press competition for the best poem on the subject of Manitoba's fiftieth anniversary. The judges were Professor W. T. Allison, Professor D. L. Durkin and a member of the Free Press staff.



Notes on a Cellar-Book

IT is not the least of the objections to universal prohibition, successfully enforced, that it would put a stop to the production of the literature of wine. Every human taste and habit has its special literature, and there is a body of fine English writing relating to the chasing of foxes just as there is one relating to the pursuit of small gutta-percha balls with an assortment of peculiar sticks. The force behind each of these literatures is the spiritual elevation produced by the sport or art or habit in question: and no one of them has produced a more important body of literature than that which is devoted to the celebration of Bacchus. Prof. Saintsbury, a man who has been moved to artistic expression by his appreciation of such subtle excellences as the arrangements of short and long syllables and intervening pauses in a sentence by Wyclif or Walton, is equally responsive to the subtleties of flavoring, color and aroma in the contents of

his modest but marvellously selected cellar. Whether his very beautiful book entitled "Notes on a Cellar-Book" (Macmillan, Toronto, \$2) will have any effect in the political struggle which is being waged over prohibition, and its enforcement, we do not know. It is possible that prohibitionists, and those inclined to be such, are not highly susceptible to literature: the possibility has been strongly brought to our mind by reading some of the writings most popular among them. Professor Saintsbury will, however, at any rate, succeed in convincing anybody who reads him that there are certain purely aesthetic satisfactions of which the abstainer from alcohol voluntarily deprives himself. It is perhaps not without significance that the countries in which prohibition is now most extensively practiced are those in which drinking never attained to the dignity of an art.

Essays in Canadian Literature

How I Became a Gentleman Crook*

By CHARLES W. STOKES

(With acknowledgements to Arth-r Str-ng-r, Fr-nk L. P-ck-rd, et al).

I HAVE often been asked how it was, and through what series of steps, that I became—"no, not an Opium-Eater (for you will no doubt recall that arresting opening of De Quincey's "Confessions,") but a Gentleman Crook. I could perhaps quote my author further, for instance, his "gradually, tentatively, mistrustingly, as one goes down a shelving beach into a deepening sea." Indeed, it appears that by changing not more than ten words I could use the first eight pages of De Quincey; but there are so many and so much more profitable avenues of theft that I have not yet found it necessary to burglarize the Five Foot Shelf. Besides, it would probably bore you to have me quoting merely to show that I am an intellectual.

No, I became a Gentleman Crook largely to show that I was a Gentleman. I was tired of being mistaken for anything else. But how could a struggling young literary man ever achieve that *savoir faire* and that sort of thing? Even suppose I should have perchance become a vogue, and gone around giving lectures and being afternoon-tea'd and all that, I am afraid I should never have got over the self-conscious feeling that when I faced my audiences in evening dress they might think it was a rented one, though by that time, of course, I would have been able to buy at least one outright.

It was, in fact, partly her perception of the hired tuxedo I was wearing the night I asked her to marry me, and partly her conviction that I would never be a gentleman while I

continued writing poetry, that led Priscilla Plushface, the rich stockbroker's daughter, to refuse me so definitely. It was that very night, as I stumbled down the steps of her father's over-elaborate mansion and hurled myself into a taxi going I knew not whither, "nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing," that my destiny took shape. I wanted to own my own evening suit, to brush my hair back from my forehead flat on my head (and have it stay put), to tap my cigarette delicately on a gold case with my initials, to owe money for poker, to get drunk without being pinched! I wanted to be a Gentleman!

I confess I was delirious; in my desperation I thought that Samurai-like I might in a gentlemanly way take my life. But the cool air of that beautiful spring night, as it caressed my fevered brow, blew courage into me. When I reached home I fell into a chair, and thought and thought and thought. The grey dawn was just breaking over the gasworks, almost as ashy as my face, when I had reached the determination that the shortest cut to becoming a gentleman was to become a gentleman crook.

That was the first time I stayed up all night

It is with a certain amount of amusement, mixed with a kindly tolerance, that one recalls one's first crime! How comic it seemed at the time—how full of a winsome sauciness! Looking at it from the pinnacle of so colossal a series of sensational coups, one does not yet patronise oneself as one was in these far-off delicious, callow days, when one was a shrinking, timorous child's helping of a crook, does one? One usually does not. I do not. I think even affectionately of my first crime.

I had determined to start right. I had but \$10.15 in the world when I began, apart from a few outstanding small sums owing me for poetry accepted; but I had an old aunt up in Canada, where I was born and where I pass-

* It is perhaps a matter for self-congratulation that we have no native Gentleman Crook literature. We have, of course, large numbers of crooks, gentleman and otherwise; but either they have never yet met the friend to whom they confide their memoirs, or else they believe in Safety First and remain silent. Yet on the other hand several of the most successful purveyors to the large and lucrative demand that seems to exist in the United States for Crook Literature are by birth Canadians, so that while the purity of our national life is once again vindicated, this form of literature is in a sense Canadian.—C. W. S.

ed my boyhood. How well even yet do I remember those happy school days in St. Justin Street in the charming city of Montreal! My aunt, I knew, had some spare cash remaining from her husband's insurance money. I made therefore what is technically called a "touch."

With the thousand dollars I secured, I bought myself a complete set of evening clothes. I rented a small but luxurious bachelor apartment of seven rooms and three bathrooms on the most exclusive block of Madison Avenue. I always was a dilettante in art, and I knew the value of an artistic background for such a career as mine, so I gathered on my walls a few choice Botticellis, Raphaels, Corots, Rembrandts, Murillos, and so on—small, but chic. Eight or nine tanagra statuettes, busts, and plaques I picked up quite cheaply at the Plushface auction when Priscilla's father took the wrong turning in oil stocks. My library was small, but fairly good considering—a few first editions, such as Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," a complete set of O. Henry, and John W. Garvin's "Canadian Poets." I had all these rebound in satin, with my monogram in the corner. Persian rugs into which one's feet melted, a divanette that I bought as Turkish (and which I still believe is Turkish, in spite of the philistines who say it is a davenport), a hanging lamp of strange Arabic design, and a dining-room set in golden oak, made a tout ensemble that partook, even if I do say it myself, of the voluptuous. A little later I added a silk dressing-gown from Japan, two thousand Bull Durham cigarettes, and a soft-footed smiling little Japanese valet whose name was Mud. There is nothing like getting the right atmosphere before you essay to be a gentleman crook.

Lying back in my divanette, lighting cigarette after cigarette and occasionally lifting a creme de menthe to my lips, I was pondering my first crime and what it would be. Mud was tip-toeing noiselessly round the gramophone, from which came sobbing, crooning noises. It was then 2.45 a.m., and I picked up the previous morning's paper and opened it at random.

It happened that the sheet fell open at the society page. There was one item marked.

"Mud," I said, "did you mark this page?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Who did, then?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is the finger of fate," I said. "Mud,

get me my mask—I'm going out." I was of course wearing my new evening suit.

In a few minutes I was walking along the Avenue.

You remember that famous case of the Central Park Mystery, which so puzzled the police of two continents and which has never yet been solved? That was my first crime (I might say that this story is planned as the first of a series which will run for twelve months, or longer if the public like it, and that I contemplate naming them all "Adventures" of Something-or-Other—"The Adventure of the Green Emerald." "The Adventure of the Five Dead Goldfish." and so on. Were it not that my publishers insisted on tying up the first story with the motif of the series, I would christen this story "The Adventure of the Jade Buddha.")

You must remember that at that time I was working all alone. For that matter, so I am now, as far as the finesse of the game goes; but I cannot ignore the valuable assistance that I receive from Dirk McConnell, "Red" Sandusky, and that piquant blonde denizen of New York's underworld, Rhoda Tarkington. They are of greatest value at the proper occasion, though none of them connects the shambling, apparently half-paralyzed "tough" of the Red Eye Tavern with the well-to-do young bachelor whose name is in the society columns every day. Mud, I believe, thinks I am merely an eccentric collector of jewels who Cannot Sleep.

It was a warm summer's night as I strolled up the Avenue, my loose coat open and revealing my immaculate evening shirt. The policeman at the corner nodded to me friendlily. Orion and the Pleiades twinkled merrily over the canyon of tall buildings. On and on I strolled, in a leisurely way. I must have walked four miles till I came to my objective—a great, grey gaunt house set back in a big yard in which were flowering shrubs in tubs.

I walked boldly up to the front door and opened it with a skeleton key. The huge square hall was in complete darkness; but with my pocket flash I picked my way carefully across enormous tiger-rugs and past stuffed moose and alligators. At the far end was a door that, when I pushed it, opened into a small room that was obviously the study. In a certain drawer in a certain desk in that room was what I had come for.

My flashlight revealed a luxuriousness of furnishing that was beyond anything I had

ever seen. A tremendous tiger-skin covered the entire floor and was tucked under at the edges. On the walls were Afghan spears, Malay krisses, crooked Chinese daggers, and Formosan Head-Hunters' decapitating-knives. On the top of a richly carved bookcase was a great statue of Buddha in green jade, with diamonds for eyes. The curtains were of blood-red georgette crepe. In the centre of the room was the desk; it glittered so in my pencil of light that I realized it was of mother-of-pearl inlaid with platinum and gold.

It was the work of but a few seconds to secure what I wanted, although I had to open each of the twenty-seven drawers in that desk before I found the right one. My new jimmy (a de luxe model) was, however, very efficacious. There at the back of the twenty-seventh drawer was ——. I crammed the precious article, worth more than its weight in diamonds and rubies, into my pocket, and began my getaway; and then, as ill-luck would have it, I stumbled over something on the floor. In that house of morbid silence the noise reverberated like an avalanche.

"Curse the luck!" I muttered. And then my words froze on my lips as I looked down upon the face of a dead man in evening dress.

How many minutes I stood thus I don't know.

"Hands up!" hissed a low voice. "I have you covered."

I span round like a top. The voice came from the direction of the window, on the opposite side of the room to the door.

"Who are you?" the voice demanded.

I was so unmanned—remember, it was my first job, and the staring eyes on the floor still seared my brain—that all I could do was to stammer: "I'm a gentleman crook."

Then I heard soft footsteps; and the next I knew was that the room was flooded with brilliant light, and that there stood facing me a tall red-haired woman in a ravishing opera-

cloak. Ah, Sophie, Countess de Poisson, you and I have met several times later on a much different footing, and you have never known that I knew about you!

"Who are you?" I demanded. She did not answer, and I made a wild guess.

"You don't live here!" I cried. Still she did not answer.

"You are a burglar!" I hazarded cynically.

"Well, what about you?" she replied in silky Slavic tones.

"Oh, that was bull I handed you," I said. "I'm the guy who lives here. I'd just come downstairs to get a novel to read myself to sleep." I forgot in saying this, of course, that I had a mask on. She shrugged her voluptuous shoulders. Then her glance, roaming the room, suddenly encountered the grisly object at my feet.

"Goshkoffskivtch!" she cried. She sank on her knees, and raised his head on her breast. "Boris!" she moaned. "Speak to me—say you are not dead!"

I took advantage of her preoccupation to pick my way out. She paid no attention, for she was sobbing passionately, but when I reached the door she cried imperiously "Stop!"

"Yes?" I quavered.

"Did you—kill—him?"

"N-o-o," I replied.

Her greenish-red eyes narrowed to pin points. "You seem to speak the truth. I was too late—I did not think the League could be so fast. . . . All right, young man, you can go. You may be a crook, but you ain't a gentleman." . . .

That night I slept for the first time for four months. . . .

Incidentally, I brought away the green jade Buddha as an afterthought, and it still stands on my what-not. But I think sometimes dreamily, as I sink under the nightly dose of morphine, that the next time I want a drink I will go back to my birthplace, Canada. . . .



The Young French-Canadian Poets

By ST. E. de CHAMP

IN the clever preface he has written for the "Anthologie des poètes canadiens composée par Jules Fournier," M. Olivar Asselin maintains that there is no such thing as a national literature in French Canada, and, after a careful and interested reading of the *Anthologie*, one feels inclined to agree with him if "national literature" means more than the mass of the productions of writers of a given country.

I am afraid, however, that we are not agreed in Canada upon the meaning of the word "national." Mr. John W. Garvin in his preface to "Canadian Poets", assumes for example that the works of Lampman, Roberts, Bliss Carman, and others constitute a national literature in English. Who could venture to share his opinion if we were to look at the work of these poets in the light of the principles laid down by M. Asselin? In fact not long ago an American critic writing in the "Mereure de France" questioned whether a national American literature had ever existed, singling out, among the multitude of American writers, only three or four names who could at a pinch, be chosen as constituting the embryo of a truly national literature.

Personally I am inclined to believe that the name "national" should not be given to a literature save by the universal consent of outsiders. It is only when a sufficient number of great works have seen the light in one country and found their way abroad, and when the name of that country has become closely connected with them in the eyes of foreign critics, that the word "national" receives its justification.

The names of Emerson, Poe, Hawthorne and Longfellow have crossed the Atlantic, their works have been criticised, quoted and translated; and although there may not be any feature decidedly American in Emerson's or Poe's writings they form nevertheless, with Hawthorne's and Longfellow's, the foundation of the national character of American literature. Although I have heard, on the shores of Lake Lemman, of a national Swiss

literature, I do not think that French Switzerland can boast of having a literature of its own; yet it can claim to have been the birthplace of eminent writers whose works have been embodied in French letters. Had Switzerland been in Eastern Europe and had J. J. Rousseau and Mme. de Staël* lived on Swiss soil and exercised the same influence on the thought of the world, national Swiss literature would have been born. In that event many of the humbler Swiss authors might have gained more prominence, helped by the Protestant atmosphere which permeates their writings and which constitutes today their only claim to originality.

I believe that the most striking defect shown in that long display of French-Canadian poetry extending over a century is lack of originality. Ideas, ideals, forms, images, choice of words, show the same persistent endeavor to imitate some great or, for a time, successful poet across the Atlantic. And throughout the *Anthologie*, at least until well past 1900, we seem to face the work of a Paul Reboux—at his worst; and we read poems *à la manière de* Guiraud, Ancelot, Hugo, Leconte de Lisle and others.

Are these naïve rhymers to blame? I would not say that; they have done what hundreds of would-be poets did in France during the same period. What has been lacking is a few geniuses towering above the crowd. But, to my mind the astounding fact is that some sixty odd years after the Treaty of Paris had deprived the country of most of her intellectual elements, men were found who, despite their isolation from the mother source, still cultivated their aesthetic instincts in a time of grave political stress.

In the labor of love of the regretted Jules Fournier, the obvious aim of the devoted writer has been to place before the reader a synoptic picture of those who, with smaller or greater success, have—in the words of

* Though born in Paris, Mme de Staël was Swiss, both her parents were born and died in Switzerland. Her two idols were her father and Jean-Jacques.

Louis Dantin—undertaken ‘la poursuite dés-intéressée et sincère de la Beauté parlant français’; a picture of those who have kept the torch alight—a torch, at times reduced to the proportions of a blinking home-made candle—and have passed it down through ill winds and storms until in more favourable circumstances it reached, strong and bright, the hands of Lozeau, Ferland, Morin and Chopin.

“Disinterested pursuit!” Yes, indeed! with such a small field of prospective readers, with so little encouragement from the public, with no possibility of official recognition or help, and swirling near at hand, as the only resource against starvation, the eddies of Canadian Journalism!

In spite of all the obstacles encountered, the effort to do better has been constant, and we find some real talent among the younger poets. The value of that effort cannot be better illustrated than by the work of Pamphile Lemay. Without going so far as M. ab der Halden along the path of praise, we may recognize the continuous labor of forty years which lies between the shapeless *Evangeline* and the firmly executed *Goutelettes*.

Glancing at the *Anthologie* one is sadly impressed with the scantiness of one’s library. That some hundred volumes of French verses have been printed in Canada during the last one hundred years is difficult to realize. And it is still more surprising, when so much of the mediocre has been collected in book form, that some poets among the most diversely gifted,—Desaulniers, Fabre-Surveyer, Duval, Michaud, Cinq-Mars, to pick them at random—have never published a volume.

The *Anthologie* enables us to see almost at a glance that during the whole of the twen-
 19 ?
 tieth century, among more than a score of writers in verse, there were only three poets: Crémazie, Fréchette and Lemay, and the fine discrimination of Jules Fournier satisfies us that their best verses are in the book.

The first decade of the twentieth century alone makes a better display, for almost to a man, the writers of that period reveal deep poetic feeling. The loss of Nelligan and Gill in a less fertile period would have been irreparable: their disappearance is the less disastrous when we can rejoice in the genius of such men as Lozeau, Charbonneau and Ferland, not to mention the lazier ones—Beaulieu, Demers, Desaulniers. If these lines chance to

fall under their eyes, I hope they will forgive me for dismissing them so hastily. To discuss their fine works would have required a space I have not at my disposal, and besides, the staunch position they occupy in Canadian letters would have made any criticism on my part sheer idle talk.

What is conspicuous in the works of a number of the later poets is a complete mastery of the language. Too often in the past the use of an ill-chosen word, of familiar or colloquial expressions, in verse relating to lofty subjects, or vice versa, the introduction of high-sounding, often meaningless, words in the most *terre-à-terre* of rhymes, an ill-adjusted or misplaced adjective, would spoil irremediably an otherwise fair poem.

In spite of all the theories of the Romanicists, Parnassians or Symbolists, some of old Boileau’s rules still hold good and, among them, those concerning taste and the tuning of the lyre to the right key. Whenever the *décadents* have erred they have done so knowingly and of malice prepense. While reading the most bewildering *dadaïste* lucubrations we are aware that these young wags are perpetrating a wretched joke on us and that in them lies hidden a perfect knowledge of the niceties of the tongue and of all the secrets of the craft. Behind Hugo’s “Quelle heure est-il?” we see the grim smile of the demigod who has at his disposal the most astounding choice of words, and we perceive his desire to unleash the literary storms of 1830. When in the *Soirées* I found a fragment of *Veronica* side by side with *La Fille des bois* and *Amour immaculé* I thought: *Dormitat bonus Homerus*. But on reading Canadian poems one is confronted with the fact that many a blunder has been made by a wide-awake writer and through sheer ignorance.

The French critic confronted with the task of reviewing French-Canadian poetry of the nineteenth century has hitherto approached it with mingled feelings, and his judgment has been tempered by a sort of pitiful tenderness and leniency: the poem was Canadian. The feeling was a little like the one we might have in appreciating the literary efforts of an orphan of fourteen related to us and whose welfare we had neglected: “Charming, charming! Indeed! and he is so young and motherless and—a cousin of ours.” Now the time has come when the Canadian poet can be judged in France at his face value and on an

equal footing with men born in Rouen, Bordeaux or rue Monsieur le Prince.

I became acquainted with "Le Paon d'Email" through a Frenchman of rare literary taste and achievements, during a leisurely afternoon stroll from Chambéry to les Charmettes. My companion knew about as little of Canada as the late Mme. de Pompadour herself, the name of Paul Morin was new to me; we enjoyed the book for its intrinsic value and were delighted with it. I have read *Flamme* again and again; it is a joy to the mind and to the ear alike. I wonder whether among the productions of the poets of old France many such thirty-two lines could be found in which every feature combines to attain such an acme of loveliness. The loftiness of the inspiration, the grace of the images, the absence of *padding*, every word carrying a meaning, the harmony, the suppleness, the plasticity of the verse deserve the warmest praise. Who could associate the words stiffness, monotony or heaviness with the French Alexandrine (a thing I have heard done so often), after reading:

Et la douceur du jour palpite dans mes
mains. . . .

If the poem is read aloud, the clever shifting of the cæsura, the ever varying number of the secondary stresses, alternating with the majestic evenness of the classical Alexandrine, produce the most harmonious effect.

The opulence of René Chopin's verse, his strikingly descriptive power of expression, the vigorous, healthy and sincere treatment of themes often new and nearly always of Canadian inspiration are features which will help much in the nationalizing of French Canadian literature. At times, I seem to feel in his work perhaps still more than in the pages of Ferland—broad, luminous, beautifully Canadian in atmosphere as these are—the breath of the Great North. I am not too fond of vers libre and I prefer the exquisite pages of *le Coeur en Exil*, but I defy the most convinced of Parnassians to glance at *La venue héroïque du printemps* or *Le plaisir d'entendre les grenouilles* without being carried away along that pyrotechnic display of words and pictures, stopping only at the end, a little out of breath perhaps, but having had a fine sensation of art. Even that witty *Epi-*

gramme contre moi shows a technique, a surety of *métier* absolutely remarkable.

I have not read *Mignonne* yet, but *Les Phases* of M. Delahaye leave me a little puzzled, confused. I feel, I actually feel, that he is a poet of uncommon inspiration, but is it the peculiar form of verse, he has chosen? I could not tell—something jars. His queer stanza not being classified in French prosody, he should be called a *verslibriste*; yet I have the impression while reading his verse that it is fettered.

But in the shadow of the great virtuosi there are a number of talented poets, some of whom the *Anthologie* has revealed to me.

I should like, for instance, to see more of M. Roy's verse. I think his sonnets do him great credit, living as he does in so uninspiring a town, far from warmth, emulation and guidance.

Were I to select a score of poems out of the *Anthologie*, I would most certainly place *Le vieux pont* among them. To me M. Doucet is the natural poet par excellence, who writes with his heart and consequently speaks to the heart. There is, in his works, a charm, a *douceur* which appeals strongly to the lover of rustic life.

M. Cinq-Mars writes pretty, very pretty things; it would be a matter for regret if they were not gathered into a book. His genre is eminently French; the sprightliness, the airiness of French words suit his themes admirably, and he knows his language.

I see more than "symptoms of possibilities" in *La lettre au démolisseur* of M. Michaud. I think the piece is truly charming from beginning to end. A man who possesses such a wonderful mastery of French, who handles with such dexterity the treacherous decasyllabic, who playfully composes such pretty, witty, vivid description with a touching tinge of melancholy should not be so absurdly modest and should produce more.

M. Gallée's picturesque little tableau full of local colour will be invaluable to the future historian of French Canadian country life.

If M. Duval has in the drawers of his desk any more poems of the same stamp as *Les Trois Labours*, I will tell him that it is a downright shame not to publish them.

In the few extracts from the writings of

the younger men I find promising features. M. Chauvin's *Figurines* are full of life, youth, and good humour, but I am afraid his vocabulary sometimes betrays him. I have heard a *bruit de bottes, de bottes . . .*, *bruit de pas, de savates*, but *un bruit de soulier!* (and in the singular!). Paul Géraldy who evidently inspired *J'ai rêvé d'elle* would never have written *un bruit de soulier*, although *petits souliers* would evoke a gracefully feminine image. *Sale oiseau* nearly prevented my going on with the reading of *Le pauvre moineau*. *Oiseau sale* would have produced a different impression. I stumbled over the *gros gavé*, and "*Ce n'est pas chic, mais c'est commo. . . . ode*" is actually the refrain of one of Dramen's most comic and idiotic songs! Let M. Chauvin read Jehan Rictus, Aristide Bruant, Xanrof, Franc-Nohain, Raoul Ponchon and again Paul Géraldy, Daudet and Theuriet, and let him compare their styles and vocabularies. He will then see plainly that stanzas 1, 2 and 4 are not at all in keeping with the others, which are of a very fine -if fanciful*-inspiration and perfect make. I must apologise to M. Chauvin for singling him out for reprimand, I should not have taken the trouble,

* Why should a sparrow starve in a wood? Especially in summer time?

if I had not felt that the root of the matter was in him.

I insist on those errors of taste because they are chiefly Canadian, and I am sorry to say that Mlle. Lamontagne, splendidly gifted as she is, is not always free from them. This is regrettable, but correction of such a defect is an easy task for a writer of brilliant and poetic intelligence. On the other hand, there is many a correct verse in the *Anthologie* that does not give evidence of a particle of poetic inspiration and for this, I am afraid, there is no remedy.

We must thank M. Asselin for giving with a pious and brotherly hand the finishing touch to Jules Fournier's splendid and patriotic undertaking. It is to be hoped that the book will find its way to every English library in the Dominion and so help to dispel some wrong ideas about the "patois" of Quebec, among the host of those who have only a *reading knowledge* of French.

On finishing, I should like to associate myself with the wish expressed by M. Asselin to see an early publication of Jules Fournier's writings. Even a chance reader of *Le Nationaliste* and of *L'Action* could not fail to be deeply impressed with his strong personality and the quality of his limpid, caustic, and flawless prose.



A Review of Reviewers

By W. S. WALLACE

THERE is perhaps no form of literary art so widely practised, and at the same time so little studied, as the reviewing of books. The number of people who write book-reviews is infinitely greater than the number of those who write short stories, or essays, or verses; indeed, some people have no other literary baggage. Yet scarcely an attempt appears to have been made to study book-reviewing. There are text-books, literary agencies, even schools of one sort or another, which offer instruction to the beginner in how to write short stories, photo-plays, newspaper paragraphs, poems, and what not. But no one seems to have thought it worth while to offer instruction in the art of book-reviewing. Anthologies of poetry have been published which serve as a guide to the budding poet; collections of the classics of short-story writing exist which serve as models for the short-story writer; there are even books which have brought together specimens of letter-writing for the benefit of the ready letter-writer. But no one apparently has yet taken the trouble to gather together a collection of famous book-reviews, to serve as models or warnings for the book-receiver; though possibly an enterprising publisher might find it not unprofitable to venture on such an enterprise.

The fact is that most people labor under the impression that anyone is qualified to review a book, provided he has mastered his native tongue, and has a reasonable familiarity with the subject with which the book deals—though even these prerequisites, it may be observed, are not always insisted on in practice. It is to be feared that book-reviewers themselves sometimes think that there is no trick in book-reviewing—that a book-review is something that can be run off in an idle half-hour, *currente calamo*, or perhaps dictated to a stenographer. Poets prune and polish their verses; fiction-writers write and re-write their stories; but how many book-reviewers prune and polish and re-write their book-reviews? Yet the writing of a good book-review is almost as difficult and rare an accomplishment as the writing of a good set of verses or a good short story. Indeed, in one

respect, it is more difficult; for there enter into the writing of a book-review ethical considerations which are met with in scarcely any other branch of literature.

There are many familiar types of book-review; and, even at the risk of appearing dogmatic, it must be said that nearly all of them are examples of how book-reviews should not be written.

(1) In the first place, there is the type which may be described—without any disrespect to the greater writer whose name is thus taken in vain—as Macaulayesque. The leading characteristics of this type are that it avoids all but casual reference to the book under review, and takes the publication of the book as an excuse for a disquisition on the subject with which it deals. In the palmy days of the great *Quarterlies*, it was a type which reigned almost supreme; and it is still frequently met with. Yet it is not strictly a book-review at all; it belongs rather to the genre of the essay. There can be no possible objection to a great writer, or even a lesser writer, taking the publication of a book as a peg on which to hang an essay, provided that he has something to say, and is not merely sucking the marrow out of his author. But it should be made clear that he is not attempting a book-review; and conversely, if he is asked for a book-review, he should not attempt to write an essay.

(2) Another sort of book-review is that which, a generation or more ago, became notorious in the pages of the *Saturday Review*—though perhaps the classical example of this type is one of the few real book-reviews which Macaulay ever wrote, his castigation of Montgomery's "Satan." The chief object of this sort of book-review would appear to be, not to give the reader a dispassionate evaluation of the book, but to add to the gaiety of nations by a display of the reviewer's powers of sarcasm and satire. Those who would affect this style of reviewing might do well to remember that Macaulay lived to regret deeply his merciless treatment of "Satan" Montgomery, and that most other writers who have tried their hand at this sort of thing

have also lived to regret it. They might do well to reflect also that there are very few books so bad that there is no good in them, and that it is much more useful for the reviewer to point out what is good than what is worthless. The only case where the Saturday Review method is applicable is where a book appears to be purposely malevolent, wilfully mischievous; and even here one is perhaps justified in thinking that "the fittest answer unto such is kindly silence when they brawl." A review which obviously sets out to "slate" a book must always be suspected of ulterior motives, and may even fall within the operation of the law of libel.

(3) A third type of review is that which—for want of a better name—may be labelled the Puffendorf or Dryasdust type. This sort of review may be generally favorable, but it occupies itself mainly with microscopic criticism. Its object would often appear to be to show how profound and detailed a knowledge the reviewer has of his subject, or what an admirable proof-reader he would have made. There are, after all, few books published into which some errors of fact, or some misprints, do not succeed in creeping. These do not, as a rule, affect the general value or usefulness of the book; and in order to ensure their correction in a subsequent edition, all that is necessary is a kindly note addressed to the author. There are few authors who will not be doubly grateful to a reviewer who, while refraining from parading petty errors in print, takes the trouble to call the attention of the author to them privately. Occasionally, it is true, a review may come across a book which is so chronically inaccurate that he is in duty bound to warn the reader of the fact. In such a case, he must, of course, substantiate his criticisms by citing concrete examples. But these examples should always be significant; and they will be just as effective if they are adduced in a polite and considerate way, and without appearing to air the reviewer's superior knowledge.

(4) Yet another sort of review is that which belongs to the log-rolling class. This sort—which is unfortunately only too familiar to readers of Canadian newspapers—is perhaps the most desolating of all. We all know the weight of the club which the book-publisher, by reason of his advertising patronage, holds over the heads of the journalist. But no book-publisher who knows his business will

object to the discriminating review. Nothing, indeed, is so calculated to kill the book-market as the practice of meting out to every book uniform and monotonous praise. The log-rolling reviewer might as well write "Advt." in brackets after his review, and have done with it. He is not a book reviewer, he is an "ad-writer"; and he need seldom delude himself into thinking that he is really throwing any dust whatever into the eyes of the public.

(5) Lastly—and this, to be frank, is the only book-review worth having—there is the review which attempts merely to state what a book aims at doing, and how, in the opinion of the reviewer, it does it. A review of this sort may seem to be a fairly simple thing to write; but the simplest things are not always the easiest things. Running the rapids seems to be, and is, a simple matter; but it is only the expert canoeman who knows how to avoid the rocks on either side. In the same way, it is only the expert book-reviewer who knows how to avoid the rocks on which he may come to grief. The reviewer must be critical without being captious; he must be dispassionate without being dull; he must be just without being harsh. If he undertakes to praise, he should do so in such a way as to stimulate interest and curiosity. To assure readers, as is so often done, that "no gentleman's library is complete without this book," is the surest way of discouraging readers from buying the book. If, on the other hand, the reviewer is forced to condemn a book, he should strive to do so in a way which wounds as little as possible. To dismiss a book, as a learned French journal once dismissed a doctor's dissertation, as "sans valeur," may be clever, but it is not good book-reviewing. Apart from the fact that there are few books without any value, an adverse judgment may be expressed more effectively in more kindly language; and it should always be supported with proofs. Finally, a book which is partly good and partly bad (and most books belong to this class) requires the nicest sort of balance and discrimination in pronouncing judgment. A jury has only to find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty; but a book-reviewer has to attempt to apportion the exact degree of guiltiness or unguiltiness.

Then there are the ethical problems connected with book-reviewing. Should one decline to review the book of a friend, or of a rival,

or of an enemy? There is much to be said on both sides in each case. Again, if one reviews a book, should one sign the review? There is much to be said in favor of the anonymous review, and much against it. Again, in reviewing a book, should one take cognizance of facts concerning the book or the author which are within one's knowledge, but which do not appear in the book itself? As a rule, probably the best practice is to take into account only what is contained within the volume before one; but there are times when other facts must also be placed in the scale. In these matters, as in other questions of an ethical nature, it seems almost impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule. Each case must be decided on its own merits; and in deciding it, the reviewer must display an unflinching sensitiveness to considerations of honor and good taste.

A good book-review is almost as rare as a

good lyric. Yet, like a lyric, a book-review may be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. There have been book-reviews which have been scarcely less important than the books which they have reviewed—book-reviews which, in their Olympian finality, must be ignored only at the reader's peril. It is surprising that no librarian apparently has had the idea of inserting in the books under his care references to such all-important reviews; such references would undoubtedly be of the greatest assistance to readers. Perhaps the reason is that there are so few book-reviews which can be described as all-important. And until book-reviewing is taken by most reviewers more seriously, and until the art of book-reviewing is studied more carefully, one may be forgiven for thinking that perhaps, after all, any attempt to give to book-reviews anything more than the transient and journalistic interest they possess at present may be misplaced.

The Religious Consciousness

By W. A. GIFFORD

Pratt, James Bissett, "The Religious Consciousness," Macmillan, Toronto, \$4.50.

THE author is justified in the view that no apology is needed for a new book on the psychology of religion. The science is young, and the field has been surveyed only in outline. The hundred years since Schleiermacher, quickened as they have been by evolution and the introduction into Biblical studies of a scientific method, have nevertheless set but few minds working freely here. Indeed our author himself walks softly when it comes to inducing from his abundant "cases" a philosophy of religion. He writes "without having any point of view," as an "observer who has no thesis to prove". In his own words, it is "the aim of this book to describe some of the facts of the religious consciousness as it expresses itself in various forms. No fundamental thesis will be defended and no unitary law will be laid down or traced out. The study will be frankly induc-

tive and empirical and therefore perhaps fragmentary" (p. 43). It is here, chiefly, that the work differs from James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," with which it most invites comparison. James does not give us his conclusions; we know, in the end, that religion is a "biological reaction", that it is the subconscious self that intermediates between nature and God, and that He produces real effects in nature. In our judgment, our author's work would be more widely welcomed, in these days when the critical faculty has so far outrun the constructive, if it had "given us a lead". It is, however, a work of unmistakable value. Its field of induction is wider than that of James. The author quite justifies his hope of avoiding "provincialism both of the geographical and of the intellectual variety". "The Religious Consciousness" will prove a valuable dictionary of religious experiences, a sort of source-book for the philosophers to follow.

The Penny-Press Peerage

By EDWARD BECK

“**C**ALIBAN,” W. L. George’s latest novel, (Mussion, Toronto, \$2), assumes to tell the life story of Richard Bulmer, famous and successful English newspaper publisher, maker and unmaker of statesmen and creator and destroyer of national and international policies. It traces Bulmer’s career from his student days in Winchester House, where he made his first essay in journalism by establishing a school paper called “The Wykamist,” which achieved a circulation of seventy copies and lasted seven months; his editorship of the “Journal” of the Northwest London Literary and Debating Society, while employed as a minor clerk in a London city office; his founding of a cheap nondescript weekly paper called “Zip,” which was to prove the foundation of his fortune, and up to his ownership and personal direction of a string of publications of various sorts which included a popular London daily with provincial editions published in all of the leading cities of the United Kingdom, and his acquisition of “The Day,” the traditional organ of British Whiggery which had been owned by a single family for more than a century but was no longer making money. It tells of Bulmer’s rise from obscurity and poverty to knighthood, a baronetcy and the peerage, of his acquisition of great wealth, and relates how he bullied ministers and governments and practically ran the country both before and during the war, and succeeded in everything he undertook except, alas! his pursuit of Mrs. Janet Willoughby, aristocratic widow, who led him on, then laughed at him and finally threw him over for his rival because she felt that she could never adjust her views of life to what she considered his crude and blatant vulgarities.

While an arraignment of so-called “yellow journalism” is not ostensibly the motive of Mr. George’s novel it could scarcely have been made more severely critical of the cult if that had been its only and avowed purpose. Not once is Bulmer credited with a disinterested or laudable motive in anything he undertakes. He conducts his journals solely with

the object of personal gain and personal aggrandizement. He has no fixed principles, journalistic or otherwise, and no object other than to “raise hell and sell newspapers,” as an American phrase has it. His course when England is hovering between war and peace is typical of Bulmer’s newspaper policy throughout.

Not knowing for certain what the government was going to do, he had ready two leaders. One was headed, “Our Word Is Not a Scrap of Paper,” and demanded war; the other was headed, “Don’t Be Fooled,” and was filled with strong pacifist sentiment and references to Anglo-German historic ties. He was informed of the ultimatum only just in time, while he was at dinner. If the information had not come through it is probable that, following the party tradition, he would have come out pacifist. But, fortunately, he was warned, and so next morning his political bread and butter fell right side up. It was agony, in a way, for during the whole week he had been through his ordinary route in continual touch with the cabinet. But he oscillated, for one moment sided with Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns; then swung over to the virulence of Mr. Churchill. Bulmer’s true agony lay in the fact that he could not follow the middle party of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey; he could only side with excess. But when war broke out, a sudden ease came over him. He was enormously excited. Things were going to happen. One didn’t know what things, but never mind.

One of the best chapters in the book is that which describes an interview between “Lord Immingham” and Lord Bulmer. Immingham had been put in supreme control of the war office as the result of a vociferous campaign conducted by Bulmer’s newspapers. He had forfeited their support, however, because of his failure to provide as many machine-guns for British troops at the front as Bulmer thought should be supplied. Bulmer directed the full strength of his press against Immingham and told the British public facts about the war which the authorities were trying to suppress. He placarded England with great posters reading “Lord Immingham Must Go!”

Bulmer went to the war office to call on Immingham by request. Here is what took place:

At six o'clock, after waiting less than a minute, he was shown into a large room where, behind a shabby desk, sat a solidly built man with a long body, who, seated, seemed tall. The unsmiling figure shook his hand without rising, and, looking elsewhere, indicated a seat. Then Lord Immingham fastened upon him a fishy stare. Bulmer had heard of this characteristic, and met his eyes with a hostile glitter. He thought: "You want to stare me down, do you? Well, we'll see." And so for a moment they faced each other. Seconds passed, and Bulmer grew conscious that the effort was greater than he had expected. The soldier was looking at him, neither inviting him to speak nor as if meditating over him, nor as if he disliked him. He looked at him as if he were not looking at him. It was irritating, and Bulmer found his lips twitching with the words he wanted to utter. But he held himself down, and still Lord Immingham stared at him as if he had all eternity before him. Bulmer did not move, and at last scored, for Lord Immingham, in a tired way, remarked:

"This sort of thing. You know. Can't go on. Damn nuisance."

"What sort of thing do you refer to?" asked Bulmer with elaborate politeness. As Lord Immingham did not reply, he forgot how he should handle him, and burst out, "If you mean that you dislike references to yourself and your policy in the papers, well, I'll tell you at once that my papers can't be bought and my papers can't be bullied."

Lord Immingham gave no indication that this was what he meant, so Bulmer, very uncomfortable, went on:

"Of course I know perfectly well that government departments don't want unfavorable news printed until they're so stale that nobody wants to read 'em. I suppose you want to impose a censorship. Well, you've got one; you've got the Press Bureau." As Lord Immingham said nothing, Bulmer grew unwise, and added, truculently: "The Press Bureau! I wipe my boots on it."

After a moment Lord Immingham, as if he wanted to save time, said:

"Your papers get in the way. That machine-gun business, for instance."

"Oh," said Bulmer, "I thought as much. Well, Lord Immingham, you won't deny we were very short of machine-guns, and that if I hadn't been there to ginger up the country we'd be short of 'em still. It's the business of the papers to keep the government up to date and to keep things humming, while the government's job is to keep out of date and to keep comfortable."

"I know all about that," said Immingham.

"Not your job at all. Your job's to get advertisements for your papers and make money."

Upon this Bulmer lost his temper. He felt himself in the presence of a man to whom the press represented a trade and not a *sacerdotee*. For some time he lectured Lord Immingham on the value of the press, its educational powers, its capacity for banding men together in the pursuit of the common cause. All through, Lord Immingham stared at him as if thinking of something else. Then he said:

"We don't want the press. Makes talk. Country's all talk."

"Talk molds the world," said Bulmer, "and I tell you, Lord Immingham, that if I have too much nonsense from this government I won't advertise their damn war."

Lord Immingham looked unmoved, probably aware that the war would go on all the same. So Bulmer grew angrier.

"It's all very well coming along and trying to hector me, and bully me, and telling me what I ought to say and what I ought not to say. There's lots I could have said that'd put the government into Queer street; what did you people do when French was retiring after Mons and screaming aloud for material to replace what he'd lost? Nothing. You just gave out that everything had been replaced. Instead of sending out guns and transport that you hadn't got, you gave the country a dose of Mother Seigel's Soothing Syrup. I could have raised the roof off this building if I'd chosen to print the truth. And it will be printed one day, when French tells the world why Haig stepped into his shoes. Perhaps it won't be written till you're dead, but it won't make you a pretty monument."

"I'm not talking about that," said Immingham after a long pause. Then, with a rare flash of irony: "It's not like you, Lord Bulmer, to talk of something that happened over a year ago. Out of date, you know."

This easy taunt stung Bulmer, and, suddenly, espousing in public the munitions campaign which Lord Northcliffe had captured under his nose, he began to threaten. As he talked he knew that he hated this obstinate, cold personage, who sat there listening to him as if he did not want to hear him. He got up to talk more freely, and circled about his adversary. Immingham followed him with his eyes, massive, careless. It was elephant versus tiger, and so far the elephant refused to do more than watch his active antagonist. When Bulmer stopped Immingham said: "I'm not going to be bullied about. If your papers don't toe the line within a week, we'll put D.O.R.A. on to you."

"Oh," said Bulmer, "is that the idea? Well, let me point out that you won't D.O.R.A. me so easily as you think. To begin with, you can't take me into a police court. I'm a peer. You'll have to try me in the House

of Lords, and I can tell you, Lord Immingham, that that'll make more noise than the whole of your damned artillery."

Then, for the first time, Lord Immingham smiled, a very slow, gradual smile, and said:

"Wouldn't dream of trying you. Pop you into the Tower. Plenty of time to try you when the war's done."

Bulmer also smiled, and suddenly felt immensely superior to this simple, stockish soldier. He felt sorry for Lord Immingham, who was unable to realize what public opinion meant, and, above all, did not understand the cowardice of his fellow-ministers. For the first time he understood the stupidity of this great figure, who had gained his position by inactivity, by carelessness of the feelings of others, by immense freedom from emotion. He had become superior through his own inferiority. He had mastered men because he had never tried to understand them, and so had made no weakening allowances for temperaments. He had seen the world in terms of correspondence between Q.M.G. 2 and Q.M.G. 4. He had moved men as he had shifted ballast. His inhumanity had mastered their humanity. He had rigged himself high on his ignorance and had imposed his worn-out ideas by disdain to state them. For a long time Bulmer had hated Immingham, his childish brutality, his intolerance that transcended optimism and pessimism, his incapacity to harbor either, his extremism, that arose from inability to conceive the extreme. He saw that Lord Immingham's high confidence was made up of heavy disdain for all men.

So he got up and said: "Well, there's nothing to add. I'll do what I choose, and you'll do what you choose. And one thing you won't do is to put a muzzle on me. I've got everything I want: Money, power, rank. Now I'm enjoying the great luxury—the right to tell the truth." As Lord Immingham was not indicating any further emotion, Bulmer felt he must attack him, shake him, compel him to show temper, to show something. So he grew personal. "I wonder what you could have thought would be the result of this. I wonder whether you've consulted your colleagues, and whether the Cabinet, in despair of talking me over by sending me young William, have put you on to frighten me? You won't frighten me, Lord Immingham. I made Digby, I can unmake Digby. I can unmake you. I can do a good deal one way or another for your future, which is as uncertain as that of all men."

Lord Immingham got up and replied, "All men's future is uncertain until they are hanged," and shook Bulmer's hand, and sat down again at his desk, where he busied himself with folders full of minutes. The interview was finished.

Bulmer got his machine-guns and he didn't go to the Tower.

And here is Bulmer's own defense of "yellow journalism" as exemplified by his newspapers. Accused by Janet Willoughby of caring as much for his papers as he does for her.

"It's not true," he cried hotly. I'll...I'll sink the lot if you wish it."

"Would you?" she said, and her eyes glowed. For a moment Janet was the eternal mistress who bids the painter stab his picture, the engineer blow up his bridge, so that she may have no rival. Almost she said, "If you sink them...well, do with me what you will." But instead she replied: "Don't be silly, I know what they mean to you, your papers. They are you."

"And you mean they aren't much? Well, we are what we are, my papers and I. We are the Yellow Press. Ours is the color of the sunlight that lights up dark places. The Yellow Press is the unafraid; it respects nothing, it fears nothing, it spares nothing. It cares for nothing except for the publication of the truth.

"Truth? Always?"

"The truth is not always expedient. The mob can't stand it."

"But are you content to please the mob?"

"I don't please the mob; I lead it. Oh, the mob isn't low; it has a dim light in its mind, like that half-moon you see hanging there over South Kensington. The mob isn't so bad if there's somebody behind it. People call mob-rule ochlocracy, but the mob has sense. Anyhow, I don't mind. Any 'craey' will do for me. In aristocracy I'm strong, and I either join the aristocrats or I smash them, leading the people. In plutocracy I'm rich. In democracy I can be elected if I choose. In ochlocracy I can wait until the mob wavers and make myself an aristocrat. Words all that. I'm neither aristocratic nor democratic. I'm anycratic, because I understand my fellow-men because I can stimulate them the right way."

"Dick, are you sure you stimulate them the right way?"

"What is the right way? Even Pontius Pilate didn't know what was truth. Of course, he was a lawyer. My way's the right way because I believe in it. Yes, I know I interest the people in sensation, in murders, in cinemas, and stolen jewelry...but what else am I to interest them in? Do you think you can interest them in conchology or the use of globes? Other publications have tried and they have interested them in nothing. Fifty years ago all the people cared for was feeble love and strong beer. I woke 'em up; by making a million of them read about Crippen in my fifth page, I got a hundred to read Arnold Bennett in my fourth. Thanks to my

missing-word competitions, I entice a proportion of them to the Russian ballet. I get people into my fold by giving them what they want, and when I've snared 'em in I make some of them have what I want. Oh, I know, you've said it before, does it last? Does it do them any good? How do I know? I'm the man of the moment; how do you expect me to be the man of all time? I'm the mirror of the times, and as times change the picture changes. Mirrors don't hold pictures; if you want a picture to stay you'll have to get a damned waxwork from Madam Tussaud's. My papers freeze life stiff for the moment. They solidify a mood. Why should a picture last longer than a mood? I may turn into ashes, but Cadbury will turn into Gorgonzola. I may be bound to earth, but that's as good as surviving in a brummagem heaven fitted with feather wings made by sweated girls at twopence farthing the hour. No, I've no use for pijaw. I teach the people what I like, and I like everything. I'm like the sea that washes up offal and jewels. It's for you to make your pick. I show you the present; it's your job to fish out the future. The future, what is it? Only the present. . . . more so. I'm the future. Round me, in this house, there are three hundred subjects of Queen Victoria. I'm a subject of Edward VIII."

As a novel for general acceptance, Mr. George has done better things than "Caliban"

—"A Bed of Roses," for instance. But regarded as a more or less accurate sidelight on contemporaneous politics and journalism in England, the book is not without its fascination, especially for anyone interested in the particular subject of newspaper-making. In making his Caliban a veritable paranoiac, insincere to the core, bent only on acquiring place and pelf, consoling his wife for the loss of their newborn babe by suggesting how easy it'd be to get another, discarding her with the same indifference that he discharged an editor or reporter grown stale when she no longer lives up to what he thinks their social position requires, and making her death, met during an air-raid, the subject for a sensational story in his papers, Mr. George rather overdoes it, one feels. In fact, he writes as might one of those summarily and unjustly discharged editors or reporters bent only on venting a grudge. No man could be so utterly unscrupulous, so wanting in feeling, so devoid of mental balance and so eminently successful as Mr. George's Lord Bulmer, and get away with it. One suspects that there was quite another side to Bulmer's character which Mr. George has not thought worth while to reveal to his readers.

The Prince of Wales' Tour

Mr. W. Douglas Newton has made a workman-like newspaper job of his report of the 1920 Canadian tour of the Prince of Wales, just published by McLeod, Toronto, under the title of "Westward with the Prince of Wales" (\$2.50). Fortunately, he has also exhibited a commendable amount of good taste. The book is free from any attempt to make "copy" out of the Prince himself, and there is none of the sentimental slush in which so many Canadian and American reporters waded in their effort to express the unaccustomed feelings aroused in them by this smiling young man on whose head the world's most important crown will eventually rest. Mr. Newton's book is chiefly concerned with the things that the Prince of Wales and his party saw—not the addresses which they had to listen to, or the formal programmes which they had to endure, but the human-interest episodes, the picturesque scenes, the things that a tourist, whether royal or otherwise, is most likely to remember and which make up his impressions of the country in which he tours. The book should make it clear to the most sceptical that there was nothing artificial or manufactured

about the relations which were established on this trip between the people of Canada and their future King; that the success of the trip was the spontaneous result of the contact between a very democratic, unselfish and likeable young man and many thousands of people who came quite prepared to love him on the strength of his ancestry if he showed any personal qualities to justify their love, but who would have been very cool and cynical if he had turned out to be personally what they would have called a "lemon". Mr. Newton records quite a number of the anecdotes which grew up so numerous during the tour, but he evidently has his suspicions of the whole lot of them—probably justified. After narrating one of them, he says: "This story may be true or it may be, well, Canadian. I mean by that it may be one of the jolly stories that Canadians from the very beginning began to weave about the personality of His Royal Highness. It is, indeed, an indication of his popularity that he became the centre of a host of yarns, true or apocryphal, that followed him and accumulated until they became almost a saga by the time the tour was finished."

The Life of Lord Kitchener

It would be impossible to find a more suitable biographer for Lord Kitchener than his secretary and friend, Sir George Arthur. His intimate personal knowledge of Lord Kitchener and the access which he has had to private correspondence, records and official documents of every description have enabled him to produce in his "Life of Lord Kitchener" (Macmillan, Toronto), a work of quite extraordinary interest.

To the public, Kitchener has, ever since his conduct of the Sudanese Campaign, been a figure of the greatest national interest, admiration and confidence, but it can be truly said that no one so widely known was ever so unknown.

Everywhere his pre-eminence as an administrator and soldier was recognized, while his personality remained a mystery or was entirely misapprehended.

The popular conception of Lord Kitchener was that he personified efficiency; efficiency carried to an almost superhuman degree of infallibility and leaving no room for emotional qualities, sentiment, or any trace of "the milk of human kindness."

His commanding appearance and the stern severity of his expression, the entire lack and apparent scorn of publicity with which he lived, his indifference to public approval and his habitual substitution of deeds for words—a substitution so novel to a country steeped in the often unproductive rhetoric of politicians—all went to confirm the popular estimate of his character. No estimate could be more misleading.

As we read Sir George Arthur's work, what strikes us most is the moral loftiness of Kitchener's character and the devoted patriotism and unflinching sense of duty which rendered all self-interest and personal ambition so entirely foreign to his nature.

Hardly less striking was his sympathetic understanding of all with whom he came in contact, a quality, to give only one instance, which did much to reconcile Boer to Briton after the South African War. We find him a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions, and yet a master of detail. Along with an iron determination and tenacity of purpose we note a willingness to see and consider the point of view of others. Combined with an intensely practical mind, we find sentiment emotion and imagination.

Generous in his estimate of the work of others, he was yet intolerant of proved incompetence, and would allow no consideration for the individual to stand in the way of the efficient carrying-out of the work assigned to him.

His breadth of interest was remarkable. He could find time for the collecting of porcelain,

the cultivation of roses, an interest in architecture and considerable study of archaeology.

The first volume gives many interesting details of his earlier years. At Woolwich he was popular but not considered to have any special ability. His short experience with the French in 1870 at least made him an eyewitness of the terrible effects of faulty organization in war and must have left a lasting impression. His early work in Palestine and Cyprus was well calculated to develop his latent powers. Thrown almost entirely on his own resources, frequently called on to handle difficult situations arising through native hostility, his character grew rapidly and strongly.

As an officer of the Egyptian Intelligence Department, he carried out work calling for the greatest daring and initiative and he alone at this time recognized the magnitude of the Dervish movement. The description given of the next fourteen years is of the greatest interest, showing as it does how his character and ability developed under the influence of increasing responsibility.

As Sirdar, Kitchener's reorganization of the Egyptian Army made possible the advance to Khartoum, and the final crushing of the Kalifa at Omdurman. During this reorganization, his economy was no less striking than the soundness of his reconstruction. The victory of Omdurman endowed Kitchener with the never-to-be-withdrawn confidence of the Nation. The death of Gordon and our subsequent withdrawal from the Soudan had been a severe blow to our pride, and the British people gave unbounded gratitude and admiration to the man who had redeemed the national honour.

Kitchener's work as Chief of Staff and afterwards as Commander-in-Chief in South Africa is fully described. The immense energy, patience and steadfastness of purpose which he brought to bear on a task of the greatest difficulty and the complete victory which he finally achieved added immensely to his high reputation.

Much of Volume Two is occupied with Kitchener's work as Commander-in-Chief in India. At this time, the Indian Army was far from being in a satisfactory state, and Sir George Arthur deals very fully with Kitchener's work of reconstruction. It is not too much to say that but for the soundness and thoroughness of this reorganization India could never have rendered the speedy and powerful assistance she did during the Great War. The Viceroy, Lord Curzon, readily concurred in the proposed changes, but when Kitchener wished to abolish the pernicious system by which powers rightly belonging to the Commander-in-Chief were vested in the Military Member of Council, an unfortunate

divergence of opinion arose. This finally resulted in the resignation of Lord Curzon and the acceptance of Kitchener's views by the Home Government.

Many other far-reaching reforms were carried out before he laid down the command, and all his work in India bore ample evidence of the truth of Lord Minto's words that he was "not only an illustrious Commander in Chief, but a far-seeing and sagacious Statesman."

On leaving India, Kitchener visited Australia and New Zealand in order to advise their Governments on military matters. His recommendations were eagerly adopted by both countries and brought about an immense improvement in the organization and efficiency of their forces.

Had Kitchener's wish, expressed about this time, for the post of Ambassador at Constantinople been granted, it is highly probable that we would have had the Turks with, instead of against, us during the recent war.

For some time after reaching England, no offer of suitable employment was made, but eventually he was sent to Egypt as British Agent and Consul General, and until June, 1914, found full scope for his administrative and diplomatic powers.

The war brought Kitchener the appalling task of creating a nation in arms out of a people who had ever shut their eyes to the duty of preparedness. He alone realized from the first the magnitude of the struggle and that not till the last resources of the Empire were utilised could we hope for victory. "Kitchener was thinking in millions where those who thought at all had been thinking in thousands."

Of the raising of Kitchener's Armies comparatively little is said, but the stupendousness

of the task is indicated and we realize how much its successful accomplishment was due to the confidence which his name inspired.

Vitally interesting are the chapters dealing with Kitchener's efforts to secure full co-operation and understanding between the French and British Armies during the first few weeks of the war. The often repeated charge that Kitchener interfered at this time with the execution of French's plans is amply refuted.

The questions of policy and strategy that led to the landing at Gallipoli are given very fully and it is evident that the responsibility for our initial mistakes and ultimate failure there cannot be laid at Kitchener's door.

One can gather little from the intermittent and somewhat incomplete references to the shell shortage and it is probable that this vexed question will never be entirely threshed out.

Lord Kitchener fully realized the gravity of the Russian situation in 1916, and undertook his fatal journey to discuss how further assistance might best be rendered to our Ally. It is idle to speculate on the altered course the war might have taken had Kitchener lived, and Sir George Arthur wisely refrains from doing so.

It is perhaps too soon to endeavor to gauge the position Lord Kitchener will occupy in history. Pre-eminent as soldier, administrator, and statesman, he was undoubtedly one of the greatest of modern Englishmen, possibly the greatest. Whatever niche he may be accorded in the temple of fame, it is certain that his achievements, his self-sacrificing patriotism and his life-long devotion to duty should be known to every Briton and be held up as an example to every child of the Empire he served so faithfully.—J.A.S.

The Forging of the Pikes

"THE Forging of the Pikes" by Anison North (McClelland, Toronto, \$2) is another conscientious attempt to write a Canadian historical novel. The hero, a young man with restrained Rebel enthusiasms, writes his tale in diary form against the happenings of Upper Canada in 1837; the stirring of the rising in the backwoods, social gatherings with the Family Compact in Toronto and the rebellion's sudden end. There is a plentiful sprinkling of prominent names, a love story of patient waiting, glimpses of Indians and a false English gallant. The author knows what woods are like and small settlements and is really at her best when describing wild bush flowers or the dwellers by bad roads, though often she displays too carefully her knowledge of woodcraft and her characters are traditional types rather than individuals. Her historical pages are too crowded on the surface and too painstakingly

filed in from text books: they lack the fire of insight and selection which recreates the motives of the past.

The novel of Canada's political pioneering lies with those other things of literature which may yet be given us when her writers realize that the letter killeth but the spirit giveth style. In the meantime "The Forging of the Pikes" should find appreciative readers in Ontario as an adventure of love and bygone days.

"Anison North" is the pen name of Miss May Wilson, who has for some years been on the editorial staff of the *Farmers' Advocate*, of London. She is a native Canadian, much interested in the history of her own province of which her people were pioneers. "The Forging of the Pikes" is her second novel. "Carmichael", a story of Ontario pioneer days, was published some few years ago and a new edition issued last year.

The Conquering Hero

THE Conquering Hero (Gundy, Toronto, \$2.00) is Mr. J. Murray Gibbon's third book of fiction. His first essay in that form of art, "Hearts and Faces", bore the sub-title "The Adventure of a Soul". His second "Drums Afar", was also classified, as an "International Romance." "The Conquering Hero" bears no description whatever. We suspect that this is because Mr. Gibbon himself is not quite sure what it is. We ourselves know what it is, but we are not sure that he will believe us. It is a comic novel, a work of humor written by a Scotsman who is still rather more than half convinced that humor is either wicked or undignified.

There is a very interesting, and very consistent, line of development through these three novels. The first, as its sub-title uncompromisingly indicates, was completely serious in intention. Life has always presented itself to Mr. Gibbon as a series of detached and somewhat incoherent pictures, rather like a movie film out of which the censor has removed most of the essential connectives. When he wrote "Hearts and Faces,"

Mr. Gibbon was convinced that these isolated pictures, if only one could piece them together with the aid of the fragments withheld by the Almighty Censor, would be found to possess a meaning which would be something very noble, very sublime, very creditable to the nature both of the Creator and of His creations. In "Drums Afar", Mr. Gibbon was less convinced as to the really serious nature of the main interest of the Universal Movie of human life. At times he was inclined to shed

tears over it, and at other times to be merely entertained. As a result, the book was patchy and inconsistent. In "The Conquering Hero", the author is much more frankly willing to take the attitude of an impartial but interested and always amused spectator of human comings and goings. Mr. Gibbon's fourth novel, we predict with the most utter certainty, will be an avowed satire. Such is the

educative effect of the position of General Publicity manager for a great corporation.

Let us set forth here a list of the characters of "The Conquering Hero" and their relative situations, and let the reader imagine for himself what sort of a story would have been made out of these materials by a sentimental novelist striving to play upon the heart-strings of the multitude. The novel which he thus imagines will be the exact opposite in every way from the novel which Mr. Gibbon has produced. Item, a moving picture "Vamp" who is a real Polish princess and wears the costume of that rank (or both those ranks) of society, even in the remotest forests of New Brun-



J. MURRAY GIBBON

wick or of British Columbia; item, a handsome young New Brunswicker of Scottish ancestry, a private in the 42nd Canadians, promoted sergeant upon the field, gassed and full of shrapnel, seeking the restoration of his health by acting as guide in the afore-mentioned forests; Item, a fair young Scotswoman from the Old Country, who comes out with her father, a hopelessly impractical British colonel, to take up land in the Happy Valley of British Columbia — which we learn from the

dedication ("To Randolph Bruce of Lake Windermere, B.C.") is the beautiful district just west of the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains and running down from Golden into the irregular formations of the border mining country. One only needs these descriptions to realise in a moment the tragic entanglements, the honest human hearts all but broken, the misunderstandings, the anguish of suspense, the thrills of lawless passion, the inevitable ending, happiness for the good and lifelong misery for the evil.

But there is not a vestige of all this in Mr. Gibbon's book. The "Vamp" is not in the least wicked, and is never really dangerous to the peace of mind of the reader, since he knows at quite an early stage that she is forty-eight years of age. The hero, though an excellent

from being tragic, and we are pretty constantly aware that Donald is capable of getting through life very nicely without Kate if necessary and Kate without Donald, and worst of all, that they both know it.

In other words, Mr. Gibbon's people are just ordinary human beings, studied in the ordinary light of common day—which, of course, is exceedingly clear in British Columbia—engaged in the ordinary avocations of average Canadians, and looking quite as funny therein as most of us actually do look if carefully studied by a detached observer. Some readers will not recognise them as proper people for fiction at all. That, of course, depends on what one expects of fiction. As we have already stated, Mr. Gibbon is on the way to becoming a comic novelist.



The Author of "The Conquering Hero" on a camping trip in the "Happy Valley"

fighting man, is one of the most cautious and cold-blooded Scotsmen whom we have ever come across in fiction, and is mainly attracted to his lady-love, the colonel's daughter, by her obvious business and domestic capability, while at the same time not a little worried by the manner in which she bosses her father and her mother. As for Kate, she is a rather sharp-tempered young woman with a most accurate idea of the way in which the human male should be handled in order that he may be as useful and at the same time as little obstreperous as possible. There are misunderstandings, it is true, sufficient to keep the story moving very pleasantly, and to exhibit the characters of the persons involved in a lively and entertaining light; but they are far

In other respects, the book resembles its predecessors. There is the same remarkable capacity to visualise scenes unfamiliar to the average reader, and "The Conquering Hero" will do much to spread an interest in the scenery of New Brunswick and especially of British Columbia. The present volume is not quite so peripatetic as its predecessors, and scarcely wanders farther afield than

the two provinces named, save for a rapid excursion to New York, a visit to Montreal at the time of the return of the troops from Germany, and an episode in the Sahara Desert which is not in the main action but in a reminiscence. There is an immense quantity of diversified information about the habits of moose, moving picture producers, guides, British colonels, forest fires, effects of altitude upon female temperament, press agents, American tourists in Canada and bad Indians—all set forth in vividly dramatic form, with an abundance of lively and natural dialogue and a great facility of description.

It must be admitted that this scientific endeavor to explain and classify this very new species of novel does not do full justice to

the character of the moving picture star, Princess Stephanie Sobieska. While her participation in this story is in the line of comedy, the character itself is a fine piece of serious portraiture. The way in which Mr. Gibbon makes her maintain her aristocratic reserve and dignity in the most astonishing circumstances is clever and convincing, but the contrast between the princess herself and her surroundings is of the very nature of comedy, and it is this contrast which is the feature of her every appearance from the moment when she first turns up "in velvet riding-coat and breeches of the blue-grey color of cigarette smoke, with grey boots and gloves and grey

velvet roll brimmed hat, under which her auburn hair was as a cinder glowing in ashes" at the entry to the tent of the Hoodoo Camp in the remotest valley of New Brunswick, to her dexterous discomfiture of Kate's lady-killing father at the Lake Louise Hotel. There is so much realism and local color in all of Mr. Gibbon's work that we presume half of his readers will assume that his characters are real and local also, but the only one whose identification will be the object of any lively public demand will be the Princess Sobieska. Personally, we decline to believe that there is any movie star so supremely delightful.



Not Quite White Enough

By FREDERICK NIVEN

"THE Killer" (Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75) is not a Stewart Edward White at his best, but it is by Stewart Edward White. The first story, which gives the book its title, suggests that he tried to write a thriller of Arizona in the same hilarious dime-novel mood that John Buchan (who could write books like "Grey Weather" and "Scholar Gypsies") got himself into when writing "The Thirty-nine Steps". There are, to be candid, two ways of reading that type of story. It may be read seriously, by the school-boy, and produce thrills; or it may be read by the adult, for their relaxation, and produce chuckles. We do not think, however, that it is intended to produce the kind of chuckles we have in mind; we think it is intended to be taken seriously, with tensing and popping eyes, not—as all save the untutored school-boy must surely take it—as something in the nature of a movie skit upon the "stirring drama of the west" films.

We do not wish, in the slang of the west which provides the scene for these stories and sketches, to "knock" the book unduly. But it has to be said that even the sketch of the

dusty south-west called "Moisture" cannot rank with the stories of the same region that Mr. White gave us in his "Arizona Nights". Even in the matter of detail, he seems to have written this volume in the dog days. He has, in the pages at issue, a description of a store-interior that may faintly interest those who have had no previous knowledge of his work. He certainly shows us the place; but not with his best magic. Those of his admirers who recall the picture of a store-interior at the jumping-off place, which he offered in his delightful book called "The Forest", will feel that they are being fobbed off this time. In the present collection, his "Road Agent" is a trifle pallid when compared with our memories of the short stories in "Blazed Trail Stories". Were Mr. White a writer of lesser possibilities we might be inclined to give him a kindlier notice; but knowing what gifts he has we write as we do. The author of "The Silent Places", of "Arizona Nights" and "Blazed Trail Stories", should not fall below the level of these volumes.

Prof. J. A. Dale

BY ALFRED GORDON

UNIVERSITY, social and literary circles in Toronto will be curious as to Professor J. A. Dale who took up his duties as Professor of Social Science at the opening of the present session of the University of Toronto to which he comes from McGill, where he held the chair of Education.

In some measure, indeed in no small measure, his merits are already known to these circles, for his services to the cause of education in Canada have been Dominion-wide; his work in founding the University Settlement in Montreal is known to all interested in such deve-



PROF. J. A. DALE

lopments; and his literary work has appeared in the *Canadian Bookman* and in the *University Magazine*, not to mention technical contributions elsewhere.

However, to know a man in his capacities is one thing; to know the man himself is another. The purpose of this article is to give Torontonians some idea of what they will find in Professor Dale.

If this were to be stated epigrammatically, it

might be said that they will find a scholar who is not scholastic, and an idealist who is not an ideologist, a professor who is not professorial.

While he could as readily fill a chair of English Literature as the chair which he has resigned or that which he is about to occupy, he neither intentionally nor unintentionally awes one with his weight of learning, and this is perhaps because of his own regard for learning as a means and not an end.

But it should be made clear from the start that the end to which Professor Dale's means are bent is not the end which is necessarily most often considered in a country in which the phrase "natural resources" is apt to conjure visions of water-power and mineral ore and the young technicians required to effectuate them.

Our Canada of the future undoubtedly needs technicians for the giant industries which will arise; but Canada also needs and will increasingly need the moulding of her political life by men who are something more than "successful men", men who penetrate more deeply into the significance of the movements around them.

There is no need to decry applied science in order to say that Professor Dale's outstanding merit for a Canadian university is that his conception of a university is that it is not a glorified polytechnic. The polytechnic may turn out excellent skilled labor, but it is hardly conducive to the growth of the aesthetic instincts, and man does not live by bread alone, and cannot live without that which is "the finer breath of all knowledge."

I have said, advisedly, the "aesthetic instincts", for there are many who recognise the aesthetic instinct in one aspect whilst denying it in all others, and even then regard it askance unless it conforms with authority. I refer to the religious instinct. Yet the awakening of that instinct is not the sole awakening of youth. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and there are many flowers which unfold to the sun. The spiritual and the aesthetic should be synonymous, but the former has been narrowed by the exclusion of the latter, and the latter has been degraded by the "aesthetes."

None of these instincts before which youth trembles as a guilty thing surprised has ever

been crushed by Professor Dale, and it must be confessed that in our country at present the awakening of these instincts is only too often and too sadly accompanied by a sense of guilt.

It is true that we have an ever increasing number of institutions and clubs which ostensibly realise that piety, business and physical culture do not comprise life in its entirety. Some regard is paid to literature; they have libraries. Some regard is paid to music; they have pianos—and gramophones. In consideration of the fact that it is an advantage to be able to address a board of directors, there are debating societies.

But on inspection and reflection, it is found that the young lambs are pretty safely penned from the ravening wolves, and are intended to be all branded with the same iron. There is a profound distrust of ideas despite the vociferous assertion of ideals. The books must not be disturbing. The music must be popular. The debates must as a rule exclude politics and religion, the only subjects worth discussing. The result is that we are not strictly speaking a very cultured people in the best sense of that word which the Germans have unfortunately placed almost beyond the pale of civilized language.

Professor Dale has ever been concerned more with provoking thought than with fostering any particular kind of thought. He has never understood that because education means "to lead forth" it has therefore anything to do with "leading strings". He has always had faith in the future, and has never been in the position of the anxious hen who has hatched out a duckling. Freedom, the free play of the aesthetic (that is, the spiritual) instincts, has been his paramount consideration, and no one would more heartily endorse Miss Haldin's words in "Under Western Eyes" than he: "I would take liberty from any hand as a hungry man would snatch a piece of bread."

At the same time, Professor Dale does not countenance a mere vague expansiveness. He has far too sound an appreciation of the history of education, of sociology, of literature, to think that aspiration is coincident with will. He is as adamant as the most conservative could wish as to the importance of discipline, though he conceives this discipline somewhat differently from educationalists of an older school. Absolution from the necessity of accepting the ipse dixits of others does not mean absolution from the necessity of the self-dis-

cipline requisite for the formation of one's own judgments, through a thorough examination of all that is involved in any particular problem before delivering one's self of one's own ipse dixits.

"Oh what a tangled web we weave, when first we venture to deceive" runs a well-known tag. Its opposite is equally true. Life, in the obvious sense, which is but a reflection of the aesthetic sense, is to-day a very tangled web, and hence very deceptive, so that phrases such as "the materialistic conception of history" are especially alluring to those who think that the easiest way to unravel it is to take a pair of shears.

The academic necessity of "subjects" is also apt to encourage that kind of student who thinks that in the one which he has studied lies the solution of all the ills of mortal life.

Professor Dale is never abstruse in his lectures, but he never deceives anyone by false simplifications. His students will always be conscious of that "overlapping" of "subjects" which they will meet in "real life."

This wide and philosophic view of education was doubtless enforced upon Professor Dale through his experience as a University Extension lecturer in England. In that work he must have learned on the one hand the great advantage of academic study, system, and, on the other hand, the great virtue of him who must perforce dig out his own education, his love of the subject above the textbook.

It is in similar work that Professor Dale has been of the greatest service both to McGill and to Montreal, for he has lectured as much outside the University as within it. This service has been incalculable, for, holding the conception of a university that he does, he has carried it to the city, and indeed to the country at large. He has made McGill stand, at least to some people, for more than a forcing-ground for young engineers. This will be perhaps taken as an unpalatable remark, and not only unpalatable, but uncalled-for. But in view of the columns of complaints that appeared not so long ago in American engineering journals, bemoaning the deficiencies in the humanities of the young American technical graduate, it is not superfluous, for we, in spite of much crying of imperialism, are none the less too apt to ape our cousins.

In short, Professor Dale's view of life is substantially the Greek view, and it is one that is very much needed at the present time.

In the subject which is to be his at Toronto it may be said that his students will find him holding the scales very fairly between the various social theories which have been propounded.

There may be some few who will look askance when he includes, as I am sure he will include, G. D. H. Cole, S.G. Hobson, L. T. Hobhouse, Bertrand Russell, Graham Wallas and Walter Lippmann in his purview, as well as more classical and less speculative thinkers, and I dare swear that H. G. Wells, Edward Bellamy and other modern utopians will not be forgotten.

But these may take comfort from the fact that in the first place Professor Dale is unlikely to confound exposition with proselytising, and in the second place, at the worst, Professor Dale's own views are rather along the lines of Graham Wallas, going all the way back to Ruskin, than along the lines of Bertrand Russell and G. D. H. Cole, with their relish of revolutionary Marxism.

I find that instead of writing, as I ought to have written, either a review of Professor Dale's activities while at McGill, his foundation of the school of Physical Education, of the University Settlement, and of many other organisations, or else a panegyric of his delightful personal qualities and charm, I have instead written what is perilously like an essay on education, and an essay, moreover, with a decidedly radical tinge.

As to what I have written, first, Professor Dale stands in no need of panegyrics; second, to chronicle what he has done before going to Toronto would take many words more usefully employed in an endeavor to present the spirit which has inspired that work, for that is what I have essayed, not an essay, and if that spirit be somewhat radical it is no demerit, for the tendency of all institutions towards caution and conservatism is sufficiently strong not only to stand, but also to be strengthened by, a certain amount of such criticism, direct or indirect.

Perhaps the word "radical" is somewhat unfortunate, but I am, in using it, looking for the moment with the eyes of others at what I have written. These others have always to be reckoned with by the real thinker, who is always "radical", in that he endeavours to get to the roots of things regardless of all save truth. To them the world, as it is, is final and perfect. There is nothing more to do but to go

round with a paste-pot, brush, and a sheaf of labels, uniformly printed with "Bolshevist" on one the one side and "Imperialist" on the other, sticking them Bolshevist side up on all who do not see eye to eye with them.

Perhaps I should not say this, but, especially at the present time, to be Professor of Social Science, a chair more closely in touch with practical politics than any other, is to stand very close to the political arena; and these people brook no parley. Merely to consider, for example, one of the writers I have mentioned, G. D. H. Cole, is to be guilty in their eyes of sedition, heresy, privy conspiracy and rebellion.

I, on the contrary, would urge, though not to them, for they are beyond argument, that nothing is now more vitally needed than a calm consideration of all social theories, without exception.

To-day, in virtue of the fact, which cannot be disputed, of the absolute supremacy of the industrial over the political field, the whole theory of the state is challenged by large minorities, so seriously challenged, indeed, that it cannot possibly remain unmodified.

What the outcome of the struggle will be, no man can say, but it can be, and should be, said, that any man who realises that its gravity is such that it cannot be stayed by the parroting of "Bolshevism" by the one side, or "Capitalism" by the other, and who by the forwarding of the free play of ideas prevents their hardening into two rigid and opposed lines, is rendering true law and order the most valuable service that can be rendered at the present time.

Face to face with the birth-pangs of a new order, there are all too many busy with pre-determining its name and habitation, all too many vainly insisting that it shall not be born at all, and all too few concerned with lessening the pains of parturition.

Of these few is Professor Dale, and there is no one to whom I would send young Canada with more confidence.

Those who learn under his aegis will neither regard change as something desirable for its own sake nor be horrified at change when the time is ripe for it. They will learn to quote the last as well as the first of Tennyson's famous lines:

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

Canada and Scotland

By ADRIAN MACDONALD

IN a recent number of the "Canadian Bookman" there was published a brief but sweeping comparison of Scotland with Canada. Comparisons are always odious, and this one, at least with Canadians, is no exception. It appears that we are geographically in much the same relation to the United States as Scotland is to England, but that Canada has succumbed to her position whereas Scotland has conquered it, with the result that culturally Canada is to Scotland as Nigeria to Boston. The whole argument is of a sort that we should be used to; we have heard it often enough before; but strangely enough it still rankles.

The ostensible gist of the article in question is that Canadians should be "more considerate of learning and more eager to read", and against a general criticism in this strain we raise no protest. Judged in contrast to the possibilities of an ideal culture, we are doubtless lamentably deficient in our love of intellectual values—as, we believe, are most other nations including Scotland with its "modern Athens". But in its real nature the paper is not simply an exhortation: the whole thing is merely an inverted and rather inopportune glorification of Scotland. To a sympathetic admonition we will usually give heed; but make us an excuse for skirling the pride of Scotland, or any other nation, and you immediately have our backs up.

We are told that we have an appreciation of art, but that it is "instinctive rather than reasoned", and we are expected to drop our heads in shame. Instead of that, however, we enquire how one is expected to appreciate art. By an intricate process of ratiocination? By a method of mediaeval syllogistic logic? By *a priori* judgments from a Shorter Catechism in aesthetics? It is to be hoped not. If our appreciation of art is instinctive it has in it the elements of a fresh and real vitality, and is not being smothered with outworn traditions and dogmas; if it is instinctive it is the sort of appreciation most nearly like that of the artist. Here is a reason not for abashment but for hope.

It seems further that "we buy a few fourth-grade stories, a few sixth-grade pictures,

admire eighth-grade architecture and seek for jazz music;" but the writer's classifications, we must admit, are a little obscure. We buy as many stories of Wells, Conrad, Galsworthy, Howells, Ibanez, Edith Wharton, Leacock, Bennett, Tarkington, Swinnerton, Roberts, Locke and the others, as our pockets and the present high price of literature will permit. By what Supreme Court of Literary Jurisdiction are these adjudged fourth-rate? In pictures we acquire what prints of the Masters our walls will accommodate, and when funds are flush we even look for a few good originals. Sixth-rate? Maybe, but we'll pit them against anything found in the average homes of Scotland. If the architecture we admire is eighth-grade, we should like to have classified the architecture which prevails in most Scottish towns, a type which we do not admire. And as for jazz—it at least is honestly nonsensical, and avoids the maudlin sentimentality and coarse humor common in the songs of a certain popular, Scottish comedian.

And our pleasures!—"the motor industry flourishes, the dance emporiums do well, more theatres are required—for uninspired melodrama..." In Scotland we are to assume, every man, even to the humblest peasant, employs his leisure time in the contemplation of the Works of God and the acquisition of Culture. We did assume this, many of us, until we went there and found twenty-two distilleries in a town the size of Kingston.

The writer goes on to say that "we have not yet learned that real enjoyment can be found in a picture gallery, a library or a concert hall." It is to be hoped that he uses "we" in the editorial, and not the national sense, for otherwise the statement is simply false. As large a proportion of Canadians enjoy these things as of Scottish people. Then further we differ from the Scots in not being a "reading people", because we bought only twenty-seven copies of an important biography published in Britain but handled in Canada. Possibly the reason was that the biography was of a Scotsman by a Scotsman, but of that we can't be sure. I know, however, of a contrary instance just as convincing. A Scots-

man lecturing in Canada to a Canadian audience crushed their young aspirations by stating that there was no such thing as Canadian Literature. After the lecture he was interrogated and it proved that his statement should have been that he had never read any of it. He had never even heard of Charles G. D. Roberts.

Finally the writer turns his guns (though perhaps I should revise my figure in accordance with the new method of warfare introduced at Langemark) upon our educational system. Our poor educational system gets it from every quarter! It does well enough, apparently, in religion and politics, but there are great realms of knowledge which it entirely neglects. "Is there any reason why the young folk of today should be turned out of school in blank ignorance of the spirit of architecture, the aims of painting and the reason for the existence of music? They get some smattering of English Literature, but do they know why an author writes poetry instead of prose?" The poor kiddies! The other day a little girl came running in to tell her mother that she

had caught a *Basilarhia archippus*, and now it appears that she must also know "the reason for the existence of music", and "why an author writes poetry instead of prose?"

Where do they teach these things in Scotland? I went to a friend of mine, a professor with a Scottish name, and I said, "What is the reason for the existence of music, and why does an author write poetry instead of prose?"

He looked at me for several minutes and then shaking his head he replied, "God Almighty knows."

Canadians have no quarrel with Scotsmen at least I hope not, for I fear the way the next Dominion census will classify myself). On the contrary we have for them the greatest respect. All we ask is that this respect be mutual. Scotland has indisputably an admirable, old culture which has fought its way through many difficulties and has accomplished much; but Canada has just as surely an admirable, young culture which is fighting hard at the present time in little schoolhouses and expanding universities, and, if given an equal time, will achieve at least as much as Scotland.

Memoirs of the Empress Eugenie

THE title "Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie", (Macmillan, Toronto), which Comte Fleury has given to his work of compilation and recollection is entirely misleading, for the volumes are not properly describable as memoirs, under even the most generously elastic acceptance of the term. Indeed, the late ex-Empress and her activities here occupy but inadequate space, while her elusive character and personality, so often diversely interpreted, receive no elucidation whatever. What M. Augustin Filon, in the "Revue de Paris", and Miss Ethel Smyth in "Blackwood" have in turn now made public is undeniably more to the point as an interpretation of character, disposition, policy or conduct. Comte Fleury's work, in short, is an endeavor to tell once again the story of the tinsel Second Empire from a strictly Bonapartist point of view, a hazardous undertaking when following so hard upon the exhaustive labors of the late Emile Ollivier. What none of the apologists seem capable of grasping is that a government established on

violence is itself the constructor of its own shaky foundations. The coup d'état leads fatally to the Commune.

But to anyone unfamiliar with the events of a reign that was extinguished once for all by Sèdan, the record of Comte Fleury cannot but be interesting, seeing that its unambitious style carries the narrative through successive chapters very coherently, and by no means without lightness and grace, particularly when detailing the habits and manners of the court of Napoleon II at the Tuileries or Saint Cloud. Here the writer's touch is vital, for he speaks from direct knowledge. One could wish that the anonymous translator had been competently equipped for what can have been no arduous task. The following inaccuracies have not been unfairly picked: "The Carthusian Nun of Parma" (I,6)—Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme" has nothing whatever to do with a nun. "The Empress.....guarded a warm affection" (II,471). "Properties and funds.....Were sequestered" (II,491).

There As Here

By GERTRUDE MACGREGOR MOFFAT

I.

THIS was my only great capacity.
 That I could turn so easily from sleep;
 That even dreaming, I a watch could keep,
 And want no second call to waken me.
 So was I given to tasks of motherhood,
 To soothing restless pillows through the night:
 To early calls to days of long delight:
 This very wakefulness, my best of good.

And should Death bind my head in slumber deep.
 To make his jest, what life proved good in me?
 And would he drug me in a soundless sleep?
 Death is too kindly wise. I trow that he
 Will call me still to such sweet ministry:
 Nor make that waste, which life was fain to keep.

II.

How should I, then, who hardly found my way
 Among the mazes of the city street,
 Nor could make shift to sail this inland bay,
 Nor follow summer in her slow retreat:
 Whose race in such a homebound course was run:
 How should I turn so bold a mariner
 That I should set my sail into the sun,
 And make a fort of every twinkling star?

And can you think that Death but lifts the bars
 To termless and unnatural wanderings?
 Some errancy of never folded wings,
 To be a vagabond among the stars?
 Death hath no wizardry to work such change:
 But like sweet sleep, restores, but not makes strange.

III.

When fires go out their altars are left cold.
 And the pale ashes on the hearth-floor strewn,
 When the bleak morn looks in, are left alone
 Of all the warmth and cheer they once did hold.
 So in our ashes none can still behold
 The cheerful fires to which they once were drawn.
 The fires of night are clean burned out at dawn
 And where warmth was, the chill doth now infold.

And still on sacred hills, the fires are lit:
 And on high builded pinnacles of prayer
 Burns the perpetual flame: the symbol fit
 Of man's surviving soul, aspiring there.
 And I, who clutch this spark within my breast,
 While yet I live, life shall have warmth, at least.

IV.

I cannot bear to think that when Death came,
 That part, that was the very soul of me,
 That laughed, that wept, and was the whole of me,

Should pass, a formless shade, without a name.
 That I should as a wraith of cloud go forth
 Along the lonely reaches of the sky;
 Or like a little breeze, should wander by:
 Or march with that pale host that lights the North.

If I must be as winds are, then will I
 Around some sea-washed cliff forever rave;
 Or in some lonely pine-top I will sigh:
 Or I will wander till I find my grave,
 And mourn forever there that I did die.
 Cut off in death, from the sweet goods life gave.

V.

I laid a hand on my eyes, and the world was not.
 So much, so slight a wall of flesh may hide;
 So small a gate, close out so huge a tide.
 And still my sight, straining the darkness, sought
 Proof to confirm that there, that memory told:
 The oaken table's softly-lighted space;
 The littered books; the one familiar face;
 Which still unchanged, I might not still behold.

And blinded so, I saw with clear insight
 The soul a tip-toe stand, with straining eyes
 To pierce beyond that self-same hand's blindfold;
 While Memory in her ears forever told
 Inklings of days that rose, before birth's night
 Drew down the curtain, and life's morn did rise.

VI.

In that secure of our prenatal sleep,
 Behind whose virgin eyelids, the dim soul
 Dreams out the numbered days that point the whole
 Of life's prelude,—across that slumber deep
 No shadow falls of prescience or fear
 Of that dark, anguished, and approaching hour,
 When birth, importunate, shall overpower
 That blest serene, and a new order rear.

Yet who, with backward look, does birth regret?
 Who could content with less, who more had known?
 And Death and Birth but term too long delight.
 They are but bounds, as mercifully set
 As woods that close long vistas; or as night
 That on too long a day broods softly down.

VII.

I thought of Death once, as of some strange guide,
 Who led men to some vantage of the skies,
 Where all time passed before their lightened eyes,
 And knowledge, like a plain stretched far and wide.
 Forgetful of the weary years and slow,
 It needs to learn just words for common things,
 The book of numbers, and the names of kings,
 The very little sum of things we know.

As though some weary school-boy, conning o'er
 A page or sum whose columns blindly run,
 Each time more puzzled than he was before,
 At last should fall asleep, with work half done.
 And in strange dreams, should learn all written lore,
 And wake to know he needed books no more.

VIII.

RECESSIONAL.

Thou who hast drawn me on to seek Thee here.
 Who wouldst not let me go, but ledst me on,
 Who beckonedst from the mystery of dawn,
 And when I said, "He is not," Thou wast there;
 Draw me still on to seek Thee, There, as Here;
 Give me to climb, and fall, and climb again;
 Give me in death to hold life's hard-won gain.
 As here, so ever there. This is my prayer.

I shall not find Thee, oh Unsearchable;
 The sun not holds Thee, whom a flower may hide.
 If I might grasp Thee in Thy heavens laid wide,
 I could have held Thee, in Thy moth's furled wing:
 Who art not less or more in anything.
 But still, in great or least, art All in all.

Trying to be Balzac

MR. Compton Mackenzie's latest novel, "The Vanity Girl", (Musson, Toronto, \$2.25) is precisely the kind of novel which would have been written by Balzac if Balzac had been an English novelist of the early twentieth century. Almost all of the methods and devices employed by the author of the *Comédie Humaine* are being employed with almost equal dexterity by the author of the "Sylvia" novels and their related works, and with very similar effects. If Mr. Mackenzie's characters had the vitality, the solidity, the heroic dimensions and sweeping gestures of the central figures of the more important Balzac novels, the parallel would be almost perfect. As it is, the resemblance is to be found most noticeable when one compares the better Mackenzie novels (of which "The Vanity Girl" seems to be one) with the more pedestrian of the works of the indefatigable Frenchman. It should perhaps be remarked at this point that to write even a first-class Balzac novel at a date so long after the Balzac period would not necessarily be a great literary achievement. An effective expression of the present generation of Englishmen and Englishwomen calls for different methods from those which were suitable to the depiction of French society of the First Empire.

"The Vanity Girl" is the career of Dorothy Lonsdale, star of the Vanity Theatre and the loveliest woman in London, from her early girlhood as one of nine children of an impoverished clergyman, through her apogee as the Countess of Clairehaven to her descent to earth again after the Earl's overwhelming bankruptcy and subsequent death in battle. Dorothy is undeniably a powerful character. Both her determination, her persistency and her intelligence are a trifle more than cred-

ible—in the first week after her marriage, and without any previous experience of the hunting-field, she leads the Clairehaven Hunt and conquers the affections of everybody in the country—but these qualities lead her into several very dramatic situations. Her devotion to the Clairehaven estates and the Clairehaven name is very much greater than that of the Earl himself; and to protect him in possession of those estates, when bankruptcy is threatened, she is quite prepared to sell herself to the Earl's chief creditor and evil genius, who calls himself Lionel Houston, but seems to be probably a German spy. The actual transaction is obviated for the time by the intervention of her husband, and the bankruptcy goes its way; but after the Earl's death, Dorothy, who has in the interval provided the Clairehaven family with an heir male, and is quite determined that the family finances shall be proportionate to its antiquity and dignity, consents to marry the unspeakable Houston on condition of his making over the Clairehaven property to the Clairehaven infant. Such is the power of female beauty directed by almost more than female or male intelligence.

The book is too rapidly written, and contains an immense mass of episodic matter of very little importance, including occasional appearances of that already over-written heroine, Sylvia Scarlett. The idea that musical comedy artists who marry peers may, on occasion, be persons of exceptional character and ability, and a distinct addition to the peerage, is not of course new. Mr. Compton Mackenzie is scarcely the right person to do full justice to the peerage in its higher levels, though he may do more than justice to the musical comedy artists.

Teaching Canadian Literature in the Universities

By J. D. LOGAN

THE purpose of this article is to describe in very brief and summary terms the nature and scope of the work which is being carried on at Acadia University in promoting the study of the literary history of Canada, and the critical appreciation of Canadian prose and poetry. About ten years ago I began a systematic magazine campaign for the inclusion of Canadian prose and verse in the general survey of English literature. I had, however, first to establish the right of Canadian prose and verse to be included in the survey. I began with an article entitled, "The Literary Group of '61", which was an historico-critical appreciation of the Robertsian group, as I called C. G. D. Roberts himself, Lampman, Carman, Campbell, F. C. and Duncan C. Scott. The method of treatment was novel, and the appreciations of particular writers, especially Lampman, were philosophical rather than merely technical or merely aesthetic. This was followed by other articles, always constructively written, and always kindly accepted, until I published an article entitled invitingly, "A Decade of Canadian Poetry." But that innocent title had a rattlesnake subtitle in the introduction to the text; for the real subject of the article was a destructive criticism of the verse of Robert W. Service *et alii*, whom I dubbed "The Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry". Hitherto I was a gentle, nice, kindly critic, so accepted; but on the publication of "The Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry", wherein I had slain a popular idol, I woke to find myself damned and praised—damned by saints and praised by sinners, paradoxically—and thus made famous in a night.

An "Answer" on my part was inevitable, and the result of it was to occasion a Symposium of other "Answers", *pro* and *contra*, to go with mine. All this had the effect of giving me undue prominence as a literary critic. Amongst those who thus came to note my existence and work was Dr. George B. Cutten, president of Acadia University; and as he had already caused to be established at Acadia the first systematic course in Canadian history as such, he thought that he would like to give his university the same kind of distinction by having Acadia offer the first formal series of lectures on Canadian literature ever given at any university in the British Empire; and, suiting action to the thought, Dr. Cutten, in 1915, invited me to come from Montreal to give such a series of lectures on the literary history and literature of Canada.

This series, delivered December 1915, was open to the public; and, owing, chiefly, no doubt, to the novelty of their nature and scope, each lecture was well attended both by the public and by the Acadia students. In addition to an inaugural lecture signaling Acadia's priority in offering such a series, the lectures comprised such themes as: (1) The Significance of Nova Scotia in the Literary History of Canada; (2), Canadian Fictionists and Other Prose Writers; (3) The First Renaissance of Canadian Literature; (4), Canadian Poets as Lyricists of Love and War; (5) The Second Renaissance of Canadian Literature.

I mentioned the fact that this first series was public and was well attended both by the citizens of Wolfville, the seat of Acadia, and by the students. My reason for mentioning the fact is that the lectures were, practically considered, "up in the air", because, first, they had the effect of causing my auditors, to say, not doubtingly, but in surprise, "We did not know that Canada had a respectable literary history. Where can we see all this literature of our country, that we may for ourselves prove the truth of the lecturer's claims"; and because, secondly, Acadia possessed no library of Canadian prose and verse, and was thus without material for proof of my contention that Canada had a body of prose and verse which, at its best, was worthy to be included in the *corpus* of English literature and in the survey of English literature as conducted by our universities—as much worthy, in fact, as American literature was worthy of inclusion and was indeed so included. Consequently, to make possible the practical continuance of the lectures and supply Acadia with a working library of Canadian prose and verse, I presented to Acadia University my private library of Canadiana, comprising several hundred volumes of Canadian prose and poetry, dating from 1763, and hundreds of rare pamphlets, broadsheets, booklets, and whatnot of curiosities of Canadian prose and verse.

The gift of the library, however, did not eventuate till 1918. For immediately after my first series of lectures, I enlisted in the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders, and went with them to France; and was not discharged from the army till May 1918. As soon as the library was put in the university stacks, and catalogued, I followed with a special lecture, open to the public, in the spring of 1919, the subject of the lecture being, "The Place of

Canadian Poetry in the Literature of the Overseas Dominions." This was a plea for a change of method in Canadian criticism of native literature. The traditional method was to compare Canadian literature, in the brighter spots of it, with English and American literature, and to conclude that our second-rate was on a level with the second-rate of England and the United States—quite as admirable prose and poetry when at its best. It were better, as I felt, that Canadian poetry should be compared with Australian and other overseas poetry; and then having first seen how the Canadian stuff stood up as against the Australian, we could next turn to compare our poetry with that of the United States and, finally, with that of England.

This lecture, and the possession of the required library, of Canadian prose and verse, led to the conviction that at least a half-course in Canadian literature should be given systematically at the University of Acadia. In 1919 the Board of Governors of Acadia appointed me Special Lecturer on Canadian Literature, and during the first term of 1919-20, I gave a series of lectures to the sophomores and juniors, dealing with English-Canadian literature; and in the second term, a series dealing with French-Canadian literature. My lectures, however, were more for inspiration and method than for detailed and systematic study of the genres and qualities of Canadian poetry and prose. Happily, to give them practical value, a systematic half-course of a genuine college scope and method of study was given collaterally by the incumbent of the chair of English literature, dealing with Canadian poetry and prose. So that after ten years' campaigning, indeed battling, for a cause, Acadia University proved to be the first university in the British Empire that actually included Canadian literature in the general survey of English literature.

During the second term of the academic year of 1919-20, Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer, Professor of English Language and Literature at Acadia University, gave a regular half-course in English Canadian Literature. The object of the course was twofold: to give the student a general survey of the field; to develop in him not only an appreciation of the universal literary values, but also a discriminating sense of what is distinctively Canadian, in the various types

of literature studied or read. Due attention was given to the essay, the short story, the novel, lyric and narrative poetry, and the poetical drama.

In the study of poetry, because of the availability of suitable texts, it was possible to make regular assignments for each class hour. The members of the class, instead of merely listening to or taking notes on a formal lecture, took an intelligent part each hour in the discussion thereby developing in a surprising manner power of interpretation and appreciation. The whole of Garvin's "Canadian Poets" was studied in this way.

In the case of prose and poetical drama, where it was necessary to depend on the library, each student wrote and read to the class an essay on a novel, a drama, or a collection of stories or essays. Some of the works treated in this way were such poetical dramas as Campbell's "Mordred" and "D'Aulac", and Mair's "Tecumseh", some of the delightful animal stories of Seton and Roberts; selected writings of Haliburton and Howe; such novels as Richardson's "Wacousta," Kirby's "The Golden Dog", Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty", and other novels by writers such as Ralph Connor, Marshall Saunders, L. M. Montgomery, and Grace Dean McLeod Rogers.

Perhaps the two most striking facts brought out by the course were, first, the lack of information on the part of the student at the beginning of the course, and, second, the feeling developed during the course that Canada really has a literature.

It only remains for me to state that during the academic year 1920-21, Dr. Rhodenizer will continue his half-course on Canadian literature, and I shall add two series of special lectures for the sophomores and juniors, to be delivered in the class-room: (1) The Treatment of Nature, Objectively and Subjectively, in Canadian Poetry and Fiction; (2) The Social Ideals in Canadian Literature.

What Acadia has achieved and made actual and important, other Canadian universities can also achieve. Should they continue to refuse, systematically to include a study of Canadian literature in the general survey of English literature, our universities would, in my sincere view, grievously sin against their country and its cultural development.

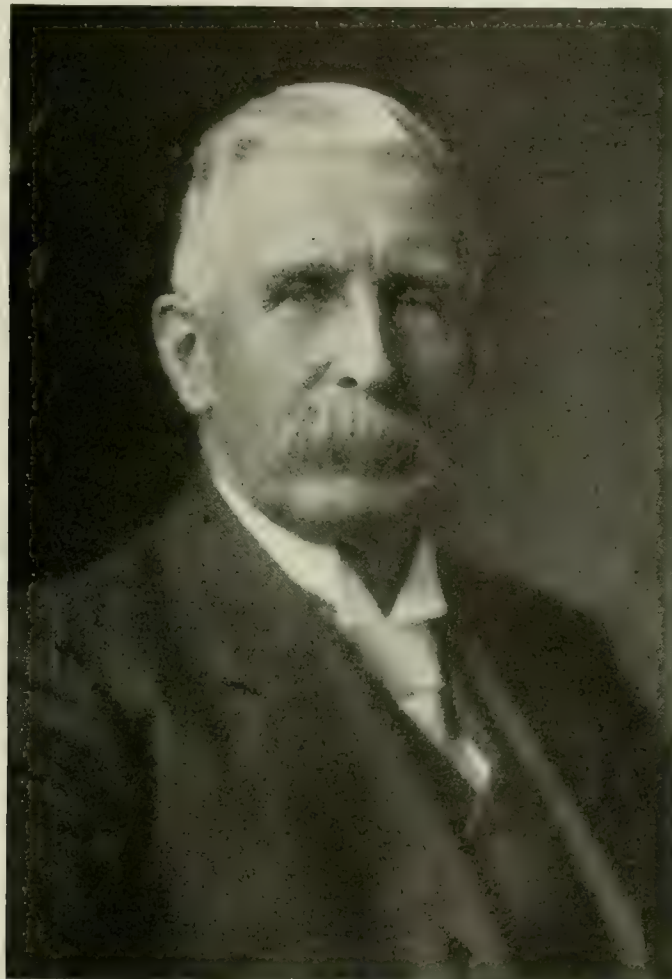


Denisonian Diversions

TORONTO would have been quite a different place for forty-three years if Col.

George T. Denison had pursued his first inclination and refused the appointment of Police Magistrate of Toronto which was offered him in May, 1877, as he was returning from St. Petersburg just after the publication of his standard "History of Cavalry". It would hardly, we suppose, have been as good a place. Even Toronto is not over-crowded with men of the independence of character, the strong

expressed than by a man with the record and reputation of George T. Denison. "I also decided," he says, "that I would take no fees of any kind, nor act on commissions or arbitrations or directorship of companies, or accept anything that would put me under obligations to anyone...It had been the custom of my predecessors to continue their law practice, and do any outside work where they could get fees, and to accept passes from railways, steamboats, theatres, etc.... This policy has



COL. GEORGE TAYLOR DENISON

sense of rectitude, which enabled Col. Denison to avoid all attachment of any kind and hold himself free to look any seeker for justice in the face, and weigh the merits of his case as if he were a man from Mars.

Col. Denison has just published, on his eighty-first birthday, his "Recollections of a Police Magistrate". It contains some reminders on the independence of the magistracy which need to be expressed in these somewhat cynical times, and which could hardly be better

been a great satisfaction to me ever since. I am independent of everyone."

The redoubtable Colonel had not only to fight against the temptation to enlarge his income, at the expense of his independence, but also against threats to reduce it in order to secure his subservience. In his early days on the Bench, he was constantly pestered by aldermen, trying to enlist his interest in behalf of influential constituents, and he found it necessary to secure from the Mowat government legisla-

tion preventing the Council from reducing his salary, a proceeding which involved him in a delightful controversy with that body when in 1890 he was granted two months' leave of absence, owing to ill health, by the Attorney-General, and the aldermen endeavored to stop payment of his salary for that period. The controversy ended, as about ninety-nine per cent of Col. Denison's controversies have, in the complete and undignified discomfiture of his opponents.

The present volume is not to be regarded as an autobiography covering all aspects of the career of its writer. Two of his spheres of activity have already been treated in his earlier books "Soldiering in Canada" and "The Struggle for Imperial Unity". The present volume is precisely what its title asserts it to be. If it does not quite compare in breeziness with the Recollections of some of the more famous magistrates of England, that is probably because life in Toronto, even in the police-court, is not quite so richly colored as in the older metropolis of London. It is certainly not owing to any lack of color or of expressive power in the character of the magistrate himself. Practically every chapter in this entertaining volume exhibits a fresh facet of Col. Denison's highly individual personality. Take the chapter on the origin of the Ministerial Association of Toronto. We all know exactly how 9,999 Torontonians out of ten thousand would have written the account of this historic event, with the name of the chairman, the list of persons at the meeting, the text of the resolutions and possibly a summary of the speeches. Not so Col. Denison. To him the Ministerial Association is "composed of very worthy religious people who formed themselves into an organization for bringing pressure upon the Board of Police Commissioners, to enforce the most drastic and cruel punishment upon certain classes of the criminal population who offended their tender susceptibilities." Here is the tale. A Presbyterian elder, it appears, kept a shop on a quiet

street, and next door to him was a small cottage, rented by a young woman living alone with a young girl as a domestic. The elder became suspicious, and "felt that in view of his position as a pillar of the church a woman such as he suspected her to be should not live next door to him." He went to the chief constable and demanded to have her driven out. The chief pointed out that there was no possible excuse for such drastic action, since there were no outward evidences of misconduct; but he told the elder to notify the police if he ever heard a row going on in the house, and they would enter and probably find out if there was anything wrong. The first that Col. Denison knew about it all was one morning when he found in his dock "a well-dressed, respectable looking young woman and four men." After some sifting of evidence, it came to light that one of the four men had been induced by the others to go up with them, as they intended to create a row in order to have the house "pulled." The elder and three of the men were committed for trial on the charge of conspiracy against the woman, and were convicted, the elder being fined twenty dollars. "He at once went to his pastor for sympathy and encouragement. The pastor called a meeting of the ministers of the different churches, and a Ministerial Association was organized." And upon that subtle and intriguing sentence the chapter closes.

This is but one of many delightful and illuminating side-lights upon Toronto history. A really adequate review would involve the printing of about a dozen typical chapters such as those on "The Row on Lombard Street", "Mrs. Sweeney's Case", or "The Receiver-General Robbery." Some Toronto collector should make an extra-illustrated copy of this volume by accumulating portraits of the innumerable Toronto celebrities and near-celebrities mentioned in its pages. Or perhaps Col. Denison has one and will donate it to the Toronto Library. (Musson, Toronto, \$3.00).



Acanthus and Wild Grapes

By F. O. CALL

POETRY has been defined as "Thought touched by Emotion," and I know no better working definition, although no doubt more scientific and accurate ones could be found. The best poets of all ages seem to have had this ideal plainly before them, whether consciously or unconsciously, and I cannot see how modern poets can dispense with either thought or emotion if they are to write real poetry. For one is not enough without the other. Take for example the first lines of Master's "Spoon River Anthology."

Where are Elmer, Herman, Bert, Tom and Charley,
The weak of will, the strong of arm, the clown, the
boozier, the fighter?
All, all, are sleeping on the hill,
One passed in a fever,
One was buried in a mine,
One was killed in a brawl,
One died in a jail,
One fell from a bridge toiling for children and wife.
All, all are sleeping on the hill.

This sounds tragic indeed, but seems to have aroused no emotion on the part of the poet and excites none in his readers. In fact, through the whole poem, emotion is held in check with a strong hand, and only allowed to show itself in some distorted cynicism.

Let us take an example of the opposite extreme where emotion, whether real or fancied, has stifled thought.

O World! O Men! O Sun! to you I cry,
I raise my song defiant, proud, victorious,
And send this clarion ringing down the sky,
"I love, I love, I love, and Love is glorious!"

The definition chosen need not hamper the most "modern" poet nor restrict his choice of subject, for there are few things that cannot awaken both thought and emotion if looked at in the right way. An iron foundry and a Venetian palace have immense possibilities of arousing both elements, and perhaps the foundry has the greater power.

The modern poet has joined the great army of seekers after freedom, that is, he refuses to observe the old conventions in regard to his subjects and his method of treating them. He refuses to be bound by the old restrictions of rhyme and metre, and goes far afield in search of material on which to work. The boldest of the new school would throw overboard all the old forms and write only in free verse, rhythmic prose or whatever he may wish to call it. The conservative, on the other hand, clings stubbornly to the old conventions, and will have nothing to do with vers libre or anything that savours of it.

But vers libre, like the motor-car and aero-

plane, has come to stay whether we like it or no. It is not really a new thing, although put to a new use, for some of the greatest poetry of the Hebrews and other Oriental nations was written in a form of free verse. At the present time the number of those using it as medium of expression is steadily increasing. In France, Italy, the United States, and even in conservative England, the increase in the number of poems recently published in this form has been remarkable. The modernists hail this tendency as the dawn of a new era of freedom, while the conservatives see poetry falling into decadence and ruin. The right view of the case probably lies, as it generally does, between the extremes. There is much beauty to be found in walking in beaten paths or rambling in fenced-in fields and woods, but perhaps one who sails the skies in an aeroplane may see visions and feel emotions that never come to those who wander on foot along the old paths of the woods and fields below.

But it seems to me that it matters little in what form a poem is cast so long as the form suits the subject, and does not hinder the freedom of the poet's thought and emotion. And I am old-fashioned enough to expect this union of thought, emotion and beauty, we could scarcely fail to get strength also, which term many modern poets use to cover an ugliness that is often, nothing but disguised weakness. But form alone will not make even a semblance of poetry as the following lines, unimpeachable in form, from Sir Walter Scott plainly show:

Then filled with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.

Nor can I conceive of more beautiful poetry than the following, by Richard Aldington, although rhyme and regular metre are absent:

And we turn from the music of old,
And the hills that we loved and the meads,
And we turn from the fiery day,
And the lips that were over-sweet;
For silently
Brushing the fields with red-shod feet,
With purple robe
Searing the grass as with a sudden flame,
Death,
Thou hast come upon us.

And this brings me to the real purpose of this Foreword—the explanation of the title of this book. On the hills and plains of Southern Europe there grows a plant with beautiful indented leaves—the Acanthus. The Greek artist saw the beauty of these leaves, and, having arranged and conventionalized them

carved them upon the capitals of the columns which supported the roofs and pediments of his temples and public buildings. Since that time, wherever pillars are used in architecture, one does not have far to look to find acanthus leaves carved upon them. In the Roman Forum, in Byzantine churches like Saint Sophia or Saint Mark's, in the Mediaeval Cathedrals of France, England and Spain, in the Renaissance buildings scattered throughout the world, and even in the most modern office-buildings of our great cities, this decoration of acanthus is to be found. And the reason is not far to seek.

A thing of beauty . . . will never
Pass into nothingness.

I recently saw a picture of a Corinthian column of a ruined Greek temple standing against the sky, and broken fragments of its fellows lying at its foot, with wild vines climbing over them. And who could say that one was more beautiful than the other? The carved acanthus leaves upon the column were beautiful because of their symmetry, harmony of light and shade and clear-cut outline, but the wild grape was perhaps more beautiful still in its natural freedom.

(This article is the Foreword from "Acanthus and Wild Grape," Professor Call's new volume of verses. It is reprinted here by kind permission of the author and of the publishers, (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto).

Leaders of the Canadian Church

By A. V. GRANT

THE invitation of the writer of Ecclesiasticus, "Let us now praise famous men," might fittingly form an introduction to the series of sketches outlining the lives of prominent Anglican clergymen contained in the volumes "Leaders of the Canadian Church," the second of which has come to our hand, from the editorship of Canon Wm. Bertal Heeny (Musson, Toronto).

As was the case in volume one, the fourteen men whose careers are limned for us in this latest series were no ordinary individuals, and they deserve the homage and admiration of all Canadians.

With the exception of Bishop Mountain, whose name is associated with the Lower Provinces, the subjects of these biographical sketches were all ecclesiastical pioneers in the West and the North West, centering for the most part in and around the Red River Settlement. In the wake of the Hudson Bay and North West Trading Companies they came, these men, straight from the conventional and ordered life of English parish or Cathedral Close in many cases, and the latent heroism which so often lies unsuspected in a man's heart found room for development and full play in that wild land three thousand miles and more from the peace, culture and refinements of the Motherland.

More than evangelical fervor and singleness of purpose were needed by those who blazed the trail for Christ across trackless prairie and through virgin forest; physical stamina, brute courage, business acumen and a turn for practical mechanics were qualities without which these men could not have laid so well and truly the foundations of the Anglican Communion, or helped, as they so ably did;

in establishing the foundation of our Canadian civilization. Such men as Cochran, Vincent, Mountain Machray and Horden were statesmen and men of vision in the truest sense of the words, and they had faith in the future of the Dominion when many investors, bankers and traders shook pessimistic heads.

The biographies are chronologically arranged and cover a period, roughly, of ninety years, from the day when the Rev. Mr. West landed at York Factory, in the year 1820, in response to the request of the Hudson Bay Company that a chaplain be sent out from England to minister among the Company's employees, to that June evening in the year 1907 when that aged "apostle of the North," Bishop Bompas, passed to his reward whilst seated on an upturned box in his log cabin at Caribou in the Yukon, preparing his farewell address to his beloved people whom he had already committed to the pastoral care of his successor.

The hand of the veteran Church Missionary Society is seen through most of the pages of this volume; it did splendid work not only in its happy choice of the men whom it sent out to Canada but in supplying funds for the erection of churches and schools and the establishing of endowments.

The evangelizing of the native races was a most important feature of the work of these pioneers, and the formation of a written language into which the sacred books and liturgy of the Church could be translated was one of the most difficult tasks that confronted them. The versatility needed by a missionary of seventy years ago is well illustrated by the following incident in the life of John Horden. While engaged in missionary work at Moose Factory he translated portions of the

prayer book, the gospels, and a hymnal in Cree Syllabic. When the manuscripts were ready for printing he sent them to England with an order for a thousand copies.

"When the ship arrived, however, heavy boxes were landed at the mission, the contents of which were not books as Horden expected, but a printing press, 'with every requisite for a printing office except a printer'. As there was some difficulty about finding a proof-reader capable of correcting the strange type, the Society thought that the translator had better print his translation himself. So they sent him a printing press, with a fount of Syllabic type, especially prepared, but with no instructions for operating it."

The most vivid impression the reader gains from a perusal of these men's self-denying careers is the immense journeys they were wont to take in pursuit of their duties. A parish of ten thousand square miles or a diocese of one hundred thousand was quite an ordinary phenomenon, and for months at a stretch, in the blazing heat and mosquito miseries of summer, or through the bitter cold and heavy snows of winter, they would press on from white settlement to white settlement, from Indian camp to Indian camp, cheering, rebuking, inspiring and instructing Christian and heathen alike. We read of Bishop Mountain journeying from Quebec to Red River, a distance of 1800 miles, practically the whole of which was accomplished by canoe; of the journey taken by William Bompas from the Yukon to the Red River on his way to England for his consecration. It took him from July to New Year's Eve to perform this first part of the journey, and so travel-stained was he that on his arrival at Bishop Machray's residence the servant mistook him for a tramp and Bompas, who loved a joke, did not correct her.

So insistent was the stranger that the servant went to the Bishop's study and told him that a tramp was at the door and wished to see him.

"He is hungry, no doubt", the Bishop replied; "take him into the kitchen and give him something to eat."

Mr. Bompas was accordingly ushered in, and was soon calmly enjoying a plateful of soup, at the same time urging that he might see the master of the house. Hearing the talking and wondering who the insistent stranger could be, the Bishop appeared in the doorway

and great was his astonishment to see before him the travel-stained missionary.

"Bompas," he cried, as he rushed forward, "is it you?"

The essays are not all of equal literary merit, as is only natural, proceeding as they do from the pens of different biographers. But they all breathe the spirit of that heroism and grit which were so characteristic of the men about whom they wrote, and one concludes most of the chapters with a strong desire to learn more about their subjects than the limitations of such a work permit.

To our mind the chapter on Bishop Mountain is the most illuminating of the essays. Its author, Canon Tucker, is evidently imbued with the romance of his subject and brings to his task an intimate knowledge of Canadian ecclesiastical history.

The essays on William Cochran, Thomas Vincent, Robert McDonald, John Horden and William Bompas are also striking. Of these men, Bishop Bompas was, perhaps, the most rugged and picturesque, and many readers will be moved by Archdeacon Cody's essay to read the fuller biography of the great bishop, "An Apostle of the North," by the same author.

We feel that the Editor would have done better to have chosen a somewhat different title for this series. In view of the fact that the men whose lives are reviewed are all of the Anglican Communion, the title is somewhat misleading to the average reader and assists to give color to an idea current in some quarters that the Church of England is rather an exclusive body. Such is not, we feel persuaded, the spirit of this ancient branch of the Church. "Anglican Leaders of the Canadian Church" would, to our mind, be rather more specific and politic; we respectfully suggest this amendment in the event of a second edition of these two books being called for.

The editor and his collaborators have done a real service, not only to the Church at large, but to Canada. Canadian historians of the future will find valuable material in these essays when they come to delineate the social expansion of the Dominion during the nineteenth century.



The Heroic Short Story in Verse

MR. John Masfield, who remains by far the most interesting current producer of verse in the English language, has issued another volume consisting of one long narrative poem, one moderately long and moderately allegorical ballad, a lesser ballad, a group of profoundly beautiful sonnets, and half a dozen snorter poems. "Enslaved," which gives the title to the book, is an amazing piece of vivid narration—in essence, a heroic short story raised to an otherwise unattainable intensity by the use of pentameter, alternated with the more rapid metre of "Locksley Hall," which has certainly not been employed to such good purpose in the interval since Tennyson's poem. It is the tale of a young Englishman, whose lady-love's home is raided by pirates who slay and burn all that is hers and carry off herself to adorn the harem of a Khalif of Saffee. The hero, walking in an April morning upon the heath beside the sea, comes upon the scene of desolation. The pirate galley is still within sight, and in a fisher's boat he sets sail all alone upon the hopeless quest of rescuing his beloved. He is taken aboard the galley and set to pull an oar. Landed at Saffee he achieves his escape and that of a companion on his first night in the galley-slaves' prison, rescues his love from the harem, and all three are on the point of getting safely away when they suddenly encounter the Khalif himself. They are sentenced to the most frightful death, but the hero's companion, in a half-defiant last appeal to the Khalif, tells the story of the heroic self-immolation which had brought the young man to his lady's side. The tale touches the Khalif's sense of honor, and he lets the whole party go free.

This poem is an even more perfect example of Mr. Masfield's rapid narrative style than "Reynard the Fox". The whole action is paraded before the eye with the most dazzling brilliance, and not alone the action but the exquisite tension of spirit of all those who take part in it. One feels that Mr. Masfield is not trying to write poetry; he is merely trying to tell, in the most intense manner, a story which he has seen as poets may see

things, and as lesser men can be enabled to see them by the aid of poets—in all the physical and spiritual color with which events in human life can possibly be endowed. One or two short examples of this pictorial power: this one is from the passage where the hero is taken on board the galley in which his lady-love is a prisoner:—

The galley plowtered, troubling; the mockings of the slaves
Passed from bench to bench, like bird's cries, her
bow-back slapt the waves,
Then her captain came on deck, quick and hard, with
snapping force,
And a kind of eringe of terror stiffened down those
banks of oars.

And this, where the hero and his companion are effecting their escape from the galley-slave's prison:—

He led me up a slope where rats carousing
Squealed or showed teeth among the tumbled housing,
Half ruined wooden huts, or lime-washed clay.
We turned from this into a trodden way
Pale in the moonlight, where the dogs that prowled
Snarled as we passed, then eyed the moon and howled.
Below us, to our right, the harbor gleamed
In front, pale with the moon, the city dreamed,
Roof upon roof, with pointing fingers white,
The minarets, frost-fretted with the light,
With many a bubbled dome-top like a shell
Covering the hillside to the citadel.

Is it that Mr. Masfield is changing English poetry in such a way as to make it seem a natural manner of expression for the ideas that interest us today, or is it that our ideas are themselves changing, becoming perhaps a little higher, a little more intense, more rarified, more suitable to poetic expression? Whatever it be, we imagine that such poems as "Enslaved" and "Reynard the Fox" are calculated to enlarge immensely the audience of contemporary poetry, because so many people who feel that older poems and other contemporary poems exhibit an unnatural and strained method of expression will intuitively perceive that Mr. Masfield's work is verse because it has to be verse, and is as devoid of strangeness or self-consciousness as the language of children.



A Guide to Chinese Puzzles

By O. K. DELTON

"Modern China: A Political Study". By Shung Cheng, M.A., B.Sc. (Econ.) Pp. vii, 380. Gundy, Toronto, \$2.25.

THE reader who is puzzled by the scraps of news that come over cables telling of strife of North and South in China or of passionate protests against Japan's retention of Shan-tung, will find illumination in this compact summary of China's internal and external affairs. The author, who has studied during the past five years in England and France, and who was attached to the hapless Chinese delegation at Paris during the peace negotiations, adds a good working knowledge of western political constitutions to his familiarity with the history and ways of the east, and is therefore able to see the subject in clear perspective.

The first part deals with the organization of government in China today. The author emphasizes the importance of the local self-government which has prevailed for centuries, operating through the family, the guild and the village elders or gentry. As regards the enforcement of justice, for example, the chief of the family sanctions marriage and divorce, authorizes the division and transfer of property, and may even settle murder cases arising within the group, while butchers and grocers, fishermen and caterers, doctors and midwives, all have their guilds and their rules to protect the interests of their trade and settle disputes. Given this deeply-rooted system of self-government, which other writers have termed the nearest approach to philosophic anarchy the world has yet seen, and given a country isolated from all outside contact it was not surprising that it mattered little to China's millions who ruled or misruled in Peking. But now the wall is down; western ideals have swept in, and the aggression of European powers of very unidealistic bent have shown China that only by a strong central government can she hold her territory and find a place in the world. Why the Manchus could not give this effective government, and how one faction after another under the Republic has failed, Mr. Cheng explains in chapters which analyse the position of North and South clearly and with very carefully balanced impartiality. One lesson at least Chinese statesmen can offer to their western brethren, in their frank confession of unworthiness when fate goes against them, as in the valedictory of President Li Yuan-hung: "Impotent as stagnant waters and dead straw, I am unable to achieve what I humbly desired. My lack of virtue and weakness

of influence have compelled me to spoil my once bright conduct."

Mr. Cheng proceeds to set forth the powers of president, cabinet and parliament under the 1912 constitution and also under the reactionary revision of 1918, and to explain the relations between the central government and the provinces, which are shown to be half-way between areas of local administration and members of a genuinely federal state. Throughout the author adds his own constructive comments on every vexed point, and while his recommendations are sometimes bookish and sometimes naive, they always reveal a searcher after truth and a sincere patriot.

In the second part the author gives an historical sketch of China's foreign relations, explains the privileges of extraterritoriality, the control over many branches of the country's revenue and the economic concessions held by foreigners, and then deals in more detail with the relations between China, Japan and the other Allies during and since the war. The restraint of these chapters only emphasizes the judgment the facts pass upon Japan's ceaseless intrigue and aggression. The Kiaochow or Shantung question is particularly clearly and convincingly treated. The author is friendly toward the western powers, particularly England, France and the United States, believing that distance makes less susceptible to temptation than Japan, but he suggests tactfully that England and France should recognize the futility and injustice of the old policy of a balance of power, which meant that one power grabbed a slice of China today to balance the slice its rival had seized the day before, and that after returning Wei-hai-wei and Kwang-chou-wan, they should join China in demanding that Japan must restore Shantung and renounce many concessions which are steadily reducing China to her vassal. After watching the great powers for five years at war and for two years at making peace, Mr. Cheng has still some illusions.

The book is well documented and carefully indexed. The discussion is clear and objective, and Mr. Cheng's English is none the less effective for an occasional Chinese turn of speech. The reader might desire to have more light on the social and economic background of the recent political developments, or some discussion of the part played in the revolution and in the nationalist movement by the Chinese students, but this might have made it impossible to treat so compactly and so adequately the political problems which are the main theme.

A Gentle Voice of Beauty

IT is no little thing to walk about this world, in its darkest as well as in its lighter hours, perceiving Beauty everywhere even though it speak but with a tiny voice or glimmer with a soft and delicate light, pointing out Beauty to one's fellow men, confident in the power of Beauty to make Life tolerable and intelligible. This is the special function of the educated, accomplished, somewhat academic poet, a type which is most pleasantly represented in Canada by Professor F. O. Call, of Bishop's College, Lennoxville. This writer, whose style is familiar to readers of the *Canadian Bookman*, is an unusual voice among the Canadian choir, most of whose members have to be pardoned for occasional coarseness of vocalization or harshness of tone because of their rugged earnestness



PROFESSOR F. O. CALL

and their willingness to sing, and pretty loudly too, when song is not a popular accomplishment. Professor Call never jars, is never coarse or in bad taste; but then he is never very impassioned. At times he feels that he ought to be, and turns out matter wholly unsuited to the gamut of his instrument, as in one or two patriotic effusions:—

But not in vain are our heroes slain
If under the darkened skies
All hand in hand from strand to strand
A sin-purged nation rise.

But for the most part he is concerned with calm and pleasant aspects of nature, the subtle significance of ancient works of beauty surviving placid into our feverish day, fantasies suggested by Alpine lakes, Japanese

rice fields, grey moths, evening gardens—Lennoxville in autumn.

"Acanthus and Wild Grape" (McClelland, Toronto) is titled in allusion to the contrast between the regular conventional rhythms characteristic of Greek architectural carving—the acanthus leaf of the pillars—and the free running of the grape vine over every obstacle that comes in its way. Somewhat over half the poems are "Acanthus"—orthodox in rhyme and regularity. The remainder are free verse. The comparison is very instructive, proving as it does that to a writer with a well-trained sense of fitness the free method may become just as natural, and exhibit just as much accomplishment, as the conventional. In fact, for the purposes of a very quiet, horticultural and pastoral muse such as Professor Call's, one suspects that the rhythm of the acanthus design is of little real value.

You went away in Summertime
When leaves and flowers were young,
And birds still lingered in the fields
With many songs unsung.

I'm glad it was in Summertime
When skies were clear and blue,
I could not say goodbye to you
And bear the winter too.

This is very far from being a statement of any enthralling passion, which would tend to make its victims much more impervious to the weather. Passion does seem to be rather beyond the scope of free verse, though Amy Lowell occasionally achieves a bitterness that looks like it—as in "Patterns". But would not Professor Call's neat little epigram of mild regret have sounded just as well, and less artificial and reminiscent, if done in the manner of this very expressive piece, called "the Loon's Cry"?

Outside the tent
Darkness and giant trees swaying in the wind.
The lake is moaning in its troubled sleep.
And far across the lazy, lapping waves,
Above the crooning of the wind,
I hear a wild loon crying,
Like a weary soul alone on the dark water.
Inside the tent
Your gentle breathing,
Untroubled by crooning wind or wailing loon:
Your face is lighted by the embers of the fire.

Fainter and further away echoes the loon's cry,
But now it is only the voice of Loneliness
Bidding me farewell,
As it passes away into the night.

You stir in your sleep softly
And turn your face to me—
And the loon cries no more.

We commend Professor Call's book to all discerning readers but especially to our more strenuous poets.

Holiday Reading for Boys and Girls

By LILLIAN H. SMITH

Our barque's a Bluenose clipper, an' th' skipper's Bluenose too,
Our cook's a Bluenose nigger, an' we're 'most a Bluenose crew.
Heave hearty to the chorus, there, as lusty as ye can!
For we're outboard bound this mornin' on a Nova Scotianan.

BLUE Water' and the fishes therein, for
the sake of which men go down to the
sea in ships, praying the fisherman's
prayer

Lord! Let me get a deck of fish
So large, that even I,
When tellin' of it afterwards
Will have no cause to lie

has given boys and girls who are asking for another book like "Captains Courageous" and "Billy Topsail", a sure-to-be-popular hero in Frank Westhaver, otherwise "Shorty". From the time "Shorty", a veritable Napoleon among the boys of Long Cove, and Lem Ring, his trusty lieutenant, run off with the harbor-master's dory and pilot a barque from foreign parts through a blinding snow-storm into safe harbor, until his establishment in business as a young man, the action shows the blue water man as he is.

The successful Bank skipper is the one who "keeps ears and eyes open, but mouth shut". Such a one was Uncle Jerry Clarke, and to him Frank Westhaver went to school when his education in things learned from text books was over. Although he could neither read nor write himself, Uncle Jerry was ambitious for Frank, and on one occasion produced a bundle of books which he had purchased in Boston.

"I cal'late you kin read them, Frankie," he said. "The man I bought them of said they were useful an' entertainin' readin' for a boy. See! Thar's some good seafarin' pictures in 'em—that's how I sized 'em up. Look at this yarn—a couple o' pinks firin' guns at each other. Cal'late they must be Frenchies a-scrappin' up on th' Treaty shore. What's th' name o' th' yarn, Frank?"

"Westward Ho! Uncle."

"So! That's a good-soundin' name for a

book. Now what o' this feller here with three 'O's' and an 'M' in th' name——?"

"'Omoo,' by Herman Melville—a tale of the South Seas," answered his nephew delightedly. "I'll bet that'll be a dandy like 'Treasure Island'. What are the others? 'The Wreck of the Grosvenor,' by W. Clark Russell——" "Aye!" interrupted his uncle. "That's a book I was told to git by one o' th' gang. Said it was a great yarn, tho' I don't remember 'bout that wreck. Cal'late she warn't a fisherman."

* * * * *

It is a far cry from the eastern-most boundary of Nova Scotia to the Isle of Mist where Fiona of the warm heart and a "largish size in shoes" lived with her father, the student, a thin man with a stoop to his shoulders "because he had been educated at a place where this is expected of you." Sometimes they had dinner; sometimes nobody remembered in time, and "they had sunset and salt herrings, with a bowl of glorious yellow corn-daisies to catch the sunset." One day there comes to the door an old hawker selling buttons—and other things.

"What sort of things?" said the student. "I have dreams," said the old man, "dreams and the matter of dreams; imaginings of the impossible come true; the wonder of the hills at sunrise; the quest of unearthly treasure among the moon-flowers." To Fiona he gives the search for the treasure of the Isle of Mist.

"That's splendid," said the girl. "And when I find the treasure I will buy my father seven great books which no one else wants to read, and he will be perfectly happy."

"But I did not promise treasure," said the old man. "I promised a search."

Associated with Fiona in her quest is the "Urchin" whose propensity for throwing

stones was well matched by the inaccuracy of his aim until the episode of the shore-lark. "Urchin if you hurt that bird the Little People will take you; I thought I'd knocked that into you all right, even if you *are* English and slow in the uptake....."

"Pardon me," said the shore-lark, "if I interrupt; but you might be the better of a few hints."

When the Urchin for his sins is taken a captive to Fairyland, Fiona follows the directions given her by the Oread of Heleval Mountain and finds her way to Fairyland and the Little People in time to be present at the Urchin's trial. She finds a friend in the Chancellor of Fairyland who has a habit of clipping his words as he spoke, "which was totally destructive of the smaller parts of speech, and made his remarks sound like a series of unedited cablegrams."

"Privelege honourable profession defend oppressed," he remarked; "duty clients submit large number points."

Fiona rescues the Urchin, and the King of Fairyland tells her the secret of the treasure of the Isle of the Mist.

"It is the spirit of the island which you love and which henceforth loves you. You have spoken face to face with bird and beast and with the beings who knew and loved the land before your race was. All that is there has passed into your blood, the old lost loves, the old impossible loyalties, the old forgotten heroisms and tendernesses: all these are yours. You can walk now through the crowded city and never know it, for the wind from the heather will be about you where you go; you can stand in the tumult of men and never hear them, for round you will be the silence of your own sea. That is the treasure of the Isle of Mist."

For the older boy and girl who do not respond to the call of "Blue Water" or to the wonder and dim imaginings of unseen things in "The Treasure of the Isle of Mist," there are new scout stories, tales of Indians and adventures, of home and school life and of battles fought on land and sea.

Beatrice Embree has written a story of Canadian school-girl life in "the Girls of Miss Clevelands" which it is to be hoped marks the beginning of our era of Canadian stories by Canadian writers for Canadian girls. The chapter headings indicate the sub-

ject matter of the book—"Apple Sauce," "The Truth Club," "Lent and the Spirit of Renunciation," "Interrupted Revels,"—and form a collection of episodes in boarding school life rather than a complete story.

Like Mr. Schultz's other books "The Dreadful River Cave" deals with Indians and Indian lore for which he has drawn upon his own experiences in living with the Indians on the plain of the Blackfeet tribe, by whom he was adopted. The story of Black Elk is one of sufficiently exciting adventure to please most boys, centering as it does about a mysterious cave behind a waterfall. Harold Latham has written a new story for boys, "Jimmy Quigg, Office Boy." The theme is that of his first book "Under Orders," the development of a boy's club.

A new edition of "Toby Tyler" with illustrations by W. A. Rogers brings this very human story of circus life up to date. Toby—the runaway—discovered that a little glitter and romance covered a surprising amount of reality. This edition will add to the popularity that rightfully belongs to "Toby Tyler".

Margaret Ashmun has already won a place with girl readers through her stories of "Isabel Carleton," so that "Marion Frear's Summer" making friends with the new people at "Pigeon's Nest", will be liked for its jolly companionship by the friends of "Isabel Carleton".

For younger girls a new story by the author of "Blue Magic" is announced, and both girls and boys will have a happy time with Hugh Lofting's "Story of Doctor Dolittle" who was a "proper doctor and knew a whole lot," but owing to his preference for animals rather than the "best people", he loses his patients and becomes the friend and healer of the animal world. A Macedonian cry for help from the plague smitten monkeys of Africa sends him to their aid. As a reward they give him the rare shy two-headed pushmi-pullyu, now extinct. "Doctor Dolittle" is dedicated by the author, who is also the illustrator. "To all children, children in years and children in heart."

There is another story about Pinocchio, the little wooden boy who is loved by so many children the world over, by Collodi Nipote, and Thornton Burgess has a companion volume to "The Burgess Bird Book for Children" which was so well received last year, entitled "The Burgess Animal Book for Children."

The land animals of America are described in story book form, with full page drawings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

Animal and nature stories are here in even greater numbers than ever. "The Airplane Spider" by Gilbert Murray (Laura, the author names her) has as adventurous a life as any child could wish. The reader is constantly referred to authorities such as Fabre and Step to substantiate the accuracy of the incidents related. A new collection of extracts from Fabre's work, which are of interest to boys and girls, is published this Fall and ought to prove as attractive to them as "Insect Adventures".

Sunday school teachers, parents and ministers looking for material for sermons to children will find a wealth of material and suggestion in "The Enchanted Garden" by Alexander R. Gordon of Presbyterian College, Montreal. The book of Genesis is told in short stories, the lesson of each brought out through references to other books. Half the chapter on Noah's sacrifice is given up to Livingstone, Mary Slessor, Florence Nightin-

gale and Browning's Pippa. From Nimrod, the hunter, he passes to Tom Brown's school-days, stressing the importance of being a good sportsman. It will not be read as much by the children as by grown-ups.

Lucy Fitch Perkins in "The Italian Twins" has written a story for slightly older children than the other stories of this highly interesting series. The adventures of Beppo and Beppina are told with a wealth of incident and vividness that will make absorbing reading for younger boys and girls.

Another book that promises well is "Masters of the Guild" by L. Lamprey, whose "In the Days of the Guild" was a revelation of what could be done in giving boys and girls a sense of the value and meaning of the arts and crafts of the days when things were made with hands instead of with machinery. Arthur Mee's "Little Treasure Island" contains much information in story form of the history and heroes of England. The holiday books for boys and girls are not all here in time for review, but publishers' announcements give promise of the richest output since nineteen fourteen.



A Library List

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|---|--|--------------------|
| Blue Water, by F. W. Wallace, Musson Book Co. | The Heart of Pinocchio, by Collodi Nipote, | Harpers. |
| Treasure of the Isle of Mist, by W. W. Tarn,
Philip Allan. | The Burgess Animal Book, by Thorton Burgess, | Little Brown & Co. |
| The Girls of Miss Cleveland's, by Beatrice Embree,
Musson Book Co. | The Airplane Spider, by Gilbert Murray, | Little Brown & Co. |
| The Dreadful River Cave, by J. W. Schultz,
Houghton, Mifflin. | Insect Adventures, by Fabre, | McClelland. |
| Jimmy Quigg, Office boy, by Harold Latham,
Macmillan. | The Enchanted Garden, by Alexander R. Gordon,
George Doran. | |
| Toby Tyler, new ed. W. A. Rogers illustrations,
Harper. | The Italian Twins, by Lucy Fitch Perkins,
Houghton Mifflin. | |
| Marian Freazes Summer, by Margaret Ashmun,
Macmillan. | Masters of the Guild, by L. Lamprey, | Dent. |
| The Story of Dr. Dolittle, by Hugh Lofting,
Stokes. | Little Treasure Island, by Arthur Mee,
Hodder & Stoughton. | |

More About Teaching of French

By A. F. BRUCE CLARK

THE discussion carried on in the pages of the *Canadian Bookman* as to the teaching of French in Ontario has been very interesting and must have helped to clear the air surrounding a subject much involved in inconsistencies and obscurities for the average man—and for many a teacher. One is particularly grateful for the clear distinctions established by Mr. Saunders regarding the variety of aims one may have in view in studying or in teaching French, and for his insistence that these aims should not be confused by those who undertake to criticise the results of language teaching. He has made quite clear that a teacher whose avowed object is to acquaint his students with the masterpieces of French literature and to inspire in them a love of that literature cannot be criticised from the same point of view as a teacher whose avowed object is to enable his students to converse in French with shopgirls and cabmen.

The discussion has been interesting, but I have sometimes caught myself wondering whither it is supposed to lead. Perhaps it was intended to be purely academic, simply a statement of the respective views of Professor Leacock, Mr. Saunders and Mr. Griffin as to the possible aims anyone might have in view in studying French. If that is the case, I should have to cut short my remarks right here with the statement that personally I endorse Mr. Saunderson's view that the greatest good most young people in Ontario will get from the study of French will be the acquainting themselves with a great foreign literature and civilisation and the resultant broadening and refinement of their intelligence. But the discussion seemed to take its rise in a definite charge of Professor Leacock that the educational system of Ontario did not in respect to the teaching of French, succeed in achieving what it *professed* to achieve. Disquisitions on all the *possible* ends the teaching of French might legitimately pursue do not seem sufficient answer to this specific charge, which, as far as I can discern, remains unanswered. Yet an attempt to deal with it is becoming more and more imperative. For on the solution to this question depends the rehabilitation of modern language study, not merely in Ontario, but in all the provinces of Canada, and, for that matter, in all English-speaking North America. In all that I shall say, though I may use only the word "Ontario," it will be merely representative of this wider application.

Those who dislike clear-cut ideas and programmes will say that it is unnecessary to answer the charge. In the first place, they will say, it is idle to attack "an educational system"; it is like that strange being, the "Boyg" that Peer Gynt struggled with, with its weird combination of massiveness and shadowiness,—you attack and attack, but nowhere can you find a spot where your sword will draw blood. They will point out that much liberty is left to the teachers, that French is probably not taught in the same way in any two schools. (They go too far there, for uniform texts are prescribed for Matriculation, and to a certain extent texts control methods; but let that pass.) Secondly, they may deny that *any* particular aim has ever been professed. Finally, they will point out that it is characteristic of the *doctrinaire* type of mind to lay undue stress on *professed* aims. Why bother about the non-delivery of the product provided the by-product is excellent?

But surely the "educational system" is not a spirit without a body. Ontario, like every other province, has a Minister of Education and an Education Department with a Superintendent of Education. Are these organs irresponsible? The teaching body of the province is an aggregation of individuals; but these individuals unite to form an Ontario Educational Association which meets once a year to air its views on education; surely the papers read and the discussions held in its Modern Language department ought to constitute a fair clue to the dominant trend of thought among teachers of French. Then there are the professors in the provincial university; occasionally they give interviews to the newspapers—or they give addresses or publish articles—dealing with the purposes of the study of modern languages. Finally—and this is a point to which I shall recur later—there is the people of Ontario itself, who, in the last analysis, is responsible for its educational system and can make it what it will.

To the statement that no *definite* aim in the teaching of French has ever been professed by the "educational system" of Ontario, the natural reply is: in that case, so much the worse for the directors of education in Ontario, who thereby make an interesting confession of aimlessness in the programme of education they elaborate for the youth of their province. But the fact is that, without perhaps ever publishing a specific manifesto,

the organs of education mentioned above have certainly managed to suggest to the general public that there is a dominant purpose in the study of modern languages which should justify to the practical taxpayer the important place that study holds in the schools and universities, and that this purpose is the attainment of a command of the spoken and written language with a view to its practical application in business and in social intercourse of all kinds. You have only to converse with the parents of any boy or girl attending French classes to discover that such a command of the language is what they suppose the teacher is engaged in furnishing their child with. Talk to them of Racine and Molière, and see whether they regard meaningless names as a substitute for the ability to ask for a cup of tea. Yet who would maintain that any considerable proportion of the graduates of our high schools—of even of our universities—can converse or correspond easily in French?

Let it be granted, one may say, that the professed goal of furnishing our young people with a practical command of French is not attained. Does that invalidate the claims of French to an important place on the curriculum? Do not our young people get a good deal of mental culture from that study that they can get from no other? Yet we could never persuade them and their parents to accept French as a purely cultural subject. Cultural values must be camouflaged as practical values before *demos* will buy them.

This argument is subtle; but several answers might be made to it. In the first place, is it so certain that democracy is antipathetic to so-called "cultural values"? Perhaps, if what they stand for bears that ugly name; but, if the real human value of the study of French literature, for example, its power to add to the actual enjoyment of life, were vividly presented to democracy, I am not sure that it would insist on banishing that study from its schools. But, even if the deception were desirable (I pass over the question of the general legitimacy of deception in any circumstances), can it be much longer effective? The control of democracy over all its institutions is visibly tightening; education (even higher education) will not escape; laborers and farmers will be sitting on the governing boards of universities (who can doubt it?); every subject on the school and university curriculum will be scrutinized to determine its economic or social value. So far, the literary subjects, the humanities ancient and modern, have escaped this control much more than scientific or economic subjects; for they lie so much beyond the purview of anyone outside the narrow circle of specialists who profess them that democracy could not criticise them or the manner in which they were taught. All it could do

was to wholly disbelieve or wholly believe the people who defended their place in the system. Up to the present it has been kind and docile enough to adopt the latter alternative; but who can be sure that it will continue to do so, especially if Farmer and Labor governments insist on economy in education? The position of the humanities will need to be strong in that day; and the position of any organisation practising deception, even in the form of a *suppressio veri* (however laudable its intention) cannot be strong.

But the real answer to those defending this "practical" camouflage stands on much higher grounds. As long as the teaching of French is weakened by its divided aims—the "bluff", on the one hand, of turning out French conversationalists, and the more or less sincere attempt, on the other, to provide mental discipline and culture—so long will that teaching remain inefficient and subject to such criticisms as Professor Leacock's. Not that I am denying the possibility of combining the two ends; but that combination could only be possible in schools and universities which gave double the time to French ordinarily given (as Mr. Saunders also observes). With the present number of hours assigned to French in schools and universities and with the number of years devoted to the study by the average student it is quite impossible to turn out *both* efficient linguists *and* finished scholars of the French language and literature. With divided aims as at present it is not possible to turn out *either* efficient linguists *or* finished scholars. To turn out efficient linguists it would be necessary to have much smaller classes both in school and university than is the case at present, and it would be necessary to make an almost exclusive use of the direct method; moreover, the texts used would naturally be rather of a practical and commercial than of a literary nature. To turn out finished scholars on the other hand, or to make of French in any measure an instrument of intellectual culture, which may develop the analytic faculty and inculcate accuracy and refine taste, it is necessary to use the direct method very sparingly, to insist on the minute grammatical analysis of passages in the foreign language, to give abundant practice in translation from literary English and to choose texts among the masterpieces of French literature. The present French curricula in schools and universities simply represent incoherent attempts to mediate between these two entirely unrelated aims.

Incoherence in curricula is reflected in incoherence in the training of teachers. Here there is no adaptation of means to ends. The students of French in the universities become the teachers of French in the schools. What is the nature of their course at the university? At the University of Toronto it was, a few years ago—and, as far as I know still is—

practically a course in French literature and philology. In the four years of the course we had four French classes a week, and only *one* of them was devoted to conversation and composition in the language. Even at that, the conversational classes were so large and the method of conducting them was so unsystematic that the individual member of the class got little practice in expressing himself in French. Now, if the aim was general culture and not linguistic proficiency, the course as outlined was not a bad one. But what a preparation for teachers of practical French who are to put in our children's hands the linguistic key to foreign commerce! Our prospective teachers are not required to spend a vacation—let alone a year—in France, or even in Quebec.

The preparation of our university teachers (when they have any special preparation beyond the bachelor's degree) is equally irrational. They are usually the products of the American Ph.D. mills, where they become adepts in Vulgar Latin, Old French, the relation of the French romances of chivalry to Celtic legend, the obscure sources of a still obscurer poem of the sixteenth century, and so forth. Even the Ph.D. in French may be attained without a day's residence in a French-speaking country! I have tried in vain for years to get someone to explain to me what relation this training bears to the day's work that actually confronts the teachers of our high-school teachers. Here we are still another remove from the popular conception of what is being done with the public money devoted to the teaching of French.

Whether we consider, then, the French teaching of Ontario from the point of view of the student or of the teacher, its inefficiency is shown to come from vagueness of aims. Until this state of affairs is changed, that inefficiency will continue. Who will change it? Ideally, the necessary clarification of ideas should begin at the top of the educational system; the university should present to the people of Ontario for its approval a logical scheme for the reorganisation of modern language studies. I am not very hopeful, however, of the university doing any such thing. The initiative might come from the Education Department; or why should some movement not be inaugurated by the teachers at the annual convention of the O. E. A.? These too, I fear, must be classed as pious wishes.

Our appeal must, in the last resort, be made to the people of Ontario. It is they who pay; it is for them to decide why they want their children to learn French or whether they want them to learn it at all. It is not the ideas of Professor Leacock, or of Mr. Saunders, or of Mr. Griffin or of myself or of Professor—Ph.D., that must prevail, but the ideas of the people. We may retain the conviction that our views are the soundest and that the people would do well to adopt them; but we

cannot force them to do so; and we should scorn, if not fear, to resort to deception. In the coming days of democratic control, individuals must be prepared to commit cultural hari-kari when they become servants of the public. I may prefer to teach French literature; but if I accept a public position on the understanding that I am to teach French commercial correspondence, French commercial correspondence I will teach.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to indicate the machinery and the process by which the people would decide such a question. There is nothing unprecedented about the suggestion. The first step would be for the Provincial Government to appoint an Educational Survey Commission to study the whole question of modern language teaching in Ontario. This Commission should, if possible, consist of persons not residing in Ontario, and it should interview all classes of the community, including professors, teachers, students, men of letters, journalists, business men, lawyers, working-men and farmers; it should send out circular letters to those it cannot interview personally, asking them to communicate their views; and it should visit as many as possible of the foreign countries possessing efficient educational systems. The Commission would report to the Minister of Education formulating a plan for the reorganisation of modern language teaching from the public school to the university; the Government would, on the basis of this report, prepare a bill which it would present to the Legislature; and, if it were passed, it would become a law which it would be incumbent upon the Education Department and upon all schools and universities supported by public money to observe in drawing up modern language curricula. The first part of a similar programme has been already carried out by the British Government, and the report of their Commission has been published under the title "Modern Studies".

Every specialist in French, whatever his pet theories, would have to abide by the result; as a private scholar he could pursue his French studies as he chose, but as the servant of the state he would have to teach what the majority thinks should be taught. He would probably find in the sincerity which a clear-cut programme would give to his daily teaching and in the solidity of the results obtained more than compensation for the renunciation of some cherished ideals. But, as I do not expect to be summoned or circularized personally by the hypothetical commission, perhaps I may be permitted here to make one last appeal to democracy: "Do not, oh demos, be too hasty in banishing all cultural subjects. Sometimes the cultural and the practical meet in one. You may think that pure literature is a luxury that has no place in education except in those ages when there are leisure classes. But perhaps you have not re-

flected that a literature—though it may be a source of purely aesthetic enjoyment—is also the embodiment of the mind and ideals and civilisation of a nation. If you are going to deal successfully with a man, you must size up his character. Similarly, if you are going to treat with a foreign nation—in business, in politics, in pleasure—you must understand its civilisation. Now, democracy—that is, all the people, not just the capitalists and the lawyers and the men whose sons have had the higher literary education up to the present—democracy says that it is going to control the foreign policy of the nations in the future. If it is going to do that, it will have to understand foreign nations; that is, there will have to be in every country a lively public opinion as well informed as to what is going on in foreign countries as to what is going on in its own; and it will have to be able to interpret those “goings-on” in the light of its under-

standings of those foreign countries; in no other way can democracy control the foreign policies of its government. Now France is one of the most important of the foreign nations; in studying French literature, then, the people of Canada will be preparing to control the foreign policy of their government towards France. Could any object be more practical? But, if you do not feel that every child can afford to study French literature, then there is nothing to prevent you from establishing two parallel French courses running right through school and university, the one to prepare practical linguists, the other to prepare specialists in French civilisation. The first would fit naturally into the curriculum of a Faculty of Commerce, the other into that of a Faculty of Arts. But, whatever you do, avoid muddle-headedness, insincerity and humbug; and then, even those who disagree with you will bow to your will with good grace.”

The Canadians in France, 1915-18

To attempt to chronicle the actions of the Canadians in France and Belgium from February, 1915, until November, 1918, within the bounds of a single volume is obviously a task of considerable difficulty.

When it is remembered that the Canadian Corps at its strongest was roughly of the same size as the Duke of Wellington's Peninsula Army, and that Canadian troops were almost continuously in action during a period of practically four years, it is apparent that the work of recording not only the principal engagements, but particularly the innumerable minor operations, involves a very lengthy investigation of records and most careful selection from the great mass of material available.

Captain Harwood Steele, M.C., must have had considerable opportunities while attached to the Staffs of more than one of the Canadian Divisions, of observing many of the actions which he records in *"The Canadians in France"* (Copp Clark, Toronto, \$2.50). He has not attempted to do more than indicate the strategic ends towards which the battles of the Corps were directed, nor to discuss the tactics employed in the various engagements.

His book aims to give only a brief account of the units engaged and an outline of the

parts they played in the actions of the Corps. Many outstanding acts of gallantry are described, and considerable space devoted to the innumerable trench raids and minor operations which the Canadians carried out with such frequency and daring and for which they were so justly famous.

Other Corps or Divisions are only mentioned when acting in immediate conjunction with the Canadians, or when their actions directly affected them.

Captain Steele deals only with the fighting troops but in his preface he has justly pointed out how entirely dependent they are on the efficiency and energy of the non-combatant units.

In the description of the second Battle of Ypres, there is, on page 16, this curious statement: "These guns were perforce abandoned, but their loss was of no importance." The loss of guns may not be vital but it is always important. Again, critical as the situation was at this time, it is too much to say: "The fate of the whole Empire rested on the Division". The minor details of the battle are not entirely accurate, but the main features are correctly given.

Festubert and Givenchy are, considering the limited size of the volume, adequately described, but the addition of a map would have

rendered the narrative much clearer.

The summer at "Plugstreet" and the autumn and winter in front of Messines are briefly dealt with, bringing the reader to the very dreadful fighting at St. Eloi in April, 1916.

Captain Steele hardly shows with sufficient clearness how greatly the lack of accurate information was responsible for our partial failure.

The situation was far from certain and the position still unconsolidated when the 2nd Canadian relieved the 3rd Imperial Division, and to the end of the fighting for the craters, there was vital misunderstanding regarding the situation. Officers and men fought with the most determined courage under appalling conditions of mud and shell fire, but they were working in the dark, and the confusion regarding the identity of some of the craters made the effective co-operation of our artillery impossible.

The loss and recapture of Mount Sorrel and Sanctuary Wood occupy a chapter. Here again a map would be of much assistance. The statement at the beginning of Chapter VII that after this battle "a period of extraordinary quietness fell to them" is hardly correct. It is true that July and the beginning of August contained no large engagement, but "the Salient" was never quiet. Captain Steele himself goes on to describe some of the numerous raids which took place at this time and which are hardly consistent with a state of "extraordinary quietness".

In describing the Somme, it is misleading to state that "trench warfare was now gone". The characteristics of the fighting were still essentially those of trench warfare with all its immobility, limited objectives and concentrated artillery fire. No story of the Somme can convey a true impression that does not describe adequately the endless shell fire that obtained even when no attacks were actually in progress. Lack of any respite to either infantry or artillery while in the line was undoubtedly the most terrible feature of this period. Take for example the ordeal, typical of the Somme, of one Battalion holding the line at Mouquet Farm. More than three hundred casualties in forty-eight hours from shell-fire alone! None of the exhilaration of the assault, simply that hardest of all things,—to endure passively. Men who saw four years of the war have cited this as their most terrible experience. It is unfortunate that Captain Steele does not bring this side of the Somme fighting more to the front.

The reference of page 85 to the extraordinary gallantry of Piper Richardson should read 16th, not 43rd, Battalion.

The conclusion drawn that the Somme, despite the heavy casualties, was worth while is true even more from the moral than the material view point. Our incessant attacks

and tremendous shell-fire crushed the spirit of the German infantry to an extent perhaps not realized at the time, but from which they never fully recovered.

Preparation was the keynote of the battle of Vimy Ridge. This action is the pre-eminent Canadian example of the "set-piece" attack, where every individual had studied the ground for weeks beforehand and units had practiced and re-practiced their assault over similar ground behind the lines. Chapter IX gives a short description of the supply, engineering and artillery preparations but deals mainly with the actual assault on the ridge.

Chapter X is devoted to the period from the middle of April to October, 1917, containing the attacks on Arleux and Fresnoy, the fighting around La Coulotte, Avion and Lens and culminating in the attack on Hill 70.

Of Hill 70, the author says: "The rest of the story of that August day is one long record of counter-attacks. In the whole story of Canadian achievements, there is nothing finer than this tale of the holding of the new gains upon Hill 70". These repeated and determined counter-attacks with the tenacity of the infantry and machine gunners and the vigilance of the artillery in beating them off were indeed the outstanding features of this action.

Passchendaele showed Canadian endurance at its highest. Never before and never after was the Corps called upon to endure such nightmare conditions. The difficulties overcome by the infantry are well shown, but more mention might have been made of the terrible conditions under which the artillery fought. Entirely without cover and fully exposed to the enemy aircraft, they were subjected to an almost continuous shelling and bombing, and suffered extremely severe casualties. No mention is made of the 3rd Brigade which, although it made no attack, yet suffered nearly 400 casualties while holding the line prior to the attack by the 1st and 2nd Brigades.

Chapter XII contains an account of the numerous and almost invariably successful raids carried out during the winter of 1917-1918 and some interesting details of the preparations made to meet the expected enemy offensive. The part played by the Canadians and particularly the invaluable and extraordinarily gallant work done by the Motor Machine Gun Brigade during the great German Drive are then described.

Details are not given of the period of training during May, June and part of July,—training which put the fine edge on the efficiency of the Corps and tempered it for the irresistible blow at Amiens.

The assembly for, and the general scheme of, the Battle of Amiens are clearly outlined. The two maps given of this action allow the whole operation to be readily fol-

lowed. This battle is more fully described than any other, and indeed it is the outstanding victory of the Corps. Everyone felt it was the beginning of the end. Those who took part in it will never forget the wonderful exaltation of watching, after the initial thrust, cavalry and tanks, artillery and infantry pouring through the gap; of knowing that, after four years of unremitting effort, of partial success and hope deferred, the German line was at last broken and the final victory within sight.

The battle of Arras-Cambrai extended from August 26th to October 11th and consisted of a series of assaults on what was undoubtedly one of the strongest defensive positions held by the enemy. This constituted probably the severest battle in the history of the Corps. Three maps are given and the difficult task of describing the many and varied attacks during this period is performed with considerable clearness and accuracy.

The final chapter deals with the advance through Valenciennes and the capture of Mons and ends with the Armistice on November 11th.

The questions of supply and the waterlogged condition of much of the country were the greatest difficulties at this time. The movements of the various units are again very clearly described.

It is unfortunate that it is only to the chapters dealing with the actions of 1918 that maps are added, for without their aid it is hard to follow any battle with either ease or clearness. Apart from this very conspicuous lack, the various events are clearly described.

Feelings are once or twice ascribed to the soldier which many, the soldier himself foremost amongst them, will take exception to.

Such a sentence as the following is not true to reality: "The term of the 2nd Canadian Division with the 6th Imperial Corps was now over. *On the whole, the men had enjoyed their stay.*" The courage of the Canadian soldier was of so true a cast, so daring and yet so solid, that it is unnecessary and somewhat fulsome to claim that he ever "enjoyed" either the hardships of the trenches or the risk of death or mutilation that holding the line always involved. Courage consists not in "enjoying" these things, but in the moral strength which dominates the natural shrinking of the flesh from the imminent risk of death.

On the whole, however, the book is compiled in a realistic and easily read manner and such passages as the following create a picture true to reality: "The colours of Belgium appeared as if by magic, from places where they had been hidden for years, so that the men marched through one vast display of red, black and gold. Little flags nodded at the horses' ears, in the muzzles of the rifles and the guns and over the transport, turning the army into an army of glorious colourVast crowds thronged every street, crying and laughing in their frantic thanksgiving."

Captain Steele's book should prove acceptable to those who, having neither the time nor the inclination to study detailed official records, yet wish to have an outline of the principal events in the history of that pre-eminent fighting organization—the Canadian Corps,—a description of the part played in its actions by the various units, and a record of many of the acts of wonderful gallantry and supreme self-sacrifice which have brought undying honour to Canada.

A Very Interesting Start

MR. Arthur Beverley Baxter is an Ontario newspaper man who has recently attracted the attention of Lord Beaverbrook, an admirable judge of certain classes of ability, and been invited to London to join the staff of the Daily Express. At the moment of his translation to this wider sphere, the firm of McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, have published a collection of five short stories written by Mr. Baxter while on service as a lieutenant in the Air Force. The volume is interesting in virtue of the unexpected technical cleverness of its writer. There cannot be the slightest doubt that "The Blower of Bubbles" represents the beginning of an important literary career. The author has a capacity, truly astonishing in view of

his youth and limited experience, for exhibiting a situation and a character by means of a few well-chosen sentences of dialogue. There is no waste space about any of these five stories. Each of them presents a clearly envisaged situation, or series of situations, works it out to a logical conclusion and closes upon a neat and workmanlike finale.

Whether Mr. Baxter will employ his great and undoubted abilities for the noblest purposes is a question which can hardly yet be answered. Everything will depend upon the degree of sincerity with which he approaches his task. At present, his attitude towards his work reminds us a little too constantly of that of Mr. Robert Service, who is perhaps the outstanding example in Canada

of notable technical powers undirected by nobility of artistic purpose. Mr. Baxter's tales are of the kind which require heroes and villains. Somehow we do not feel that in all of these tales his admiration of his own heroes and his reprobation of his own villains are genuine emotions. They seem to be put on, as it were, for the impressing of an audience. The opening story, "The Blower of Bubbles," is the tale of a young Englishman of marvellous physical and intellectual ability, but debarred by heart disease from the more active pursuits of life; he devotes himself to the life of a poseur, but his heroic character continually struggles against his physical limitations, and when the war comes he deceives the recruiting officer and achieves an accumulation of wounds which leaves him a hopeless cripple. In outline the character is reasonable and admirable enough, but as filled in by Mr. Baxter it is far too self-conscious, too theatrical, too unhealthily self-centred. Basil Norman—a more experienced author would not have called him that—is too perfect, too wonderful, too incessantly angelic. He reminds us throughout of the dazzling Irishman in Stephen McKenna's "Sonia", and we have by this time become aware that David O'Rane was not as admirable a character as we thought at first thought him. In "The Man Who Scoffed", Mr. Baxter's affection for poseurs is even more strikingly indicated, the hero being a young Toronto society man who, for a

year or two, declines to go to the war, on the ground that he would have to associate with unwashed persons and probably himself do without washing for considerable periods of time, and later joins up as a private and learns the heroic qualities of the rank and file. On the other hand, the little tale, "Petite Simunde", is a very beautiful account of the way in which a French Canadian soldier, whose only fault was a failure to understand the rigidity of British discipline, was saved from being shot as a deserter by the heroic action of his company officer; the character work is doubtless largely out of Gilbert Parker, but the motivation is clever and sincere. This one tale affords substantial reason to hope that Mr. Baxter's errors of ethical valuation are those of youth and not of ineradicable sentimentalism or deliberate popularity-hunting insincerity. He will always, we imagine, be a writer whose character and predilections will be frankly visible in his literary work. His future depends more upon what he makes of his character than upon any study of literary methods or practice of the mechanics of writing. London is perhaps the best possible place for testing the fibre of a young literary aspirant. In the next two years, Mr. Baxter will undoubtedly write either a much better book or a much worse book than "The Blower of Bubbles". All friends of Canadian literature will hope that it may be the former.

Taking the Curse Off Amateur Acting

MR. Roy Mitchell, a Torontonion who achieved considerable fame among those interested in theatrical production by his work as Technical Director of the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, and who is now Director of Hart House Theatre in the University of Toronto, has written a volume entitled "Shakespeare for Community Players," which has been published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited, in London and Toronto, and has received very high encomiums from the British critical press. Mr. Mitchell has enjoyed the co-operation of another able and well known Canadian artist, Mr. J. E. H. Macdonald, who has provided a large number of diagrams of stage arrangements and mechanical appliances, sketches of costumes and designs for stage furniture. The volume is undoubtedly to a large extent the offspring of the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto, of which both author and illustrator are members, and in which they, and many of their fellow-members, have on various occasions put into practice almost all the ideas which are here expounded.

At a time when the function of the drama as a means of self-expression for the community is being more and more extensively realised in Canada, this work by two Canadians should attract a large amount of attention and produce excellent results. It is not too much to say that Mr. Mitchell is a genius in the art of stage production. Thoroughly imbued with a sense of the importance of the theatrical art to the community (it is no exaggeration to say that he conceives of it as a form of religion), he is perfectly willing to place all his knowledge and experience at the disposal of other producers; for he is not in the producing business for his own personal profit, or that of some group of financiers whose interests he must serve. As a result we have in this volume 134 pages of thoroughly practical instruction, all based upon experience and all animated by an intelligent aspiration after legitimate dramatic effect, in practically all branches of stage art, so far at any rate as they are needed for the adequate performance of any Shakespearean play. The instruc-

tion is addressed primarily to beginners, but as it is always accompanied by an intelligent statement of the artistic reasons for every course which is counselled, it will be found interesting even by advanced artists. As Mr. Mitchell truthfully says, the only reader not provided for, in some measure, is "the one who believes he knows everything, and consequently has no need for any book".

The text of Shakespeare, says Mr. Mitchell, should be accepted unreservedly as "material for dramatic reconstruction". Its full value can only be apprehended when it is so used; when there is built up upon it a performance in which all the arts of appeal to the eye, ear and intelligence, which are reckoned upon by the author, are again employed for the purposes which he had in mind. One of Mr. Mitchell's most valuable episodes is that of pointing out that many episodes in the text are capable of being employed with very nearly their full effect in isolation from the remainder of the play, a statement which is especially true of the Clown scenes which are frequently employed by the author as a secondary action to relieve the principals and to constitute a break in the main dramatic progress. A list of desirable short performances, consisting of single scenes or groups of connected scenes, is given with instructions for editing and for economical amateur performances, and should prove invaluable to amateur organisations not yet equal to the production of a complete play. Under the head of Organisation, Mr. Mitchell tells us that the chief requisite for success is a General Director who "possesses the power of getting work out of others," and he adds that this director does not at the outset need a detailed knowledge of stage-craft so much as an intense love of the things of the theatre. The chapter on Staging is crammed with interest. He tells us that the arras stage is of all devices the least expensive and easiest to contrive, and serves admirably for the Shakespearean method of playing if combined with the canopy which we now know to have been an essential part of the stage for which the plays were written. On such a stage

conventional and decorative furniture is essential, and Mr. Macdonald provides many typical designs which can be carried out with little difficulty. In costuming, Mr. Mitchell warns against the effort to convert the play into a museum exhibit of exactly studied period apparel, and urges the use merely of garments of mediaeval suggestion such as will give the actors grace and distinction. The artist, he tells us, is above the antiquarian. "His queen is beauty, and his stage dresses must serve beauty whether they serve historicity or not."

The author's affection for the "things of the stage", has given him an intimate knowledge of the fabrics best suited for stage costumes, and he gives invaluable instruction concerning the materials which are to be sought and those which are to be avoided. As for lighting, it is probably Mr. Mitchell's specialty. He is absolutely scornful of all conventional limitations, and the present reviewer recalls a performance staged by him in Toronto in which the whole of Synge's "Shadow of the Glen" was given with no other illumination than four candles, which were freely moved about by the players to the points where visibility was most needed—a method which he frankly recommends for several Shakespearean scenes such as those of Gadshill, Pyramus and Thisbe, and Dogberry and Verges. The chapter on lighting ranges all the way from this method to the dazzling daylight effects of Mr. Granville Barker, with his arc lamps hung under the balcony and shielded with metal housings so as to illuminate nothing but the stage. Make-up is treated with considerable detail. A very complete catalogue of suggestive music for the various plays is provided, and in a single chapter the book goes beyond its title and discusses the *matinée lyrique*, which Mr. Mitchell rightly describes as an admirable training ground for readers and an adjunct of great value to the work of a dramatic corps. The closing chapter is a bibliography of the more important modern works on the various elements of stage performance.



The Life and Times of Sir A. T. Galt

By W. S. WALLACE

CANDOR compels the admission that in the field of political biography Canadian literature has been somewhat poverty-stricken. Of the biographies of Canadian public men which have appeared, few can be described, by any stretch of the imagination, as first-class; and there are many notable figures in Canadian political history of whom no biographies have been published at all. No one appears to have written the life of Edward Blake, or of John Sandfield Macdonald, or of Thomas D'Arcy McGee (to take only a few shining instances); and no one has hitherto thought it worth while to give the world an account or the life of the most outstanding of the Canadian statesmen of the latter half of the nineteenth century, Sir A. T. Galt.

This last gap Professor Skelton has now filled in "Life and Times of Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt," just issued from the press,¹ is, despite its somewhat forbidding and mid-Victorian title, a very noteworthy addition to Canadian political biography. To tell the story of Galt's many-sided life, few writers more eminently qualified than Professor Skelton could have been found. Combining as he does an almost unrivalled knowledge of Canadian economic history with a knowledge of Canadian political history such as many professional historians might envy, and a mastery of style rare among economists, he has come admirably equipped to the task of writing the biography of a public man whose career touched in succession the spheres of colonization, railway-building, political warfare, constitution-building, public finance, and diplomacy. The result has been, it should be said at once, a distinguished success.

Professor Skelton's conception of the duties of a biographer is singularly broad. He tells not only the details of his hero's life, but he fills in the background with lavish care. In a preliminary chapter he gives an admirable account of the life and work of the father of A. T. Galt, John Galt the novelist, with especial reference to John Galt's connection with Canada as organizer and superintendent of the Canada Company—a chapter which, curiously enough, coincides in point of publication with the appearance of Professor R. K. Gordon's doctoral dissertation on "John Galt" in the University of Toronto Studies.²

In each of the succeeding phases of A. T. Galt's life, Professor Skelton paints in, moreover, the historical background. The chapters dealing with Galt's career as a railway-builder provide an excellent sketch of the beginnings of the railway era in Canada. Galt's entrance into public life is the excuse for a survey of the political and economic condition of Canada in the forties of last century. The story of Galt's connection with Confederation is almost a history of the movement toward Confederation. At times, indeed, as when Professor Skelton goes back to trace the rise of responsible government in Canada, one is tempted to wonder whether the background is not delineated in such detail that it somewhat overshadows the foreground. On the whole, however, it must be said that Professor Skelton's method of writing biography serves admirably to place the central figure of his book in the proper *milieu*, and to render the biographical parts of his narrative more intelligible and significant.

It is, of course, to the purely biographical sections that the reader will turn for what new and original material the book contains. Here he will not be disappointed. Professor Skelton has been fortunate in having had placed at his disposal the whole of Galt's private papers, and from these he has drawn unreservedly, printing in extenso many letters and memoranda which throw light on dark places in Canadian history during nearly half a century. Of especial interest is a splendid series of letters illustrating Galt's connection with the Confederation movement and the growth of Canadian national feeling; and scarcely less interesting are a number of letters having reference to the negotiations which, in various capacities, Galt conducted with the governments of Great Britain and the United States. They reveal the crucial and essential part which Galt played in many diverse phases of Canadian history during the latter half of the nineteenth century; and it will be at his peril that the historian of Canada in the future will neglect to take them into account.

Galt's is not one of the vivid or striking personalities in Canadian history. He had little of John A. Macdonald's genius for managing men, or of George Brown's crusading zeal, or of D'Arcy McGee's glowing eloquence, or of Cartier's loyalty to party; though he combined not a little of Macdonald's prudence with George Brown's vigour, and of McGee's vision with Cartier's business ability. He lacked, in fact, the more spectacular qualities of his chief contemporaries.

¹ "The Life and Times of Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt." By Oscar Douglas Skelton. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1920. Pp. 586.

² "John Galt." By R. K. Gordon. (University of Toronto Studies). Toronto: The University Library. 1920. Pp. 121.

ies, while he combined in himself their more sober and commonplace excellences. He wrote with admirable clearness and force; but there is nothing in his letters that sticks in the mind of the reader. He was not a picturesque figure; he was not a phrase-maker or a mountebank; he was merely a sound, honorable, indispensable man of affairs. For this reason, the task of placing his features on canvas was not an easy one: his lack of idiosyncrasies does not lend itself to literary portraiture. Yet Professor Skelton has surmounted this difficulty with surprising success. One puts down his book with a feeling that in his pages there lives again a Canadian statesman whose strict integrity, whose profound sense of realities, and whose far-sighted vision have been far too little recognized.

There are in the book a few Homeric nods. One of these is, indeed, somewhat more than a nod. Professor Skelton is an undoubted au-

thority on Canadian economic history; but when he says (p. 59) that in the forties "none but a British or colonial ship could carry a passenger or a ton of freight between a Canadian and a foreign port", one must perforce challenge his statement, with all its unwarranted implications—even at the risk of having to join battle with him on his own ground. If Professor Skelton will refresh his memory as to the terms of the Acts which modified the Navigation Laws in 1822-26 and the result of the long-protracted negotiations between the British and American governments from 1822 to 1830, he will, one ventures to think, be compelled to admit that his statement is unfounded in fact. The temptation of pointing out this error—the only serious one which the reviewer has been able to discover—has been irresistible; but of course it does not detract from the general value of the book. It is merely the *lapsus calami* of a master hand.

The Laird of Skibo Tells His Story

THE Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie, edited by his friend Prof. John C. Van Dyke, is published in Canada by Thomas Allen, Toronto, price \$5.00. It is a human document of much interest, but it is far from being a history of the period of economic development in which Mr. Carnegie was a protagonist. The Laird of Skibo was not an analytical mind, and many picturesque but unimportant incidents of his personal life interested him more than the tremendous economic problems of the age of upheaval which provided him with such wealth as prior to that time no human being had ever dreamed of possessing. His views on "Problems of Labor" are set forth in a short chapter, but they do not get us much beyond the knowledge that it was "Andy's" personal character that saved him from any serious clashes with his employees so long as he was in actual contact with them. Class-consciousness was evidently not developed to its present high

degree when Mr. Carnegie was able to stop a strike by merely reminding the leaders that they had signed a written agreement which still had four months to run. Nearly every anecdote in this chapter tends to show the extraordinary personal ascendancy that Mr. Carnegie possessed over his workers, and the knowledge of human nature upon which it was founded. In addition to this, Mr. Carnegie may claim to have effected some important advances in the system of remuneration of workers. He claims that his chief service to labor was the introduction of the sliding scale, which he describes as "the solution of the capital and labor problem, because it really makes them partners"; he substituted payment every two weeks for payment by the month and he encouraged the institution of co-operative stores. These things look very modest in these days, but they were important concessions in the days of Homestead and Frick.



Portrait of a Fine Canadian Woman

ARTHUR Stringer's new book, "The Prairie Mother" (McClelland, Toronto, \$2.00), is a novel of the Canadian West, a big one and a truthful one. We do not know that Mr. Stringer has spent any great portion of his life in the Canadian West, but he knows human nature as only the imaginative man and the poet can know human nature; and he knows enough of the life of the West to know how human nature is likely to react to its various vicissitudes. There are plenty of those vicissitudes in Alberta without necessity for resorting to the old and worn-out mechanism of the Bret Harte or Fenimore Cooper era of fiction as so many of our Canadian novelists feel obliged to do. The only Indian in "The Prairie Mother" is "Iroquois Annie", and her wildest crimes are those of burning the fricasseed prairie-chicken and letting the three-year-old "Dinky" get lost. There are no cow-punchers, revolver shots are used merely for signalling, and the nearest thing to an outlaw is the Lady Alicia Elizabeth Newland, who steals, not other men's horses, but other women's husbands. In other words, human life on Mr. Stringer's prairies is much like human life as lived by ordinary human beings in all parts of Canada and the United States, except that the excitements and tragedies are due to hailstorms, real estate slumps and the remoteness of doctors and other neighbors, rather than to Wall Street panics, strikes and over-density of population.

"The Prairie Mother" is the tale of a young woman (she refers incidentally to New York, but she probably comes from Montreal or Toronto and is no more a real New Yorker than many thousands of other Eastern women from Newfoundland to Florida, who recognize Manhattan as their Metropolis), who has been married for four years to an ambitious young man who is trying to make a fortune by a combination of ranching and real estate speculation in Alberta and British Columbia. She has a boy three years old and, at the opening of the story, has just presented her husband with twins. On top of the twins, comes the news of the collapse of the real estate boom, and the loss of all that the husband has made during four years of strenuous pioneer-

ing. There ensues a grave misunderstanding between husband and wife in which Lady Alicia has an important part. The misunderstanding runs its usual harrowing course, and is finally straightened out in much the usual manner but Mr. Stringer has the art to make it exhibit the fine fibre and true nobility of both the parties concerned, and especially of the woman.

The narrative is in the form of her diary during the period of the estrangement, and it reveals a very beautiful character in which a splendid courage and a high sense of duty are made more lovable by a keen sense of humor and intellectual abilities of no mean order. The book is, we believe, the finest and most sympathetic portrait yet executed of a type of womanhood which, while not literally peculiar to the Canadian prairies, is at least a typical product of their special geographical and economic features, a product resulting from high altitudes, dry air, pioneering conditions, wide spaces and loneliness, and the sense of gambling with destiny which comes from fortunes easily made by a lucky year or two of big crops, and as easily destroyed by a year or two of drought or hail.

The prairies are young, and the prairie character is still in the making. It is well that it should be studied and depicted by the kindly pen of a Canadian writer with high ideals and an earnest sympathy with all that there is in it of the best. We are grateful to Mr. Stringer for this book, both on account of the prairie mothers whom we already know, and to whom it does better justice than has yet been meted to them by literature, and on account of the other prairie mothers who will be worthy of their prairie country because of this ideal that he has held up for their contemplation and imitation. It is when we read books like this that we begin to feel something of the appalling waste of time and intellectual abilities, and even costly paper and binding, that is involved when men who could write truthfully and nobly about Canadian life spend their talents upon commercial novels of intrigue, of crime, of "adventure" and generally all the inhuman piffle that seems so much better adapted to the movies.—B.K.S.



"Roman Essays and Interpretations"

By R. O. JOLLIFFE

IN his prefatory note to "Roman Essays and Interpretations" (Gundy, Toronto, \$4), the author, Professor W. Warde Fowler, leaves it to the critics to decide whether he has done rightly in revising and reprinting some of the papers that appear in the present volume. I venture to say that the verdict will be unanimous. The studies which were read with appreciation by the scholarly world to which they were first addressed will be re-read in their revised form with renewed appreciation; while a wider circle of readers will welcome the opportunity of making their acquaintance in this more accessible collection. The material which appears in the book for the first time only affords fresh proof that the learned author's eye is not yet dim nor his natural force abated.

The papers divide naturally into four sections, the first dealing with subjects connected with Roman religion, a field which Mr. Fowler has made peculiarly his own. The first two papers, both reprinted pieces, are semantic studies of the words *religio* and *sacer*. Now words are by no means the fixed and static entities that they are commonly supposed to be. They grow and develop with the expansion of the thought and feeling of the race and mirror clearly every change that takes place therein. This is particularly true, of course, of those words which are concerned with the intellectual and spiritual life of man. A great flood of light may be thrown upon various lines of national and religious development, upon quaint and curious practices, upon strange inconsistencies, as they seem, in character and conduct by an exact understanding of the development of human ideas and their expression in speech, as old words adapted themselves to changing beliefs or took on meanings markedly different from those which they had hitherto borne. It is perhaps difficult for the laymen in linguistics to appreciate the value of this intimate study of words or to realize how the whole fabric of scholarship has been built up around it. But no one, however inexperienced in such matters, could read these two studies without having his interest aroused in the changing concepts and connotations of words so important in the history of the life of man as these. How the one word passed, in the course of centuries, from the meaning of awe and reverence to denote the monastic life, and how the other meant at once sacred and accursed, is a story not merely fascinatingly told but full of suggestion for the explanation of many curious religious and social practices.

"The Oak and the Thunder-God" is an illuminating study of ancient woodcraft and

ancient ritual. But perhaps the most appealing of all the papers that make up this first section is that on "The Religious Meaning of the Toga Praetexta of Roman Children." No student of antiquity needs to be reminded of the jealous care with which the life of the family was guarded in primitive Italy or of the reverence with which children, the hope of the race, were always guarded. Every one will recall Juvenal's famous words: *maxima debet pueri reverentia*. But Roman childhood which has too often been mistakenly regarded as a sombre and cheerless thing is here depicted with real insight and sympathy. The brief treatment of Rome's ideal boy, Ascanius, will send many a reader back to his Aeneid with new as well as with renewed appreciation.

The history of Roman religion may not appeal to many as an attractive subject for investigation, but illuminated and quickened as these studies are by genuinely human sympathy they cannot fail to awaken interest and stimulate the imagination. To quote the concluding sentences of another of these fascinating papers: "In this, as in a hundred other instances, a more accurate knowledge of the details of Roman religion, once so much derided and despised, will be found to have a most important bearing on the social and economic history of the wonderful Roman people."

The second section deals with matters that seem, at first sight, to have interest only for the classical specialist. Yet here too the general reader will find much to his liking, particularly, I think, the article on "The Lex Frumentaria of Gaius Gracchus," (reprinted from the English Historical Review of 1905), and that on "An Unnoticed Trait in the Character of Julius Caesar," (from the Classical Review of 1916).

In the third section are collected various papers dealing, very entertainingly too, with parallels between ancient and modern conditions and incidents. Those who have a liking for anthropology will find much to arouse their interest in the comparison between the prehistoric civilization of northern Italy and the social development and communal practices of the Kayans and Kenyahs of modern Borneo. The slighter papers that complete this section are all well worth reading, particularly "The Great Serpent of the River Bagradas."

The first two papers in section four are a series of interpretations of Horace and Virgil, all of them dealing with familiar passages, and dealing with them in a manner not too technical for the general reader, in whom a title such as "Vergiliana" too often arouses a fear that there are lions in the way.

But there are no lions here. In reading these delightful interpretations, which throw gleams of light, even for the specialist, on many a passage, one can readily understand how the term "humanities" came to be applied to the unspoiled study of the great classics of Greece and Rome. For, informed with learning as these papers are, the deepest impression they leave upon the reader is that of essential human-ness. Literary interpretation is far from being a matter of investigation and learning alone: the hearing ear and the understanding heart play an even greater part. It is precisely at this point that, not infrequently, German scholarship breaks down. The German has to aid him no such background of literature as has fallen to the common heritage of the English-speaking world; and his intellectual qualities could hardly be described as essentially humane. I think it is as much a sense of impatience at this defect as it is any feeling of national prejudice inspired by recent events that has led Warde Fowler in these interpretations to take a few not malevolent flings at German commentators. One may cite as examples such phrases as "the rather wooden-headed Gossrau," "the typically dryasdust German Professor," who conceives a theory, and then, by a policy of frightfulness in dealing with the text, forces it to fit his theory.

In interpreting Virgil one instinctively feels that long years of sympathetic study have enabled Warde Fowler to walk with assured tread. His profound knowledge of Roman religion is an unerring guide in such a passage as that in the First Georgic (268 ff), which recites the work that may be done on the farm on holidays. And this vindication of the character of Aeneas will challenge many to read again the episode of Dido and Aeneas, and to read it, moreover, with added insight, if not with completely changed convictions. The same thing can be said of his fine analysis of that great series of odes with which Horace's third book opens. I feel that I shall now have to put a question-mark opposite some of Wickham's notes, fine as they are in general. Certainly many a reader will go back from his reading of this section to the great Regulus ode, to experience once again the noble thrill of inspiration from that most Roman of all Roman songs. It is a real criterion of books about books, whether or not they send you back to the originals. Tried by this test this book will not be found wanting.

There follow two brief sketches of the great classical scholars of the nineteenth century, Niebuhr and Mommsen. The latter's portrait is especially vivid. Those who have not access to the voluminous "Lives" of these distinguished scholars will welcome these brief but sympathetic accounts of their labors and achievements.

The last paper in the book will, naturally,

make the widest appeal. It is an essay, reprinted from the Classical Review of 1916, on "The Tragic Element in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar." Not often does an essayist on Shakespeare come to his task so well equipped. The author of the brilliant volume on Julius Caesar in "The Heroes of the Nations" series can speak with peculiar authority on such a theme. And even those who are familiar with Professor MacCallum's learned work on "Shakespeare's Roman Plays and Their Background," will find in this study fresh illumination on one of the greatest plays of the great master of tragedy, particularly upon the question why the tragedy does not bear the name of its undoubted hero, Brutus. This question has vexed the critics from the time of Malone and Voltaire down to the present. One of two answers is usually given to it: either, that Caesar is so unquestionably the greatest name in the play that it was quite impossible to call it by any other name than his; or, that the spirit of Caesar is the dominant power of the tragedy, not merely in the first half of the play where Brutus fights against it and fights in vain, but in the last half as well, where that same spirit arises, stern and terrible, and wreaks vengeance on the conspirators. After discussing these two views of Voltaire and Dowden, Warde Fowler gives us a fine treatment of the master mind of Shakespeare working over the recalcitrant and untragical material which he found in Plutarch's life of Caesar. Plutarch had his Boeotian limitations; he was incapable of realizing the true greatness of Caesar. "His one idea about Caesar was that he was ambitious, which is an easy but often fallacious way of explaining a man's character." Shakespeare undoubtedly caught this one idea from Plutarch, as Antony's funeral oration shows, but he did not let Plutarch's narrowness mar his own conception of "the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times," or of his murder as the most tragical event of the time.

It would only mar a keen and penetrating piece of criticism to try to condense into one brief paragraph the detailed argument with which Warde Fowler seeks to establish his point that there is a union in this play of the old idea of tragedy, the sudden fall of overwhelming greatness, and of a totally new idea of tragedy, that of retribution falling upon a good man whose very goodness has made him wrongheaded in action. I am not entirely convinced myself that this new idea of tragedy was so new as Mr. Fowler suggests. I think it could be established that this same idea of goodness brought to ruin by wrongheadedness appears in more than one Greek tragedy. But that point does not detract from the interest of his illuminating discussion of the dramatic technique which Shakespeare uses to cover up this *contamination* of tragical elements, and to sustain the interest

of the play once the majestic figure of Caesar has passed from the stage and Antony's brilliant rhetoric over his mangled corpse has roused his hearers to madness and havoc. The "fatefulness" of the murder is the *leit motif* that is sounded in our ears to the very end of the play. The great Caesar, who "bestrode the world like a Colossus," is mighty yet; his spirit still walks abroad, "raging for revenge".

It is a varied menu which this charming book serves up for the reader's delectation:

religion, semantics, anthropology, biography, and literary criticisms which reveals the keenest insight and the utmost delicacy of touch. I cannot better conclude this brief survey than by quoting the words with which the author closes his own tribute to Mommsen: "The study of humanity in all its ages and phases is surely the noblest of all noble employments; and all honor is due to those who faithfully and unweariedly devote their lives to it."

Sources of Chekhov's Art

By EILEEN THOMPSON

Letters of Anton Chekhov to his Family and Friends, with Biographical Sketch; Translated by Constance Garnett. (Macmillan, Toronto, \$3.50).

ANTON Chekhov made his writings from his impressions and memories. To a certain extent all authors must give back to the world something of what they have received from it, but in most creative writers the material details of their lives are submerged in their own imaginations, and the accidents which shaped their ends are so transformed that they are only faintly recognizable in the final form of their works. It was otherwise with this Russian. He pulled flowers and weeds from every wayside that he passed, and separating and studying each bloom kept them for his treasure and his use. From associations of childhood, its services of song, the face of a girl in the Sevastopol railway, the smell of heliotrope (it must come again in the rendering of a summer evening), from the very torments of social boredom in Moscow and his medical experiences and patients he drew his varied motifs and reincarnated them in an art so direct and limpid that it seems a repetition of life itself.

Yet Chekhov was not in anyway a taker of photographs. Not one of his characters is said to be either a caricature or facsimile of a living man. But the same forces which moulded the men and women around him, the same tricks of life and temperament that eat away the happiness of humanity everywhere, through the sensitiveness of his genius shaped the creations of his brain and their consequences, and Ivanoff and Lopakhin, Sonia and Sasha, "difficult people" and the children of the Steppe, are not only typical Russians but human beings of all Europe, most remarkable like ourselves.

Therefore we are more than ordinarily grateful to Miss Constance Garnett for her trans-

lation of the "Letters of Anton Chekhov to his Family and Friends" and its partial unveiling of this purposely detached artist who was yet so permeated by his work that he regretted God had not given him the power to be a free artist and nothing more. She has evidently selected wisely from her exhaustive material, and we are only sorry that the withholding from publication of the letters to his wife, the actress Olga Knipper, has necessitated the end of her book being sketchy and incomplete. As it is, the public is given all it has a right to have of the writer's intimacies, his attitude toward his own and contemporary writings, and his affection for his family and friends.

Anton Chekhov was born in 1860, the grandson of a serf and the son of a shopkeeper in Taganrog. This peasant origin shows little on the surface of his nature, but it probably gave him the folk humor of his farces ("The Proposal" and "The Bear" are typical of this type) and a deep delight in the ownership of land. That in later years he cherished a mongoose and inquired for the starlings was due to his mother's training; from his father he gained discipline, knowledge of music and talent. At nineteen he entered the Faculty of Medicine at Moscow University and throughout his life followed his profession unremittingly and selflessly: in later years he saved Melihov from the cholera and his ill days at Yalta were thronged with consumptives. "Medicine is my lawful wife and literature is my mistress," he writes in 1888, "if I did not have my medical work I doubt if I could have given my leisure and spare time to literature."

Happily medicine was not jealous and lent to her rival her best powers of analysis and definite depiction with a contempt for the artificial conflict between science and art. The year 1889 saw "Ivanoff" acted and his reputation as a writer begun. A series of

plays followed, with an attempt at a novel, while his short stories portraying both spirit and incident of Russian life surrounded him with rapidly increasing fame. He made friends with Suvorin, the editor of the *Novoye Vremya*, and to him more than to any one person he unburdened his literary ideals. "When I was writing this play," he explains, "I had in my mind only the things that really matter,—that is, only the typical Russian characteristics. Thus the extreme excitability, the feeling of guilt, the liability to become exhausted are purely Russian. Ivanoff and Lvov appear to my imagination to be living people. I tell you honestly, in all consciousness, these men were born in my head not by accident, not out of sea foam or pre-conceived 'intellectual ideas'. They are the result of observing and studying life."

Through his brother Mihail he became interested in the prison systems, and, armed only with his card as newspaper correspondent, he set out in April 1890 for the convict settlement of Sahalin. From the dull grey towns of the Kam, the three thousand miles of cruel driving across the half-flooded plains of Siberia, from the North American beauty of Transbaikalia and the Amur, letters came back to his family vivid with details and color of Russia in Asia. A physical susceptibility which on a later trip made Venice lose her magic for him in a shower of rain and during this journey caused the warm sun of Lake Baikal to compensate him for his foot tortures on the banks of the Irtysh, gives these letters extraordinary life. Landscape and people stand out in startling silhouettes.

Chekhov's early ill health grew steadily more marked and his activity allowed him little time for proper care. He travelled in Western Europe, collected for famine sufferers, bought and remade a country estate, fought the famine and wrote unceasingly. In 1889 the doctor's verdict of tuberculosis forced him to Yalta, but even in his invalidism he made gardens. He kept in touch with the Moscow players and wrote "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard". He died in 1904.

Probably disease and poverty exaggerated Chekhov's sensitiveness, for in his plays and tales he shows an almost uncanny consciousness of the influence of one personality on another, the disappointments, small cruelties and meannesses that weaken men's lives. Dogmas and easy optimism were alike distasteful to him, but he saw afar off the possibility of human betterment, and the characters of his dramas are not so much the oppressed of an outside fate as the victims

of their own inability to achieve their ideals. This perception of moral beauty, rising like a faint dawn behind the darkness of his tragedies, is exquisite like his discernment of nature. With his pitying satire it is the one note of relief. In all honesty he could not paint contemporary society as happy, but Nikolay of "Easter Eve" who writes, unseen, the canticles is not a failure; he bears "the fair fruit of light".

Daily life as it passed with its dregs and scum and dreams of poets was Chekhov's subject. "To think that the duty of literature is to unearth the pearl from the refuse is to reject literature itself. 'Artistic' literature is only 'art' in so far as it paints life itself". And later he pleads: "My business is merely to be talented—i.e., to know how to distinguish important statements from unimportant, how to throw light on the characters and to speak their language".

The same intellectual honesty kept him an individualist, separated from literary schools and sceptical of their battle of words. Trofimov in "The Cherry Garden" only echoes his author's own indignation when he rails against the intellectuals who talk and talk and do no work. To Chekhov labels and trademarks were a superstition. "My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love and the most absolute freedom—freedom from violence and lying whatever forms they may take. In his eyes stern labor alone can save Russia from chaos, and to plant a forest is well if, even in a thousand years, mankind is made happier by it.

The finer distinctions and repressions of an artist must always be blurred in translation, and it is almost presumptuous for a foreigner to speak of an alien style. But even through the medium of a different language Chekhov's restraint and penetrating selection pierce his readers. So slight are some of his silhouettes and sketches that the form seems hardly there, yet in their vagueness, every imperceptible touch brings out the impression and leaves the central image persistent and clear. Though the more complex of his dramas may lack western conventions they have unity of character and are "harmonious, brief and complete."

Miss Garnett is one of the finest of our translators and it is fresh triumph for her that the naturalness of freedom of personal letters have not been lost in her rendering. They read as if written in English and bring close to our admiration and delight the influences which bore on the great and very national art of Anton Chekhov.



Soames and Irene Again

By SUZETTE BOGERT

MR. Galsworthy has given the discerning public a great pleasure in his recent book, "In Chancery," wherein we meet our old friends of "The man of Property," that most brilliant of his novels. From the moment we meet Irene in the opening chapters of "The Man of Property" we feel her mysterious lure. She is all woman, all grace and beguiling, languorous charm. Gold hair, dark eyes, the faint sweet scent of her—are vividly ours. And the little watchful eyes of Soames see no more than we do.

To the problems of the Irenees of life Mr. Galsworthy brings a deep sympathy, an almost tender comprehension which sees into the very centre of a spiritual conflict which to the unthinking conventional world conveys nothing more than the discontent of an erring wife.

Soames we meet again, in hot pursuit of his lost property. Irene is living on a slender income provided for her by old Jolyon,—to whom our hearts gratefully warm—a lonely unprotected life, without a lover, "faithful to memory," still beautiful, still luring, perhaps more than ever a living creation. Soames follows her urging, ever urging the same old plaint, that she must come back to him. He pleads and pleads that they should begin all over again, will she not try? He wants a son; he offers her affluence, position, prosperity, and a presentable, virtuous and, after his manner, devoted husband; and Irene, her back against the wall, answers "I would rather die." He urges a reasonable reply, and when she says, "Reason has nothing to do with it," she enunciates a deep truth, and a statement of a fact which exists none the less really because it is apart from reason. She proves her position when, with unalterable determination through all her softness, she adheres to her resolution to remain alone—each day following the other in a drab likeness to the preceding one—each day without color or joy. And Soames cannot understand. He reflects bewildered that she is no longer in love, twelve years lie between her and her dead lover, he wants her back, is ready to forgive all the past; what is wrong with him that she prefers this desolate solitary life, as a lesser evil, to life with him? Between him and his wife hangs a gossamer veil that for all its softness he cannot rend, he struggles in a mesh which twines him about with intangible fingers; he may lay violent hands upon his wife, he may make her delicate body his, but the soul of her he cannot grasp.

Someone once said that the world had never been the same since Nora banged the door. In reply to the sometimes heard criticism that Mr. Galsworthy offers no solution of the prob-

lems he presents, I think we may with truth reply that even the most vacuous mind must have been rudely jarred when Soames slammed the door which shut his wife securely into his undisturbed possession.

I think enough cannot be said of the outstanding gift which sees so far and so deep. Only a great heart and a great mind can follow suffering humanity to the inmost recesses of the soul as does Mr. Galsworthy. To read any one of his books is to feel that we too have seen far, have seen the light and the dark, and the struggles and motives and depths.

The dry humor with which he entertains us is no less enjoyable by reason of its subtlety, and in every chapter there are moments of keenest enjoyment. The one criticism that we might make is that the women of his novels are themselves never gay. True, they are all living in the heart of catastrophe, yet there are people who have been known to frivol on the edge of an abyss; not so with Mr. Galsworthy's heroines. Barbara, of "The Patrician", had her frivolous moments, but in the main they are grave, silent creatures, with a most enormous capacity for a sort of passive endurance. They are not changeable, inconsequent, they move with certainty and dignity through his pages, looking upon us with dark and always tragic gaze; but they are very beautiful, and Irene is the most beautiful of them all. We make the acquaintance of the younger generation, of whom Holly is by far the most charming. Her thread of romance is like a fresh flower of spring.—we could wish to hear more of her.

Jolyon—no longer young Jolyon—and Irene join forces ultimately, a happy solution for the two outcasts, and they have the son whom Soames so ardently desired, and to obtain whom he proceeded to such unpleasant lengths. He, having taken unto himself a wife, has a baby daughter, whose life he chooses as against her mother's when the doctor tells him there must be a choice. However, they both live, and the little girl child is so adorably described in the short paragraph wherein she has her being that we are immediately concerned for her future. We leave Soames looking with a new rapture of possession upon his "petite fleur".

Irene we feel has found a refuge — for throughout our knowledge of Jolyon there is nothing but what is lovable and enduringly trustworthy, whimsical, ironic, charming, but deeply tender—so do we know him. With regret we close a book which has been like intimate hours with friends we have not seen for "many lives". (Copp Clark, Toronto.)

What is the Most Important Aspect of Public Library Work?

By MARY S. SAXE

ALMOST any aspect of library work is important, in so far as it affects the public. It is important to have a card catalogue so mixed with brains that the public can grasp it. It is important to have a reference department in charge of a person willing to turn the volumes inside out, if she can only find what the public wants. Again, it is important to have the circulation department in charge of persons who are quick and correct, not given to gossip, just as courteous to the most tiresome applicant as to the heavy taxpayer. Again, it is important to have the juvenile department in the care of a genius who has the heart and mind of a child, with the executive ability to keep order as well as statistics, and to show wisdom in her book selection. And it is certainly important to have somewhere in the background a committee who are not too biased in their judgments, nor too stingy with the funds. Even to have a janitor who does not waste the coal in the cellars and can keep the snows from the roof.

But since no chain is stronger than its weakest link, so no library can give a better service all the time to its community than can be given by its poorest assistant.

It is a fatal mistake to appoint one head librarian at an inflated salary and feel that any material will do for an assistant. If possible a library should have an all-star cast of assistants.

It would be the easiest thing in the world to open the treasure vaults of the Bank of Montreal if one had the combination. Without it the task seems hopeless. So also it would be easy to display the treasures of a library if it were managed by a well trained staff. How seldom one finds the right combination of good judgment, tact, unselfishness, good temper, and promptness.

A young lady who had taken a course in library science with success, entered a small public library for the summer months in order to learn the charging system used in their circulating department. Here she was not a success. She was patronizing, she had no sense of humor, she had no vision. She was like the mite in the cheese. She thought cheese, she beheld cheese, she lived cheese. The curds, the whey, the frothy pail, the stool, the milkmaid, the cow, the pastures green, entered not into her imaginings at all. The fact that she was trained in theory had gone to her head, and it took her several years to her forget it.

Sometimes better results come from a course

in library science when the pupil has first had the practical experience in a library, because experience gained from books is in the nature of learning, while experience gained from actual life is wisdom.

But again one sometimes finds a person in a library position who has had both the theory and the practice, and yet is not over successful in meeting the heterogeneous public. Because that great unknown quantity, "human nature," will come to the surface now and then, in spite of all veneer. Wasn't it Mark Twain who said that a cauliflower was only a cabbage with a college education?

It must be remembered that the chief difference between a great library and a smaller one lies in the fact that in the former the Head oversees the work done by others, while in the latter she must do most herself. And that that one duty alone, "Book selection," rests on her shoulders to a great extent, and that when a reader dislikes a book, he is quite apt to say so in an accusing tone, as though the librarian should be held responsible for the author's viewpoint.

A Canadian librarian said a year ago that she considered the most important aspect of library work was trying to decide how many of the so-called war books a small public library should buy.

Her mind went back to that dreadful fall of 1914 when all the books her library owned on Germany and the Franco-Prussian war, books about Austria, about Russia, about France, suddenly shook the dust from off their leaves, and circulated, circulated, circulated.

Everyone seemed to be trying to clarify their history and geography. Presently Poland, Serbia and Italy joined the company, and then came all the published war correspondence respecting the European crisis. And then "The Pentecost of Calamity," "The Hilltop on the Marne," the spy stories, the trench yarns, the mad adventures of dispatch riders. People demanded large print that they might knit and read in unison. Each new book was hailed as the classic of the war. Publishers' catalogues teemed with new titles.

She said she went into that section of her library book stack where books on the South African war were shelved. There she found four copies of "From London to Ladysmith" by Winston Churchill. No doubt there was a time eighteen years ago when twenty copies would have been insufficient, but these four copies have not circulated in fifteen years.

The late President Eliot of Harvard once declared that a library book which had not circulated in twenty years was a dead book, and should be discarded and space given to newer literature.

But who can tell! May not the South African literature wake up some day? When the great history of this almost untellable war comes to be told, how much of this present material will prove to have been ephemeral, and which volumes will be read and re-read by generations to come?

The public library has come to be known as the people's university. And certainly one of its aspects is to have a good circulation and to serve its public well, whether they be soldiers, sailors or civilians. So it would seem that a trained librarian in charge, and a trained staff to aid her, was of the first importance if we would make knowledge spread, truth prevail, and happiness increase through the medium of the printed page. This is the inspiring task of the worker in the library field.

T. B. Costain's Promotion

The extent to which the United States draws upon Canada for the filling of many of the most important functions in its literary and magazine world is perhaps not generally recognised by Canadians. Another very striking example was afforded a few weeks ago when a young Canadian with a brilliant career on Canadian newspapers and magazines was appointed as second in command in the editorial organisation of the Ladies' Home Journal, which shares with the Saturday Even-



T. B. COSTAIN

ing Post, under the same ownership, the distinction of being more widely read than any other periodical in existence. Mr. T. B. Costain, who is well-known to Canadian readers for the vivacity and quality which he has imparted to MacLean's Magazine—and which was entirely unknown in that periodical until he took it in hand—can safely be counted on to bring further credit to Canada in his new and very important sphere. He started as a newspaper reporter on the Brantford Courier about seventeen years ago, and served in the same capacity on the Brantford Expositor, the Guelph Herald, the Ottawa Journal and the Toronto Mail and Empire. He then went to Guelph as the editor of the Mercury, remaining there for three years. His next move was to the MacLean Publishing Company, where he served in various capacities on the trade journals controlled by that house, finally becoming General Managing Editor of the organisation. His work on MacLean's Magazine began about 1914, and so keen was his interest and so fertile his ideas that the magazine gradually came entirely under his direction, and in 1915 he assumed the title of Editor. It was then that the magazine started its policy of getting the better part of its material from well-known Canadian authors, and secured successively the co-operation of Agnes C. Laut, Stephen Leacock, Arthur Stringer, Robert W. Service, Alan Sullivan, W. A. Fraser, Nellie McClung, Janey Canuck, Ralph Connor and many others. Mr. Costain's departure will be a loss to Canadian magazinedom, but his great achievement, that of proving that it pays to purchase good work from Canadian writers, remains behind him as a permanent benefit to Canadian literature. It should not be difficult to find a successor to carry on his work, and that successor will have a much easier time as a result of Mr. Costain's courage, faith and enterprise.

Library Notes

A real booklover, a poet who gave pleasure to many by his writings, and an artist whose sketches illumined his lectures on science and his talks on angling, left us when Dean W. H. Ellis was taken away. His predecessor, Dean Galbraith, and he were the figures that invariably came to mind when anyone mentioned the School of Practical Science of the University of Toronto. He will be missed everywhere, but not least in the Public Library at Toronto, where for many years he had been a regular visitor and specially since he retired from the active duties of his office.

The Municipal University of the City of Akron, Ohio, has expressed its willingness to give housing facilities to a Central Technical Library, to be supported by the joint efforts of the University and the various rubber manufacturing firms. This is the outcome of a pamphlet recently published by this University on "A Special Library for the Rubber Industry." When Dr. A. B. McCallum was president of the Royal Canadian Institute in Toronto he urged the establishment of a Central Technical Library in connection with the Institute or the Public Reference Library. The need is more pressing than ever but nothing has been done. I remember when the subject was up for discussion a prominent member of the Board of Trade and the Canadian Manufacturers Association could not see why a library was necessary. "I can understand why laboratories are needed" (he had heard a speech from an enthusiastic University professor a few evenings before and the effect had not yet worn off) "but what do you want with books?" The opportunity was too good and I felt impelled to tell him the answer given to this question when it was asked of the head of one of the large research companies of the U. S. A. His reply was—"We need a library to keep us from making fools of ourselves." To some of us that is a truism, but to many members of the bodies aforesaid it comes as a revelation; a library to them is a last resort when a speech is to be made and the ideas are few.

Mr. E. Flack from the Public Library, Edmonton, Alberta, who enlisted with the Edmonton battalion and was severely wounded, was allowed to take a course in library training at the Library School at the University of Wisconsin and upon graduating with honours has been given the position of chief assistant to Mr. Hill in the Edmonton Public Library.

The American Library Association met this year in Colorado Springs. Canada was represented by Mr. John Ridington, the Librarian of the University of British Columbia.

Mr. Garneau, the Librarian of the Public Library of Montreal, was one of the principal speakers at the meeting of the New York

State Library Association at Lake Placid in September.

The Ontario Government, through the Library Division of the Department of Education, is holding a Library Training School in the Public Reference Library of Toronto during the Michaelmas Term, September 8th to December 8th. Mr. W. O. Carson, the Inspector of Public Libraries, is the Director and there are 40 students, a gratifying proportion of whom are college graduates.

Those who go away for the summer are always anxious to take away with them books from our Public Libraries. In some of our cities we have had for years the sign "Six books for six weeks." It has been a great boon and thoroughly appreciated. This year the exodus from the cities to summer hotels has been greater than ever and we have had many letters telling us how pleasant the surroundings are but "please send us some books, we never appreciated so much our library privileges". It is remarked how hotel proprietors have neglected this part of catering for their guests. The same complaint has been in some of the English papers and we note that in Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides" it is recorded:

Dr. Johnson insisted on stopping at an inn as I told him Lord Gardenston had furnished it with a collection of books, that travellers might have entertainment for the mind as well as the body. He praised the design, but wished there had been more books and these better chosen.

It would be interesting to know what volumes were included in the library of Canadian books which His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales took with him on his return to England.

Dr. Frank P. Hill, the Chief Librarian of Brooklyn, N. Y., was a visitor to Toronto Libraries this summer.

Mr. Jast, formerly Librarian at Croydon and lately Assistant-Librarian at Manchester, has been appointed Chief Librarian of the Manchester Public Libraries, to succeed the late Mr. Sutton.

The Ontario Historical Association held a most successful meeting at Owen Sound in June. Librarians were represented on the Executive Committee by Mr. Barnett of the Barnett Library, Western University, Professor Lang of Victoria College Library, and Mr. George H. Locke of the Toronto Public Library.

Mr. W. Stewart Wallace, who has been lecturer in History in both Toronto and McMaster Universities, and one of the editors of the Canadian Historical Review, has been appointed Associate Librarian of the University of Toronto. This seems to be a very suitable appointment and reflects credit upon those who made it.

Hon. Martin Burrell retired from the portfolio of Minister of Agriculture in the Union Government to accept the position of English Librarian of the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. He succeeds Mr. Martin Griffin.

Mr. Taché, formerly King's Printer, has been transferred to the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa to be French Librarian. He succeeds Mr. Decelles.

Lord Hugh Cecil made a strong plea for money for the development of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In it he said: "Is there no millionaire who would like to write his name beneath that of Bodley, and to earn for it undying fame, by giving to the Curators of the Library all that they need to maintain and organise their noble collection of books, in the fullest usefulness to learning." Within a few weeks Mr. Walter Morrison gave £50,000 for this purpose, the largest gift of money ever made to any single department of the University. This ought to encourage some of the University libraries of Canada who have a great struggle to get appropriations even fairly commensurate with reasonable demands. But then there are many of us who remember that in our undergraduate days libraries were looked upon as luxuries and the persistent rumour was that a University Library was for *professors* and only incidentally for *students*. On mentioning that tradition to an old graduate he said that such was his view until he became a professor.

The first complete draft in the author's handwriting of the first story in Kipling's "The Jungle Book", 12 pages, folio, with the author's inscription on the first page: "Susan Bishop from Rudyard Kipling, February, 1893", was sold at a book auction in New York for \$4,000.

The great London Library so ably presided over by Dr. Hagberg Wright is recovering from the effects of the war and is able to proceed with the extensions planned years ago. We are specially interested to hear that the complete new supplement (containing 850 pp. grants, double columns) of all the books added to the Library since the beginning of 1914, is now in the press. These catalogues of the London Library are of special value to librarians and book lovers and collectors. This is a subscription library. There are 4,014 members. The librarian, Dr. Wright, was at the head of the movements in England to provide reading matter for the soldiers and sailors during the Great War.

It is of an American author, somewhat of a self-important individual, who also dabbles in newspaper work, that the following story has been told of late:

Entertained one night by an eminent journalist and litterateur well known in London, he began to descant on the age of publications. "We have in Philadelphia, you know," quoth he, "the oldest active publication in the English language—'The Saturday Evening Post', dating back to 1774-1775. Yes, sir, the oldest active publication in the English language."

The eminent journalist and litterateur looked at him for a few seconds. "See here", he said slowly, "take down that third book, third shelf behind you. Turn to the first page, and read." Duly the ancient volume was taken down.

"The Spectator, Thursday; March 1, 1710 11," the author read out.

"What is the age of this, then?" and a folded copy of the current "Spectator" was held up for him to view.

"My golly! Two hundred and nine year old. I give it up," exclaimed the American "Our 'Saturday Evening Post' ain't a patch on it."

One thinks of the shade of Hutton, who founded the present "Spectator" in the sixties of last century, chuckling solemnly over the joke.

A Canadian's comment on the above story is that the story would be improved by removing "golly" which only the stage American uses.

The City of Lethbridge, Alberta, has had a library for some years but the appointment of a trained librarian this year so increased the usefulness of the library and added to its popularity that the city is making arrangements for building a new library during the coming year. Miss Hazel Bletcher, B.A., a graduate of the Toronto Public Library, is the librarian.

The Imperial Union of Teachers held two special meetings in July to hear an "Exposition of the Promise of the Literature of the Overseas Dominions". Canadian literature was dealt with by Mr. Ian Hannah who is described on the announcement as having been at one time President of King's College, Nova Scotia.

The increased cost of books is having a very decided effect upon the Public Libraries. Every library reports a large increase in the number of borrowers. Specially gratifying is the decrease in the purchase of cheap magazines by our Public Libraries. The increasing cost means that the "ordinary" novel and the less than ordinary magazine will be crowded out, and at last librarians will recognize that it is not the number of titles which makes a library but the judicious selection of good books and the duplication, and indeed multiplication of copies. There are 58 copies of Marshall's books in one small Library with which I am acquainted and one day recently the Librarian told me that not one copy was on the shelves.

There is a division of Canadiana which I think would be of very great interest and which, so far as I know, has not enlisted the interest of our collectors. I refer to the book of signatures which the subscription book agent shows you and in which is a roll of his victim's names. These autographs should be preserved. Nothing pleases me as much as to pore over these when submitted to me and to guess what were the circumstances attached to the signing of some of these names.

The great Huth library has been sold. There were 14,000 volumes and the amount realized

was almost £250,000. The sale lasted eight weeks. One of the pleasant incidents was the provision in the will of Mr. Huth by which the British Museum had the first selection of a gift of 50 items.

The Public Library Board of Toronto has recognized the necessity for placing its trained assistants on the plane of the teaching profession in regard to salaries—as far as that is possible. Therefore it has adopted a salary scale which provides for a minimum salary of \$1,000. The examination requirements for service in the Library are at least equal to that of entrance upon the teaching profession and at last the salary is being moved up to cor-

respond in some degree to those demands.

Imperial journalists have been touring Canada and seem to have met almost every kind of Canadian except those who represent some of the intellectual interests. Of course they received honorary degrees at special summer Convocations of our Universities but it might have been enlightening to them if they had seen some of our Public and High Schools and our Public Libraries. Perhaps that idea did not occur to the journalistic publicity committee which guided their progress; but perhaps the source of knowledge is not as spectacular as the application and exploitation of knowledge.

New and Forthcoming Books

The Musson House has issued a little pamphlet which can be heartily recommended to all those interested in Canadian literature, and which doubtless will be sent to any applicant upon request. It is entitled "Blazing a New Trail," and is charmingly illustrated, containing many portraits of Canadian authors, and we strongly suspect it of being the work of Professor W. T. Allison. It is in the form of a dialogue, discussing the rise of a considerable body of Canadian, and indeed Western, authors. It contains much interesting information about Robert J. C. Stead, R. G. MacBeth, Douglas Durkin, Will E. Ingersoll, Hopkins Moorhouse, Frederick William Wallace, and others of the Musson group.

Captain Frederick William Wallace's chief trouble, in regard to his new novel, which is appearing this month from the Musson Press, was in finding a title. He eventually adopted "The Viking Blood", which is intended to suggest the strain of passionate devotion to the sea which is found in large numbers of the Celtic population of the Maritime Provinces, and which gives them special qualifications for the adventurous life which he portrays even more vividly in this volume than in the earlier "Blue Water."

Frederick Niven, the accomplished British writer who is a frequent contributor to the *Canadian Bookman*, and whose "Justice of the

Peace", one of the most important novels of the decade, is now available in a moderate-priced reprint, will shortly bring out "A Tale That is Told", published by McClelland and Stewart. Mr. Niven is now a resident of British Columbia, but we understand that the new novel, like "Justice of the Peace" and unlike "The Lady of the Crossing", is laid in Scotland.

A new novel with a Canadian setting is "Poor Man's Rock" by Bertrand W. Sinclair, author of "North of Fifty-three". It is a vigorous tale of the British Columbia salmon industry, and is issued by the Ryerson Press.

Hopkins Moorhouse, whose detective story of Toronto Bay, "Every Man for Himself", is hardly yet ink-dry, has already written a new novel chiefly located at Port Arthur, with the title of "Haskett of Thunder Bay."

A great many Canadians who were in England during the war know Major-General Alex. McDougall, C.B., who was the G. O. C. of the Canadian Forestry Corps. A younger brother of General McDougall served in the more dangerous activities in Mesopotamia, being a captain in the Royal Field Artillery. Out of his experiences among the Arabs, Mr. Morris McDougall has secured material for a story entitled "The Shadow of the Mosque", and this first novel has just been published in England, where the critical comments were very kindly.



Books Received

Anonymous, "The Voice," Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.65.—Probably the work of a clergyman with a strong interest in social reform and a realising sense of the inadequacy of the work of the organised churches in that direction. The author, who has a praiseworthy ability to tell his story in very concise form, imagines a great English mine owner, cast away on a desert island, finding a Bible on that island and devoting five years to its perusal and the absorption of its spirit. On his return, he undertakes to put into action the doctrine of selflessness as the proper method of human conduct, and naturally has a very exciting time with his miners, and with the political, ecclesiastical and labor authorities of the country. He is very nearly murdered, but in the end his principles triumph, and we leave him sitting in the Prime Minister's office, telling that harassed statesman how to solve the problem of social unrest in Great Britain by building houses.

Aumonier, Stacey, "One After Another," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.75.—Mr. Aumonier's last previous novel, "The Querrils," placed him definitely among the important English writers, although quite in a class by himself in respect of style and manner of treatment. He covers an immense amount of ground in the lives of his characters by the vivid presentation of small but significant incidents, often of a highly bizarre character. Thus in the present book, the autobiographic hero records that on his wedding day he found himself by some accident wearing two unpaired socks; and several years later, when he is contemplating an illicit week-end trip with another lady (whom he represents as mainly responsible for the project), his wife puts out for him the same identical mismatched socks—and the trip is off. Both the hero of this work and his sister, who is almost as important in the narrative, are highly interesting, artistic and unusual people, the progeny of a Spanish mother and an English father, the proprietor of what in this country would have formerly been called a saloon. They are strong characters, and they strive to mould life as they desire, and life moulds them in its usual ruthless fashion.

Ayres, Ruby M., "The Scar," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.65.—Sixteen other "works by the same author" appear in the list opposite the title page; nearly all of them are extremely popular. They are all full of lively incident, with just enough character drawing to make the reader feel that he may possibly be perusing something really serious. The present volume deals with the history of a young man of distressingly hot temper who ends up six of the first twelve chapters by expressing a desire that some other member of the cast will "burn in hell-fire for ever and ever" or something else to the same effect. The thirteenth chapter, by way of variety, ends with "Mark grunted something inaudible." The scar was acquired by Mark in one of these fits of temper, in a very early chapter, and was on the left wrist. In the last ten pages, the hero loses his left arm, his scar and his violent temper, all in one operation, in a railway accident. There is doubtless some deep significance in this, but we do not profess to know what it is.

Bannerman, Sir Alexander, "The Man with the Rubber Soles," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.65.—An interesting and original mystery story, whose basis is a supposed plot by enemies of England to depreciate the currency and impair the national credit. The author is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and was a Commander in the Air Service during the war, having been one of the earliest students and advocates of aviation in England. This appears to be his first novel, and it has some of the defects, such as loose construction and excessive dialogue, common to that kind of work. The story, however, is ingenious and holds the attention.

Benson, Stella, "Living Alone," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.00.—The author says that this book is not meant for real people, and though we thought ourselves quite real before starting it, we emerged from its fairy happenings, its witches and magic spells, feeling anything but that. The book is so full of glamor and unexpectedness and outdoors and humor that only those who delight in such things should read it. "Mere" people will only find bewilderment and annoyance at its exquisite nonsense—Witches and wizards are people who are living for the first time. The rest of us have lived in so many and diverse previous states that we have become blasé and perhaps bored, and take no stock in the really interesting things around us; whereas witches find everything new and wonderful and never lose an opportunity of making experiments. "They have to learn everything from the beginning, except magic, which is the only original sin." The effect of these extraordinary creatures upon the dun-colored life of Susan Brown, Government clerk, makes a background for a great many wise and witty and mirth-provoking observations.

Blackwood, Algernon, "John Silence: Physician Extraordinary," Dutton, New York.—A collection of five stories of the supernatural, all told with Mr. Blackwood's unrivalled skill in the suggestion of abnormal atmosphere, and all dealing with "cases" in the records of Dr. Silence, an expert clairvoyant and student of psychic phenomena. Probably the best is the first of these stories, in which the surviving influence (one can hardly call it a ghost, for Mr. Blackwood does not deal in anything commonplace) of a deceased female criminal manifests itself, not to the investigator himself, but to the dog and the cat whom he takes with him. The different reactions of these two animals to the presence of the "influence" are so vividly described that they actually produced the sensation known as goose-flesh in a very hardened reviewer.

Brown, Alice, "The Wind Between the Worlds," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.25.—Miss Brown is one of the most conscientious and accomplished literary artists of the United States. Scarcely a year ago, we had occasion to speak very highly of her study of Back Bay family life in "The Black Drop." Her newest work is a very delicate study of a well-to-do American family in which the wife and mother has become an ardent pursuer of messages from the other world. The terrible disintegration of character resulting from this interest, and the strain to which it subjects the rest of the family, are depicted with great skill and veracity. Equally fascinating is the study of the aged and self-deceived scientist who believes that he is on the verge of effecting communication with non-human intelligences, and who almost ruins his daughter's life by the methods which he forces her to employ in order to obtain money to continue his experiments.

Buckrose, J. E., "Young Hearts," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.65.—No one who is at all partial to this author should miss reading this humorous account of an amateur gentleman-farmer's attempt to establish a corner of Merrie England in a small village. And yet, with all its humor, the descriptions are never over-drawn, and in spite of his excessive platform manner and his rather overhearing disposition, one cannot help having a genuine fondness for Mr. Thompson; and his various feasts with their old-time customs as dictated by Granny Wilson are well worth attending, if only in imagination. There are some excellent ghosts, which are never quite laid; and to miss Mrs. Kerman, who "came to oblige" and always had her "family to consider" would be a calamity, to say nothing of the other delightful people who become one's friends. The book has a good old-fashioned ending, refreshing in days when most novels leave one suspended in mid-air.

Carroll, Robert S., M.D., "Old at Forty or Young at Sixty," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.50.—"The primary reason for food is the production of energy, but we use it too largely for pleasure." "Damaging ease of mind steals early into the lives of many after school-days." Mental narrowness deforms the mind as worry wrinkles do the face." These, and many scores of equally wise utterances, are embodied in this latest book by the author of "The Mastery of Nervousness" and other works on the typical diseases of the present age. Those who can make up their minds to follow his advice should benefit greatly.

Carswell, Katherine, "Open the Door," Goodchild, Toronto.—This novel won the Melrose prize of \$250 recently for the best first novel by a new writer. Its theme is odd, being the reaction of a Glasgow girl, brought up in severe evangelical piety, from repression to a rather excessive and unconventional freedom. But the material, in detail, is very new and personal. The scene moves from Glasgow to Italy, where the heroine marries an Italian artist of decidedly violent passions, and back again after his early death to London and Scotland. Typical of its freshness is the story of the heroine's children who secured a catalogue from a monumental mason's, cut out all the pictures of tombstones and filled in the blanks with the names of the members of the family, including themselves, and of their various friends, and then proceeded to fill up the spaces in the order forms with particulars such as "measurement of body," "valuations for probate," "terms of payment," "lead or mahogany coffin," and other gruesome details.

Chambers, Robert, "The Slayer of Souls," McClelland, Toronto.—This is described as a "breathless story of black magic." The magic was undoubtedly of the blackest and most deadly hue, but, personally, we lost no breath. That may not be the fault of Mr. Chambers, who has left nothing undone in order to produce a real "thriller." He has brought into the materialistic atmosphere of New York a flood of "more-than-Oriental" magic. Astral bodies are projected without the slightest hesitation, and these startling and sometimes delightful creatures do some very astonishing things. The heroine, upon whose uncanny efforts the safety of the whole world depends, succeeds in slaying every one of the eight originators of evil (revolvers handed even by Secret Service men being quite useless) and saves millions of souls (not bodies) from being slain. Two Secret Service men are provided with nice little Chinese temple girls for brides, and our trusty hero wins his wife's love. One becomes slightly confused under the strain of remembering numerous Mongolian expressions, some of which are not translated; but Mr. Chambers is a very wonderful man. However did he think of those yellow snakes?

Clarke, Laurence, "Bernard Treve's Boots," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.65.—This is a tale of the secret service and can be conscientiously recommended to all who love tales of the secret service and insist that they must be entirely free from all hint of impropriety. There is a beautiful lady spy in the service of the German Emperor, a mistaken identity between an English aristocrat who is a rotter and an English proletarian who is a hero, a glowing love affair between the hero and the wife of the rotter, and all the regular complications derivable from this material.

Cleveland, F. A., and Buck, A. E., "The Budget and Responsible Government," Macmillan, Toronto, \$3.50.—The question of the proper systematisation of government finance has been much agitated of late in the United States, and the budget system has been adopted by several states and moved in the Federal Government, but without yet going into effect. Canadians, although already in possession of the budget system in their Provincial and Federal Governments, may find considerable instruction in this volume as to the manner in which it should be operated. There is an extraordinary variety among the plans adopted by different American communities for systematic control of finance, and this volume, which is part of the American Social Progress Series, edited by Dr. Samuel McCune Lindsay, is a careful survey of the history, character

and operations of all the important devices for securing greater responsibility on the part of the spending authorities.

Cody, H. A., "Glen of the High North," McClelland, Toronto.—This is another of Mr. Cody's popular tales of the gold-fields of the Yukon, the country in which he is so at home, and one would think, from the delightful descriptions of the glorious mountains, that winter never visited those parts. The action of the story of course takes place in the summer, and there is plenty of action. There is a doughty young hero, one of whose biggest assets is that he has played a fine part in the war as a sharp-shooter. There are bears, both black and grizzly, very grizzly; Indians who act as protectors to a very beautiful girl, and a mystery which remains one to the hero to the very last, though we must confess that we scented it out; perhaps we were meant to do so. For those who love stories of adventure in the North, this one will be full of interest.

"Comfort," Will Levington and Dost, Zamin Ki, "Son of Power," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.90.—The publishers, in a preliminary note, are kind enough to inform us that Mr. Comfort's collaborator is one Willimina L. Armstrong, but it is characteristic of the Comfort literature never to call a spade a spade, or a human being by a baptismal name if it can be avoided. Mr. Comfort has probably the most annoying style of any successful writer in the American language. "The raw curse of wickedness, and the bitter length of hate, beat down upon them—out of the great snake's naked eyes. The deadly stench of old corruption, poured down upon them—in the great snake's breath."—A characteristic Comfort sentence, except that it has missed the opportunity for another repellent physical adjective before the word breath; and of the significant words in it about one-half have no conceivable meaning for the conveyance of the idea that he is trying to express. There is a class of readers who are hypnotized by vigorous words, vigorously enunciated, just as some people in an audience are hypnotized by an earnest and passionate delivery, regardless of the utter emptiness of the thing delivered. It is a pity, because if Mr. Comfort had ever been educated in the art of self-expression—and in the art of criticising and valuing the thought to be expressed, which usually goes with it—he might have quite a lot to tell us. "Son of Power" is chiefly concerned with the qualities of character which enable a human being to dominate the lower animals. Mr. Comfort appears to hold that they imply a high degree of moral power. It is a plausible notion, if not entirely original, and if he himself were a trifle more eloquent, he might convince us.

Conrad, Joseph, "The Rescue," Dent, Toronto, \$2.50. This volume, the most important example of the later or reminiscential Conrad, was reviewed at length in our April number by Professor Barker Fairley upon the strength of its publication as a serial. Possession of the tale in a single volume does no more than enhance one's admiration of the astounding skill of its construction. It is not a book to be read casually, as one reads in a magazine, but reverentially, with complete absorption. Mr. Conrad makes considerable demands upon a reading generation which is not used to having much expected of it; but he repays a thousandfold. People to whom it seems a terrible thing to spend even so much as \$1.75 for a book which will do no more than provide an evening's casual amusement, may expend \$2.50 on this volume with the assurance that they are acquiring an asset as permanent as the paper and binding can make it.

Cronin, Bernard, "Timber Wolves," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75.—Not an animal story, but an account of the operations of a class of Australian financiers who have their counterpart in Canada. Indeed, our own Mr. McKishnie has written extensively of their operations, although with less attention to the social aspects of the struggle between the small settler and the great corporation. Mr. Cronin's studies of the type of men who naturally find their way to the extreme edges of civilization are artistic and convincing.

Curwood, James Oliver. "The Valley of Silent Men." Copp Clark, Toronto, \$2.00. More than 1,500,000 copies of Mr. Curwood's novels have been sold. This is number two of a trilogy, which the publisher's press agent describes as "An epic of our times—the romance of the Canadian North-west, the last outposts of civilization." As a friend of the Canadian Northwest, we wish that press-agents would not do this. Geographically, it is true that Mr. Curwood's novel is laid in the territory behind Edmonton, and deals with the adventures of members of the R.N.W.M.P. Spiritually, it is laid in that glamorous land of romance which never was on the sea or land and which will have to be pushed further and further away as civilization extends over the surface of the earth; and may in a generation or two be exiled, either to the South Pole or to Mars. It is an entertaining book for those who like this kind of entertainment.

Day, Holman. "All-Wool Morrison." Musson, Toronto, \$2.00.—It does undoubtedly seem desirable that the water power of a given territory, being a gift of nature, should be employed for the benefit of the people of that territory. "All-Wool Morrison" thought so, and objected to its being exploited by politicians. Just how the people were to exploit it at all, if not through their politicians, Mr. Holman Day does not explain, in which he is at one with the great majority of advocates of the people's rights. The American novel reader does not seem to tire of having his political reform served up to him as fiction, provided that they are mixed with a love-story and that the hero gets his reform and his girl in the last chapter. Mr. Day satisfies all these requirements in a novel which exhibits the unusual technical achievement of filling 325 pages with the event of twenty-four hours.

Dell, Floyd. "Moon-Calf." Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.75.—Mr. Dell is associate editor of the *Liberator*, a young man of much originality and very sincere feeling, and a critic of repute. His first novel is a noteworthy example of American workmanship in a genre which has hitherto been much better practiced in Europe—the intimate biographical record of youth, its aspirations, passions, follies and disappointments. One may doubt whether this genre really possesses the vast importance which the extensive present practice of it suggests; after all, youth is a period of the formation of character, not of the exercise of it, at any rate in the male. But in these days we want to know how everything grows, and the biographical novelists of youth show us, with sometimes disarming frankness, the record at least of their own adolescence. Such a novel can only be made attractive if the writer possesses not only great analytical powers but a pleasing personal character; and nobody but a very delightful personality could have written this charming study of a youngster of the American Middle West, his friends, his employers, his relatives and—his girls. Frank and at the same time, sympathetic treatment of the latter topic is rare in American fiction even to this day. Mr. Dell treats it frankly and makes it beautiful.

Douglas, O. "Penny Plain." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75.—Another pleasant tale of calm domestic life in a Scottish village, by the author of "The Setons," with some delightful children, a good deal of local color and a love interest sufficient to satisfy the average reader. The exceptional reader will be more pleased with such racy and unaccustomed bits as the bridegroom who says to his bride on their wedding-day: "Tell me, Jean girl—no, I'm not laughing—how will this day look from your death-bed?" A very proper sentiment, but who save a Scotsman would think of it at such a moment? And Mr. Douglas puts it in the mouth of an English man!

Fox, John Jr. "Erskine Dale, Pioneer." McLeod, Toronto.—There is all the difference in the world between the historical novel, told by the accomplished storyteller, who realizes the value of atmosphere, and studies his history to that end, and the same novel told by one who seeks either to make his history predominant—that is, to make his tale a species of watered-down textbook,—or to take advantage of the remoteness of his period simply to avoid the limitations imposed by the laws of probability on tales of the present day. Mr.

Fox is a true story-teller, and falls into neither of these extremes. There is, perhaps, a little too much action in this tale of the white boy brought up in Indian camps, who emerges to find himself master of a great Virginian plantation, a little too much action and too little character. But the days were days of action, and what there is of character drawing is honest and well done.

Frey, A. B. "American Business Law." Macmillan, Toronto, \$5.00. A very carefully compiled textbook by an ex-judge of the Circuit Court of St. Louis and lecturer in the St. Louis University Law School. Canadians whose business operations involve any transactions coming under American law will find this an extremely useful body of information, though not in any sense a complete hand-book to the detail of commercial and business law such as would be required by a lawyer or law student. Indexing and references are very complete.

Gordon, Leslie Howard. "The Camp of Fear." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.65.—A mystery story which, like many of its kind, is admirable so long as it remains a mystery and becomes entirely preposterous when the mystery has to be solved. There is a half-million dollar diamond along with two murders and a love story.

Hanshaw, M. E. and T. W. "The Riddle of the Frozen Flame." Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. The Frozen Flame looked like a supernatural manifestation, especially as a new flame was always started up in the Pens on the night after some inquisitive investigator had disappeared from human ken. Actually, there was a very natural explanation connected with the operations of a band of peculiarly infamous criminals whose chief had a lovely and innocent daughter. The daughter fell in love with the hero. The hero was accused of the murder of one of the Frozen Flame victims. The great detective from London unravelled the mystery. And the whole makes an hour's pleasant and moderately exciting reading.

Harris, Very Rev. B. W. "The Cross Bearers of the Saguenay." Dent, Toronto, \$2.00.—Dr. Harris, who is well known for his humorous works on the pioneers of the Catholic church in various parts of this continent, has found a highly suitable field for his researches in the early history of Christian missions among the Montagnais, or the Algonquin tribes of what is now the province of Quebec. This volume can hardly be described as systematic history. It presents, however, in a vivid and accessible form, a number of narratives taken mainly from the Jesuit Relations and other well-known original sources, and embellished with sympathetic descriptions of the scenery and natural features of the territory. A dozen well-chosen illustrations add value to the volume, which is entirely of Canadian production and is a most creditable piece of work. Dr. Harris's opinion of the Indians is not very high, and he concludes one of his chapters by surmising that God in His mercy took pity on them and permitted them "to end for ever by their own hands a national existence, that, when the white man came, was a hell of savagery, of merciless cruelty and foul heinousness."

Hine, Muriel. "The Breathless Moment." Gundy, Toronto, \$2.00.—One of the many effects-of-the-war novels that leave one no further on at the end than at the beginning. The heroine, a beautiful and sophisticated person, whom the author considers very delightful, behaves exactly as her father, in similar circumstances, would have approved in any one but his own daughter, with the usual results but, to her evident surprise, a rather mild punishment. English scenery and country life are portrayed with such potent charm that one wishes Miss Hine would choose a different plot and make her characters more convincing. As it is, one wearies of Sabine, her network of lies and her too perfect Mark, long before the end and the theme of the story is not a pleasant one. It is not the sort of book that a sub-deb would give her grandmother for a present; the moral sense is too watery.

Houghton, Frank. "A Western Delilah." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75.—Why these things should always be

blamed on the West we do not know. It would be quite as possible for a bold, bad man to be trapped into making a confession of his crimes in the "parlor" of a house in Toronto, or Montreal, or London, England, as in the vicinity of Fort Steele, B. C., and nobody would think that such things were typical of life in those metropolitan centres. Mr. Houghton's book has no relation with real life in British Columbia or anywhere else, but we can heartily recommend it as a moving-picture scenario, if an actress can be found who can handle the broncho busting episodes.

Ibanez, Vicente Blasco, "Woman Triumphant." Dent, Toronto, \$2.00.—This novel, entitled in the original "La Maja Desnuda," after one of the two famous pictures by the Spanish painter Francisco Goya, is distinctly an early work, and is not to be compared either in artistic merit or in interest of subject with any of the other works of this writer which have attained popularity in the English tongue. It is a study of the artistic temperament breaking down under the pressure of certain forms of sex obsession—an extremely unpleasant study and not, we venture to think, based upon any very close investigation of actual facts. One imagines that Ibanez wrote it with a very deliberate intention of making as much of a noise in Madrid as he possibly could, not perhaps for the mere sake of making money, but in order to have the necessary popularity as a foundation for the success of the more serious work which he proposed to do in future. The present translation is entirely satisfactory.

Ingersoll, Will E., "Daisy Herself." Musson, Toronto, \$1.75.—This will not quite do. Mr. Ingersoll is a very clever short-story writer, but he is not yet a novelist. He is to be credited with a tremendous effort at originality; but in literature something more than effort is necessary. It is not quite so original as most Canadian critics seem to have supposed, to write a novel about a pretty servant-girl nor even to marry her to a baronet; but it is original to effect so astounding a mixture of superficial realism and fundamental sentimentality as Mr. Ingersoll has contrived in these 320 pages. We gather that he seen about everything that a lively reporter can see in a place like Winnipeg, that he has understood quite a lot of it and enjoyed the understanding, and that he thinks that his opportunities and powers of understanding are exceptional enough to justify him in writing a book to tell the public what he has understood. Thus "Daisy Herself," which would be quite tolerable as a collection of lively and well-observed episodes, becomes an effort at a dissertation on the sex psychology of pretty servant-girls who have to look after themselves in a selfish and appetitive world. And on that subject we have to decline to accept Mr. Ingersoll as an authority—as yet. Also, we wish he would give a well-earned rest to the words "dimple" and "piquant."

Kyne, Peter B., "Kindred of the Dust." Copp Clark, Toronto, \$2.00.—Mr. Kyne is reputed to find the originals of his characters largely upon the waterfront of Vancouver, B. C. Like a wise man, however, he does not annoy his American clientele by stating definitely whether his locale is north or south of the 49th degree of latitude. This is the story of the young son of Hector McKaye. Hector was a Scotchman who had made himself millions out of lumbering and shipping on the Pacific coast, and it must be admitted that Mr. Kyne manages to exhibit the qualities of character which enable a man to make millions in those businesses much more accurately and lucidly than any other American novelist. The present state of the American novel does not allow of Mr. Kyne's plot being as voracious as his character drawing. There is a young woman who lives under a cloud on the outskirts of the McKaye lumber-yard. The cause of the cloud is her possession of a young son and her non-possession of a marriage certificate. Hector's son and heir falls in love with her and Hector's wife and daughters convince Hector that this will never do. The clash of will between the old man and the boy is well drawn, and there is every reason to suppose

that the author of "Cappy Ricks" could have made this present book a realistic story of life in a newly-rich Pacific coast family, instead of a largely sentimental melodrama, had he desired or had his publishers been willing. At that it is very entertaining reading.

Le Queux, William, "Mysteries of a Great City." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75.—We had expected real thrills from this collection of short stories, and were grievously disappointed, except perhaps in the case of the gentleman who, in his circus role of human baboon, ambled forth and strangled his wife with a silk stocking. That was surprising, if a trifle unpleasant to dwell upon late at night. Perhaps our taste for detective stories has become cloyed, but we don't think so.

Le Queux, William, "The Intriguers." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.65.—A young violinist of exquisite art but no business capacity; his sister, a lovely damsel; a generous Russian princess and her brother, a brutal Russian prince with German sympathies; chorus of police, secret service men, revolutionists, opera impresarios, diplomats, millionaires and the British peerage. Like most of Mr. Le Queux's novels it can be read frontwards, or from the middle out, according to the reader's taste. We do not feel quite sure that life in the higher circles of Europe was really much like this before the war, but if it was we can imagine the members of those circles welcoming even the war as a pleasant change.

Luffmann, C. Bogue, "The Harvest of Japan." Nelson, Toronto, \$3.50.—Mr. Luffmann is a traveller and an observer, with an interest in economics and sociology, and an intense determination to be candid. He thinks, doubtless rightly, that there are many errors about Japan in Europe and America, and some serious errors in the current Japanese idea about the Japanese people and their status in the world. He holds that the Japanese cannot be accepted as the equals of Europeans until they have effected some considerable improvements among their own people. The nation and self-containment; the New Japan is impatient, scornful, nervous, and avid of publicity. Progress in Japan has been confined to the towns; the rural life is a drab drudgery and little more. "To improve the Japanese people, the Japanese must of themselves improve their employments." Mr. Luffmann is not a systematic thinker, and has not worked out a logical thesis, but it would not be surprising if this book contributed largely to an entire re-orientation of opinion about the Japanese, their rights and their needs. Much will have been gained if both the Japanese and ourselves come to realise that the barrier between peoples is often not so much a matter of racial differences as of economic differences. If the Japanese can make rural life ennobling and satisfying, they may become our superiors.

Masters, Edgar Lee, "Mitch Miller," Macmillan, Toronto, \$3.50. From the office, the press-agent's announcement, the tribute of William Marion Reedy and other evidence, we conclude that we are expected to take this tale of boy life in the Spoon River country, written by the Spoon River poet, with all seriousness. As we are entirely unable to do so, we refrain from expressing any opinion on it at all. It is written "in boy lingo" as Mr. Reedy put it, and the illustrations by John Sloan are in boy art.

MacGrath, Harold, "The Drums of Jeopardy." Gundy, Toronto, \$1.90.—A standard MacGrath of ripe flavor and substantial body, with perhaps a suspicion less of subtlety in the aroma than usual. Gems from Russia form the object of the struggle, with which New York is effectually besmeared and the suburbs spattered. Virtuoso violin-playing lightens the less emotional moments. The "drums" are a famous pair of emeralds. And at the end "her voice to his ears was like the G-string of the Amati."

McFee, William, "Captain Macedoine's Daughter." Gundy, Toronto, \$1.90.—Precisely why the author of "Casuals of the Sea" should have so completely challenged comparison with Joseph Conrad it is a little difficult to tell. The overwhelming influence of a great artistic personality often times leads many to travel in his wake who are not specially fitted for his

particular journey. "Captain Macedone's Daughter" employs practically every device of the Conrad Method: it is cast in the form of a spoken narrative by a ship's officer to his fellows; it deals with shabby (and often shady) characters engaged in fantastic (and often sordid) schemes for the exploitation of international politics; its theme is the mystery and tragedy of the sublime adventures and the pitiful destiny of all those who join with her in her tremendous gamble; the atmosphere is that of out-of-the-way ports and strange quays and cabins at sea. But the effect is much less profound. The characters never loom vast and portentous through a mist of remembered passion as they constantly do in Conrad. The sense of the devouring force of life is never overwhelming. If one had not to compare it with "Arrow of Gold" and "Almayer's Polly" it would pass for a highly successful piece of work. And Mr. McFee need not have forced the comparison.

McNeile, Cyril, "Bull-Dog Drummond." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75.—"Sapper," the author of "No Man's Land" and many other popular war books, is nothing if not versatile. On the strength of his last previous novel we accused him of aiming at the position of the British Robert W. Chambers. Today he comes forth as out-Le Queux-ing William Le Queux. We do not recall ever having read a novel with a more heroic hero, a more wildly adventurous set of adventures, a lovelier heroine, a more portentous group of villains, a more daredevil gang of hero's assistants. And the amazing thing is that while you read it is as plausible enough. Two hours of very high-pressure entertainment.

Monypenny, W. F., and Buckle, G. E., "Life of Benjamin Disraeli." Macmillan, Toronto, \$7.50 per volume.—The most important political biography in English since 1914, the Monypenny "Life of Disraeli," is now completed by the appearance of Volumes V and VI from the pen of the former editor of the Times, George Earle Buckle, who also produced the third and fourth of the preceding volumes. It was originally intended to cover the period of 1868-81 in one volume, but the removal of the necessity for reticence concerning the relations of Britain with her former ally, Russia, released a vast mass of intensely interesting matter on the Eastern Question which Mr. Buckle has used to great advantage. Students of these affairs cannot neglect the mass of new facts thus made public. But Canadians to whom the enigmas of International politics make little appeal will find ample to fascinate them in the thousand and more pages of the two new books. Perhaps no treatise on the art of government by Parliament—than which no subject need more study in Canada—could be so effective as this dramatic presentation of the struggles and successes of one who was admitted by his opponents to be the most brilliant Parliamentarian of his time and probably of all times.

Morris, Gouverneur, "The Voice in the Rice," McClelland, Toronto. Richard Boume is cast ashore on a delta in South Carolina, among a small community of slave owners, poor whites and slaves, who have survived in isolation from the time of the war of secession. He falls in love with a voice and a description of the owner of the voice, and becomes a rival of the autocratic head of the community. His hair-breadth escapes from death and his winning through to safety with his bride, form an entertaining tale in which a British peer and three baronets, all members of the little community, play an exciting part.

Norris, Kathleen, "Harriet and the Piper," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.90.—Recent novels by the author of "Mother" and "The Story of Julia Page," have been becoming more and more difficult to get into. They have a large cast of characters, few of whom have much vitality except the hero and heroine, and they take a considerable time to get under way. This is notably the case with "With Harriet and the Piper," which tells of the development of love between a young woman of twenty-eight and a wealthy business man of forty. When once one is safely immersed in the problems of Harriet Field, the young woman in question, who had indiscreetly been a party to a non-legal wedding ceremony with an unscrupulous poet-adventurer, nine years before, the rest of the tale is

interesting enough, the action being rapid and the complications highly intriguing. During the last half of the book, Harriet and her millionaire husband and wife in name only. One wonders how soon the novel-reading public will tire of this infantile device for combining a mild suggestiveness with a strict legal propriety.

Parker, Gilbert, "No Defence," Copp Clark, Toronto, \$2.00. A tale of the British West Indies, and of a daring Irishman and duels and mutinies and transportation and other excitements of the time when Ireland still had a parliament of its own. It is told by one, who, whatever be the extent to which in late years he has fallen short of the promise of his early work, is still technically one of the most accomplished story-tellers in the English language.

Penny, F. E., "Diamonds," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75.—An interesting story of life in India in the seventeenth century, when the East India Company held sway over trade between India and England, and greatly resented—and punished when possible—any one daring to engage in trade outside of the Company. Elihu Yale, Governor of the Company, for whom Yale University was named, is a leading figure in the tale which is largely historical. The dialogue, to one's relief, is in rather modern style, though one might mention that the word "faked" used in one of the conversations is an anachronism; and there are a few other examples. But the close of the book leaves one with a wish to read others of Mrs. Penny's novels.

Phillips, Chester A., "Bank Credit," Macmillan, Toronto, \$4.50.—The extraordinary output of books telling business men how to conduct business is such as to suggest that the business man has only recently discovered that any of the necessary knowledge of his calling can be acquired through the printed word and without a passage through the hard school of experience, and is determined to make the best of his discovery in the shortest possible time. Among the subjects about which he seems most hungry for printed information is that of the manufacture and use of bank credit, which it must freely be admitted is among the most important of the tools at his disposal. The latest of these books is by Prof. Phillips, of Dartmouth College. His work is more specialised than the "Organized Banking" of Prof. Agger, because it deals only with department of banking which is concerned with the discounting of commercial paper. The banks dealt with are of course of the American type. As a text-book for advanced classes in commercial colleges the book is greatly strengthened by a set of questions, exercises and problems occupying 37 pages. A very important section of the volume deals with the statements which should be required from borrowers and the means to be taken for investigation and is, so far as possible, insuring the risks attaching to the different kinds of security which the bank may purchase.

Poole, Ernest, "Blind," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.75.—Mr. Poole has undertaken to give an impression of the blind confusion and speeding up of the national life of the United States before the war. The book takes the form of the impressions of a blinded soldier, set down during the period of adaptation which occurs after his casualty. The effort to interpret an entire period in the life of an entire nation—and so inorganic a nation as the United States—is rather overwhelmingly ambitious and many inadequate and propagandist authors have attempted it with resultant disaster. Mr. Poole has greater qualifications than any of his predecessors, and his effort is at least interesting. Part of the hero's career is his marriage to a New York actress for whom he has written a play, and who eventually divorced him for the sake of publicity. All of Mr. Poole's incidents are picturesque and plausible, for he is a sincere and earnest observer of life. It is too early to say whether the entire volume achieves its purpose.

Saunders, Marshall, "Bonnie Prince Fetlar," McClelland, Toronto.—Miss Saunders, who achieved considerable fame not only in Canada but elsewhere with her previous animal books, "Beautiful Joe" and "Golden Dickie," has done an even better piece of work in this autobiography of a Shetland pony on an

Ontario farm. Books in which animals talk are usually dismissed as suitable for children only, but there is enough wisdom and sympathy in this tale, together with a general knowledge of farm life and a lively sense of humor, to interest many adults. As for the youngsters, especially those who are just beginning to notice and understand animals, one feels sure they will be absolutely in love with it.

Savi, E. W., "When the Blood Burns." Goodchild, Toronto.—Mr. Savi's last novel was "Banked Fires." He appears to specialise upon high emotional temperatures, and the present volume is quite up to blood-heat. Like its predecessors, it deals with life, in British India which, however, we refuse to believe can be as different from ordinary human life elsewhere as Mr. Savi would make it appear.

Schofield, A. T. "Modern Spiritism: Its Science and Religion." Macmillan, Toronto, 39c., paper.—Dr. Schofield is a recognised authority, resident in Harley Street, London, England, upon psychic abnormalities. He is also a profoundly religious man, deeply convinced of the detrimental character of Spiritist beliefs and practices. He believes in the existence of "possession," meaning thereby the entry into the human body of a spirit foreign to that which normally inhabits it; from which he naturally argues the existence of spirits (always in his belief more or less evil), whose existence is not dependent in any way upon the existence of a physical body. Such possession, he says, is "tacitly recognised by most of our alienists." He does not regard these spirits as having connection with the after-death existences of human beings, and he believes that any phenomena of spiritist séances, not explicable by physical laws, are to be accounted for by the interventions of these evil visitants. His theory is made interesting by the record of a large number of observations by himself and his personal friends. He believes in second sight, but admits that it is often only an abnormally acute physical vision, such as that which he declares enables certain persons to see the "aura" which radiates around all of us to a distance of six to twelve inches. Dr. Schofield seems to be able to retain his scientific attitude of mind in these somewhat bewildering spheres of thought, and the result is a thoroughly interesting, though somewhat rambling, volume.

Sinclair, May, "The Romantic." Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.25.—A mere sketch of 200 pages, and yet containing more matter than many a 600-page novel, this book cannot be passed over by anybody who enjoys modern fiction as a source of knowledge concerning the obscurer paths of psychology. It is a study of a male character, exceptional if not abnormal on the side of sex, and of the effect upon it of the pressures and strains of life in a field ambulance—the only sphere, perhaps, in which military peril and enterprise go continuously hand-in-hand with a close association with women. Certain specially subtle phases of cowardice and cruelty are depicted with Miss Sinclair's invariable skill and knowledge. Human nature is undeniably a rather horrible as well as a rather glorious sort of affair. And Miss Sinclair seems to have constituted herself a sort of feminine and twentieth-century Goya for the depiction of its most brutal phases.

Smith, C. Fox, "Peregrine in Love." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.65.—There is a certain breezy, mountain-top sort of charm about the writings of the author of "Singing Sands" which differentiates them quite clearly from the great bulk of current circulating-library fiction. The present volume is largely concerned with adventures in British Columbia, in which the hero, a very pleasant young Englishman with lots of money and a taste for irresponsible flitting about the world, has occasion to rescue the lovely heroine from numerous embarrassments and dangers. Victoria, B. C., is not a difficult subject for English novelists, and Mr. Fox Smith is entirely at home there, and lays on the local color with enjoyment and a good deal of accuracy. The description of the Victoria carnival organized by the real estate men—is quite delightful, and the whole tale is very amusing if not very profound.

Stacpoole, Margaret and H. de V., "The Man Who

Found Himself." Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.—A clever and original idea, such as one expects from Mr. Stacpoole, but treated in a rather lighter and more farcical manner than that employed in most of his writings. The writer of the publisher's notice on the cover has for once hit the exact word when he calls it "diverting." Simon Pettigrew, an elderly solicitor with a practice made up of the best families in England, develops a new disease, or one newly classified by physicians, which causes him at 62 to revert, at certain intervals, to the precise temperament, habits and manners which he possessed at 20, when a rather uproarious career of gayety was suddenly brought to an end by the losses at cards and in love and a tremendous parental reprimand. For over forty years the self that was then submerged under a surface of consummate respectability and conventionality has lurked unchanged, awaiting its opportunity. The first time it breaks out it takes Simon to Paris, and nothing very disastrous happens. What occurs on the second occasion, when the re-embodied "rounder" of the 'seventies elects to remain in London, is told with customary skill by Mr. Stacpoole and his wife and will hold the least attentive of readers for a couple of hours.

Stockley, Cynthia, "Pink Gods and Blue Demons." McLelland, Toronto.—A very entertaining tale of the diamond mines of Kimberley by the author of "The Claw" and other light but attractive stories. There appears to be a certain recipe for the social novel whose scene is laid in South Africa, in which the temptations that beset the married woman whose husband is off making a living play a large part. There must be other problems in South Africa but, so long as this particular one is handled with cleverness, why should we complain?

Taylor, Katharine Haviland, "Yellow Soap." Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75.—Theodore, erstwhile Hargraves Brady, a laundress's son—hence the name of the book—spent his early days watching his mother's soapy operations in other people's kitchens. Through many vicissitudes—demoralising to one of less delightful disposition—he rises, with the timely aid of a most unexpected large fortune (a reward for virtue seldom seen out of books) to be head of a moving-picture factory, and shows his nobility of character by taking his humble friends with him in his flight. His education was acquired through his insatiable love of books and his mother's determination that though she was not a "lady" her son should be a "gent," and a good job they made of it, though one wonders how it was possible; certainly not due to environment. Naturally Theodore marries the "Dresden China" daughter of his mother's former employer. She was his love from childhood's days, though he never, never dreamed of aspiring to her, and had it not been for an effort on her part—but we must leave that for the reader.

Travers, Ben, "The Dippers." John Lane, New York, \$1.75. An amusing narrative of a farcical episode in which, owing to failure of the male half of a married team of American professional dancers to turn up, a highly respectable English solicitor is compelled to enact his part for an entire evening, with notable complications. The story would probably be inadequate for a volume-full of entertainment but for the very vivacious and engaging dialogue with which it is enacted. One conceives of Lieutenant Travers, who is here offering his first novel, as having justifiable ambitions towards the stage. Perhaps the fact that this book is dedicated to Laurence Irving confirms the suspicion.

Turner, G. F., "The Woman of the Picture." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.65.—It is impossible not to like a man who, when asked at what hour he is inviting you to dine with him, replies, "Oh, eightish," and departs with a nod and a smile. This admirable creature meets a lady whose hair is "dull black like burnt paper," whose eyes have "charcoal lashes, which leaped up wards in a dense, curvilinear fringe," whose nose "denotes mastery," and whose mouth, "none too small even for so grand a creature, bespeaks a passionate and full-blooded love of life." This lady, by means of "the quick blast of her eye" proclaimed "a frank

and joyous appreciation" of the eightish hero. She was the Countess Stelvia of Graubheim in the kingdom of Grimland. Grimland proves to be an exciting place, as might be suspected from the nature of its countesses. The countess turns out to be three different people, each different person in love with a different male. Two of her get killed. The third—but for goodness' sake do not expect us to tell you all of this bewildering narrative. Read it yourself, if you like this kind of thing. It is certainly something entirely new.

Tyrell, Ross, "The Pathway of Adventure." Knopf, New York, \$2.00.—The precise reasons why the beautiful Zada Grayson was held in the clutches of a gang of desperate and unscrupulous crooks in a desolate Chicago suburb, have escaped us, but they are not essential. She was held, and that is enough. We suspect there was some money in it. She dropped a note out of the automobile in which the desperate and unscrupulous crooks (rather scrupulously, it seems to us) took her for an airing, and Stuart Wayne, an adventurist novelist, picked it up. Three hundred pages of tense excitement ending: "Suddenly he drew the unresisting girl closer within his arms and kissed her. 'You really love me?' 'With all my heart!'"

Watson, Robert, "Stronger than his Sea." McClelland, Toronto.—Except that we are unable to see any appropriateness in this high-sounding title, we are compelled to admit that in this volume, Mr. Watson is coming much nearer to good workmanship than in either of its predecessors, "The Girl of O. K. Valley," and "My Brave and Gallant Gentlemen." In the new story, he has aimed at a mark well within his reach, and has it with considerable exactitude. The book is really a boy's story, dealing with juvenile life in a small Scottish community, and the school and home life of the youngsters is cleverly, if sentimentally, portrayed. The nearer the book gets to an adult's love story, the less satisfactory it becomes. There is a large demand for stories of juvenile life, and we can see no reason why Mr. Watson should not meet that demand very successfully, and should not devote himself in part to the production of juvenilia with a Canadian setting.

White, Stewart Edward, "The Rose Dawn." Gundy, Toronto, \$2.00.—Mr. White has got back into his stride. "The Rose Dawn" is a tale of California land boom days, extraordinarily rich in color, which, however, is laid on with excellent taste and selected as the result of a sincere and industrious study of the records of the time. There is much in it to suggest that Mr. White has been somewhat influenced by Mr. Hergesheimer; at any rate he has produced a very fine example of the historical novel which depends on atmosphere rather than mere romance for its effectiveness.

White, William Patterson, "Hidden Trails", Gundy, Toronto, \$1.90.—"There was more than a fair sprink-

ling of customers in the Happy Heart Saloon. Tom Dowling of the 88th, Racy Dawson of the Cross-in-a-Box, and Telescope Lagniere of the Bar S were strapped against the bar, earnestly engaged in lowering the tide on a bottle of Old Crow. Four of the Hogpen outfit, and a skinny gentleman heading from the Double Diamond A, were absorbed in draw at the table in the far corner." The frontispiece exhibits the hero, with a rope around his neck, waiting to be hanged on a very inadequate tree, and fervently shaking hands with a wonderfully pink faced heroine. The cover tells us that the book is "a story for readers who love action," and that it deals with "rough, strong men of the west, gentle at heart as only strong men can be, and the strong, fearless girls of the plains." The description appears to be justified. The book has one other merit which the cover-writer overlooked, in the shape of a moderately entertaining sense of humor.

White, William Patterson, "Paradise Bend," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.90.—Regular Western stuff, plenty of guns, cow-punchers, daring and hot-tempered girls, Western slang, "bad men," and the usual love interest. Can be highly recommended as fully up to the standard grading for this staple product.

Woden, George, "Our Peter." Dent, Toronto.—Mr. Woden is an accomplished practitioner of the species of domestic fiction now moderately popular in England, in which not only does practically nothing happen, but practically nobody of any dramatic interest appears. His earlier book, "Little Houses," established him well in the fore-front of this branch of the realists, and "Our Peter," while not quite such a good novel, leaves his position unimpaired. The scene is laid in middle-class circles in Birmingham, and the novel begins with Peter's earliest childhood recollections and ends upon the announcement that his wife has presented him with twins. Between these two events are 360 pages of carefully observed and artistically narrated, but very unexciting, happenings.

Young, Francis Brett, "The Young Physician." Dent, Toronto.—This book begins with the hero undergoing the customary torments of a sensitive boy at an English boarding-school, and ends on the day when he is graduated as Bachelor of Medicine. It thus resembles a very large crop of recent novels of the juvenile biographical species. It touches lightly on the question of morals in boys' schools, contains a well executed passage dealing with the death of the hero's mother, and loses interest steadily as the hero grows up into medical studentship. Captain Young has written several novels of a somewhat less intimate character, which were rather better reading. One of them, "The Crescent Moon," based on his Central African experiences, was reviewed in the Bookman a year ago. One feels that in the present work he has been unduly influenced by some of the less healthy of the younger writers.



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CANADIAN BOOKMAN

A Quarterly devoted to Literature, the Library and the Printed Book.

B. K. SANDWELL, EDITOR

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EDITORIAL OFFICE, 205 DRUMMOND BUILDING, MONTREAL,

THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN is published quarterly by the Industrial & Educational Publishing Company Limited,
at the Garden City Press, Gardenvale, P.Q.

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A. S. CHRISTIE, Eastern Manager,
205 Drummond Building, Montreal

A. LONGWELL, Vice-President

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1402 C.P.R. Building, Toronto

CANADIAN BOOKMAN

JUNE, 1921

The Canadian Authors Association

WITH this number, the *Canadian Bookman*, which has already made itself in its two years of existence a sort of unofficial organ of the literary community of Canada, becomes the official organ of the makers of literature, organized in the form of the Canadian Authors Association. The birth of that Association, which is recorded in these pages, is, we confidently believe, an event of first-class importance in the history of Canadian literature. Nor do we believe we are exaggerating when we say that but for the *Canadian Bookman* the bringing into existence of an Authors Association, founded on so wide a basis and representing so many aspects of Canadian literary activity, would have been impossible at the present time and very probably for many years to come. The committee which called the convention consisted of four members of the editorial committee of the *Canadian Bookman*, including its editor, along with one who while not a member of the *Bookman's* committee is one of the most regular and valued contributors to the magazine. We have had many reasons for believing that the prompt and general response of Canadian writers to the call for this convention, together with the hearty assistance afforded by the later-formed French-Canadian committee, was in large measure due to the broad and non-sectional attitude maintained by this magazine and by all those connected with it.

If the convention had done nothing more than to concentrate the attention of Canadian writers upon the atrocious perversions of the whole idea of copyright which have been grafted by special interests upon the new Copyright Bill introduced this session in Ottawa, and the purport of which, we are confident, was but imperfectly understood by those responsible for the measure, the trouble taken by those who called and those who attended this gathering would have been fully repaid. But this is merely the first instalment of the results which should and will flow from the bringing together into a nation-wide relationship of the authors of this growing Dominion. We therefore make no apolo-

gy for devoting a very considerable amount of our space in this issue to the affairs of the new organization. Perhaps we cannot express our sense of the nature of this occasion better than by quoting the words of Prof. W. T. Allison, himself, one of the most active and inspiring participants in the convention, as we find them in an article written in a Western newspaper since his return to Winnipeg:

This must be regarded as a significant event in the history of Canada. It indicates that a new national consciousness is growing rapidly as one of the results of the Great War. Had there not been formed a League of Nations wherein Canada speaks and votes as an independent nation, it is not likely that we would have today this new League of Canadian Authors. Authors are strongly influenced by the tide of events; they are mirrors of our national life and voice our aspirations and ideals. The stronger the pulse of our people and the more pride they take in their status as a nation and in their own products, whether they are agricultural implements or books of verse, the more courage will Canadians have for high endeavors. Before the war, Canadian writers were few in number, ill-paid, distrustful of their own powers, timorous to a degree. Recent events, however, have ushered in a new era of confidence and hope the first-fruits of which is the wonderfully well-attended convention of authors and their formal banding together in a national organization.

In the circumstances we feel that no apology is necessary, either for the omission of the March issue of this magazine, which would in the ordinary course have been No. 1 of the third volume (the numbering now borne by this issue), or for the omission in this issue of some of our customary features, notably the condensed reviews of recent publications. The attention and energy of the editorial staff have been largely devoted, since February, to the task of making the new organization possible. The organization is now well under way, and we shall resume with the next issue all of the features which have made the *Canadian Bookman* valuable to its readers.

Canadian Authors Association

Provisional Constitutions and By-Laws

President—John Murray Gibbon, Montreal.

Secretary—B. K. Sandwell,
205 Drummond Building, Montreal.

Treasurer—W. S. Wallace,
Toronto University Library, Toronto.

Vice-Presidents—

Archibald McMechan, Halifax.

Rev. H. A. Cody, St. John, N.B.

Stephen Leacock, Montreal.

Hon. Thomas Chapais, Quebec.

Pelham Edgar, Toronto.

R. J. C. Stead, Ottawa.

W. T. Allison, Winnipeg.

(Mrs.) Nellie McClung, Edmonton.

(Mrs.) Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Van-
couver.

Basil King, Boston.

Président de Section—To be appointed by
French Canadian Section.

Council—Miss Grace Blackburn, London,
Ont.; Bliss Carman, New Canaan, Conn.; War-
wick Chipman, Montreal; Rev. C. W. Gordon
("Ralph Connor"), Winnipeg; Miss Lucy
Doyle, Toronto; Hector Garneau, Montreal;
Mrs. Florence Randal Livesay, Toronto; W.
D. Lighthall, Montreal; Miss Agnes Laut,
New York; Dr. Geo. H. Locke, Tor-
onto; Mrs. Madge Macbeth, Ottawa; Sir
Andrew Macphail, Montreal; Mrs. E. Macdonald
(L. M. Montgomery), Leaskdale, Ont.; Lou-
vigny de Montigny, Ottawa; Mrs. Emily Mur-
phy ("Janey Canuck"), Edmonton; Frank L.
Packard, Lachine, Que.; Miss Marjorie Pick-
thall, Victoria, B.C.; Lloyd Roberts, Ottawa;
Theodore Roberts, temporarily in England;
Duncan Campbell Scott, Ottawa; Robert Ser-
vice, Paris, France; Miss J. G. Sime, Montreal;
Arthur Stringer, Chatham, Ont.

Four Members of Council to be appointed by
French Canadian Section.

See also Article 4, Section 2.

PROVISIONAL CONSTITUTION.

Article 1.

Name.—The name of this Corporation shall
be the Canadian Authors Association. It shall
have an official seal which shall bear the name
of the Association, and the date of its organi-
zation. Its principal office shall be located at
Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto or Winnipeg. Each
of these cities to be the location of such office
for a period of three years. It shall continue
until dissolved as hereinafter provided.

Article 2.

Objects.—The objects of the Association are:

1.—To act for the mutual benefit and pro-
tection of the interests of Canadian Authors and
for the maintenance of high ideals and practice
in the literary profession.

2.—To procure adequate copyright legislation.

3.—To assist in protecting the literary pro-
perty of its members, and to disseminate infor-
mation as to the business rights and interests
of its members as authors.

4.—To promote the general professional in-
terests of all creators of copyrightable literary
material.

5.—To encourage cordial relationship among
the members and with Authors of other Nations.

Article 3.

Membership.

Section 1.—The membership shall comprise
three classes, viz. :—

1.—Regular Members.

2.—Associate Members.

3.—Life Members.

Any writer, dramatist or scenario writer, or
other creator of copyrightable literary material
of recognized position in his or her profession as
author may be admitted at the discretion of the
Executive Committee as a regular member.

Other writers, publishers, booksellers, etc.,
who may have sympathy with the objects of the
Association, but who are not considered by the
Executive Committee as qualified for full mem-
bership, may be admitted, at the discretion of
the Executive Committee, as Associate Members,
who shall receive the published reports of the
Association and have the privilege of attending
its General Meetings, but shall not have a vote.

The Council may appoint a Membership Com-
mittee, the duties of which shall be to investigate
the qualifications of applicants and to report
upon the same to the Executive Committee.

The Council may at its discretion elect any
author of other than Canadian nationality to
Honorary Membership.

Article 4.

Government.

Section 1.—The General Management, direc-
tion and control of the affairs, funds and pro-
perty of the Association, and the determination
of the relations of members to the Association
and of the Association to its members, and of its
members as such to each other, except as they
are controlled or limited by the Constitution and
By-laws, shall be vested in a Council which
shall consist of (40) forty members, each of
whom shall be a member in good standing of the
Association.

Section 2.—The Officers shall consist of a
President, Vice-Presidents, each of which shall
represent an authorized branch centre of the
Association, the total number of such Vice-Presi-
dents not to exceed twelve, a Secretary and a
Treasurer, who shall each be ex-officio members
of the Council.

Section 3.—The term of each officer shall be one year or until his or her successor is elected and qualifies. Officers shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Association.

The Council shall be elected at the Annual Meeting of the Association; each member in good standing and not in arrears of dues, present in person or by proxy, shall be entitled to cast one vote for each candidate, and a majority of votes so cast shall be necessary for a choice.

Section 4.—The Council shall have the power to delegate all or any of its duties or powers to an Executive Committee consisting of not less than seven (7) members of the Council. The Executive Committee shall hold office for one year or until its successors shall be elected and qualified.

French Canadian Section.

The French speaking members of the Association shall be entitled to form a French Canadian Section of this Association, the members of which may adopt separate By-laws which shall, however, be consistent with the Constitution and By-laws of the Canadian Authors Association, and be approved by the Council of the Association. The Chief Officer of this Section shall be *Président de Section* of the Canadian Authors' Association, and shall be *Ex-officio* Member of the Council of the Association. This Section shall provide a proportion of the members of the Council, the proportion to be determined by the Executive Committee as nearly as possible, according to the numerical relation of the regular membership of such Section to the total regular membership of the Association. The members of the Council representing such Section shall be elected by the members of that Section. Members of such Section shall be admitted as regular members of the Canadian Authors Association, if a Membership Committee appointed by such Section recommend such applicants for regular membership in the Canadian Authors' Association.

Section 6.—The Council may in its discretion from time to time authorize the organization or admission of further Sections.

Article 5.

Meetings.

Section 1.—The annual meetings of the Canadian Authors Association shall be held once a year at such place in the Dominion of Canada and at such time as the Council may designate. Notice of the time and place of meeting, together with full information as to any business to be voted upon at the meeting shall be mailed to each member of the Association at least thirty days prior to the date of said meeting.

Section 2.—At all meetings of the Association the presiding officer shall appoint three (3) persons present in person to act as inspectors and tellers for the meeting, whose duty it shall be to canvass all votes cast at such meeting.

Section 3.—Special meetings of the Association shall be called by the Secretary at the

direction of the Council or upon the written request of any five (5) members of the Council, or of any twenty-five (25) members of the Association.

Section 4.—The Council shall have power to authorize voting by mail or proxy, and on all measures of capital importance voting by mail shall be permitted. A mail vote shall invariably be taken on such matters as changes in the Constitution, change in membership dues or membership requirements, and any other matters which the Council deems of sufficient importance to submit to the membership at large.

Article 6.

By-laws.

Section 1.—Subject to the provisions of the Constitution, the Council may make, alter or amend the By-laws, by a two-thirds vote of members present. All amendments shall be submitted in writing at least thirty (30) days before their being acted upon, and notice shall have been given to the members of the Council of such proposed amendments and of the date on which action will be taken thereon.

Article 7.

Notices.

Section 1.—Each member of the Association shall furnish to the Secretary of his Section an address to which notices may be sent. If no such address is furnished, the principal office of the Association shall be deemed to be the address to which notices may be sent. Service same personally or by mailing the same enclosed in a post paid wrapper to the member at the address so given by him. If he has furnished no address then notice shall be served upon him by posting said notice in a conspicuous place in the principal office of the Association.

Article 8.

Dissolution.

By resolution adopted by the Council, and ratified by a three-fourths vote of members present at a special meeting called for the purpose, this Corporation may be dissolved with due regard to the dissolution of a corporation. Upon dissolution, the Council shall have full power to dispose of the property of the Corporation and over the division thereof.

Article 9.

Amendments.

Section 1.—This Constitution may be amended by a vote of three-fourths of the members of the Association, voting in person, by mail or by proxy, at any regular or special meeting called for that purpose. No proposition to amend the Constitution shall be acted upon at any meeting unless it shall have been authorized by resolution of the Council, or shall have been presented in writing to the Secretary, signed by at least twenty-five (25) members, and notice embodying the purport of the proposed amendment shall have been sent to each member of the Association with the call for such meeting, which notice

shall be sent at least thirty (30) days prior to the date of the proposed meeting.

Section 2.—The Secretary shall inform the Council as to any amendment proposed by members, as above provided for, and the Council shall give due consideration thereto, within thirty (30) days, and report its opinion to the membership with the call for the meeting at which action is to be taken thereon.

PROVISIONAL BY-LAWS.

Article 1.

Meetings.

Section 1.—At all meetings of the Association at least thirty (30) members shall be present in person to constitute a quorum.

Section 2.—If no quorum should be present the presiding Officer shall adjourn the meeting to a day and hour fixed by him not later than two months distant. Any meeting held upon the adjourned date shall have the same effect as if held on the date originally set.

Section 3.—Members absent from the appointed place of meeting on the date of the annual meeting may vote at the said meeting upon all questions, motions or resolutions previously announced in the call for said meeting by delivering to the Secretary of the Association on or before 6 p.m. on the day preceding said meeting by mail, a written or printed ballot setting forth the vote of the member and signed personally by the member voting. The Council shall determine the form of voting by proxy, and the meeting or meetings at which voting by proxy may be allowed.

Article 2.

Council.

Section 1.—Seven (7) members of the Council present in person shall constitute a quorum at meetings of the Council.

Section 2.—The Council may at any meeting remove the Secretary and Treasurer by a two-thirds vote.

Section 3.—Should any vacancy occur either among officers or on the Council, the Council shall have the power to choose temporary officers or Councilmen to act until the next annual meeting of the Association.

Article 3.

Officers.

Section 1.—The President shall be the first executive officer of the Association, and shall preside at all meetings of the Association and of its Council, and shall perform such duties as from time to time the Council may determine.

Section 2.—A Vice-President shall perform the duties of the President in his absence. The Vice-Presidents shall be responsible for the organization of members of the Canadian Authors' Association in the district tributary to their own particular branch centres.

Section 3.—The Secretary shall keep a true record of all proceedings, and shall perform such other duties as may be directed by the Council.

He shall also be custodian of the official seal of the Association.

Section 4.—The Treasurer shall receive all monies of the Association and all monies collected by it on behalf of its members, and shall deposit the same as shall be directed by the Council, and shall dispose of the funds of the Association as said Council shall direct. The Treasurer shall keep accurate accounts and submit monthly statements thereof to the Council, and shall also prepare and submit at the annual meeting, and whenever so requested by the Council a complete financial statement. He shall furnish such bond at the expense of the Association as the Council shall require.

Article 4.

Contracts.

No agreement, contract or obligation involving the payment of money, or the credit or liability of the Association, or any of its Sections, shall be made, and no printed matter or printed statement of any kind shall be issued by or on behalf of the Association unless the same be authorized or directed by the Executive Committee.

Article 5.

Discipline.

Section 1.—Any member who shall be in any wise indebted to the Association, or any member who shall be guilty of any act, omission or conduct which is prejudicial to the welfare of the Association, or any member who shall fail to observe any of the requirements of the Constitution, By-laws, or any lawful order of the Council, or of any Committee or of any Officer of the Association, in the discretion of the Council, may be either censured, suspended, expelled from membership, asked to resign, or his membership may be otherwise terminated, or he may be fined or otherwise punished.

Section 2.—In case the Council shall act only upon charges preferred in writing, and after a hearing, at which the accused may be present, and of which he shall have at least thirty (30) days' notice sent to him by registered mail at the address furnished by him.

Section 3.—From any resolution of the Council inflicting any penalty on a member or affecting his membership, said member may appeal to the Association. The accused member shall have at least thirty (30) days' notice sent him by registered mail of the time and place of the meeting at which the appeal is to be considered and may be heard. No member may take any action to review the action of the Council until after an appeal to the Association is taken and decided. Pending an appeal the accused member shall have none of the privileges of membership.

Article 6.

Membership Dues, Etc.

Section 1.—All members shall sign the Constitution and By-laws of the Association either in person or by agent, proxy or attorney as the Council may by resolution provide.

Section 2.—Members in good standing may resign. In the event of the termination of any membership by resignation, expulsion or any other cause, the rights of the member in and to any property or assets of the Association shall cease.

Section 3.—The reinstatement of any member who has resigned or been expelled is left to the discretion of the Council.

Section 4.—The annual dues of the Association shall be \$5.00, and shall be paid on the first day of April of each year. Members who shall fail to make payment within thirty (30) days thereafter shall cease to be in good standing, and, furthermore, shall be notified of such failure by the Secretary. If within fifteen (15) days after said notice is mailed said dues shall remain unpaid, the Council shall have power to take such action as it may deem proper, and until such action is taken all rights of the member is suspended.

Section 5.—The dues of persons elected to Associate Membership in the Association on or before March 31st, 1921, shall be \$3.00 per fiscal year. Associate Members shall have no vote in the affairs of the Association.

Section 6.—Any person elected to membership in the Association shall pay his dues within thirty (30) days thereafter, otherwise his election shall be void.

Section 7.—A regular member may become a life member upon the payment of (\$100.00) one hundred dollars. Such payment shall exempt the life member from any further dues and assessments.

Article 7.

Affiliations.

Section 1.—The Council may at its discretion arrange for affiliation with independent existing literary organizations, both in Canada and other countries.

Article 8.

Committees.

Section 1.—The Council shall determine all matters relating to its committees and appoint all members thereof. Members of Committees need not be members of the Council. Nothing in the Constitution or By-laws shall be construed to limit the right of the Association as a whole to vote the appointment of a committee for specific purposes at general meetings of the Association.

Article 9.

Bureaus and Departments.

Section 1. The Association, in the discretion of the Council, may establish and maintain at such place or places determined upon by the Council, such Bureaus and Departments for the advancement of the business interests of the members of the Association as said Council may consider desirable.

Section 2.—The Council may also, from time to time, publish or cause to be published such advertising or other publicity matter which will be helpful to the members as it deems advisable.

Section 3.—The Council may establish or authorize the establishment of an arbitration board or boards for the settlement of any disputes arising between members and persons with whom they may have business relations affecting the publication of their works. Requests for or submissions to arbitration must be handed to the Secretary of the Association in writing, and the parties to the arbitration must agree in writing to abide by the findings of the Arbitration Board.

Article 10.

Surplus.

Section 1.—In case that at the end of any fiscal year there should be a cash surplus in the Association's treasury the Council may at its discretion remit a portion of annual membership dues, or it may divide said surplus to the extension of the work of the Association or to any loan, benefit, insurance, or contingency fund that the Association may establish.

Article 11.

Order of Business

Section 1.—The order of business at the annual meeting shall be:

1. Reading and Correction of Minutes.
2. Reports of Officers.
3. Reports of Committees.
4. Appointment of tellers.
5. Voting.
6. General business.

Article 12.

Rules of Order.

Section 1.—The rules of order shall be governed by the latest edition of Bourinot's Canadian Parliamentary Procedure.



The Convention of Canadian Authors

THE Canadian Authors Association is the outcome of a convention of Canadian authors held in Montreal, on March 11 and 12, in the Old Medical Building of McGill University, and presided over by Dr. George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of the Public Libraries of the City of Toronto.

This convention was summoned upon the call of an organization committee consisting of Stephen Leacock, J. M. Gibbon, F. W. Wallace, J. J. Harpell and B. K. Sandwell. Notices were published in the press, in all parts of Canada, intimating that the convention would be open to all Canadian writers, or writers domiciled in Canada, who were interested in the protection and advancement of the craft of authorship; and personal notices were sent out to some eight hundred persons whose names were known to the organizing committee or were suggested by others as being those of persons likely to be interested in such a convention. Every effort was made to convey the clearest possible impression that the convention was not an invitation affair, and that the sole object of the committee was to obtain the largest possible representation of practicing Canadian authors of every kind, class, and geographical and racial division of the population. To a very large extent the latter part of the list of eight hundred persons officially notified consisted of those whose names were suggested by the recipients of the earlier notices.

In a country of such large geographical distances, the actual attendance at the convention did not naturally represent the full extent of the sympathy and support extended to it by writers at a distance from Montreal. One hundred and ten persons registered as authors in attendance at the convention, but in addition to these, the committee received expressions of sympathy and support and intimations of a desire to be informed concerning subsequent developments from nearly three hundred other writers, many such communications continuing to come in long after the date of the convention.

The organizing committee was greatly helped in its endeavor to enlist the support of Canadian writers using the French language, by the services of a special Organization Committee for

French Writers, consisting of Hon. Thomas Chapais, Fernand Rinfret, M.P., Louvigny de Montigny, Hector Garneau and Olivar Asselin, with whom Mme. Huguenin and others became loyal collaborators.

When the convention assembled at 2.30 on the afternoon of March 11, Mr. Sandwell, as the Secretary of the Organizing Committee, moved that Dr. Locke be asked to take the chair, following which the authors were welcomed to McGill University by Sir Arthur Currie, its Principal, who made some extremely happy references to the growth of national character and national consciousness in Canadian literature, and to the services performed by that literature in the up-building of Canadian nationality. Sir Arthur spoke of Montreal as an eminently fitting meetingplace for a gathering of Canada's literary men, the place where two peoples met, the point of juncture of French and English Canadian literature. He hoped that great good would come of the meeting and that it would result in much encouragement to Canadian writers and the promotion of Canadian letters.

Mr. Sandwell then explained briefly the motives which had actuated the Organizing Committee in calling the convention and the method by which it had been summoned. The Committee he stated, were more than gratified at the results of their efforts to convoke a representative gathering of Canadian authors, and they felt that the size and personnel of the present assembly afforded ample justification for any action which it might take on behalf of Canadian writers as a class. He dwelt on the necessity of organization in the matter of the copyright legislation then pending in Parliament, and noted the surprising fact that throughout the three sessions during which copyright proposals had been under consideration at Ottawa, no organized effort had been made to formulate and present the views of Canadian authors. One important result which he hoped would flow from the organization of Canadian authors into a permanent association was the improvement of the status of authorship in Canada. Canadian authorship was now emerging from the amateur to the professional stage, and he believed it to be highly important that that change should be accompanied by an organized expres-

sion of the professional interests of the followers of the art of letters. Apart altogether from copyright questions, which had constituted the chief motive for the calling of this convention at the present time and at somewhat short notice, he believed that it was desirable, both for material and spiritual reasons, for Canadian authors to form an association, a trade organization if they wished to call it so. He therefore introduced the following resolution: "That in view of the great increase in books and other copyrightable material issued by Canadian authors the interests of such authors would be



JOHN MURRAY GIBBON.
President, Canadian Authors' Association.

furthered by the establishment of an association with branches in convenient centres, the object of such association being mutual benefit and protection and the maintenance of high ideals and practice, and that a committee be appointed immediately to draw up a provisional constitution and by-laws to be submitted to this convention for approval."

It was not without significance that this resolution was seconded by Mr. Basil King, who came all the way from Boston to attend the con-

vention. Although born and brought up in Prince Edward Island, this distinguished novelist has been obliged for many years to follow the example of so many other Canadian writers and live in the United States. He declared to the convention that he had never become an American citizen, was passionately devoted to Canada, and was often subject to the nostalgia which comes to one long absent from his native soil. He expressed the firm hope that this Canadian Authors association would provide a connecting link between expatriated Canadian writers and the people at home. The absorption of Canadian literary work by the United States he compared to the same condition in regard to Switzerland and Belgium, and New York he cited as the metropolis not only of the United States but of the New World of this side of the Atlantic, to which Canada must inevitably belong. His speech, which was marked by eloquence and a notable degree of feeling, was vehemently applauded, and the resolution in favor of a permanent organization was adopted without a dissenting vote.

Arthur Stringer in a brief speech supported Mr. King in expressing the emotions of a Canadian writer compelled to do his work away from his native land, and stated that he believed the establishment of the proposed society to be the birth of Canadian professional letters.

A committee was then appointed to draft the outlines of a constitution for the permanent body, which should be presented and voted upon on the following day. It consisted of the following: John Murray Gibbon, B. K. Sandwell, Arthur Stringer, R. J. C. Stead, Louvigny de Montigny, Mrs. Fenwick Williams, Miss Grace Blackburn, Miss Mary Fletcher and Mme Huguenin.

Dr. Locke then left the chair in order to move: "That vigorous and increasing efforts be made to enlarge the reading public of Canada by the promotion and extension of public libraries and the encouragement of booksellers, and that a committee be appointed to further such purpose."

Speaking to this resolution, Toronto's chief librarian informed the convention that he was a protectionist. He was engaged in trying to protect the morals of the community which he represented against the nasty trash which sometimes came into the country. The best way to accomplish this end was not so much by putting bad books under the ban as by boosting good literature. Through publicity he claimed that people could be influenced to read the best books. In Toronto they had boomed Joseph

Conrad for a week and as a result not a copy of that author's works was left in the library. As a result of the visit of Bliss Carman to Toronto this winter, 195 copies of his poems were in circulation at the present time. The Toronto public libraries were circulating a million and a half books a year. Great, however, as was that showing, he was much more hopeful of creating an appetite among Canadians for good literature by reaching the rising generation. Such work was now being extensively carried on by him and his associates. They were having marvellous success in attracting boys and girls to the public library on Saturday mornings to listen to readings in Canadian history and literature. It was a common thing with them to see a crowd of some two hundred boys and girls listening with the most eager attention to stories of Cartier, Champlain, LaVerendrye and other explorers and heroes of early Canada. He believed that this sort of work on the part of the public librarians of this country had only begun. The Authors Association could perform noble service by aiding and abetting such efforts throughout the length and breadth of the dominion.

Professor MacMechan of Halifax seconded this resolution and elicited the applause of the convention when he said that Dr. Locke had opened the eyes of all present to the importance and possibilities of the work of public librarians. The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Louvigny de Montigny moved the following resolution (original text in French): "This assembly of Canadian authors of both the English and French tongues, gathered together for the first time for the purpose of common action, for the preservation of their general professional interests, and for the formation of an association for such purposes, desires to place itself on record as follows: That the authors of Canada, having taken cognizance of the efforts made up to the present time by the great French and English societies of authors, artists, composers and publishers, to procure the establishment in Canada of a system of protection of intellectual property in conformity with the principles of the Berne convention as revised in 1908: having also taken cognizance of the active solicitude for their interests shown by the International Bureau of the Literary and Artistic Union, of Berne, by the consuls general of France and of Belgium in Canada, and by independent foreign societies, such as the Comité France-Amérique in Paris, for the establishment of more advantageous relations between the authors of Canada and the authors of Europe: wish

to convey to their fellow-workers of Great Britain, France and the other countries of the Copyright Union the assurance of their gratitude and their keen fraternal sympathy, and desire the establishment of a cordial solidarity between the authors of these countries and the authors of Canada; extend the assurance of their gratitude and their respect to the International Bureau of the Literary and Artistic Union, to the consular representatives of foreign countries in Canada, and also the various independent societies which devote themselves to the service of literature and the arts in Canada.



E. K. SANDWELL,
Secretary, Canadian Authors' Association.

"That the Canadian authors assembled in convention in Montreal extend also their greetings to all their fellow-workers of the United States; that they recognize the political and economic circumstances which have hitherto prevented the United States from adhering to the International Union, and express the hope that the authors of the United States will in due course decide to urge upon the Washington Government that the United States join the aforesaid International Union, in order to render universal a uniform system of intellectual protection, to prevent all conflict of interests such as may arise from the difference of law in dif-

ferent countries, and to promote the harmony and the mutual benefit resulting from literary and artistic relations between the authors of Canada and those of the United States." This resolution was seconded by Dr. W. H. Atherton, of the Université de Montréal, and carried unanimously.

Capt. J. V. Mackenzie, M.C., editor of MacLean's Magazine, moved a resolution to the effect that a concentrated effort be made to secure larger attention to current literature from the daily and weekly newspapers of Canada on the ground that the record of human thought as expressed in such literature is of just as much value to Canadian progress as the present extensive records of accidents, murders, holdups, political squabbles, municipal scandals, stock movements, baseball scores, small town chronicles, and so on.

Capt. Mackenzie said there was a certain irony in his being asked to move such a resolution, as most of his journalistic career had been spent in writing on just such topics as had been specified for curtailment, and he had also noticed that these topics formed the basis of the most saleable products of the writers of fiction. Capt. Mackenzie thought, however, that more attention on the part of many newspapers to literary matters would prove of real benefit both to the newspaper and to the reader. A good many papers in Canada already gave worth-while consideration to this department.

The Rev. H. A. Cody, who seconded the resolution, expressed the view that the proposed organization of authors ought to send a delegation to call upon the proprietors of the newspapers and discuss this matter with them.

A general discussion followed. Hector Garneau thought that both the newspapers and the Associated Press would do well to pay less attention to the details of crimes and sensational trials and more to literary matters. An audible aside from Arthur Stringer was to the effect that such "stuff" evidently referring to the crimes and trials aforesaid, was sometimes "mighty interesting."

R. J. C. Stead pointed out that newspapers naturally published what the public would pay for in the way of news, and what the public would pay for in the way of advertisement. If the book sellers, the publishers, wholesalers and retailers were all aggressive advertisers then the newspapers would devote more space to literary matters.

Prof. Allison believed from his own experien-

ce that it was a hoary tradition among editors that the public wished to hear about murders and sport. His opinion was that they had been rather carried away about the amount of interest taken in sport as evidenced by so many pages devoted to it. He thought if people interested in literary matters would occasionally give some sign of appreciation of space devoted to literary matters, the editors would feel it was of more live interest. Women's concerns were assuming large proportions in the newspapers because, in the speaker's opinion, they showed an interest by direct communication with the paper in the chronicling of events in their domain.

At the session on Saturday morning the convention was addressed by Mr. P. E. Ritchie, Registrar of Copyright, who had been delegated by the Minister of Justice, who has charge of the now pending copyright bill, to explain the nature of the proposed new copyright policy to the gathering. Mr. Ritchie gave an interesting account of the difficulties that had to be faced by any government having to legislate on so many-sided a question as that of copyright. He regarded copyright legislation as something whose framers had to bear in mind the varying interests of the author or creator of copyrightable material, the printer or manufacturer, and the public. At the close of his address he replied to a number of questions asked by various members of the gathering.

Mr. Louvigny de Montigny then proposed a resolution congratulating the Government on its effort to remedy the defects of the protection at present afforded in Canada to Canadian authors and to those of other countries of the Copyright Union; expressing the view that "(subject to any objections and recommendations that may be formulated by the copyright committee) the proposed legislation, Bill No. 12, in its principle and outlines if not in all details, should effect a considerable improvement in the position of Canadian authors and protect their interests;" and adding that the sole object of copyright legislation should be the establishment of a condition of proper protection for authors, and not for any other classes of citizens, and therefore that the claims of any other class should not be allowed to interfere with legislation on copyright but should rather be embodied in separate legislation devoted to the maintenance of the rights of these other classes.

On motion of Arthur Stringer, this resolution was not passed but was referred to the special committee on copyright which was there-

upon elected as follows: R. J. C. Stead, Mrs. Madge Macbeth, Warwick Chipman, and Arthur Stringer.

The Constitution Committee then reported as follows: "In view of the short time at the disposal of your Committee, the task of framing a Constitution and By-Laws for an Authors Association suitable to Canadian conditions with branches at convenient centres was no light one, and the Constitution and By-Laws herewith recommended are put forward purely as provisional, with the recommendation that they be submitted to competent legal authority for approval, so that if need be a charter may be applied for. They are submitted as a basis on which they consider a Canadian Authors Association might immediately be formed, and an organization established which would carry into practical effect the resolutions passed at this Convention, and would provide a permanent body for the accomplishment of the objects which the Members of this Convention desire.

"This provisional Constitution and By-Laws provide in the opinion of your Committee an organization which would enable branch centres to be established in one or more cities of each Province of Canada, with possibly one also in the United States, acting in conjunction with a central office at one or other of four provincial locations, which your Committee has only tentatively suggested, with the recommendation that such location or locations should be discussed and decided upon at this Convention.

"The suggested Constitution and By-Laws provide for the election and duties of a President, Vice-Presidents to a number not exceeding twelve, each of which shall represent and be responsible for the organization of a particular branch centre; a Secretary and a Treasurer, each of which officers shall be members of a Council, this Council to consist of a total of forty (40) members to be elected at the Annual Meeting of the Association.

"If this Convention of Authors constitutes itself the first Annual Meeting of the Canadian Authors Association, your Committee sees no reason why officers and Council should not be elected at this meeting, so that the organization recommended may at once take effect.

"The Constitution and By-Laws also provide for a French Canadian Section, acting under the General Constitution of the Canadian Authors Association, but self governing, the chief officer of this French Canadian Section to have the title of *Président de Section*. In the framing of the article of the Constitution, referring to this French Canadian Section, your Com-

mittee desires especially to acknowledge the advice and assistance of M. Louvigny de Montigny, who kindly consented to represent Madame Huguenin in this connection.

"The provisional Constitution and By-Laws also enable the Association to form, as required, further Sections representing special groups. They also allow of voting by mail, a provision which your Committee considers highly advisable, in view of Canadian Geographical conditions."

The text of the provisional constitution will be found elsewhere in this issue. The report was unanimously adopted.

The convention then resolved itself into an organization meeting of the Canadian Authors Association. John Murray Gibbon was elected President, and Dr. Locke vacated the chair in his favor, receiving a very hearty vote of thanks for his services. B. K. Sandwell was elected Secretary, and W. S. Wallace of Toronto, University Library, Treasurer. Ten out of the twelve Vice-Presidents provided for by the constitution were then elected unanimously as shown in the list of officers elsewhere in this issue, the convention considering it desirable to leave two additional Vice-Presidential districts to be created later on.

This provided thirteen out of the forty members of the Council of the Association. Four vacancies are reserved for members to be appointed by the French-Canadian section. The remaining twenty-three places on the Council were then balloted for and the vote showed a very lively competition. It was too late to announce the result of this ballot before the meeting broke up. The results as reported by the Secretary, acting as scrutineer, will be found attached to the list of officers elsewhere in this issue.

Following the election of the Council, a vote by mail was taken for the selection of the Executive Committee as provided in Section 4 of Article 4 of the Constitution, and resulted in the selection of the following Committee: The President, the Secretary, the Treasurer, the *Président de Section* (to be elected), George H. Locke, Stephen Leacock, Pelham Edgar, Mrs. Madge Macbeth, Mrs. Florence R. Livesay, R. J. C. Stead, Hector Garneau.

During the balloting there was much interesting discussion as to the functions and future management of the Association. A suggestion by the Rev. Archdeacon Paterson-Smyth, to the effect that future gatherings of the Association should include a more definite opportunity for

social intercourse among the members, was approved and referred to the Executive.

The social event of the convention was a dinner on the evening of Friday, March 11th., at the Place Viger Hotel, at which about one hundred persons were present. Stephen Leacock occupied the chair until compelled to leave to take the train for Toronto, when he was replaced by Prof. Pelham Edgar of that city. A feature of the evening was the fervent and spontaneous tribute paid to Bliss Carman, whose presence was a very gratifying surprise and who read two examples of his own verse entitled respectively "The Man of the Marne" and "Roadside Flowers". The oratory on this occasion was of an exceptionally high order, and demonstrated that ability to turn out polished prose or verse with the pen is not in Canada any bar to success in the more extemporaneous art of public speaking. The speakers included Prof. Edgar, Basil King, Louvigny de Montigny, Arthur Stringer, René du Roure, J. J. Creelman, Hugh S. Eayrs, W. H. Blake, Frank L. Packard and others.

The following is the list of those who registered as attendants at the Convention:

Abbott, Dr. Maude E.; Ayer, Maurine, (Mrs. Hal. Perrigard); Allison, Prof. W. T.; Allison, Mrs. W. T.; Atherton, Dr. W. H.; Andrew, Mrs. Williams; Arnold, Gertrude; Appleton, F. F.; d'Arles, Abbé Henri.

Blake, W. H.; Barry, Miss Lily; Burton, H.; Blackburn, Miss Grace; Bolton, Mrs. J. S.; Beaulieu, Germain; Bottomly, Mrs. Harry; Brooks, Miss May Wallace; Barnard, Leslie G.; Blanchard, l'abbé Etienne; Brown, Frederick B.

Cody, Rev. H. A.; Call, Prof. F. O.; Chicanot, E. L.; Carman, Bliss; Creelman, J. J.; Caldwell, Professor William.

Daoust, Emilien; Doyle, Miss Lucy Swanton; Duggan, Mrs. H. V.; Davidson, Mrs. Florence; Dale, Prof. J. A.; de Montigny, O. Louvigny.

Edgar, Pelham; Edelstein, Hyman; Eayrs, H. S.; Eve, Prof. A. S.

Ferres, James; Feigh, Frank; Fletcher, Miss Mary; Foley, Miss Jean; Fletcher, O.

Garneau, Hector; Gordon, Alfred; Gibbon, J. M.; Griffith, Hugh; Goings, Maude; Gale, David S.; Gray, F. W.; Gray, Mrs. F. W.; Gascoigne, Margaret; Gascoigne, Dora.

Hankin, Francis; Hope, Mrs. Ethel P.; Huguenin, Madame; Hargadon, M. A.; Hertz, Miss Elizabeth; Hodgins, S. R. Norris.

Ingalls, Miss L. W.

Jolliffe, Prof. R. O.

Kennedy, Howard Angus; King, Basil; Kerry, Miss Esther.

Lomer, Dr. G. R.; Lighthall, W. D.; LaVaack, Miss Anita Gabrielle; Leacock, Stephen; Locke, George H.; Livesay, J. F. B.

Macdonald, George; Mauralt, l'abbé Oliver; MacMechan, Archibald; Maclean, Rev. J. B.; McDougald, Mrs. E. W.; Macbeth, Mrs. Madge; Macaulay, Miss Gertrude; MacKenzie, J. V.; Musson, C. J.; Martin, George C.; Morin, Victor.

Nobbs, P. E.; Nash, Charles W.

Ohren, George A.

Paterson, Miss Maude E.; Phelps, A. L.; Pearson, George E.; Packard, Frank L.; Packard, Mrs.

du Roure, R.; Roberts, Lloyd; Ramsden, Mrs. F. M.; Reed, Mrs. E. V.; Ross, H. S., K.C.; Ritchie, Dr. D. L.; Rankin, Norman S.; Ritchie, P. E.

Semple, Stella G.; Stead, R. J. C.; Stansfield, Prof. Alfred; Stewart, George; Stewart, Mrs. George; Stokes, C. W.; Sandwell, B. K.; Stringer, Arthur; Smyth, Archdeacon Paterson; Stroud, Mrs. Wallace; Sime, Miss J. G.

Taylor, Mrs. Gertrude Bartlett; Tremayne, W. A.

Wallace, W. S.; Wallace, F. W.; Watson, S. B.; Whitaker, James A.; Whitaker, Helen R.; Williams, Mrs. Fenwick; Wright, Frederick.



Report of the Copyright Committee of the Canadian Authors Association

Realizing that their rights as authors were seriously affected by a Copyright Bill, read for the first time before the House of Commons at Ottawa on February 28, 1921, more than one hundred Canadian writers personally attended a convention at Montreal, on March 11 and 12, at which an organization entitled the Canadian Authors Association was formed and a special committee was appointed to consider the terms of the Copyright Bill in question and take necessary action. A very large number of other authors who could not personally attend the convention wrote expressing their sympathy with the objects of the convention. The Copyright Committee consists of Arthur Stringer (Chatham, Ont.); Madge Macbeth (Ottawa); R. J. C. Stead (Ottawa); and Warwick Chipman, K.C. (Montreal), the president of the association, John Murray Gibbon, acting *ex-officio*. Following is the committee's report:

"Bill 12, the subject of this report, is described as 'An Act to amend and consolidate the laws relating to Copyright.' The provisions of this bill replace the provisions contained in Bill 37 brought forward in 1920, which have been rearranged and are supplemented with the addition of a number of sections and clauses dealing with the licensing of Canadian editions and the importation of editions printed outside Canada.

"We quite realize that those who have had to draft this bill have been faced by the difficulty of securing adequate information in the absence of any organization such as the Canadian Authors Association, which would co-ordinate the experience of Canadian authors scattered throughout the Dominion and other countries as to conditions affecting their copyrights. We trust that now this information is available, it will be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered, namely, to promote the best interests of Canadian literature.

"While appreciating the friendly intention of the Government to improve existing copyright conditions in Canada, we have come to the unanimous conclusion that this bill in its present form contains proposals which, if carried out, would result in grave injustice to the Canadian author, which are not in accordance with international comity, and which do not conform to the recognized interpretation of copyright, namely, 'in law, the right, belonging exclusively to the author or his assignees, of multiplying for sale copies of an original work or composition in literature or art.'

"This bill proposes to establish formalities in contravention of the spirit and letter of the

revised Berne Convention set out in the second schedule to this Act (c.f. article 4, page 26). The new proposals would result in Canada being ranked as an outlaw nation in regard to international copyright, an embarrassing situation in view of Canada's adherence to the League of Nations. The licensing clauses in this bill deprive the author of his right to make his own terms with the Canadian licensee, hand over that right at an arbitrary figure under conditions which would permit the licensee to garble or abbreviate the work without the author's consent, to publish it in a cheap edition without regard to appearance, and to prevent the production or importation of a correct or more presentable edition for a period of fifty years. So far as serial rights are concerned, the clauses are drawn up in evident ignorance of the conditions governing serial publication today, would produce disastrous confusion and would inflict grave hardships on a very large number of Canadian authors without conferring any benefit on Canadian literature. Following are brief comments on certain provisions of this bill:

"Section 3: Evidently aimed at the United States, would deprive the American author of Canadian copyright unless or until the Minister granted that privilege, and would deprive the Canadian author of Canadian copyright if first publication of his work is in the United States, unless the Minister certifies the United States as a privileged nation—a withholding of privilege the continued withholding of which will jeopardize the profitable American market of many Canadian authors, a market which is frequently their chief source of income owing to the naturally small market in Canada itself. This bill destroys the reciprocal conditions on which the Canadian author's right in the United States rests and thus automatically destroys the Canadian author's protection in the United States, which is at present protected by Convention between Great Britain and the United States as declared in the Presidential Proclamation of 1910.

"Section 4: 'Copyright means the sole right to produce or reproduce the work or any substantial part thereof'—a definition which is perfectly proper where that right is admitted as belonging 'exclusively to the author or his assignees,' but highly dangerous when subject to the licensing clauses in this bill which permit publication without the author's consent. The phrase 'any substantial part thereof' would enable the Canadian licensee to abbreviate or garble the Canadian edition. Such abbreviated or garbled editions have been a notoriously

objectionable feature of American editions printed without consent of the author.

"Sections 13 to 16, inclusive—Inter-related and all new.

"Section 13—(Clause 2: 'Particulars of such notice shall forthwith be published in the Canada Gazette by and at the expense of the copy-right owner.'

"Comment: A costly and unnecessary formality.

"Section 14: 'Licenses for Canadian edition available under specified circumstances for any person other than the owner of the copy-right.'

"Comment: See introductory remarks. The formalities required under this section are costly and elaborate, and directly violate the rights recognized in the Revised Berne Convention already referred to. Clause 8 of this section would permit the Canadian licensee to print without the author's consent a 25 cent. edition on a two-and-a-half cent royalty of a book which may be well printed (perhaps expensively illustrated) and bound, and is being marketed to his own satisfaction at \$1.50 to \$4.00, on a royalty of 10 per cent. to 25 per cent., according to the popularity of the author. That twenty-five cent edition may be garbled (see comment on clause 4) and the licensee can prevent the later production or importation of the better edition for fifty years. In the case of a new edition (which as regards text books is often vital to the reputation of the author) the licensee unwilling to go to the expense of new plates or revision could prevent the author from issuing a new edition in Canada through another publisher or importing the new edition printed outside Canada, thus injuring his reputation.

"If this licensing system be adhered to in spite of our contentions, these provisions must be amended so that in case of a book already otherwise printed:

"(1) The licensee shall be required to produce the author's work in a format equal in quality to that of the original publication unless with the author's consent to any other format.

"(2) The licensee shall not abbreviate or change the work without the author's consent.

"(3) The licensee shall pay at least the same royalty percentage as the author retains from the original publisher unless with the author's consent.

"(4) The licensee shall have the sole right to print such book in Canada for five years only, unless with the consent of the author to a longer period.

"(5) In cases where revised editions have been printed outside Canada, the licensee in Canada shall be required to print a similar revised edition, or forfeit his license.

"(There is, by the way, nothing in this bill to compel the licensee to print after he has received his license).

SERIAL RIGHTS.

"Sections 15 and 16. (1) Sections 15 and 16 of this bill, under heading "Serial License," are framed in ignorance of or in disregard of conditions under which a modern popular author works. In the matter of a successful novel, there are seven possible rights:

- "1. First serial rights.
- "2. Book rights.
- "3. Motion picture rights.
- "4. Dramatization rights.
- "5. Re-print rights.
- "6. Second serial rights.
- "7. Third serial rights.

"The most remunerative rights (to the author) are the so-called 'First Serial Rights.' These customarily go to a magazine of wide circulation, and conditions are such that the commercial returns to the author, for these rights, might conservatively be said to average about eight to one, in comparison with book rights. 'First Serial' publication precedes, in matter of time, the appearance of a novel in book form. But after the book is published, what is known to the trade as 'Second Serial Rights' can customarily be disposed of, the story being reissued in a chain of papers, in less conspicuous periodicals, or through a press syndicate. The price paid for these rights is individually smaller, but the possible clients are numerous, so that the aggregate returns to the author from this field, are often substantial. The 'Third Serial Rights' are financially less substantial, these rights usually being disposed of to a syndicate which issues the story in plate or 'stereotyped' form, for smaller rural newspapers, which use such fiction for 'fillers,' or in the slang of the trade, 'patent insides.'

"The serial licensing system proposed by this Act, might be interpreted to deprive a Canadian author selling a serial in the United States of all returns on his 'Second' and 'Third' serial rights in his native country. Besides this, it prejudices a Canadian author before an American publisher, since it prevents the Canadian writer disposing of a product with a clear title, and inferentially bars from Canada any United States periodical containing that product. And it further injures the Canadian author because it not only limits his market, but gives to the magazine editor of his native country the opportunity to supply his fiction needs with material freely commandeered, under this licensing system, from American periodicals. Unfair also is the elimination of competitive bidding in an open market, and the abrogation of an author's traditional rights in his own product—as set out in the Berne Convention.

MOTION PICTURES.

"2) Regarding Rights No. 3 above, i. e. Motion Pictures. Commercially, today, the

motion picture returns from a picturized novel far outweigh the book returns; very conservatively they might be stated to be, on the average, three times as great. This bill fails to protect the author in this field, neglects to enunciate those rights, and fails to stipulate, as any such act should, that these subsidiary or derivative rights, unless definitely and specifically stipulated or otherwise by special contract or agreement, repose and remain with the author. The ambiguous wording of Sub-Section 1 of Section 19, in fact, might make the fifth and sixth lines refer to motion picture reproduction, but if this is the construction to be applied, Sub-Section 2 of the same section 19 permits of the appropriation of these picture rights for the ridiculous price of two cents per print of the films. Obviously this sub-section should be re-drafted, and the author's compulsion to dispose of valuable cinematographic rights should not be involved in his right of obtaining a copyright on the written, or literary, product of his imagination. The disposal of picture rights should remain, untrammelled, with the author.

(3) In view of the different rights described, and in view of new values in literary product through new mechanical media of dissemination, such as: periodical publication; book publication; dramatization for stage production; and production in motion picture form, a novel or story, duly printed under a title which takes on an ancestral value, achieves popularity under that title, so that the latter takes on a trade mark value, and its undisturbed use is a factor in achieving popular success with the derivative product. For that reason, and because of new and novel conditions obtaining, it is desirable that a clause be drafted extending reasonable copyright protection to a title in association with the thing so titled, copyright, of course, not for a word or a series of words, but in the nature of a trade mark.

"Section 22—The word 'suspecting' should read 'knowing.'

"Section 26—'Dramatic or operatic work or musical composition' should read 'literary or dramatic or cinematographic or operatic work or musical composition.'

"Section 28—Clause 1—Importation of copies forbidden where license to print in Canada has been granted. Comment: The unfairness of preventing importation has already been referred to. Even the United States, with its 'manufacturing clause,' does not forbid importation, so that this section grants higher protection than the highest protectionist has hitherto demanded.

"Clause 2—Importation forbidden of any copyright book until fourteen days after no-

tice of such importation has been filed, or after publication elsewhere than in Canada. Comment: This can be abused so as to prevent simultaneous publication where simultaneous publication is required to maintain copyright.

"Section 48: Repeals all the enactments relating to copyright passed by the Parliament of the Kingdom so far as they are operative in Canada. Comment: This cancels existing legal rights of Canadian authors outside Canada, as the substituted rights shown in Schedule 1 are confined to Canada. Section 49 cancels valuable clauses in previous acts not covered by this bill, such as Clause 22, of the existing act 'Unauthorized Publication of Manuscript':—

"Every person who, without the consent of the author or lawful proprietor thereof first obtained, prints or publishes or causes to be printed or published, any manuscript not previously printed in Canada or elsewhere, shall be liable to the author or proprietor for all damages occasioned by such publication, and the same shall be recoverable in any court of competent jurisdiction."

"Section 50: The Governor-in-Council may take such action as may be necessary to secure the adherence of Canada to the Revised Convention of Berne, signed the thirteenth day of November, 1908, and the Additional Protocol thereto signed at Berne the twentieth day of March, 1914, set out in the Second Schedule to this Act." Comment: Read "shall at once" for "may."

This committee is firmly convinced that the interests of Canadian authors would be best served by immediate adherence to the Revised Berne Convention, and to the Copyright Act of 1911 of the United Kingdom, insofar as its provisions are not rendered unnecessary by the provisions of the Canadian Copyright Act.

This committee also reiterates its strong opposition to the licensing and importing clauses of this bill, which it considers pernicious and out of place in a Copyright Act, the function of which is not the protection of printing interests, but the protection of the author.

This Committee recognizes the disadvantages resting upon Canadian printing interests because of the manufacturing condition imposed by the United States, but submits that such disadvantages should not be and cannot ultimately be remedied by making Canada an outlaw nation in matters of copyright. It suggests that such disadvantages might be removed by negotiation, and it expresses the hope that the Government will institute such negotiations with a view to insuring the property rights of an author in his work in all countries as other forms of property right are now universally recognized."

New Verse by Canadian Poets

After Easter

By GERTRUDE MacGREGOR MOFFAT

I crave your pardon that I did not know,—
 But for you told me so,
 Being a stranger here—
 This festival you celebrate each year,
 I took to be a sort of dress parade,
 And fashion promenade,—
 The matter of a hat, and gloves, and gown.
 But for your telling me, I had not known
 It had to do with linen grave-clothes laid
 From the awakened Dead.
 And with a napkin, folded by itself,
 From the aroused Head.

Earth to Her Child

By GERTRUDE MacGREGOR MOFFAT

Lie heavy on my heart, oh child of mine,
 Oh sweetly sleep, and dreaming take your rest.
 Here are no arms that tire: Be still and sleep,
 Oh child of mine, lie heavy on my breast.

Oh rest you here upon this breast of Earth.
 Weep not, but lie and softly fall asleep.
 All hearts have come at last to me for rest.
 I shall not tire though long you sleep and deep.

A Rain-Song

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

Through deepest night I hear the rain
 Beat out on roof and window-pane
 Its slumberous silver-toned refrain.

Such dreams it brings: such scent of rose
 And mint in one old garden-close;
 Such healing balsam of repose!

The mockeries and defeats of day
 No more, no more my soul dismay:
 I know a mightier than they.

Sleep calls me: yet I hear the rain
 Beat out on roof and window-pane
 Its slumber-bringing deep refrain.

In a Library

By DONALD A. FRASER

As at the shrine of his departed sires
 Devoutly bows the son of old Cathay,
 To do them honor in his reverent way,
 And make them partners in his fond desires:

So come I, with my heart's deep quiet fires
 Glowing and fragrant, humble meed to pay
 To those great minds of Time's vast yesterday,
 Whose rich bequest in books my soul inspires.
 In these fair chambers where their volumes
 stand

In many a rigid row, all patiently
 They seem to wait and crave my friendly hand.
 For at my touch their spirits wake in me
 A thrill responsive, as the sunset grand
 Wakes kindred glories in the adoring sea

Written in the Connaught Library, Parlia-
 ment Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

To My Son

By JOHN LAVENDER

Son of your mother, may you be
 As good and beautiful as she.

May you not lose your mother's eyes,
 With their clear look of blue surprise,
 As roundabout you see unfold
 A world in wickedness grown old.

May you retain your mother's lips,
 Sweet and humorous, full of quips,
 Made to be loved, and made to laugh—
 Though half mankind hates the other half.

May you keep intact your mother's soul,
 Until you reach your mortal goal;
 For nothing I leave you in my estate
 Can be an inheritance half so great.

Darkness

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

It seems to be a foregone conclusion
 That if I worship the new gods,
 Sincerely, in the sunshine—
 I must not pray in the moonlight
 By the little dear shrines of the old gods
 Where the cherry blossoms still shine,
 But sometimes in the darkness
 I mistake the shrines:
 And I kneel and pray, and the gods speak to
 me:
 And until I breathe suddenly the scent of
 the cherry blossoms,
 I do not know whether they are, really,
 The old or the new shrines—
 And by then I have wept, and prayed,
 And been answered,
 So what does it matter?

Evolution

By LEO D. COX

When a meadow was the world,
I fashioned daisy-chains;
And later, to the mountain-tops and
high cathedral-fanes,
I fashioned things of dream—an
empire and a Rome....
Now shall I fashion heaven when
all my thoughts come home!

In Muskoka

By ENID MCGREGOR

I

SUNSET.

Petals of a million roses
From some fairy garden
Scattered o'er the crystal mirror of the lake;
A hush as in some great cathedral
At the close of prayer,
Or as when some great singer pauses
After her sweetest note;
A hush as if some beauteous secret
Waited somewhere on the threshold
To be whispered over all the world;
And round about, the darkening forests
And the sentinel rocks stand guard.

II

EVENING.

A tiny star first ventures out alone
Into the wilderness of the clear sky
And stoops to kiss its image in the lake;
And then, the moon,
Moving as slowly as a stately queen,
Journeys across the heavens
And lays a marvellous carpet on the deep
Of shimmering gold where dance the myriad
feet
Of all the fairies of all fairydom.
The ripples bear the sound
Of those light footfalls to the rocky shore
Where lurk the shadows
Of all ill-imagined things
Not daring to disturb such revelry.

Prairie Flowers

By A. H. SUTHERLAND

The land with all the rose is red;
The starry aster rears her head,
And daisies, dipt in morning dew,
Their dainty lashes lift anew.
Under the shadow of the wood,
Where odors of the orchid brood,
The clusters of the deep pea-vine
Blend with the drooping columbine.

The dainty blue-bells twist and tease,
And bow and bend to every breeze,
While hidden violets from the grass
Peep shyly at me as I pass.

I had not found one folded bloom,
When, lo, a delicate perfume
Told where within the marshy dell
The tardy gentian wove her spell.

As some sweet fragrance in a dream
Comes faintly back at morning's beam,
So in my pulses seems to stir
The rapture of the lavender.

The sunflower bending to her God,
The glory of the golden-rod,
On Autumn days, when suns are cold,
Have burnished all the land with gold.

As some great starry sea at eve
The twilight prairies I perceive,
Unfold my tent where beauty reigns
In God's great garden of the plains.

Sonnet

By ARTHUR J. M. SMITH

Although to-day no gleaming cavalcade
Of knights with lances lifted to the sky
In might and majesty of arms arrayed
Proudly beneath your casement passes by,
Think not the spirit of the ancient days
Burns dim, and falters, and now dies away;
Nor dream in soft-eyed sorrowful amaze
That Chivalry no longer lives to-day;
And think not when within your glass you gaze
That beauty, such as there you see portrayed,
Can fail within the minds of some to raise
A nobleness that will not ever fade:
For all who feel the beauty of your glance
Become as knights although they bear no lance.

A Wedgewood Bowl

By FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

Hid in a maze of quaintly-fashioned things,
Flagons and urns of ancient pottery;
Great peacocks spreading wide, barbaric wings,
Beryl, and jade, and lapis lazuli,
Smooth chests of cedar and of sandalwood,
Tapestries wrought in Tyre and Babylon,
And here, a Pilgrim's staff, a carven Rood,—
A royal Chalice whence the wine is gone.

There, then, I found it: as a garden grows
Among her roses rue and mignonette,
But wearing subtler sweetness than the rose,
So, in the splendid chaos surely set,—
Cool as the moon against an opal-stone,
Hollowed like silk by some diviner's stroke;
And by a master-finger lightly strown,
A circling wreath of little, dancing folk.

The New Wild West

By FREDERICK NIVEN

I write on the verandah of a hotel in a mountain town of the West, close to the border between B. C. and Idaho. Twenty years ago I tarried in this town when it was in the making, and it moves me in a queer quiet way to be back here again, looking at the old peaks, serrated with pines, standing up in the remembered way. The mosquitohawks, that I had forgotten, fluttered and veered, an hour or two ago, in the sunset drizzle, with a flight somewhat like that of swallows or bats; and now with night over the town, and its brilliant lights all aglow, from far off among the hills comes, as of old, the deep blast of the locomotive hauling the evening train in from East, "whistling for curves."

Much is unchanged, cannot be changed. Much has been altered. Twenty years ago men went out of here into the mountains chiefly upon trails, noting their way, when the ground showed no path, by the axe-scars on the trees. Horses were everywhere, wiry horses that, by their abrupt motions, might well give the impression, to persons ignorant of the temperament of the nervous cayuse, of being ill-used. Prospectors alone in the hills grew too fond of their horses to treat them badly. Where trails were in those days there are now, in many parts, wagon-roads, and automobiles bounce along upon them. Ranchers thirty miles away are on the telephone and ring up friends in town when they are lonely.

Twenty years ago! I recall "coming in", as the phrase was, to this town, twenty years ago. On the way I had what I now look upon as a great privilege. At a place of one store, a blacksmith's shop, and a hotel I saw an old-timer who was to become—I had almost said notorious, but somehow I prefer to say famous. He was pointed out to me as a man who could "ride anything with hair on it." I sat one night before the hotel of that little place (you will pardon me if I do not name it—and I do not intend to name the man) and heard him talk. He was in a mood of reminiscence and told the younger ones who were present of how the country had been when he "came in", another twenty years before. He told us of the days before the C. P. R. ran through the Crow's Nest Pass; he told us of the days before peaches were raised at Peachland, or orchard blossom was seen round Summerland, of the days of

the first big cattle-ranches in B. C. Even then cattle were rapidly giving place to the orchards. I looked on him with reverence and awe. I never forgot him; and when, five years later, I heard that he had "gone bad" and held up a bank in a town just a few miles from where I had seen him, I thirsted for the details.

These were not lacking, although the account of them is too lengthy to tell here. I was in London at the time, but there I met a man home on holiday who knew this Old-Timer better than I. His tone in speaking of the hold-up man—whom I shall call Big John, which is near enough without being his name—was very sympathetic, amusingly so it seemed to me, my friend being one whom none could charge with lack of respectability. "He was a wonderful man," said he, and again came the old testimonial: "He could ride anything with hair on it." Big John had, I discovered, been for some time a horse-breaker on my friend's ranch, and employer and employee had been great friends. They had worked together in the corrals and at the roping; in the Fall they had hunted deer together in the mountains above the bench-lands which were, in those days, cattle pasture, and are now dotted with the aligned fruit trees.

"He was a wonderful man," my friend repeated. "I don't see how he could ever hold down life in the new conditions."

He spoke of Big John in the past tense, for Big John had gone the way of most men who cannot "hold down" the new conditions. After three bank hold-ups and three, no less, escapes from jail (the account of them would read like a scenario for a movie film), he had been shot by a posse in Nevada.

"It was a shame", said my friend. "I don't believe he was armed. He had broken jail again and skidoed, but there was no evidence that he had any firearms that time. I believe they just shot him up to be rid of him."

Here on this very hotel, on the verandah of which I write under an electric light, the story of Big John came back to me. I arrived this afternoon and walked down the main street looking at the stores. There were such frocks in the milliners' windows as one sees in Bond Street, for the wives and daughters of B. C. ranch men have taste in dress, and demand a

tasteful supply. I dropped into a book and drug store, and looked along the shelves. There was a beautiful uniform edition of Joseph Conrad's works for which he has waited so long; there was the last volume in the uniform edition of Frank Swinnerton's novels, tasteful enough to eat; there were novels by Bennett and Hugh Walpole; there were editions of Stevenson, of Scott and Dickens. There were also some terrible novels, in delightful jackets, of course. There were magazines wild and magazines literary, and many journals devoted to automobile and motor-boat lore. By the side-walk motor-cars filled up with gasoline from a device like a pillar-box, which registers pints and gallons consumed by individual purchasers, and also calculates, and records on a dial, the annual consumption. I booked a room with its own private bath-room; I went to the dining-room and ate as good a dinner as any of the best London hotels provide, but at a much lower cost, and dipped my fingers at the end into a bronze finger-bowl.

Later in the evening, after the mosquitohawks had ceased with the last of the wonderful sunset, the night being very warm I projected myself leisurely into a café and sat down at a table to consider the bill of fare, set in a neat aluminium holder. There were about a hundred entries, and I chose a Banana Split. A Banana Split is, in short, a split banana; the two halves are laid on a long narrow dish, and on them are set three kinds of ice cream. At whichever end you begin to eat, each little clotted tower of cream seems better than its predecessor. The place was brilliantly lit, and the broad floor was of polished hardwood. As I sat in subdued ecstacy over my ranged ices, music began, and couples rose from the tables to dance. A friend entered and sat beside me.

"Do you see that fellow dancing with the girl in pink?" he asked.

I nodded.

"That's Williamson. It was he who captured Big John after his first bank hold-up."

I sat staring at Williamson and his partner as they fox-trotted round the café. Outside were the concrete side-walks and the plate-glass windows, and streets bright with their clustered electric globes in the dark blue night.

Beyond were the foothills, dotted with fruit-ranches; a distant spark or two like dropped stars, in the outer blackness, indicated the whereabouts of the nearest. Away beyond these ranches are still the mountains, forested and snow-dipped, with coyotes, bear, deer and an odd wolf or two. It was away beyond these mountains, just humps of black lost in the night now, that Big John, owing to an accident to his horse, was caught. And here I have a confession to make. I cannot explain why, but it did not seem right to my mind that Williamson (he who had captured the Old Timer) should be dancing with the girl in pink on that hardwood floor. I made no reply to my informant; I merely stared glumly at the policeman and recalled Big John. He was a wonderful man. He could ride anything with hair on it. He came in here, through Idaho and into B. C. before the railway. He knew all the Indians of his wide section by name, and all the Indian trails. I do not know how long the dance went on, how long I stared at the dancers. I think my friend was staring at them in much the same way. His voice at last brought me back with a start from my thoughts of the days before apple trees.

"Big John was worth two of him," was what he murmured in my ear.

I nodded in grim agreement. I have no doubt we were both, possibly, wrong. Of course we were! But I tell all this, and how I felt, not egotistically, not only because it is how I felt, but because that is how, it seems, most feel; that is the attitude of most men to such celebrities as Big John. Afterwards I was introduced to Williamson, and when the hold-up man was mentioned, I discovered, to my final flabbergastion, that it was the policeman's view too.

"You bet your life," said Williamson, "Big John was some man. We had a great time, him and me, when I was bringing him back. It was only by an accident to his hoss I got him". He dropped his voice. "I nearly let him slip, and that's no josh; for Big John was a great man. I was kind of glad when he managed to break jail. Trails! Why, he know all the old trails. And shoot! And ride! He had no use for automobiles, but I tell you, Sir, he could ride anything with hair on it."



French-Canadian Literature

By HECTOR GARNEAU

FOR a long time, truly, French Canadians have been a much maligned race. Ever since Lord Durham stated in his famous Report, "They are a people with no history and no literature"; we have failed too often to enlist the sympathy or even to attract the attention of the world. Mind you, these words were written in 1838, yet others who came long afterwards took up this statement, unmitigated as it was, tortured its meaning, and narrowed it down to the point of implying that French Canadians speak nothing but a common patois borrowed from the provinces of old France and well-nigh incomprehensible. Some again have invented another legend, namely that the language we use is a *habitant* idiom composed of barbaric French, and a mixture of perverse and broken English added to newly-coined Canadian words and phrases. That absurd story has found an ardent and entertaining exponent in Dr. W. H. Drummond who made his reputation over twenty years ago with such books as "The Habitant and other French Canadian Poems", and "Johnnie Courteau and other Poems". More recently still an Englishman, writing in the American Review of Reviews, coolly affirmed with unconscious humor that we spoke neither English nor French. If the latter self-appointed and unabashed spokesman were within my reach, I would remind him of the splendid testimony which the Principal of Oxford University offered in 1897 to Canada's foremost orator and great statesman, to a French Canadian born and educated in the Province of Quebec, when he told Sir Wilfrid Laurier that he could be eloquent in English as well as in French.

Doubtless Lord Durham was mistaken in saying we had no history. But this history had yet to be written. The radical peer was nearer the truth when he denied us any literature, since our literature was just then being born. We may then divide our subject into three periods:

- (1) From 1830 to 1860.
- (2) From 1860 to 1900.
- (3) The literature of to-day.

Until we reach the date of 1830 and much later on, it must be owned that our literature had a long, rough, and thorny road to travel. The first printing press was only introduced in Quebec in 1764. Our first newspaper was established in that year. Bear in mind that after the British conquest came the American revolution and the subsequent invasion of Canada. Then arose the French Revolution, followed by the Napoleonic wars, and in our own country the war of 1812 and 1813. During that momentous and prolonged period, French Canadians were completely cut off from all contact and inter-

course with France. Moreover they themselves were carrying on a protracted political struggle from the time of the enactment of the Constitutional Act of 1791. In addition thereto, the two American invasions, preceding and following, had more than taxed their capacity for work and occupied their most strenuous efforts.

So it was that having to live,—*primum vivere*—and also to fight for their national existence, French Canadians were deprived of the leisure and the essential means conducive to the creation of a literature of their own. One vehicle of thought and one medium of expression remained to them: the newspaper and the magazine. Thus it was that the following journals were published in the city of Quebec: "La Gazette de Québec," in 1784, "Le Magasin de Québec," in 1792, "Le Canadien",—the most aggressive and influential of all,—in 1806; "Le Courrier de Québec," in 1807, and "Le Vrai Canadien" in 1810, whilst the city of Montreal owned "La Gazette Littéraire," in 1778, "La Gazette de Montréal," in 1785, "Le Spectateur," in 1813. "L'Aurore des Canadas," in 1815, and "L'Abbeille Canadienne," in 1818. True, with four exceptions, these "papiers-nouvelles", as they were called, were short-lived. "La Gazette de Québec," "La Gazette de Montréal," "Le Magasin de Québec," and "Le Canadien" had a longer career. Of these, the three first were edited in French as well as in English. It may interest you to know that when Voltaire died in 1778, "La Gazette Littéraire de Montréal", in its issue of October 14th paid this tribute to the great French classic: "...cet homme unique dont la mort a plongé toute la République des lettres dans une consternation que la suite des temps ne modèrera jamais."

Other periodicals, devoted to literary topics, were to appear in Montreal under the editorship of Michel Bibaud, "La Bibliothèque Canadienne", from 1825 to 1830; "L'Observateur", in 1830, and "Le Magasin du Bas-Canada", in 1832. The contributions in prose and verse contained in these as well as in the preceding periodicals, are largely mediocre and crude. They represent, however, the initial efforts of our early writers and mark the very primeval days of French Canadian literature.

The year 1830 is notable for the appearance of the first book of French Canadian verse: "Les Epitres, Satires, Chansons, Epigrammes, et autres pièces de vers," by Michel Bibaud. Bibaud (1782-1850) chooses Horace and Boileau as his models and applies their precepts to the letter. Most of his poetry consists in satires wherein he assumes the rôle of a grouchy moralist. Thus he inveighs against his compatriots, and reproaches them for their avarice, their

envy, and more especially their laziness towards things intellectual which results in what he terms their gross ignorance.

Two other poets, superior in every way to Bibaud, are included in this period: François-Xavier Garneau and Joseph Lenoir. Garneau (1809-1866), who was to achieve a reputation as an historian, wrote several poems both in a graceful and in a patriotic vein, "Lés oiseaux blancs" (1839) and "Le Papillon" (1841) belong to the former, whilst "Le dernier Huron" (1840) and "Le vieux chêne" (1841) appertain to the latter. Garneau had studied Béranger and Victor Hugo and was manifestly influenced by them. Lenoir (1822-1861) composed chiefly lyrical verses which show him to be, like Garneau, a follower of the Romantic school and especially of Lamartine. His poems have since been collected and published in Montreal under the title of "Poèmes épars" (1916). These lines from a piece entitled "Les laboureurs" (1857) show him at his best:

Ne méprisons jamais le sol qui nous vit naître
Ni l'homme dont les bras pour notre seul bien-être
S'usent à force de labeurs.
Ni ses robustes fils ployés sur leurs faucilles
Ni son modeste toit, ni le chant de ses filles,
Qui reviennent le soir avec les travailleurs.

Ils moissonnent pour nous et les fruits de leurs peines.
Blonds épis, doux trésors des jaunissantes plaines,
Blanches et soyeuses toisons,
Larges troupeaux chassés de leurs oasis vertes,
Toutes ces choses par eux nous sont offertes,
Et c'est avec leur or que nous les leur payons.

Bibaud, Garneau, and Lenoir were the main pioneers in the yet untitled field of French Canadian poetry. Whatever their deficiencies and shortcomings, they testify to wider reading and an improved cultivation, to a more refined taste for the best in ancient and modern literature. Their work, immature and imperfect as it is, gave stimulus to others soon to come and paved the way for something better, something higher and nobler.

This period of our literature is also notable for the appearance of two historians, Bibaud and Garneau.

The former, who was born and died in Montreal, received a classical education. He was not satisfied with writing verse, he aspired to take rank as an historian. Applying himself diligently to his task and with laborious preparation, he brought out a History of Canada in three volumes, which were published successively in 1837, 1844, and the last in 1878, long after the author's death. The first volume, which treats of the French regime, has now become obsolete. The other two, relating to the British period, still retain their usefulness. Bibaud especially delved in public documents and parliamentary papers. Yet his claims as an historian are rather meagre. He is too much of a partisan. Throughout his two last volumes noticeably, he takes the viewpoint of a Tory and a bureaucrat. He stands for authority, however, despotic, for privilege, even though it be excessive. The rights and demands of the common people,—here the vast majority of the French Canadian popula-

tion,—have not much if any interest for him. He disparages them and their leaders,—Papineau above all,—and minimizes their every patriotic aims and meritorious actions. We may then fairly infer that Bibaud lacks the essential requisites of the historian: serenity, impartiality, breadth of view, discernment. Besides his style is often dry and slovenly, and the numerous quotations which run through page after page of his second and third volumes make indeed fastidious reading. This book, however, should be consulted for the inside and useful knowledge it contains regarding Canadian politics and the beginnings of our constitutional government.

We now come to one whom his compatriots



HECTOR GARNEAU,
Librarian of the Civic Library, Montreal.

have styled the "national historian of French Canada." After the praise that has been bestowed upon him, even outside his own country, I trust I can speak about him with detachment and moderation. Garneau belongs to the City of Quebec just as Bibaud belongs to Montreal. His schooling was over when he reached the age of twelve. Yet undismayed and craving for knowledge, he was his own teacher. He learnt the French and English languages and literature and even succeeded in reading the Latin and Italian writers. Thus equipped, he decided for the notarial profession. An argument started by an office mate suddenly revealed to him his especial calling. Then and there Garneau took a great resolve whose accomplishment fired and filled his whole life: to tell candidly and

fearlessly the story of French Canada and at the same time to show the French Canadians and their ancestors in their true light, by describing not alone their aims and their mistakes, their attempts and their failures, but equally their virtues, their achievements and their glories. With this object in view, he visited the United States and later spent two years in France and in England. Returning home, he gathered all the historical material then available and also obtained a portion at least of the most essential and significant sources. Outside of his duties as public translator and City clerk of Quebec, all his thoughts and time centered upon his task. Shunning every other ambition and disdainful of material gain, he toiled over twenty-five years and actually slaved himself to death. Well might he have repeated after Michelet, as he closed his eyes forever: "Ma vie fut en ce livre, elle a passé en lui."

His *magnum opus* "L'Histoire du Canada," first appeared in 1845, 1846 and 1848. He published a second and third revised and enlarged edition in 1852 and 1859 which carried down the history to the year 1840.

It was the work of a liberal-minded layman, possessed of staunch convictions. Garneau had studied the art of Tacitus and the method of Niebuhr. He admired Voltaire, the hater of superstition, the champion of the dignity and of the Rights of Man, and that fervid precursor of democracy, Michelet. He sat at the feet of Montesquieu and of Augustin Thierry. The result is a book unique in our literature, which offers, besides the recital of facts, critical estimates, definite judgments and bold conclusions.

Garneau's conception of history is clearly philosophical. Ideas and principles appeal to him. He delights in generalizations, in luminous surveys and striking parallels. His interest lies chiefly in the genesis and the consequences of events, the motives and designs of men, the working of political, social and moral influences. Whether it concerns national or domestic policies, modes of government or institutions, civil or ecclesiastical acts, military or commercial ventures, he seeks to know the whys and wherefores the pros. and cons. In the same way, he portrays characters and weighs reputations, laying bare the faulty as well as the redeeming traits, what is noble and what is ignoble. Another characteristic of Garneau is that he considers and emphasises European occurrences and measures in their immediate effects or their remote bearings upon the course of France's and England's possessions across the Atlantic. Therein he finds the explanation, on one side, for the slow growth, the ups and downs, the stagnation and the certain defeat of the former, and on the other side, the rapid development, the prosperity, and the ultimate success of the latter. Similarly he takes a most sympathetic interest in the Thirteen Colonies, and devotes a whole chapter to the rise and progress of the English plantations in America. I venture to say it is an admirable one.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that Garneau exhibits throughout his book an unflinching spirit of independence, love of freedom and of tolerance, and strong democratic leanings. His manner, however, is calm and staid, his narrative frank and trustworthy. The style shows dignity, vigor and often flows into rounded and picturesque periods. Yet his greatest claim to remembrance is that he told what he believed to be the truth, irrespective of race or creed, in face of hostile criticism, and often to his personal detriment.

Thus he blames the exclusion of the Huguenots from New France, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, just as he denounces the expulsion of the Acadians, and the oppression, for a time, of the French Canadians. Again he assails the undue interference of the French bishop in civil and political affairs and the equally reprehensible conduct of the British authorities in the religious sphere. For instance, he writes: "Whilst we were erecting monasteries, the State of Massachusetts was building ships to trade with the world." And also referring to England's altered attitude towards our people at the outset of the American revolution: "Fear prompted her to act with justice." Not that Garneau loved France and England less but that he loved Canada more, yes a freer, a more progressive and a greater Canada. Is it then too much to affirm that he treats problems and persons in the light of the most honourable standards, and as Macaulay would have said, according to the one weight and the one measure.

Before we part with Garneau this may be stated in strictness, that his History sprang from the purest patriotism. It stands as an earnest and conscientious vindication of his race. It bears witness that a people which may claim among its glories, Cartier, Champlain, Talon, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Marie de l'Incarnation, Frontenac, La Salle, Joliet, La Vérendrye, Montcalm, Lévis; a people which had won, unaided, its own free government and its liberties; which, although hemmed in by Anglo-Saxon communities, had grown and multiplied, kept its mother tongue, its laws, its faith, its ideals, and remained French in blood, in heart, and in soul; that such a people was not unworthy of notice and of respect.

Thus far the output of French Canadian literature is rather scant and confined within a narrow range. This can easily be explained. Public libraries and public archives were then nonexistent. No regular system of public education had yet been evolved. Our so-called colleges were sadly deficient and our sole university, Laval, was only founded in 1852. And what is more our countrymen were still in the throes of a political battle which began afresh after the Union Act of 1841, and was to end only by the establishment of Confederation in 1867.

But in 1855 something memorable happened. For the first time, since the British conquest, a French man-of-war, "La Capricieuse", an-

chored before Quebec. The tri-color emblazoned in the glory of its triumphs and the sanctity of its legends fluttered at full mast across the sky. A joy of exquisite sweetness, a thrill of the noblest pride, shook French Canadian hearts, as though dear old France, unforgotten and returning after a long absence, was clasping her children's children in affectionate embrace and requited love. Our poet Crémazie dedicated to the sailors of "La Capricieuse" a poem full of sentiment and enthusiasm. The French historian, Henri Martin, in his elaborate History of France, paid a warm and eloquent tribute to French Canadians. Henceforth commercial as well as intellectual relations were re-established between our two countries. French books crossed the Atlantic. French literature took its cherished place at our firesides. And Chateaubriand, Mme de Stael, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Musset, Théophile Gautier, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, became the daily ambrosia of the budding as well as the older intellectuals. In the Quebec of those days, the Librarian's room in the Legislative Building and Crémazie's bookshop were the *rendez-vous* of such writers as Etienne Parent, Garneau, Abbé Ferland, who later on were joined by younger men of promise like Gérin-Lajoie, J.-C. Taché, Abbé Casgrain, Chauveau, and Dr. Hubert Larue. The outcome of their discussions was the foundation of three periodicals: "Les Soirées Canadiennes" (in 1861), "Le Foyer Canadienne" (in 1863). "La Revue Canadienne" (in 1864). These were to exercise a fruitful and immediate influence upon the growing generation and to give to French Canadian letters a remarkable impetus. Hence it is that the second period of our literature extending from 1860 to 1900 is notable for its galaxy, not merely of poets and historians, but also of novelists, essayists, storytellers and writers of various talents and tastes. The French Canadian intellect was gradually coming into its own, with buoyant hopes and in the assurance of plentiful harvests to come.

The first to arrest our attention is Octave Crémazie (1827-1870). He was born in Quebec and took a classical course at the Seminary. He afterwards found a congenial atmosphere in the bookselling trade and formed a partnership with his two brothers. The name of Crémazie is ever dear to us. He was for one or two generations our national bard and enjoyed wide popularity. For his poetry glows with intense patriotism and sincere feeling. He sings the illustrious memories of the French regime, the love of the land whence came our ancestors, the attraction and charm of things Canadian, and extols the alliance between France and England at the time of the Crimean war. His verse is seldom light and vivacious, but more often solemn and pompous. It is true his poems number barely twenty-five. Such as they are, however, they contain some pieces which add lustre to our literature. The most notable are: "Le Vieux Soldat Canadien," "Le Drapeau de Carillon," "Les Morts," "La Fiancée du Marin," "L'Alouette," and his

longest and to his thinking his best production: "Promenade des Trois Morts."

"Le drapeau de Carillon" is singularly characteristic of his favorite manner. It is the story of a Canadian soldier, who after vainly seeking the help of the French King, returns to the frozen battlefield of Carillon and dies wrapped up in the white flag of France. His parting words are fervid and appealing:

O Carillon, je te revois encore,
Non plus, hélas! comme en ces jours bénis
Où dans tes murs la trompette sonore
Pour te sauver nous avait réunis.
Je viens à toi, quand mon âme succombe
Et sent déjà son courage faiblir.
Oui, près de toi, venant chercher ma tombe,
Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.

Mes compagnons, d'une vaine espérance,
Bercant encor leurs cœurs toujours français,
Les yeux tournés du côté de la France,
Diront souvent: Reviendront-ils jamais?
L'illusion consolera leur vie;
Moi, sans espoir, quand mes jours vont finir,
Et sans entendre une parole amie,
Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.

Crémazie's immediate disciple is Louis Fréchette (1839-1908), undoubtedly the greatest poet of this period. Born in Lévis, opposite Quebec, he went through a classical course, took up journalism, and afterwards entered the legal profession. His life was one of commotion and disappointments, filled with polemical clashes, political defeats and success, which finally landed him into the clerkship of the Legislative Council. Yet his literary achievement was remarkable. At the age of twenty-four he brought out his first book of verse: "Mes Loisirs" (1863). He went to Chicago in 1866 and during his five years stay edited three French newspapers, and also published a volume of satires bubbling with wrath and rancor: "La Voix d'un Exilé" (1866-1869). He then returned to Quebec and started upon his eventful career.

Fréchette's contribution to French Canadian literature, besides that already mentioned, consists of six volumes of verse: "Pêle-Mêle" (1877); "Les Fleurs Boréales" and "Les Oiseaux de Neige" (1879); "La légende d'un Peuple" (1887); "Les Feuilles Volantes" (1890); "Les Epaves Poétiques" (1908). He also published some prose books, less valuable in every way, of which "La Noël au Canada" was made into an English translation.

In the year 1880, Fréchette, until then unknown outside Quebec, suddenly leapt into fame. France, for the first time, gave official recognition to our literature. "Les Fleurs Boréales" and "Les Oiseaux de Neige" were crowned by the French Academy which similarly honored, a few years later, "La Légende d'un Peuple." Moreover this book contained a flattering preface by one of the Academicians. Henceforth, and for a quarter of a century, Fréchette remained the dominating figure of French Canada.

He was worthy of the part. His intellectual sympathies were generous and his culture was

brilliant. His mind had long been steeped in the great masters of verse. The French Romantics attracted him from the beginning. Above all, he worshipped at the shrine of Victor Hugo, who was his model and his teacher. Often he comes very near copying him and even borrowing his style and his vocabulary. No doubt his manner here and there is rather oratorical and bombastic. Yet Fréchettes's gifts as a lyrical poet are manifest, although his forte lies in the heroic vein. He combines a warm and responsive imagination with a deep sensibility and a marked power of description.

He indeed follows in the footsteps of Crémazie. But his craftsmanship is finer and more polished, his rhythm more melodious and sustained, his inspiration on a higher plane, his work superior in scope and in bulk. To judge Fréchettes at his true worth, and to see him in the full display of his splendid qualities, we must read such poems as "Jean-Baptiste de la Salle" and those contained in "La Légende d'un Peuple," particularly the "Prologue," "Jolliet," "Vive la France," "Papineau". Victor Hugo composed "La Légende des Siècles." So Fréchettes wrote "La Légende d'un Peuple." It is an epic of the history of Canada from its discovery until recent times. In the choice and importance of its themes, the loftiness of its tone, the felicity and richness of its verse, despite some glaring defects, no other work compares with it in our literature. "La Légende d'un Peuple" remains Fréchettes's most finished and, I believe, most lasting production. Many passages bear quotation. Here are two stanzas describing the Mississippi when Jolliet first beheld its waters. It is a fine specimen of poetic imagery.

Le grand fleuve dormait couché dans la savane.
 Dans les lointains brumeux passaient en caravane
 De farouches troupeaux d'élan et de bisons.
 Drapé dans les rayons de l'aube matinale,
 Le désert déployait sa splendeur virginale
 Sur d'insondables horizons.
 L'Inconnu trônait là dans sa grandeur première.
 Splendide, et tacheté d'ombres et de lumière,
 Comme un reptile immense au soleil engourdi,
 Le vieux Meschacébé, vierge encor de servage,
 Déplait ses anneaux de rivage en rivage
 Jusques aux golfes du Midi.

The apostrophe addressed to America likewise is clothed in a language at once stately and inspiring:

Amérique! salut à toi, beau sol natal!
 Toi, la reine et l'orgueil du ciel occidental!
 Toi qui, comme Vénus, montas du sein de l'onde,
 Et du poids de ta conque équilibras le monde!
 Quand, le front couronné de tes arbres géants,
 Vierge, tu secouais au bord des océans
 Ton voile aux plis baignés de lueurs éclatantes;
 Quand, drapés dans leurs flots de lianes flottantes,
 Tes grands bois ténébreux, tout pleins d'oiseaux chanteurs,
 Imprégnèrent les vents de leurs âcres senteurs,
 Quand ton mouvant réseau d'aurores boréales
 Révéla les splendeurs de tes nuits idéales;
 Quand tes fleuves sans fin, quand tes sommets neigeux,
 Tes tropiques brûlants, tes pôles orageux,
 Eurent montré de loin leurs grandeurs infinies,
 Niagaras grondants! blondes Californies!
 Amérique! au contact de ta jeune beauté,
 On sentit reverdir la jeune humanité!

Pamphile Le May (1837-1918) ranks next to Fréchettes as a lyrical poet. He published in 1865 his "Essais poétiques" and afterwards a translation of Longfellow's "Evangeline". His other poetical works are: "Les Vengeances" (1875), "Tonkourou" (reprint of preceding); (1888), "Petits Poèmes" (1883), and chiefly a collection of sonnets entitled "Les Gouttelettes" (1904).

Le May is a typical French Canadian bard, and one of our raciest writers. Rarely does he look for inspiration beyond his native land. He loves to sing the beauties of the Canadian landscapes and the joys of our rural life. His poetry is full of naïveté, of tenderness and of genuine sentiment. His style is easy, spontaneous, full of warmth and sincerity. He has given in "Les Gouttelettes", some of the most felicitous sonnets to be found in our literature. These lines from a sketch of the Canadian settler will afford an adequate instance:

Entendez-vous gémir les bois? Dans ces vallons
 Qui nous offraient, hier, leurs calmes promenades.
 Les coups de hache, durs comme des canonnades,
 Renversent bien des nids avec les arbres longs.
 L'âme de la forêt fait place à l'âme humaine.
 Et l'humble défricheur taille ici son domaine,
 Comme dans une étoffe on taille un fier drapeau

We have now to consider three historians of unequal merit: l'Abbé Ferland, l'Abbé Casgrain, and M. Benjamin Sulte. Of these Ferland (1805-1865) stands highest from every aspect. He was professor of Canadian history at Laval University. In 1861 he published the first part of his "Cours d'Histoire du Canada", and the second appeared after his death in 1865. His book covers only the French regime. Yet it is invaluable for its detailed information. And further it is grounded on official and original documents which the Abbé personally procured in Paris and in London. He sheds fresh light upon the origins of New France and the customs of the people, and corrects many mistakes regarding some points of our history. Too often indeed he does not give his references. The historical method was yet unborn. But all the same he deserves and inspires confidence. He is painstaking and conscientious. His pages breathe honesty, candor, moderation, although the Catholic priest is never entirely severed from the historian. His style is distinguished by clearness and simplicity. We can safely say that Ferland's book is assured of a permanent and a choice place in the literature of Canadian history.

L'Abbé Casgrain (1831-1904) is one of our most prolific writers. Before venturing into history, he had tried his hand at short stories, poetry, literary criticism, historical and biographical essays. He was a devotee of Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and Montalembert. In their masterpieces no doubt he sought food for his glowing imagination and his sensitive temperament. It is to history chiefly that he turned his intellectual activities. He wrote numerous books all bearing upon some phase of Canadian

history, notably, "Histoire de la Mère Marie de l'Incarnation" (1864), "Histoire de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Québec" (1878), "Pèlerinage au Pays d'Évangéline" (1884), "Une Seconde Acadie" (1894). Still his best known and capital work is "Montcalm and Lévis", which appeared in 1891. He has been reproached with garbling documents and with a tendency to what we would now call chauvinism. Further his language is too often florid and showy, thus perhaps losing the sense of measure and fitness and producing the impression that he is writing fiction instead of history. Be this as it may, none would deny that his narrative is bright and animated and makes pleasant reading.

M. Benjamin Sulte, born in 1841, is to-day the veteran of Canadian historiography. He began writing probably sixty years ago. With scarcely any schooling, he took up journalism and courted the Muses, but very soon found his main employment in the domain of history. He is best known for his "Histoire des Canadiens-français" which he published from 1882 to 1884. However, this bulky work in eight quarto volumes does not do him adequate credit. If you wish to estimate his vast erudition, his minute knowledge of our historical annals, you must read his short studies and his monographs which are too numerous to list. There is no occurrence, no problem, no small incident, no name nor date relating to Canadian history, that he has not either sifted, weighed or put in clearer light. To the student rather than to the general reader he appeals, for he is utterly indifferent to style. We all owe him a big debt of gratitude. If at this moment there are fewer dark spots and safer paths in the field of Canadian historical research, it is owing in large measure to his untiring labor.

It is time to speak of French Canadian novelists. To be frank, our efforts in that regard have so far been rather unproductive. We have but few names to mention. It seems that owing to our social condition, our mental and our national atmosphere, to what Taine would have termed "le moment et le milieu", such a literary accomplishment is to be long denied us. We may point, however, to three or four writers whose work calls for notice.

Philippe Aubert de Gaspé (1786-1871), published his only novel "Les Anciens Canadiens", in 1863, when he had reached the age of seventy-four. It gives a graphic and touching picture of the life, the customs, the traditions, the manners, the peculiarities, of our ancestors in the last days of the French regime, and the first years of the British conquest. The refinement of the seigneurs, as well as the language and even the accent of the people, are reproduced in picturesque scenes and pleasant dialogues. Gaspé himself wields a charming and facile pen, he writes with the urbanity and the distinction of the old "gentilhomme", whose courage never failed him in the storm and stress of those trying times.

Antoine Gérin-Lajoie (1824-1882), is the author of "Jean Rivard le Défricheur" which

appeared in 1862. We have here a novel of rural life in French Canada. It is also a spirited plea in favor of colonisation and an appeal to the Canadian habitant to remain on his farm and help build up the country. The book soon became popular. It pleased especially, not so much by its form, which is simple, easy and unadorned, as by its deep earnestness, its original flavor and its local color.

What Gérin-Lajoie did out of sheer patriotic impulse, was in Joseph Marmette the working of a supreme faculty and the pursuit of a vocation. Marmette stands as our most distinguished novelist. He took to fiction as Fréchette had taken to poetry. He cultivated it, he lived in it, and he wrote historical novels whose themes were borrowed from French and Canadian history. "François de Bienville" (1870), "L'Intendant Bigot" (1872), "Le Chevalier de Mornac" (1873), and "Le Tomahawk et l'Épée" (1877) are his most notable productions. Of these "L'Intendant Bigot" deserves to take first rank. He further published in 1891 a book of travel: "Récits et Souvenirs", which contains a pathetic short story, "Le dernier boulet", admirable as to conception and form. Marmette excels in the warmth and grace of his descriptions, in the liveliness of his dialogues and in the dramatic power he imparts to his characters.

We have in Laure Conan (Melle Félicité Angers) our first woman novelist. Her three novels "Angéline de Montbrun" (1884), "A l'Oeuvre et à l'Épreuve" (1891), and "L'oublié" (1902) are amongst the most finished of Canadian productions. The former is a romantic or better, a somewhat idealistic performance, the other two are historical fiction with a French background. Laure Conan writes in the purest and most elegant French. Her best book was justly honored by the French Academy. For a long time we may predict she will hold a secure place in French Canadian letters.

The limitations of this paper prevent me from dealing with two other French Canadian writers: Faucher de Saint-Maurice and Arthur Buies. The Gallic verve and if I may coin the word, the "Cyranoesque" imagination of the former, the sparkling wit and inexhaustible gaiety of the latter who might be our Mark Twain, would fill many delightful pages.

We have now reached the contemporary epoch. The previous achievements of our historians, our poets, our novelists, point to the existence of vital forces in our literature and give unmistakable proof of intellectual advance and improvement. It may be that our writers have drawn much of their inspiration from France and that our literature is in the main obviously derivative. That may be. It has been so with many modern writers of Europe. It is unnecessary to recall that just as Bryant looked to Wordsworth, Cooper to Scott, and Irving to Addison and Goldsmith, so did James Russell Lowell model his verse on that of Keats, Shelley and Tennyson, and even Poe on that of Coleridge.

In the same way we have seen the dominating

influence of the French Romantic School upon our versifiers and our writers of prose. Nor has the new generation and the older one still living been indifferent to its examples. Yet they have sought additional and later teachers and kept contact with their more recent performances. And it is safe to affirm that the classic treasures of France, from Renan and Taine to Lavissee and Hanotaux, from Sainte-Beuve to Brunetière, Lemaitre and Faguet, from Flaubert to Anatole France, Paul Bourget and Henri Barbusse, from Baudelaire and Verlaine to Paul Claudel are not unfamiliar to French Canadian writers of to-day.

The output of our literature since 1900 is rich in quality and varied in matter. The thought shows more maturity, the style is more correct and more polished, the scope of subjects, the manner of treatment indicate more serious application, more honest labor and more skill than before. It is evident that the opening of public archives, the teaching of universities, the work of libraries have borne fruit. New periodicals, "La Revue Trimestrielle", "Le Bulletin du Parler Français", (now "Le Canada Français"), "La Revue Nationale", and "La Revue Moderne", the latter so cleverly edited by a woman, Madame Huguenin ("Madeleine"), make their appearance, and "La Revue Canadienne" founded in 1864, still goes on. We have historians and poets whose works are published in France. We have novelists like Laure Conan, who also belongs to this period. We have journalists of brilliant talent and original views. We have orators who can win applause before London and Paris audiences. We have critics and lecturers admirably versed in other literatures than our own. Still it is in the province of history and poetry that contemporary French Canadian writers hold a conspicuous rank.

Among living historians, M. Thomas Chapais, now a Senator, stands in the very front rank. Through his scholarship, his extensive reading, the lucidity and elegance of his style, however oratorical it may be at times, he is unrivalled at the present day. His latest book, "Cours d'Histoire du Canada", of which Volume I was published last year, especially contains many flourishes of that kind.

M. Chapais has brought out two important works: "Jean Talon, Intendant de la Nouvelle-France," in 1904, and "Le Marquis de Montcalm" in 1911. The latter is the better one and has been justly crowned by the French Academy. Both are at once biographies and historical studies of two momentous epochs in Canada under the French Regime. The formative period of New France and the British conquest are embodied in these respective volumes. Although displaying some prejudice and narrowness of view, M. Chapais treats his subjects with adequate respect for facts, and much sympathy. It is above all to his credit that he has exemplified the modern historical method. Too many of our writers are content with meagre material and insufficient data. And they show

in their numerous compositions notorious haste, utter disregard for the graces of style and a despairingly slipshod manner. M. Chapais, by contrast, follows the scientific method. This implies the patient and searching investigation of the original and the secondary sources, the careful weighing of conflicting evidence,—what an eminent French historian, Charles Seignobos, terms the internal and external criticism of documents,—with the sole object of ascertaining the truth. Nor is that all. History being now recognized both as a science and an art, the historian must needs possess a form of expression and a choice of language that will fit his narrative to his subject. In this regard also, M. Chapais is not lacking. His picture of New France in 1665, his account of the battle of Carillon and of the dying days of French Canada, his faithful and touching portrait of Montcalm well-nigh deserve the highest praise.

M. A.-D. De Celles was a born journalist. After a fairly long career on the daily press, he received an appointment to the post of Librarian of the Dominion Parliament which he has held the greater part of his life. His close contact with public affairs and personal acquaintance with the leading figures of our country enabled him to procure at first hand invaluable information upon questions of national interest. He has given us in three volumes: "Papineau" (1905), "La Fontaine et Son Temps" (1907), and "Cartier et Son Temps" (1907), the fruit of his many labors and reflections. These cover the period from 1825 to 1880 and should be read by every student of Canadian political and constitutional history.

M. De Celles is a shrewd observer of men and shows in the discussion of events intelligence, insight and discrimination. He writes in a clear and facile fashion, serving us good wholesome food without any delicatessen. On the other hand, he inspires respect because he never distorts the facts, displays no prejudice and keeps equally distant from laudation and from invective.

Like M. De Celles, Senator L. O. David first went into journalism, which he left to become a high civic official. Both have cultivated literature and both are gentlemen of letters. Yet they differ in their political opinions and convictions. M. De Celles writes as a moderate-Conservative, M. David as a moderate Liberal. It is from this opposite standpoint that they have treated the same periods of our history. Thus M. David has published "Les Patriotes de 1837-1838" (1884), "L'Union des deux Canadas—1841-1867" (1898), "L'Histoire du Canada sous la Confédération, 1867-1887" (1909). He also knew personally the chief statesmen and prominent persons connected with these events. And as the intimate friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he could take pride in recalling the beautiful line of Voltaire:

L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux.

When all deductions are made, it must be

owned that every page of Senator David is marked by honesty and candor and prompted by a sincere patriotism.

It is moreover in the realm of poetry that the living French Canadian writers find the full expression of their personality and their true instinct. They form a valiant band of about twelve between the ages of twenty and fifty. Emile Nelligan, Charles Gill, Albert Lozeau, Albert Ferland, Blanche Lamontagne, Paul Morin, René Chopin are the outstanding names. Willingly and nonchalantly do they abandon themselves to exotic influences, or drink from the cup of Heredia, Sully-Prudhomme, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Edmond Rostand, Richepin, the Comtesse de Noailles and Paul Fort. They are Parnassians, decadents or symbolists, nationalists, socialists or internationalists, and they read "Le Mercure de France", "L'Humanité", "Clarté", "La Nouvelle Revue Française", "La Revue des Deux-Mondes", and "Le Correspondant". Yet they are all sons of the Canadian soil, French Canadians dyed-in-the-wool, and they live and will die on the shores of our St. Lawrence. Many of their poems bear quotation. Some are exquisite, some show real originality, whilst all testify to their fine literary gifts.

Albert Lozeau (born in 1878) is the poet of sentiment, fond of exploring the mysterious avenues of the soul ("L'Âme Solitaire", Paris, 1907; "Le Miroir des Jours", Montréal, 1912). The poem entitled "La Poussière du Jour" is a fair illustration of his particular vein.

La poussière de l'heure et la cendre du jour
En un brouillard léger flottent au crépuscule.
Un lambeau de soleil au lointain du ciel brûle.
Et l'on voit s'effacer les clochers d'alentour.

La poussière du jour et la cendre de l'heure
Montent, comme au-dessus d'un invisible feu.
Et dans le clair de lune adorablement bleu
Planent au gré du vent dont l'air frais nous effleure.

La poussière de l'heure et la cendre du jour
Retombent sur nos coeurs comme une pluie amère.
Car, dans le jour fuyant et dans l'heure éphémère,
Combien n'ont-ils pas mis d'espérance et d'amour!

La poussière du jour et la cendre de l'heure
Contiennent nos soupirs, nos vœux et nos chansons;
A chaque heure envolée un peu nous périssions,
Et devant cette mort incessante, je pleure
La poussière du jour et la cendre de l'heure....

Emile Nelligan is the tragedy of French Canadian letters. Although alive in bone and flesh, he belongs to the departed whose voice is silenced forever. His poems were written when he was still a youth under eighteen and show a marvellous faculty for word painting and beautiful expression. The most noteworthy are "Le Vaisseau d'Or", "L'Idiote aux Cloches", "Mon âme" and "La Romance du Vin", of which the following lines well deserve to be quoted:

Je suis gai, je suis gai! Vive le Vin et l'Art!....
J'ai le rêve de faire aussi des vers célèbres,
Des vers qui gémiront les musiques funèbres
Des vents d'automne au loin passant dans le brouillard.

C'est le règne du rire amer et de la rage
De se savoir poète et l'objet du mépris,
De se savoir un cœur et de n'être compris
Que par le clair de lune et les grands soirs d'orage!

Femmes! je bois à vous qui riez du chemin
Où l'idéal m'appelle en ouvrant ses bras roses;
Je bois à vous, surtout, hommes aux fronts moroses
Qui dédaignez ma vie et repoussez ma main!

Pendant que tout l'azur s'étoile dans la gloire,
Et qu'un hymne s'entonne au renouveau doré,
Sur le jour expirant je n'ai donc pas pleuré,
Moi qui marche à tâtons dans ma jeunesse noire!

Je suis gai, je suis gai! Vive le soir de mai!
Je suis follement gai, sans être pourtant ivre!....
Serait-ce que je suis enfin heureux de vivre?
Enfin mon cœur est-il guéri d'avoir aimé?

Les cloches ont chanté; le vent du soir odore...
Et pendant que le vin ruisselle à joyeux flots,
Je suis si gai, si gai, dans mon rire sonore,
Oh! si gai, que j'ai peur d'éclater en sanglots!

M. Albert Ferland ("Les Horizons", 1908; "Le Terroir", 1909; "L'Âme des Bois", 1909) and Melle Blanche Lamontagne ("Par nos Champs et nos Rives", 1917; "La Vieille Maison", 1920) are true poets of the soil. Their atmosphere, their inspiration, their themes are distinctly Canadian or rather French Canadian. See how M. Ferland describes a summer evening at Longueuil:

Longueuil au chant menu des grenouilles s'endort.
La gloire des prés verts s'éteint dans l'ombre grise
L'azur meurt. S'effilant, le clocher de l'église,
Au trouble crépuscule, a perdu son coq d'or.

Les toits sont bruns. Déjà, vers l'ouest, se devine
L'ne étroite lueur, au delà des pignons.
Et l'on songe qu'au loin, touchant les flots profonds,
Montréal dans la nuit montante s'illumine.

Ses feux tissent dans l'ombre une dentelle claire
Dont chaque point d'argent sur l'eau vacille et luit;
D'éclatants nénuphars semblent peupler la nuit,
Berçant au sein des flots leurs tiges de lumière.

Melle Lamontagne has a veritable cult for French Canadian customs, memories, legends, and shows her native pride in "Les Habitants" who made the country.

Ne raillons pas leurs habitudes,
Leur dehors simple et sans atours,
Leurs manières, leurs geste rudes,
Et leurs pittoresques discours.

Ne rions pas de leur costume,
Fait de "l'étoffe du pays",
Et tissé, selon la coutume,
De la laine de leurs brebis....

Ils venaient de la belle France,
— Le sol des divines moissons —
Ces hommes de toute endurance
Qui firent ce que nous voyons!

Ils ont, sur nos forêts sereines,
Abattu leurs bras acharnés,
Ils ont fait nos champs et nos plaines,
Et c'est d'eux que nous sommes nés!....

M. Paul Morin spent five years in Paris, where he obtained a doctorate of letters. His muse has travelled throughout Europe, the Orient and North Africa, and won in the French Capital the fascinating graces of the Comtesse de Noailles, to whom he dedicated his first poetic performance: "Le Paon d'E-

mail" (Paris, 1911). M. Morin is an accomplished versifier and a born artist. He shows at his best in the following poem: "Flamme" (1916), which is of particular brilliance and a gem of the purest quality:

L'Aube m'a dit: Je suis l'Améthyste éternelle....
 Ami, sans moi, la mer, et la terre, et les cieux.
 Ne seraient—car c'est moi qui fis la Nuit si belle,
 Qu'un abîme espérant le sourire des Dieux.
 Sans moi, tu n'aurais pas la couleur et les ombres
 Le feuillage pourpré, l'air parfumé de miel;
 Tout dormirait, silencieux, dans les bras sombres
 De l'inerte démon du gel.

Mais je viens, lente et claire, et mon âme légère
 Prodigue au firmament, aux monts, aux flots marins,
 —O Beauté!—la fluide et la chaude lumière,
 Et la douceur du jour palpite dans mes mains.
 Je viens, et le nocturne azur, émerveillé, se dore
 Et frémit de sentir mes doigts magiciens
 Entr'ouvrir cette fleur adorable, l'aurore,
 Et ces calices, les jardins.

Je suis celle qui fit s'épanouir le monde
 Au seuil du tourbillon planétaire et sans loi;
 Je suis l'apaisement de la cime et de l'onde,
 L'initial frisson et le premier émoi....
 Je suis le blanc réveil après la nuit de fièvre,
 Et quand, sur l'horizon matinal, j'ai penché
 Mon visage de nacre et l'ardeur de ma lèvre,
 J'étoile les yeux de Psyché.

Je suis l'Ange, la Fée et l'Eve inassouvie,
 L'astre, le nimbe, et l'auréole, et le rayon;
 Je suis le feu, je suis l'amour, je suis la vie,
 L'arche d'or où pâlit la constellation....
 O Poète, j'étais avant toutes les choses,
 Ardente et calme, au sein d'un royaume irréel,
 Plus pure que la neige, et la vierge, et les roses....
 Car je suis le rêve éternel.

By this time, I trust, the reader will be convinced that the language of French Canadians is well-nigh understandable and a genuine one, and further that they own at least the essentials of a national literature.

An American writer, Mr. Rupert Hughes,

has advocated the exclusive use of "United Statish". Another, Mr. H. L. Mencken, wrote a whole book in 1919 to prove the existence of the "American language". Still another argued recently in the *American Bookman* that there are, to say the least, a dozen American languages. As for us, French Canadians, we speak and write only one language, we recognize and accept the authority and the rules of only one, the language of France. We find its meaning in the dictionaries of Littré, Bescherelle and Larousse, we cultivate its genius, we look for its pure and splendid expression in the masterpieces of its poets and prose-writers. And so it is that in Canada to-day there are over two millions of people who speak French.

May I conclude by making a fervent appeal to all Canadians in favor of a closer acquaintance and a deeper and better understanding between the English and French-speaking races in Canada? Let us exchange our writers, our professors, our librarians. Let us exchange our books, our periodicals, our newspapers, nay more, our ideas, our opinions, our canons of criticism, our standards of art, our criterions of culture, of progress, of freedom, of civilization. Let us place side by side our literary possessions and our spiritual lore. And thus, each and all, according to our own lights, with minds unfettered and eager for truth, with souls enamored of beauty and responsive to the call of ennobling ideals, with hearts uplifted towards the attainment of those purposes which will bring into our national life more intellectual wealth, more moral worth, more patriotic love, and among one another more justice, more generous feeling, more toleration, more harmony, more happiness, we may be fully and proudly a united Canadian nation.

Dawn Upon the Mountain

By GOODRIDGE MacDONALD

FAr off the city lies made beautiful in mist.
 The eastern sky is jewelled, turquoise and amethyst,
 And in the west the grey-blue mystery of night,
 And the last stars, and fields that waver up to sight,
 A sparrow whistles shrill. A thrush, flute-throated, shakes
 His harmony abroad. Below a clamor wakes
 Of crows. The sun comes up. The colors change and pass;
 A curved cloud edged with flame floats upon glowing brass.
 Now all the beauty fades; the colors melt away.
 The river and the sky assume the drab of day.
 Oh, sad it is that all our loveliest loves must die,—
 Beauty of lip and hand; beauty of rose and sky;
 And yet the fire of life flames with the husks of death,
 Feeding on glories gone to give new beauties breath.

Sir William Van Horne

By SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL

"The Life and Work of Sir William Van Horne," by Walter Vaughan. Century Co. New York, A. T. Chapman, Montreal.

IF it were not for the suspicion that any swift and general literary judgment is probably wrong, one would say after a hurried and single reading that this record of the life and work of Sir William Van Horne by Walter Vaughan is the best biography that ever was written; and yet that is the impression left upon the mind. The book compels one to read hurriedly: the person is so alluring; the work in which he was engaged so new, so large, so interesting and successful; the narrative quick, deep, and clear.

Mr. Vaughan writes in a style so admirable that one neglects to observe that he has a style at all. With the exceptions to be noted his words are perfectly adapted to the theme: that is style. His method of dealing with a very ample material is equally perfect. He withdraws within certain limits—that is his own phrase—and remains there, drawing his material to him, and passing it through his mind. This process implies the possession of a mind, knowledge of the meaning, and skill in the use, of words. Mr. Vaughan has this complete equipment, which for the business of writing is vastly more than the usual dictionary and pen.

The book is an amazing record of an amazing man. Nothing is wanting in the life or omitted from the book. There is the suggestive ancestry, the early meagreness of means, the ambition, the industry, the resource, invention, fidelity, the sentiment even, the pious devotion to kith and kin, and ever the vision of a far off end. Mr. Vaughan has omitted none of this. He has written a book which will endure with the greatest of biographies, much better than he suspects; and yet from his desire to be moderate and scrupulously fair he has underestimated rather than magnified the many excellences of his subject.

The writer boasts himself of his frankness; but in reality there is nothing to conceal, nothing to disclose, that is unworthy. Van Horne lived a public and private life that was entirely transparent. He moved from his house to his office, to his car, for all the world to see, and he was a man not easily hid. Too much is made of his generous appetite for food, the technical nature of his language when he was engaged upon his business, and his capacity for bewildering an opponent with a series of statements in which the sequence was hard to discover.

But Van Horne made only one serious meal in the day. In the social relation his speech was pure, rich, and fine; his words strong and just; his expression large and fluent. The tradition

of unveracity arose from his very truthfulness. At all times he spoke his mind, and he talked to all he met. Upon a journey from New York to Vancouver he would speak with a hundred persons, and his swift and powerful mind was not adequately compassed by any one. The officials at either end of the road would have quite different stories, if they came to compare them.

Mr. Vaughan allows himself to make use of two terms, "meanness" and "stinginess". These also are easily explained. A similar charge lies against all rich men, although Van Horne was not technically rich. It is surprising how many suggestions come to a rich man for the spending of his fortune. Mr. Vaughan was for many years the treasurer of a university which for a hundred years lived handsomely by placing rich men under tribute.

Van Horne had no illusions about the value of a university. His own education was not obtained from charity. It was obtained in the school of life, and the same door was freely open to all. He recommended his engineers to test their theories of the curve with a pick and shovel; he would not employ an engineer at all if he could teach a section man to use a transit. He had seen too many good minds dulled by reading, and too many dull minds and lazy bodies made still more useless by seclusion from actual work.

Although his private charity was unbounded he would not give his warrant to public hospitals to prolong useless lives that were already broken by vice and by the disease that follows in its train. He had a humorous satisfaction in defeating such designs upon his purse. To him it was a pretty game.

There is much in the popular conception of Van Horne that is mistaken, and much is set right by this book. He was not really a sound player of the game called poker. His negro servant, Jimmy French, was aware of that. On one occasion he remonstrated with his master against the practice of "gemmunns who take from you all the money in yo' jeans." The truth is, Van Horne depended too much upon the secondary bluff, and never learned the importance of the raise before the draw.

At a time of political crisis in 1911, when reciprocal trade with the United States was proposed, he compressed his commercial philosophy into the question,—Who would give up four aces in the hope of drawing a straight flush? forgetting the complementary question,—Who would bet upon four aces, knowing that his opponent already held the major hand? Such a hand has just been laid upon the table by Mr. Fordney playing for the United States.

One of the really poignant passages in the

book concerns this faithful servant. "One extremely hot summer day, when he was making the car ready for a journey to Boston, Jimmy was stricken with heat apoplexy and was found dead where he fell on his master's bed. No railway porter ever had a more imposing funeral, and Van Horne, who was deeply affected by the loss of his devoted servant, walked at the head of the procession as chief mourner." One must read the book, any good book, with patience. At times one is arrested by a statement which appears partial and inadequate, especially to one who knows the subject well; but in due course it will be amplified and the full nature of the man disclosed.

It was not Mr. Vaughan's immediate intention to write the history of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of Canada; but he has done both with masterly reticence and control. In the play and stress of politics he holds a sure course, and in plain terms he has appraised the conduct of those who in their own interests strove to defeat the project, whether they operated from London or from New York.

In an undertaking so vast as building a railway across Canada there was no place for doubt or half statements. Van Horne was given to neither. As a result he said many foolish things. Whilst he put forward "two dollar wheat" as a prophecy, he declared and "proved" that the stock in his road was at any moment worth a thousand dollars a share. He insisted upon the importance of the land, and he had a nice calculation of the value of the nitrogen in the air which lay over that land to the height of thirty miles. This he estimated was equal at pre-war price to twenty dollars for every square foot,—and he believed it.

Nor did it fall within the limits which Mr. Vaughan set for himself to estimate the effect of Van Horne's "optimism" upon the future of the country. Such optimism operating in ignorant and foolish or mercenary minds has brought upon us the intolerable burden of the public railway deficits. We in Canada have long been the braggarts of the Western world, and we are not even yet fully sensible of our folly. His half humorous jests—about damming the Bay of Fundy, for example—we took seriously, and praised him for his "imagination". The price is yet to be paid.

Sir William Van Horne brought a new idea into the railway world, as a great artist brings a new idea into the world of art, as a great moralist brings a new idea into the realm of morals; and he himself was at once both artist and moralist, which all artists are not. He built his railway in the love of creating, for the good of the people, not for his own gain. He repeated the performance in Cuba, and he always worked in a spirit of "fairness"; that was his continual word.

He considered himself to be a servant of the people; as a father is the servant of his family; and he impressed upon his fellow workers that they were servants too, willing servants, bound in all circumstances to yield a service that was

self-respecting, courteous, and kind. He yet lives. Let any one enquire by telephone, anywhere, at what time a Canadian Pacific train leaves or arrives; let him enquire of any other road, and he will discern Van Horne's spirit. If he has a larger discernment, he will discover also how it came about that this road amongst all others has alone weathered the recent storm. Van Horne created a succession to carry on his work in his own spirit.

The publishers of the book have done their best to warn away any reader of taste, that is, if any reader of taste ever does read the enticements they print upon the cover. "Intimate—pen picture—tremendous personality": that is enough. Even the "British Ambassador" is made to testify to "the author's vision of the romance, akin to that of war, inherent in big business". It is too late for these pre-war heroics. Men have seen too much of war and too much of big business to be greatly impressed.

Mr. Vaughan himself is at times betrayed into this mock mood. He likens the sordid struggle for a branch line to a "grim fight." His telegraphs "flash", and his lines are "busy." Forces are "marshalled", and when two men engage in a game of chess they "do battle over the board". A message from George Stephen is "the hereditary slogan which the cable had flashed across the Atlantic". Van Horne is at one moment engaged in a "Sisyphean task"; again he goes upon "a Jason-like voyage"; and finally he is "a fighting general in the open field." Even a letter is made to "wind up with a sentence or phrase like a shot from a cannon." This is too violent.

So that nothing may be left unsaid, Mr. Vaughan allows himself to use "intrigued" and "sensed", words which it is true, were not at the time of writing so debased as they have since become. Finally, a great book ends with a banal letter from another hand, in which "Napoleonic master of men" is used. This is more than fine writing: it is nonsense.

More serious still, Mr. Vaughan has not freed himself from the pre-war idea that there is something fine in the tradition of truculence which so many men in "big business" did their best to encourage. He does not help in his presentation by likening so good and great a man as Van Horne to an explosive substance or to a "cyclone". Van Horne never was contemptuous even "to a reporter who obtained entrance to his office." His door was always open to these humble and—to him—useful persons. If he were engaged at a meeting he would himself come to the door, and persuade the reporter to wait until he "got clear" of his own associates, whom he would characterize with a homely pungency. Men who came on business were not compelled "to stand on the mat" for three days. It was not by such methods his railway was built up in the affections of the people. It was by such methods all others have fallen into ruin.

The truth is, if the word must be used at last, Sir William Van Horne was a very great gentle-

man. He surrounded himself by men who were, if not *in esse* at least *in posse*, of that quality. It was for this very reason he selected the "unimportant secretary" to whom Mr. Vaughan so cryptically refers. And yet this secretary was not so unimportant after all, for it is to him the memory of Sir William owes one of the best biographies ever written. By this book he will be held in affection and admiration long after his enterprises will have passed into new hands, and himself otherwise forgotten.

The names of many men pass upon these pages. With delicacy and truth the writer records Van Horne's appraisal of them. Especially is justice done to Lord Mountstephen, who always suffered himself to be eclipsed by his more expansive colleague, Strathcona; to "the indefatigable and resourceful Shaughnessy"; and a little more than justice to Mac-

donald. Even Judge Clark, the chief solicitor, is not forgotten. Van Horne used to say of him, with an air of reminiscence not untinged with regret, that he would never allow anything illegal to be done, and that he was one of the best poker players of his time in Canada.

This phrase—of his time—illustrates Van Horne's continued belief that all things were susceptible of improvement if only he had leisure to apply his mind to the task. If only he than Brymner, build a better house than White, manage a university better than Peterson, play better chess than Vaughan, and better poker than Judge Clark. To this habit of thought his biographer applies the delicious phrase—sprigs of vanity gathered by the wayside. Quite apart from its personal and historical interest the book may be read for its sly jests, dainty wit, and urbane humour.

American Book Auction Prices

By R. H. HATHAWAY

WHEN did men begin to collect books? The answer to this question, it must be admitted, is like many other things which puzzle us, shrouded in the mists of long past years; yet it is surely safe to say that the collecting of books followed hard upon the first making of them. Indeed, it is conceivable that in those far-back days when men, with infinite labor and pains, committed the records of their times, or the thoughts which arose in their minds, to papyrus or parchment, there were other men who hastened to possess themselves of the results of their handiwork. And it is equally likely that not only were there collectors of papyri or MSS., but also that there was keen competition among them, and that it was not long, as a result, before particularly good examples of the transcribers' art began to acquire greater and greater commercial value, until collecting such things finally became a veritable and recognized pursuit. It may be, too, that there developed in the course of time a class of dealers in papyri and MSS. who, wise in their knowledge of men and their ways, assisted in fanning the flames of their desires, to their own pecuniary profit and material advantage. In fact, it is easy, if one lets the reins of his fancy hang loose, to imagine that in those long past days things, so far as they concern books—or the counterpart of what we now know as books—and their collecting, were not so altogether unlike those of modern days as a mere casual consideration might lead one to suppose.

There is at least one feature of modern book collecting, however, which was not, and could not have been, known, in those old days, and that is the attraction and lure of the first edition. Duplicate copies of the more important

and desirable papyri and MSS. doubtless were—and indeed we know that they were—made in response to demands, but they could have been but few in number, at best; and anyway, a papyrus or a MS. would have been a papyrus or a MS. whether it was an original or a copy.

These observations are apropos of the latest volume of "American Book Prices Current" which comes from the house of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, who have taken over the publication of this indispensable reference work for the dealer in and collector of rare books from Dodd, Mead & Co. The volume in question—which, it might be mentioned in passing, is limited to 665 copies—is No. XXV., the first having been issued in 1895, and gives the prices brought by all the important books sold at public auction in New York, Boston and Philadelphia during the season 1918-19.

This season, as the Preface to the volume points out, showed greater stability of prices and less erratic values than did the preceding war years. At the same time, some remarkable records were made, due undoubtedly to the fact that a large number—literally thousands, it has been stated—of those who had been made rich almost beyond the dreams of avarice through the war had had their attention turned to the collecting of books. Chief among those records was the re-sale of John Milton's "Comus"—or, as the title-page reads, "A Maske Presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, on Michaelmas Night"—published in London in 1637. First offered in a sale of duplicates from the library of Mr. Henry E. Huntingdon in February, 1918, this book—which was the copy dedicated to the Earl of Huntingdon, and which originally came from his library—was purchased by Mr. Herschell

E. Jones, of Chicago, for \$9,400. Offered again at the sale of the second portion of Mr. Jones' library in New York in January, 1919, it realized no less than \$14,250, or an advance of \$4,850. Other huge prices brought during the season were the following, viz.:

Shakespeare's "Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid," Lond., 1609 (the Locker-Church copy; a few headlines cut into), \$13,400.

Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," 1st ed., Lond., 1600 (the Bridgewater copy), \$11,900.

Edgar Allen Poe's "Tamerlane, and other Poems" (his first book, issued under the nom-de-plume, "A Bostonian;" but four other copies known, this being the only one complete in original paper covers), Bost., 1827, \$11,600.

Shakespeare's "Sonnets," Lond., 1609, title-page and dedication leaves probably in facsimile, \$10,500.

John Still's "Gammer Gurton's Needle," (the first English play) Lond., 1575 (some signatures and catchwords cut into), \$10,000.

Shakespeare's "Lamentable Tragedy of Locrine," Lond., 1595, \$7,900.

Pope Clement V.'s "Constitutiones," una cum apparatu J. Andrae, Mainz, J. Fust and P. Schoeffer, 1460 (on vell., with painted and illuminated initials), \$7,600.

St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," printed at the Benedictine Monastery of Subiaco, by Conrad Sweynheym and Arnold Pannartz in 1467, orig. vell. (with Ms. note showing it was presented by printers to the monks of Subiaco), \$6,000.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet," 3rd ed., Lond., 1611, \$5,900.

Sir Philip Sydney's "Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia," 1st ed., Lond., 1590, \$4,900.

William Blake's "Europe: A Prophecy," Lambeth, 1794 (the pls. colored by B.), \$4,900.

G. de Lorris and Jean Mung's "Le Rommant de la Rose," Paris, G. Verard, (1496), printed on vell., with 88 orig. miniatures in gold and color, \$4,500.

John Milton's "Lycidas," 1st ed., Cambridge, 1638, \$4,400.

Shakespeare's "Poems," Lond., 1640, orig. cf. (with second title-page; first title and 3 sigs. in f. s.), \$4,250.

Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus," 3rd ed., Lond., 1611, \$3,750.

William Blake's "America: A Prophecy," Lambeth, 1793 (the pls. colored by B.), 3 of the orig. drawings by him inserted), \$3,600.

Thos. a' Kempis' "Imitatione Christi," Augsburg, G. Zainer (c. 1470), \$3,450.

"A New Enterlude called Thersytes," Lnd. (c. 1560), \$3,300.

Jacob Sannazaro's "Arcadia," Venice, Aldus, 1534, orig. mor. (with "Sonnetti et Canzoni," 1534, bound in; Jean Grolier's copy, \$3,350.

Mention should be made here that a collected set of Shakespeare First Folios, 1623-85, 4 volumes, richly bound, brought the amazing sum of \$28,000, while a collected set of the first five editions of "The Compleat Angler," by Izaak

Walton and Charles Cotton, London, 1653-76, 5 volumes, brought \$5,900, and a collected set of Charles Dickens' first editions, with some books relating to him, 163 volumes, realized \$3,700.

With a total of 13,500 sale prices listed in this volume, and with a very large proportion of them ranging up into the hundreds of dollars, is impossible, within limited space, to give an adequate idea to the uninitiate reader of the varied lines pursued by present-day collectors and the lengths to which these collectors will go in their pursuit. It is likely, however, that the said reader, who no doubt has glanced over the above list with ever-increasing amazement, is wondering whether there are any books relating to Canada, or written by Canadians, which are of great value in the eyes of collectors. It must be said at once that very few books coming under the head of "Canadiana" sold last season in the U. S. auction marts brought high prices—that is, comparatively speaking. This may be explained by the fact that the Canadian books sold were not of great importance, either historically or intrinsically; but, after all, the really important items of Canadiana are comparatively few in number, and as they relate mainly to the early settlement and exploration of the North American continent, they are of as much interest to the collector of Americana as they are to the Canadiana collector. Examples which might be named are the original editions of the books of Cartier and Champlain, and of what are known as the "Jesuit Relations." Here are the prices brought by the more important Canadiana sold during the season 1918-19:

Samuel de Champlain's "Les Voyages de la Nouvelle France, Occidentale, dicte Canada," Paris, 1632, \$500.

Samuel de Champlain's "Voyages et Descouvertes faites en la Nouvelle France," Paris, 1619, \$390.

Marc Lescarbot's "Nova Francia," trans. by P. E. (rondelle), Lond., 1609, \$260.

"Order for Morning and Evening Prayer," rev. by Daniel Claus (Quebec), 1780, \$225.

Jesuit Relations: "Relation de 1670 et 1671," Paris, 1672 (earliest issue), \$180.

Jesuit Relations: Relation de 1652 et 1653," Paris, 1654, vell. (second issue), \$150.

Marc Lescarbot's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France" (with "Les Muses de la Nouvelle France"), Paris, 1611, \$115.

Francis Creuxius' "Historiae Canadansis, seu Novae Franciae," Paris, Cramoisy, 1664, \$100.

As to books by Canadians, it may be stated that there is one Canadian author certain of whose books, when they make their rare appearance in the auction room, bring prices such as are brought by the books of no living U. S. writer, that author being Bliss Carman. The season of 1918-19 seems, however, not to have seen any of these books offered. It might be mentioned, however, that a collection of first editions of T. C. Haliburton, 23 volumes, brought \$135, while a copy of F. C. McKinnon's novel, "St. George and the Dragon," Halifax, 1852, 2 vols., brought \$22.

Mention should be made here that a broad-side Proclamation by James II., prohibiting "His Majesty's subjects" from trading "within the limits assigned to the Gouvernour and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, except those of the Company," etc., London, 1688, brought \$485.

We turn now to the section detailing the prices brought for autographs and manuscripts, but with a warning to the reader who has come thus far to be prepared for fresh shocks. Here are some of the more important prices recorded:

15th cent. MS. Missal Romanum, executed in France for Charles VI. and presented by him to Henry V. of England on the marriage of the latter to Catharine of Valois, \$9,300.

MS. of Boccaccio's "De la Cas des Nobles Hommes et Femmes," in French, 357 ll., on vellum, with numerous large and small initials, in gold and colors, bound in old mor., with arms in gold, on sides and back, of Voyer d'Argenson, Marquis de Paulmy (a name which students of early Canadian history will recall), \$4,000.

"The Album or Stamp Book of Capt. Francis Segar," containing more than 200 signatures, with devices, emblazoned and engraved, and mottoes of "Kings, Princes, the Great Turk, and many noblemen and learned men," \$2,960.

MS. Horae Beatae Mariae Virginis of about middle of 15th cent., in French richly illuminated and decorated by French and Spanish artists, \$2,850.

"The Sunbeam Magazine, An Illustrated Miscellany of Fact, Fiction and Fun (in MS.). Edited by R. L. Stevenson." Nos. 1 and 2, with 9 pp. of No. 3, containing serial, "The Banker's Ward," "undoubtedly by Stevenson, as are all the colored drawings and pen sketches," \$2,600.

Collection of MS. contributions of Charles Lamb to Hone's "Table Book" and his letters to the editor, comprising 90 folio pp., \$2,250.

Orig. aut. MS. of portion of Tennyson's "Maud," "with numerous alterations and deletions and some unpublished stanzas," \$1,990.

The temptation is strong to continue this list almost without end, but it must be sternly resisted, since all limits of reasonable space have been already exceeded. Room must be found, however, for a few items of special Canadian interest:

A. L. S., 3 pp., from Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, Governor of New France, to his uncle, M. d'Humieres, May 14, 1626. \$160.

Collection of 150 letters and documents, written or signed by English officers, "all except one relating to the British Army and the defence of Penobscot, Halifax and Canada during the Revolution," including 5 letters from Sir Henry Clinton, 1 from Sir Guy Carleton, 14 from Brig.-Gen. Francis Haldimand, 2 from Lord Shelburne, \$150.

Agreement between the Lessee of the Rights of the King of France, in the Domaine d'Occident, and the Inhabitants of Canada, regulating the beaver trade, signed at the castle of St. Louis, Quebec, 1700, by 92 of the leading members of the colony, including the Chevalier de Callières, Governor-General; Jean de St. Valier, Bishop of Quebec; Francis de Laval-Montmorency, Bishop of New France; Jean Baptiste, Sieur de Vincennes, etc., with seal of King affixed at Paris in 1700, \$100.

Official transcript of the Royal Decree of Louis XIV., made May 13, 1675, granting to Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle, as a free gift, "The Fort called Frontenac," together with 4 leagues of the adjoining country, dated Quebec, Nov. 13, 1702, and signed by Francis de Beauharnois, Intendant of Justice, Police and Finance of New France, with seal, \$37.50.

D. S. by Marquis Duquesne de Menneville, Governor of New France, with title, "Memoire sur la Belle riviere et. . . le fort de Niagara, le fort St. Frederic," etc., \$36.

Original MS. "Journal of an American Prisoner at Fort Malden and Quebec in the War of 1812," \$27.

Original, or contemporary copy of original, MS. of John Nelson's Scheme for the "Reduction of Canada," presented by him before the Council of Trade and Plantations, Sept. 16, 1696, \$13.50.

D. S. on vellum, with portion of seal, Jan. 1, 1685, signed by Louis XIV. of France, appointing the Marquis of Denonville as Governor of Canada, with certificate of registration at Quebec at end, \$7.50.

A. L. S. from Jean Baptiste de la Croix de Chevrières, Bishop of Quebec, to the Provincial Fathers of the College of Récollets of Brittany, 2 pp., with address, dated Quebec, Aug. 8, 1700, \$5.50.

One cannot but express the fervent hope that some at least of the above-described documents were secured by public institutions or collectors in this country, but the doubt that such was the case in even a single instance will insist on making itself heard.



Before C.O.D. -- And After

By FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

BEWARE the Greeks bringing gifts—and the husband who brings home flowers, when the city allures with “a special sale of books, my dear, real bargains!”

“When I have more money,” said Erasmus (he lived before C.O.D. and the sale of editions de luxe) “I will buy me some more books, and afterwards some clothes.” If he had been treading this earth in A. D. 1920, he would have been forced to live the life of a hermit or vagabond. Books were in his blood.

In a quaintly worded biography of “Georgian Men of Letters” I was lately reading of a fine old spirit, sometime headmaster of a boys’ school, who “liked three things: old port, old books and old clothes; and who never could be induced to do three things: go to bed, get up in the morning, or settle an account.”

Hm! Settle an account! But perhaps he lived in the days before C.O.D.? His was the ideal life for those who must perforce live the strenuous one. And of these, few succumb only to the gentle weakness of buying books (the harmless predilection for old clothes following as a matter of course). These be they whom canvassers have marked for their own; but even the latter realize that it is only the first comer who has any chance of securing the honey, saying in the transposed words of the poet “Was I not ’ware a flower so fair must have been gathered before?”

But when the windows and shelves of an otherwise empty room are filled with all the books one has ever wanted, can you blame the wage-earner of the family for “just looking in?” Of course that is the beginning of his predestined end, the next step being the bringing home of a sample copy of a set. “Of course, Sophy, we can’t afford it. I just brought one to show what we are missing. The man was awfully decent and let me have it on my face.”

Sophy smiles pityingly, recognizing the symptoms. Dear innocent, thinks she; but there is no sign of relenting in her eyes. Instead, she mentions with some asperity that she needs a new suit and hat. The day after he brings her home the flowers; and the books follow. C. O. D.

The next time he goes to the window he is woefully tempted by an absurdly reasonable edition of Plato, which he had unaccountably missed the day he bought the set of Sterne. Not that he regrets Sterne. His heart lifts at the thought. Sophy was really surprisingly nice about Sterne—but she mightn’t feel the same about Plato. He passes on, in a high mood of relinquishment, for Sophy’s sake, or so he thinks.



MRS. FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY.

But he begins to haunt the street and notes the expression of prospective buyers of the one set remaining, with growing anxiety.

For when he reached
The palace of Ala-ed-Din
He gained the prize he sought,
The Magical Lamp of the Treasure
In exchange for his tawdry wares.

Sophy, having observed his growing abstraction, being a skilled husband-meteorologist and something of a general to boot, orders her hat. C.O.D. Later, becoming still more anxious as to her reserves, she asks him to go and fetch it. He does so, meekly, on his way from the office. And he passes the fatal window.

Sophy’s hat comes home triumphantly. They are expensive flowers, this time.

And Plato follows, C.O.D.

“New books, old clothes” the version is a little different. Sophy’s hat and her suit don’t match. But he! Ah, he is “apparelled in delight.”

The Red Bear

By LIONEL HAWEIS

I believe this is a tale of the Eskimos of Greenland. Unfortunately, I have forgotten where I found it; I am sorry, as I should like to have given acknowledgment of the source. But I am not at all sure I have been able to reproduce the extreme gruesomeness of the original. Some notes might illuminate a few of the expressions and allusions I have used, but the composition is slight and only aims at atmosphere, after all.

A YLAY! ayla! lay! lay!"—
A sounding slap of the thigh,
And Otaq flung on the sledge.
The couching dogs upsprang,
Strained on the leash, and away,
Heads down, tails flat on the ice, ears pricked
To the scream of the lash—tyu! tyu!—
In a smother of frozen snow.

And seant had been our toll—
Of the sea by red of day—
(Last of the bright half-year)—
When Otaq called for speed
Of the sledge-light dogs, and ran
In the tooth of a rising gale for home—
Home and hot smells of folk at play...
Ho! for the dance and drum-songs!

Even as we swayed along
Our smoking breaths were blent
With snow-dust, and hard frost
Withered our wind-set faces;
And now in the immanent dark
We drave in the jaws of a 'tide-crack', gaping
Wide as a 'lead', where the dogs yelped
(Too late) on a bearded seal.

Bald Otaq called a halt
And swung his arm round, waving
Westward and seaward where
A lowering bank of frost-fog,
Hugging the warm horizon,
Lay folded upon the twilight sea,
Three giant strides beyond the chattering
Edge of the grinding ice-foot.

"Heh! what seest thou yonder,
to the beating of spirit-ladles?"—
"Fog and sea and twilight
And a long road home," quoth I.
"Yonder the great, cold Dark
Is coming," said Otaq, "and well I know it!"—
The cloud-wrack fell, and on we drave
In a smother of blinding snow.

But gat no nearer home.
Rough ice and broken water
And soft snow clogged the sledge,

For harder freezing shod;
And Otaq lashed the dogs
To shelter of a glacier-cave...
And here we sheltered two full days
By reason of the storm.

And all was well, till Otaq
Silently sat to listen...
"What hearest thou there without?"—
"I hear a bear," quoth Otaq,
A bear—and well I know it!"...
Now, when as thus he spake of bear,
And the year's Dark was fully come,
Otaq was mad again.

For once in the days of hot-blood,
Otaq—of all his people
Greatest, the strong Magician,
Searcher and worker of spells,
Direst of fell intention—
Loved... But the love that was his keeping,
Hoarded like beast-soul in a bladder,
Was sealed against release.

Of this passion, stored and staling,
Frightful hate was the outcome—
Hate and a stark revenge,
Which hung like a blazing curtain
Of flame in the zenith of thought.
This brought in time death on Takuka
The woman, and death on Sapa the man;
Madness and death for others.

For close on Otaq's doings
Of hatred, two years' Darks
Stalked overland together,
One after one, the hinder
Hard on the other's kamiks...
And all the summer between was faint
As ice-blink, while the Warmer-of-Men
Hid from the white Moon-Man...

'Playing at shadows,' they said...
And the world became a monster
With a vasty hole in his back,
Where languid people whined
And starved in the cold together,
And after died. But Otaq lived,
Silently eating the frozen folk
Dead of that second Dark.

For empty all were the flesh-pits,
Never a masu-root
Was left in the village,—nay
Nor the smallest berry lost
Between the mouth and the grease-pot;
And when the flame of blubber-lamps
Out-flickered, hands clawed hands in the gloom
For the cinder of shrivelled moss.

And all things died by cold,
 But one great beast which growled
 Without upon the dogs,—
 The long-time foodless dogs.
 First of the famine-stricken;
 And though a score swarmed out to slay,
 None ever saw the prowling bear,
 Nor *heard* the bear, but Otaq.

And so they railed upon him:
 No bear was this, said they...
 "A bear it is," quoth Otaq,
 "Red as fire and heart's-blood,—
 A bear,—and well I know it!"...
 And when the people sang their tales,
 Otaq chanted the Red Bear,
 And madness gripped the song.

But after food ran short,
 And folk had gnawed all skins
 From umiaq and kayak,
 Even the skins of clothes;
 And after lamps died out,
 And empty stomachs lacked their fill,
 They sang no more... But Otaq sang
 Till all the Dark came live...

Live!...and toward the end
 All fought...The stronger ate
 The weaker—slowly...Of these
 The bane of all was Otaq...
 Otaq! Liver for him!
 Till the Warmer-of-Men returned at last...
 And first was Otaq among the seals,
 And first in kayak afloat.

But all who saw that summer
 Were eaters of frozen folk,
 And all fell sick thereof.
Bald of that grisly fare,
 Otaq himself was whole;
 But when the great Dark fell anew,
 And when the Red Bear growled without,
 Otaq was mad again.

For Otaq who had heard
 Far out at sea the clash
 Of floe-ice, like the beating
 Of spirit-ladles, heard
 As like the Bear...Wherefore
 I crouched those long hours through, and
 patched
 And pieced this tale of Otaq's haunting,
 When all the Dark came live.

Two Sonnets

By EDWARD SAPIR

THE TRYST

Under the round and golden lantern-moon
 See meagre boughs aspiring in the pale
 Mid-air and sombre grasses tightly strewn
 Up to the level of the waving trail
 Of wind, and see the few birds flashing down
 Deep into shadow. Films of smoke are hanging
 Softly toward the moon, like a hazy gown
 Unwinding imperceptibly. Low-clanging
 Bells die in the hush... You do not see
 Her by the wicket, waiting in her dream
 Of suffocating joy. The moments teem
 And throb within her brain impetuously
 Until a footstep glorifies her face
 And tremulous she sinks in his embrace.

A SONNET OF RAIN

The heavens destroy themselves with rousing rain,
 And in a smudge have gone the tumult clouds
 That came in anger, flaunting heavy shrouds
 Above the wide and unexpectant plain.
 Now heaven and earth are joined, commingled in
 A dark embrace; the wind stands off and hears
 The heavy peacefulness, the muffled cheers,
 Of the straight-dropping rain. The heart can win
 No respite for a thought or fantasy,
 But lies down overcome. How good to be
 For once unsouled, all sickly sense to yield
 To mastering clamor of the raining field!
 My heart, I have delight more strange in this
 Than pleased you in momentary bliss!

Librarianship as a Profession

By MARY KINLEY INGRAHAM

LIBRARIANSHIP is a great profession, but is in danger of being cheapened by the narrowing tendency of the Geistweit Young men and women from the High School, after a summer course in Library Methods, do not hesitate to take for themselves the name of librarian.—the name so proudly worn by such men as Zenodotus, Callimachus, and Aristophanes, the librarians of Alexandria, by Gabriel Naudé of Paris, and, in modern times, by the beloved Henry Bradshaw, of Cambridge. In small towns, moreover, the office of librarian is often given to some impecunious widow of imperfect education, and in larger towns to men who have been professional failures. But truth can never lose its own. The little ill-bred girl who misgoverns the country school will not make teacher less a holy word. I hold that the librarian is even greater than the teacher, but ever a teacher, nevertheless. He is the custodian of the books; he it is alone who makes one great work available to many people. The brisk, efficient cataloger is not a librarian, and neither is the reference worker. The one who would be a librarian will understand cataloging, surely, and will do it efficiently, swiftly, silently. Under him the reference work, while it loses nothing in method, will cease to concern itself about method. No sensible librarian will despise ready-made tools, if they are valuable, nor will he hesitate to lay these aside when they do not serve his purpose. The scholar's instinct will lead the scholar.

I wish to consider the modern librarian from two viewpoints,—that of his preparation and that of the work he has to do.

The best preparation will not make a good librarian out of a man or woman who has not innate fitness for the work. No one should seriously consider librarianship as a profession who does not know himself to have in his approach to books the grave, searching attitude of the scholar. Almost all intelligent people like to read, and every specialist, perhaps every hobbyist, is interested in the books that throw light on his theme. Then there is the connoisseur in bindings, who singles out the Grolier at a glance, and instantly appraises the external workmanship of every book on a shelf. Close at his heels comes the man who can give the approximate date of a book from a glance at the paper and print. Such love as this is a part of the true librarian's equipment, but it is by no means all. He may be a specialist if he chooses to be, but his interest in books must be universal, or he is not fitted for his work. He should have the encyclopedic mind, with no suggestion of dryness; he should have a retentive memory, and yet have his books so well

cataloged that he can be independent of memory's tricks; he should combine the firmness of the administrator with the pliable temperament of the large minded scholar who will not have business hardness in the sacred precincts of the library; he must keep away the profane and vulgar from the stacks, and yet ever invite them there for spirit cleansing; though immovable in his gravity he should be the heartiest of laughers; in short, the librarian should be whole hearted, large minded, chivalrous, humorous, and have a great and universal love for books.

Not only should the librarian have innate fitness for his work, but he must also have a liberal education. A college degree is not a *sine qua non*, but it is a voucher for work done that no sensible man or woman will affect to despise. On this continent degrees can be obtained rather cheaply, and many an enterprising youth and maiden may claim a B.A., and yet be lamentably lacking in true scholarship; while, on the other hand, there is many a ripe scholar who, like Charles Lamb, was denied in his early years "the sweet food of academic institution." The University of London offers external degrees to all students who will pass its examinations, and they may prepare for these when and where they will. I consider this a good opportunity for the mature student who would like to be untrammelled by college red tape and yet secure credit for his work. He would thus be free to travel, to work in many libraries, and to attend the best lectures. In whatever way he acquires his education, however, he should see that its foundation is both broad and deep, and that he does not turn scornfully away from any theme of human interest. He may specialise, and he doubtless will, if his individuality be strongly marked, but he will ever do so in the thought of the relation his favorite subject has to the whole of knowledge.

Library training is a sore subject with the writer. I know it is a necessary part of the librarian's equipment. For the scholar who would be a librarian the library school is the most obvious means of acquiring a knowledge of method, provided he is willing to sit down humbly and be instructed by the director and her staff. These women will doubtless know their work well, and be terribly efficient. The word "information" they roll as a sweet morsel under their tongue, and they give it with all the readiness and impersonality of the man thus labelled at the railway terminus. The genuine scholar will find them useful as a quick means to the mastery of the clerical in library work; if he be humorous and good-natured

their high-voiced beratings will not greatly trouble him; but their profane and glib familiarity with Homer, Shakespeare, Virgil,—the gods of the scholar's universe—will sorely try his spirit. By the merest chance will these women recognize the real scholar among the students at the summer school, and when they do they may well be incapable of respecting him. Exceptions of course there must be, but the facts must be faced. The instructors in library schools are usually women with college degrees and narrow experience; they have a large stock of general information well tabulated: they are from what English people would call the lower middle class; the delicacy and subtlety of feeling indispensable to the book lover the hard exactness of the work they have to do has crushed rather than developed. We have no blame for them. They are a part of the machinery of our age,—an age in which democracy has decreed there shall be no Holy of Holies. The priesthood of the library is thrown open to all; small wonder, then, that the true pontifex maximus toils long before he find an inner sanctuary. It is by no means impossible, however, that the director or instructor in the library school should not be also a high priest of learning; and I know one beautiful woman, at least, whose sweet womanhood has survived many years of battle with catalogues and indexes.

If, for any reason, one wish to eschew the library school, a knowledge of method may be attained by working under a good librarian in a good library. If the library be large, the student may arrange that he be often transferred from one department to another. He will scarcely escape annoyance, for everywhere he must begin at the bottom and work upward, and the head of the department may have a most unpleasant personality. He will gain, however, a good working knowledge of library methods.

In these days so much stress is laid upon method that a *would-be* librarian fears to offer his own college research work, or his independent literary investigations, as preparation for methodical work in a library. Nevertheless, unless he be obstinate, conceited, or one-sided, this kind of preparation is most valuable. Some of the best librarians have had no other. I presume that at the beginning of their library administration they went slowly, giving due consideration to the methods of their predecessors, and availing themselves of all the standard aids. I should not fear to trust the sensible, scholarly man or woman, familiar with the sweetness and the light of book culture, with the administration of a large library, whether he had attended a library school or not; and I should greatly fear to give it to the care of one who was a well-trained and efficient cataloger, and nothing more. In this, as in every work, the personality will conquer.

Suppose, then, that the librarian has completed his period of preparation, and is beginning his work. His first aim should be to know

his library, and, at the same time, to become well acquainted with the people with whom his work will bring him in intimate relation,—the executive committee, the library staff, and, above all, the public. He should also aim to know himself, and to understand that justice to his own individuality will ever help, and not hinder, his public work.

The librarian will often find the governing board, or executive committee, or the body or person to whom he is responsible for the administration of the library, an ever rankling thorn in his side. His position depends upon their favor, and that position means to the true librarian the privilege of doing a beloved work. With the best intentions in the world, these good gentlemen will usually be impediments to intensive progress. They will appraise the "vulgar mass" of the librarian's work solely by means of the statistical information he will furnish them, and their self-importance may often lead them to unwarrantable interference with his plans. Fortunately, this is not always so. The best committees select a librarian they can trust, they demand from him good general results and exact account of all money intrusted to him, and apart from these two points they leave him unhampered in his administration. If he be wise he will not antagonize them needlessly.

The librarian as a rule selects the members of his staff and submits his nominees to his governing committee for approval. Any other system than this is bad. If he will have the atmosphere of the library scholarly and fine he will require in his assistants a love of books, courteous manners, and business ability. We take for granted that he will also require irreproachable morals and a good education.

The governing committee may often delicately remind the studious librarian that his work is for the public and not for himself. This would mean a lack of harmony that would be fatal to good library work. If the librarian cannot combine studious habits with efficient service to the reading public, and with careful business methods in his administration, he would better resign. No self-respecting man or woman in charge of a library will be contented with the externals of administration alone. It is not enough that he know the place of a book on the shelves; he must know its place in the world's culture, its adaptation to the public need, and its use to himself as the appointed medium to bring book knowledge to the people. That may and may not mean a mastery of its contents. There are always people whom we must tolerate among our acquaintances, but whom we will elect to see as little of as possible, if we are wise; and as with people, so with books. I like that the librarian be a connoisseur with books. For his liking it is not necessary that a book be simple or abstruse, poetry or prose, fiction or non-fiction, new or old,—it is necessary that it be good of its kind. The true censor will not forbid the sex novel, but he will have that novel of so high

a class that it will not attract the weak and salacious. Shakespeare is obscene, but so great is he that his obscenity will never harm. Moreover, the librarian shows small respect to the thinking public if he, for religious scruples, denies to them the works of the great unbelievers. It is true that the faith, even of the strong, may be shaken, but what of that? As a librarian, I would willingly keep from the young and trusting any book that would cause them to question the historical facts upon which Christianity rests, but in doing so I must deny him his right to be a scholar and a thinker. The highest faith will trust the individual.

The good librarian will do his work in the growing knowledge of his books, of his people, and of himself. In thinking of the man in his library I am forced to the analogy of a statesman king among his people. He cannot know every one personally, but he will always aim that every one be in his own place, doing his proper work. Many he will know intimately, and some he will wish to have near him always.

The very bad he will banish or destroy, and the injurious he will restrain from doing harm. He will take care that all are clean and good, and that records are kept, so that in a moment he may find the place and status of any one. Thus the true librarian works. Not for a moment may he lose sight of the public who will use his books. He works in the present, but his vision must regard both the past and the future. The pamphlet that is practically worthless to-day will tell the student of history fifty years from now something he will wish to know. All bibliographical records have their value, and compilations are being constantly issued that save the librarian's time. He will use what he needs. A good staff will soon catch the spirit of their guide. Let there be true librarians, and libraries will become as individual as people. They will not be storing-houses or distributing centres; they will be the homes of the best books, and of those who love them.

Two Poems

By MAURINE AYER

LOVE.

Said One,

"Love is a cooling stream,
Slow flowing.
Love is peace
And the charm
Of a silver sail on a silver sea."

Said He of the

Glistening Eyes,
"Oh, Love is a flame,
Consuming.
Love brooks not dreams or sleep
Or any rest.
Love has no height or breadth or depth.
'Tis past dimensions."

Said the Third,

"Nay,
Love is a theme of music,
Starting low and slowly
As befits the listening earthborn ears,
Then swelling, rolling, in a godlike melody
So wonderful.
That did it long continue
It must break the human heart,
And after—
Slowly dies.

The gods are kind.

Yea,

Love is Life,—
And Death."

WE

What matter all this haste and weariness?
You and I rush madly
From one work or pleasure to another
All through our little lives,
And spend ourselves unceasingly,
Thinking in our vain conceits
That we are important
In the scheme of things.
And yet,
If you die
Or I die,
To-night,
Who knows or cares?

One or two, perhaps, of the whole world,
Will shed a tear,
Or flatter us with a sigh,—
And then forget.

How the Immortals must smile
At the vanity
Of you and me!
We, the self-imagined splendid ones,
Whom the world forgets!

The Poetry of Arthur S. Bourinot

By GOODRIDGE MacDONALD

THE appearance of a volume of "Poems" by Arthur S. Bourinot will be noted with interest and I hope appreciation by readers of Canadian poetry. Its contents are rich with that lyrical quality and quiet love of nature which characterized his "Laurentian Lyrics," published by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, in 1915. The poet's military service in France and the months spent in prison camps in Germany appear to have made only a transitory impression upon his literary work. When he writes in prison it is generally of the Laurentian hills and lakes, blue mornings, lilacs and goldenrod. Such influences are apparent in the work of almost every Canadian poet worthy of the name; they shape and mould Captain Bourinot's songs, and seem themselves to become articulate in his musical words. Often the diction attains the mellow richness which Lampman drew from the fountain of Keats. In October, 1917, he writes from Freiburg:

The roads of other lands are long, and foreign lands
are fair,
The winds with blossoms scented are, and though
the hills are high.
I'd sooner tread low-lying hills whose summits purple
wear
All cloaked with mist at break of day enshrouded
by the sky.

O some there are who love the sea, all studded white
with sails,
And others 'neath the tropic sun to live and die
may choose;
But give to me the western hills when tired daylight
fails
And casts across the western sky innumerable
hues.

The same note sounds in "Dreaming" and "Lilacs," and in stray harmonies through "Recollections"—a poem of unequal beauty and workmanship.

Yet still I see thee with thy listening smile
At those dim times when we were wont to while
The hours away, dream-drifting o'er the lake,
Or when we heard the far-off loon awake
The starlit stillness with its verberant cry
While echo answered from the hills on high.

He proclaims himself a disciple of John Masefield—a fellow-seeker with the English poet after the mystical Beauty gleaming through all life, and this is apparent in many of the poems contained in the second volume. In the sonnet "To John Masefield" he writes:

I too have sought the guerdon hard to gain,
Elusive river sweeping to the sea,
But well I know a glimpse is worth the pain
Of seeking that which ever seems to flee.
O Beauty, thou has one disciple more,
Another traveller knocking at thy door!

The influence of Masefield shows in the restrained language and wise choice of words

which mark "A Civilian Prisoner's Funeral" and "The Snake Fence."

The sonnets contained in the second volume are of peculiar interest. Captain Bourinot has gained much skill in his handling of this form since the appearance of "Laurentian Lyrics." The early sonnets occasionally contain unsatisfactory lines and endings, but many of them rise to perfection. "Dubiety," "Returning" and "Realization" are perhaps the best. I quote "Returning":



CAPTAIN ARTHUR S. BOURINOT.

I came once more midst the Laurentian Hills,
Where love and I with laughter used to stray,
And wandered o'er green uplands where life stills
And fauns and fairies dance at dying day.
The pallid trilliums nodded fast asleep,
With pale, white faces peering through the gloom;
A sweet and subtle incense seemed to creep
Across the silence of the world's broad room.
And breath o' dusk was sweet in lilac time
And dark, brown-throated birds burst forth in song,
While through the valley rang the evening chime,
And little stars flowered the skies ere long;
Dreaming, I trod the shadowed, dusty way;
Alas, with dawn, my dreams were dimmed and grey.

Those which appear in "Poems" are rich in the necessary qualities of strength and symmetry, and are often vividly pictorial. "When Peace has Come" typifies all these sonnet-vir-

tues. The opening lines of "Spring, 1916," ring and gleam with the music and color of April:

How well I know that in the months to be
Pale Proserpine will blow the buds to fire
And frost-bound hills will don their new attire;
Along the lanes the poet's eye will see
A dash of blue where swift the bluebirds flee.

"France" is striking, and, save for one difficult line in the sestet, is all that a sonnet should be. "Revelation," "Loneliness" and "Keats" are truly beautiful. "Canada's Fallen" was awarded the Governor General's prize, Veterans' Class, in the Canadian National Literary Competition of 1919. It is powerfully written in his best style.

Captain Bourinot uses the apostrophe with great freedom. I do not think the musical effect gained by these abbreviations compensates for the mutilation of beautiful words, "o" for "of" is the most common offender, but "evening" and similar examples occur frequently. This peculiarity is probably a superficial result of the poet's deep admiration for and constant study of Browning.

The unrhymed verse of "The Old Indian" is pleasing but a little inadequate. It is written

in a succession of end-stopped lines, cast in what Professor Saintsbury terms "the bullet-mould." The rhymed lyrical stanza seems to be Captain Bourinot's happiest vehicle. He handles it with the assured touch of a musician who knows and loves his instrument. He draws his inspiration from the deathless hills, and I feel sure that he will continue to sing their songs and interpret their beauty with an ever growing command over his art.

Captain Arthur Stanley Bourinot was born in Ottawa, October 3rd, 1893. His father was the late Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G., a distinguished man of letters. Arthur Bourinot graduated from University College, Toronto, in 1915, and a few months later resigned from the Department of Indian Affairs and accepted a commission in the 77th Overseas Battalion. He served in France and was for many months a prisoner of war in Germany. "Laurentian Lyrics and Other Poems" published in 1915 was enthusiastically received by the literary critics, and was given many interesting press notices. Copies of "Poems" may be obtained from Captain Bourinot at 433 Daly Avenue, Ottawa. The T. H. Best Company of Toronto have produced a most attractive edition of the book.



But I Shall Weep

By BEATRICE REDPATH

DEAREST, when your lovely head
Droops, and they shall call you dead.
I shall know that you have found
Somewhere... somewhere, out of sound,
Unsurpassed security.
There, wherever you may be,
You shall know all loveliness,
All that you gave voice to bless.
In your wide mysterious night
All that brought you dear delight
Shall be near for your content,
For your long assuagement.
All you loved you still shall keep

With you in your curious sleep,
Remembering only what you will,
Remembering dear, remembering still,
Old and cherished ecstasies;
Stars that hang in quiet trees,
Apple bloom and silver light,
Wings that beat against the night,
Little gardens where the bees
Go humming.

Dearest, all of these
Shall be with you in your sleep.
But I shall weep! Oh, I shall weep!

The Background of Canadian Literature

By FRED JACOB

FOREIGNERS have an aggravating habit of misunderstanding Canada, even when they speak our own language. The average Canadian finds that the task of explaining the status of his country to strangers is one of his most regular occupations in international conversation. He is proud of being a citizen of a nation that began its life as a colony and developed into a self-governing state without leaving the parent Empire. But sometimes he is nettled by the not unnatural remark that Canadian literature has been submerged in English literature, of which it is merely a "colonial part." Can the culture of a self-governing dominion draw its inspiration from the Motherland up to a certain point and then make an arbitrary break in order to become a national literature? That question looks, at first sight, like a poser. It seems to indicate why an overseas Dominion may have some difficulty in making the world recognize its individuality, as a producer of literature at any rate.

This mistake—or at least it is a half error—is due to the habit of thinking too imperially. Even in its very beginnings, the literature of Canada drew its inspiration from a double source which was bound, quite apart from the effect of the soil, to give it a color of its own. England may have been the mother of Canadian literature, but a foster parent came upon the scene many years ago and left a marked impression upon the child which will not be lost even when it reaches years of discretion. That foster parent was New England. The child has grown up in its own environment and developed its own traits, but if you want to understand the forces behind that development, you must not overlook the existence of the foster parent.

It is the foster parent of Canadian literature that has been made the subject of "A History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation" by Ray Palmer Baker, Ph.D., professor of English in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. The point developed with a great deal of detail by Prof. Baker in his book is that the grandsons and great grandsons of the men who established the culture of New England journeyed north after the American Revolution and established the culture of Canada.

At the close of the War of Independence, over one hundred thousand Loyalists were forced to leave their homes, and a large proportion of them settled in the outskirts of civilization that still remained British-American. It must be borne in mind that these United Empire Loyalists, or Tories as the successful Re-

volutionists called them, consisted largely of the aristocracy of culture. Prof. Baker tells us that John Adams, who had no reason to exaggerate, estimated that over "one-third of the influential characters" joined in the exodus. Even Tories who might have been willing to settle down under the new conditions were driven into exile by "an unnecessary rigor and unmanly revenge without a parallel except in the annals of religious bigotry and blindness," to quote another candid American authority. The loss to the culture of the United States was a great one, but Canada's gain was so great



PROFESSOR RAY PALMER BAKER

that we can hardly shed a tear over any other aspect of the emigration. Thanks to the uncompromising attitude of the victorious revolutionists, "Canada was provided with an educated class seldom found in a pioneer community."

It was in the Maritime Provinces that the refugees representing the highest tradition of American culture settled. Prof. Baker goes on to say that the Overland Loyalists who settled

in the Niagara Peninsula and other portions of Ontario represented a different class. Many of them were ignorant with few interests beyond their farms, and among them came numerous illiterate adventurers, drawn across the frontier by hopes of gain. The author asserts: "To the predominance of this element is due the intellectual sterility of Ontario." Here we have one point where Prof. Baker, in endeavoring to give full credit to the foster parent, overlooks the fact that Canadian literature also had a mother.

No one will dispute his assertion that Nova Scotia was practically the cradle of English-Canadian literature. He deals briefly with the great array of early writers who lived down by the sea, and this list culminates with two of the greatest names in pre-Confederation literature, Joseph Howe and Judge Haliburton. His admiration of Howe is almost unqualified. Howe was the son of a Loyalist, and had been "stimulated by much that was admirable in the life and literature of Massachusetts." Prof. Baker says in his summing up of Joseph Howe: "As journalist, essayist, statesman, orator, pamphleteer and friend, he touched his native country at every angle. From his press also he issued every year some work of significance on its history or literature."

His words of praise of Thomas Chandler Haliburton are just as striking. The creator of the immortal "Sam Slick" is also an example of the influence of the Loyalist tradition in Canadian literature. Prof. Baker can see no reason for taking exception to the statement of Artemus Ward that Haliburton is the "father of American humor" a high tribute indeed for an American writer to pay to a Canadian.

The debt that Canadians owe to the culture of New England must be set firmly before us when we endeavor to understand the forces that are shaping our literature, and Prof. Baker has given us a most exhaustive study of the subject. I do not want to take away any of the credit due to the United Empire Loyalists in this regard, but there were other forces in the intellectual life of Canada which are not emphasized sufficiently in the book, though passing mention is made of them. One would gather that the Scotch and Loyalist strain in Canadian society carried on the English-speaking culture. As a matter of fact, there were other important influences that helped to overcome the "sterility" of Ontario.

There is more significance than Prof. Baker appears to recognize in the career of Mrs. Susanna Strickland Moodie, author of the well-known description of pioneer life in Ontario, "Roughing It in the Bush," published in 1852. Mrs. Moodie was one of the Strickland sisters, who acquired a reputation in England during the early days of Queen Victoria's reign as writers for the young. Susanna Strickland married Lieut. J. W. Dunbar Moodie in the early 'thirties of the last century, and with him set sail for Ontario, where they settled near

Rice Lake. Her sister, Catharine Parr Traill, also moved to Canada and continued to write after making her home in Ontario.

Here is a point in the development of Canadian culture that Prof. Baker has overlooked. Lieut. Moodie was only one of a great number of English gentlefolk who came to Canada with a little money during the half century that followed the Napoleonic wars. Some had been in the army, like Lieut. Moodie, and still more were missionary clergy or men who wished to become engaged in scholastic work. Of course, they bore no resemblance to the much criticised "remittance men." They brought their wives and they frequently had large families. They had a taste for the arts and a respect for things of the intellect, even though their standards may have been early-Victorian. The descendants of these men and women have made their influence felt upon the culture of Ontario. True, they did not arrive for two generations after the Loyalists, and accordingly Upper Canada remained "sterile" almost up to the time when it became Ontario, but you do find their mark on the English-Canadian literature that follows Confederation.

A debt of gratitude is owing to Prof. Baker for giving us the first comprehensive study of the Loyalist tradition and its effect on our literature. But there are little strains in our national consciousness that a dweller in the United States is likely to overlook. He seems to think that the two English-speaking nations on this continent would have been drawn together in course of time if it had not been for the bungling of the men at Washington who started the war of 1812. He forgets that the strongest heritage left by the Tories, both cultured and uncultured, was the Loyalist Tradition. There was never anything to correspond to that tie in the history of the New England States, with a tradition of "protest" behind them. He speaks rather regretfully of the manner in which the early Canadian writers ridiculed and lampooned their neighbors who were also their cousins. By tracing the origin of that feeling to its source, Prof. Baker might have avoided the mistake of thinking that Canada could, at any time, have moved into the house of its cultural foster parent.

It must not be thought, however, that Prof. Baker knows only Canadian literature and misses our national ideals. He speaks with genuine understanding of the manner in which Canadians thought out the problems of the pre-Confederation period. Americans still flatter themselves with the notion that by winning the Revolutionary War they opened the eyes of English statesmen to the need of a different imperial policy. They take pride in making the assertion that it is thanks to them in an indirect way, that the British Empire changed from a collection of Crown colonies into a federation of self-governing nations. Almost every Canadian knows that such is not the case, and Prof. Baker states our view-point clearly.

He says: "It has often been said that the success of the American Revolution determined the future of the British Empire. As a matter of fact, the War decided nothing whatever regarding the questions at issue. It merely showed how impossible it is for bloodshed to establish any theory of Government. Whether imperial connection is compatible with modern democracy was determined not at Lexington or Bunker Hill, but in the course of the long struggle from which the Dominion emerged as a national entity within a union of sovereign states. As the *Edinburgh Review* once pointed out, the progress of the British Empire since the War of 1812 has been conditioned largely by the theories developed in Canada during the pre-Confederation era."

The estimates that Prof. Baker gives of our pre-Confederation writers are all well-considered and illuminating. He speaks at considerable length of John Richardson, the most important of our early novelists, Charles Sangster, and Charles Heavyside, as well as Howe and Haliburton, all of whom except Heavyside came from Loyalist stock and thus bear out his theory. Still, even though a list of the pre-Confederation writers will support the central contention of Prof. Baker's book, one cannot help feeling that his study of Canadian cul-

tural conditions would have been more valuable if he had held his balance true. "A History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation" cannot be accepted as covering the whole ground.

It is a good thing for a citizen of this country to realize that the influence behind the literature which we are now trying so hard to Canadianize are two-fold. We have to acknowledge the value of the continental heritage, which made itself felt first. It has been as strong as it has been distinct from the purely British culture, but after all, as I have said before, it was a sort of foster parent. Prof. Baker failed to recognize that such is the fact, and that is the reason his conclusions are not perfectly proportioned.

It is a pity how such things work out. A man tells you something that you ought to know, and you fail to recognize the importance of what he says because you see at once that he has not taken into full account a thing that you know which modifies his conclusions. Canadians ought not to miss the value of the New England influence, which Prof. Baker describes so fully, merely because he does not happen to be enough of a Canadian—and you have to be a Canadian to do it—to appreciate the other forces in our national literature.



"The Voice of Jerusalem"

"The Voice of Jerusalem", by Israel Zangwill
Macmillan, Toronto, \$3.50.

To anyone interested in the Zionist Movement—and who indeed is possessed of an imagination so sluggish that the romance of Israel's misfortunes does not appeal?—this volume will prove interesting and instructive. In it are blended theology, politics, poetry, and if we add journalism it is with no desire to cast a slur upon Mr. Zangwill's excellent work but to indicate an atmosphere of color and picturesqueness which makes the book eminently easy and pleasant to read.

The author quotes largely from articles and speeches of his own covering the last two decades, and the reader is thereby enabled intelligently to follow the course of the movement from its inception by Dr. Herzl in 1900 to the situation as it stands at the present moment.

The most interesting, and, incidentally, most controversial portion of the book is the opening chapter which occupies a third of the volume. In it Mr. Zangwill seeks to dissipate what he terms the "spectre" of the Jew and makes an earnest plea for a better understanding of his people by the Christian world. Theology and European politics jostle one-another rather bewilderingly under the impetuous pen of Israel's eloquent advocate, and he does not conceal his immense chagrin over what he considers the entire fiasco of the Peace Settlement. His reading of the European situation at the present time savors more of his countryman Jeremiah than of Isaiah of the Exile, and we like to think that things are not quite so gloomy as he presents them.

A collection of "Songs of the Synagogue" contributes a literary interest to this volume.

The Essential Training of the Novelist ^{III}

By BEAUMONT S. CORNELL

FICTION supplies a definite intellectual demand of contemporary civilization. To be entertained and charmed away from the boring, even distressing, facts of actual existence is an experience coveted not only by those who are too superficial to find interest in actualities, but also by deeper natures upon whom the sun of realism shines with rays often unbearable. The necessity for diversion appears the readiest vindication for the art; but in serving this requirement, fiction performs only its smallest service, and must remain trivial until it adds to its entertaining quality, one higher and more difficult of attainment. It is the privilege of fiction to be an exponent of life's meaning.

For this reason it possesses, in common with most literature, a prouder birthright than that of the graphic arts, which achieve their highest possibilities when they succeed in charming. But the scope of fictional literature is not confined to the aesthetic. It includes the vaster territory of the ethical: its occupations are not entirely with its pen, because it is forced, even in its rudest expressions, to deal with the philosophical problem of life. Fiction cannot be purely photographic; it must always be interpretive. The novelist, engaged simply in 'holding up the mirror to nature,' becomes himself the mirror, imparting to the image inevitable influences of his own personal equation, so that observation is changed into appraisal. The *Is*-reality is reflected as the *Ought*-image. He cannot report life without, in some sense, interpreting it. Whether his conscious attempt is at mere portrayal or otherwise, he is dealing, nevertheless, not with any particular aspect of things, but with their totality. The novel is tied up inseparably with actuality. It is the next thing to reality because it is always an estimate of human life.

The noblest intention of fiction, then, is to interpret life; and since this requires much more than a skilful pen, the essential training of the novelist begins when he commences to observe life, reflectively. Perfection of craftsmanship is a paramount necessity, for an adequate literary equipment is the prime requisite, the very credential which admits the novelist to the field of publication. But the next, and even more essential, necessity is the novelist's personal content, that skill not achieved with hands, that framework of thought which can be erected only by the travail of his soul. It is not enough that he should merely write. He must appraise, compare, judge, select, emphasize—in short in-

terpret, to do which he must necessarily *live*: for he is dealing with the great objective reality, Life, more of which he cannot interpret than he is able, through sympathy or experience, to render subjective. It is not sufficient that he should be a reporter, standing aloof, coldly observing the pageant of existence. He must enter in, and live in life if he would have life live in his works. He must touch with his naked hands if they are ever to know the actual texture. The only aloofness to which he is entitled is the wise separation required for reflection,—meditative hours in which to arrange his sentient impressions about a firm centre of rational thought. By so doing, he will gradually develop a personal view point, which is his greatest requisite.

The mission of the true novelist is of the highest type. His vast audience and the fact that he is working in a medium with which all are vitally concerned, bear out the contention that his task deserves every effort of his being. Whether he wills it or not, he is a teacher. The lesson he has to teach is nothing more nor less than his own view-point, his own cast of thought. In proportion as his view-point is mature so will his novels be strong. Ultimately when he has learned to live, his writings will be incandescent with his independent conceptions, his enthusiasms, his hopes, his despairs, they will diffuse and make general that particular thing in him of which he is not ashamed, the precious substance of his own hard-earned insight, that tried, tested and imperishable thing,—his personality.

There is no intention that reflection, so much emphasized here, should usurp the novelist's various faculties, nor that cold contemplation should quench the delightful fires of impulsive and instinctive enthusiasms, but rather that through these pearls of beauty there should run a constant thread of general direction and purpose. Let him be happy when he has created beauty, but not content. Let him be pleased when he has peopled his book with living beings, but not entirely satisfied. He should not enthuse with the emotion of the victor in that he has mastered his topic,—better for him to experience a reversal of conquest in that his subject has mastered him. He has given the world beauty,—has he also given it some of his own life-blood? Let him not rest; for in spite of the inroads his literary weapons, polished and sharp, have made for him, there stands always ahead the challenging citadel of Life, welcoming his attack, but preserving still its age-old invulnerability; and his best novel will be but a golden arrow hurled thitherward.

Notes -- Library and Otherwise

In the course of an interesting article on Mr. G. Sutcliffe, one of the great bookbinders of England, it is related that it was his firm that King George commissioned "to bind the Book of Common Prayer which he presented to the people of Canada to Commemorate the bicentenary of the Church in that Dominion." It might be interesting to lovers of special bindings to know where that volume can be seen. Mr. Sutcliffe says that no book is more popular for special binding than the Rubaiyat.

Mr. Augustine Birrell as the principal guest of the International Association of Antiquarian Booksellers at their Ninth Annual dinner told them that the first second-hand book he bought on his own account was a copy of "Don Quixote," and from that day forward to the present time he had even been, not indeed a wealthy, but, he trusted, a constant and, he hoped, on the whole a paying customer to book-sellers all over England and Scotland.

"Treasure Island" was begun as a story told around the evening camp fire for young Lloyd Osbourne. Each evening a chapter was told to the "critics on the hearth" who made suggestions as to how the next chapter might be developed. It was originally named "The Sea Cook." The first edition was published in 1883. It was an important milestone in his career. For months he had not produced any finished work and when he sent this manuscript to Cassells he wondered what would be the outcome. He received one hundred pounds and was filled with delight. In the dedication to Treasure Island the initials "L.J.R." of the Mysterious Society have always puzzled the Stevenson admirers. Mr. Charles Baxter, his executor, says that they signify Liberty, Justice, Reverence. The constitution of the society of young boys, still in their teens, included among other important objects, "the abolition of the hereditary privilege of the House of Lords."

The Governors of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, have been able to send 35,639 volumes to Louvain as part of their contribution to help in forming a collection in place of the library destroyed by the Germans. Mr. Henry Guppy, the Librarian, took upon himself the great work of helping to restore the ruined Library and had enthusiastic responses from other librarians, including some in Canada. The Rylands Library is celebrating this year its twenty-first anniversary. Over 250,000 volumes are in its collection, the nucleus having been the "Althorp Library" famous for its numerous copies of early printed books which was sold by the late Lord Spencer in 1892.

The books which were loaned by libraries

and individuals to the great Book Exhibition in Leipzig which was just beginning when war broke out have been returned to their owners through the British Museum. Riviere, the great bookbinders, count themselves fortunate in getting back their illuminated MS. of "Romeo and Juliet," valued at \$12,500.

As this is the Centenary of Keats it is of interest to recall the great affection of Leigh Hunt for him. In the London Journal edited by Hunt, "The Eve of St. Agnes" was reproduced with the following announcement, "The Eve of St. Agnes. The reader should give us three pearls instead of three half-pence for this number of our Journal, for it presents him with the whole of Mr. Keats's beautiful poem, entitled as above—to say nothing of our loving commentary."

An interesting discussion is whether authors are good critics of their own works. Dickens pinned his faith to "The Old Curiosity Shop" to keep his fame alive, but it seems to-day that "David Copperfield" and "The Tale of Two Cities" hold the popular taste. I was interested to hear that in the largest Public Library in Canada "Great Expectations" was just now the most popular of Dickens' works among boys and girls. One explanation may be that it is not in the school list of Books which are to be read. That is the surest way to kill a book.

Dr. Charles Clarke, the son of the first publisher in England of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has an interesting article on what he terms the "Liber Mirabilis" in Chambers' Journal. He says that in England the sales still amount to 20,000 annually, and that on one day in the year in which it was first published 60,000 copies were delivered to the trade.

It seems to me eminently fitting that the best straightforward explanation of Einstein's theory of the relativity of light so that it would be intelligible to the unscientific laity should come from the Patent Office. Mr. L. Bolton, a senior examiner and a former Cambridge wrangler, carried off the prize of \$5,000.

It is rumoured that Mr. Winston Churchill is accumulating books about the Dominions in order that he may educate himself for the task of understanding us. Here is an opportunity for an outlet of Canadian literature. We warn him against the car-window pictures of us by his fellow countrymen and the reports of the joyriders who are personally conducted and meet only "representative people."

It has been announced that Mr. Hector Garnau's new edition of his grandfather's great History of Canada will soon be translated into English. It will be very welcome in all our

libraries. Nothing is needed more than a good Canadian history.

If the report of the Royal Commission on the University situation in Ontario is endorsed by the Legislature, Queen's University will receive a grant to supplement the money on hand now with which to build a University Library. Nothing has been needed so much as some adequate protection from fire for the very valuable collection of books, especially *Canadiana*, so poorly housed during all these years. The plans are ready so we shall hope to see the work begun this year.

The annual report of the Chief Librarian of the Public Library in Toronto says that over a million and a half books were used last year of which 402,000 were the Boys' and Girls' Libraries. There are nineteen Children's Librarians. Twenty-six thousand books were added to the Libraries, and there are now about 95,000 in the Reference Library and 300,000 in the Circulating Libraries.

The Public Library Board in Hamilton has applied to the Minister of Education for a survey to be made of the library so that they can be advised as to the present state of the library; what is needed to improve it and what the provision for the future should be. Such a survey by an expert librarian would be very helpful to a Board and might well be a function of a government department when the official is, like the Inspector in Ontario, a trained librarian. There has been a survey in Vancouver, B.C. by two librarians on the Pacific Coast.

Wells' "Outline of History" is really the great library book of the year and no Public Library of any importance in a community can afford to be without it. The price puts it beyond the reach of most individuals and so they will look to the library—and rightly so—to buy it. It might well furnish themes for club discussion, for it is provoking and stimulating.

Bliss Carman came to Ontario during February, his first visit to that part of Canada. The Arts and Letters Club of Toronto had joined so enthusiastically and practically in the movement last year to send him where he might recover his health that he expressed a desire to come to Toronto and thank its members for their appreciation. He made such a conquest that his old friend Peter McArthur, the sage of Ekfrid (he is a farmer but is called also a sage; I do not know how to combine these) managed a tour for him, and so a dozen cities and towns have had the pleasure of hearing him read his poems. He had crowded houses everywhere and we hail with delight this tribute to the great Canadian poet and his poetry. It shows that we are not wholly given over to material things—or foreign idols.

Rev. Dr. Johnstone, the Reference Librarian of the Public Library in Winnipeg, has written a very interesting pamphlet upon the history of the Church of England in the diocese of Ruperts Land.

The Royal Ontario Museum of Toronto has been given the John Ross Robertson Collection of Bibles to which some other owners of Bibles in that city have contributed.

We regret to announce the death of the University Magazine, the Canadian Courier and the short-lived but interesting "Sailor," published by the Navy League. Among the births we have the Canadian Forum and the Onlooker, both published in Toronto, the latter resembling to some extent the Bystander, made famous by the late Goldwin Smith. A reconstruction or an evolution is the Canadian Historical Quarterly which takes the place of the Annual Review of Historical Publications which for many years has been published at the University of Toronto by Professors Wrong and Stewart Wallace, and Mr. H. H. Langton the University Librarian. Mr. Wallace, now Associate Librarian, is the editor of the magazine. Its first year has been very successful.

Canada is invading England not only in business and politics but in literature. Of course we have had for many years Sir Gilbert Parker but he has been absent from us for so many years that he has become recognized as "imperial." Sir Campbell Stuart on the Times was a compliment to us but even more so was the selection of Arthur Baxter, the author of two successful novels, to join the staff of the London Express. He took with him Peter Donovan the versatile writer on Saturday Night.

Hugh Walpole in summing up the year's effort in literature, says that if he had prizes to award to the best books of the year he would give the first one to Percy Lubbock's edition of Henry James' "Letters." He says that he does this with full knowledge that Mr. Wells published a "History of the World." The first novel of the year he would choose from among Conrad's, "The Rescue," Galsworthy's "In Chancery," Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Green Apple Harvest," May Sinclair's "The Romantic," Frederic Nivens "A Tale that is Told," and Douglas' "They went." The finest new poetic work of the year he says is Massfield's "Right Royal." So much for an author's opinion on his fellow authors.

A street hawker in London was doing a roaring trade in pocket diaries. This was part of his discourse: "'Ere you are! Complete diary for 1921. Fourpence only. Fourpence only and worth a fortune when you've filled it up. As used by Mrs. Asquiff and Colonel Rippinton.'"

The Tait Black Memorial Prize, founded by the widow of James Tait Black to commemorate his interest in new literature, provides that £250 shall be divided each year between the authors who that year publish the best prose works in fiction and non-fiction. The judge, who is the professor of English Literature at Edinburgh University, has awarded the prize for 1919 to Mr. Henry Festing Jones for his "Life of Samuel Butler"; and to Mr. Hugh Walpole for his novel "The Secret City." The

Andrew Melrose prize of £250 for the best work of fiction in his Prize Novel Competition was awarded last year to Miss Catherine Carswell for her novel "Open the Door."

A youthful literary critic of nine years says that he likes "Robinson Crusoe" better than "Swiss Family Robinson" because "Mr. Swiss Family Robinson knew what everything was and Robinson Crusoe didn't."

The famous old "Athenaeum" the distinctive literary weekly of England after ninety-

four years' service to the cause of good literature, has been merged into the "Nation."

The Congressional Library in Washington is fast approaching the size of the French National Library and the British Museum and its reference readers already number as many as those who visit the national libraries in Paris and London. And we have no National Library in Canada; indeed we seem to be further away than ever from such a desirable institution.

New Head of Macmillans in Canada

FOLLOWING the resignation of Mr. Frank Wise as President of the Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., the appointment has been announced of Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs to occupy that important office. Mr. Eayrs is without doubt one of the youngest men, if not the youngest man, ever to occupy so responsible a position in the publishing world in Canada. He comes of a literary family, his father being George Eayrs, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society and author of no less than fourteen books. He came to Canada nine years ago with the intention of going into newspaper work and served for a time in the Publicity Department of the Canadian Northern Railway. His work speedily attracted attention and he was invited



HUGH S. EAYRS,
New President, Macmillan Company of Canada.

to become financial editor of the Canadian Courier where he became a close friend and intimate associate of Augustus Bridle who was later the editor of that publication. Like a very large number of other successful writers, he spent a brief time with the MacLean Publishing Co., editing trade papers and contributing to MacLean's Magazine. Here he formed relations with T. B. Costain, now of the Saturday Evening Post, and collaborated with him upon a novel entitled "The Amateur Diplomat"—but it is improbable that either of the authors will ever regard this as an important item among his claims to fame. In 1916, he joined the Macmillan Company as Manager of the Educational Department; in 1917 he became Sales Manager; in 1919 Secretary and Business Manager and in February 1921 was called to the Presidency. In the intervals of this rapid career, he found time to write a "Life of Sir Isaac Brock."

In reply to an enquiry by the *Canadian Bookman* as to the policy of the Macmillan house in Canada for the future, Mr. Eayrs says: "I don't really know what I could say about the policy of the Company under my direction excepting just this; I am young and in many ways inexperienced, but I love good books and have always, it seems to me, loved good books. All I want to do is to keep the Macmillan name bright and ever brighter and to do my little bit to see that good books get into the hands of Canadians, and particularly young Canadians. This sounds simple but its simplicity is its truth.

"We are going to do one thing in the way of branching out; we are going to regard as a distinct duty the forwarding, by every possible effort, of Canadian production of Canadian authorship. We have not done enough to link the best name in the book world with Canadian work and whatever else we do or don't do we are going to stimulate by every bit that is in us the discovery to the Canadian reader of the Canadian author."

Mr. Eayrs was an active participant in and a hearty supporter of the Authors Convention, and is a good friend of the new Association, in which he holds, in virtue of his literary activities, not merely associate but regular membership.

Essays in Canadian Literature

II. The Nature School

By CHARLES W. STOKES

CANADIAN literature has always been very rich in wild-nature writers. It is a peculiarity, perhaps a racial one, of Canadian literature that there should have arisen a distinct school of (as the nasty slang hath it) Nature Fakers. Perhaps this, too, is the reason why our government is addicted to the vice of constantly issuing Crop Statistics (no two of which ever agree), for Crop Statistics are a kind of wild poetry. However, ignoring them now, the Nature School, large and varied as it is, may be classified. There is the Descriptive: the Didactic: and the Dithyrambic.

Example A—Descriptive

THE CHILDHOOD OF A CATERPILLAR.

(As Charles G. D. Roberts would write it.)

The hollow under the fur-coat was warm and well lined—a condition quite satisfactory to the newcomer, which was about as unlike a caterpillar as any baby of its size could well manage to be. It was blind, clumsy-looking, and almost naked. Its hairless hide looked a very poor thing to confront the world with; but its appetite was enormous, and Croup (its mother, who had long since passed into the moth stage) had hard work to find enough choice pieces of Hudson seal and blanket to satisfy her voracious son. But in a few days a soft, dark fur began to form. As the mother sat, hour by hour, watching it and licking it, half-erect, antennae pressed wide apart, her head as far down as possible, her narrow red tongue hanging out to one side, her eyes half closed in rapture, it seemed to grow beneath her absorbed gaze. Before two weeks had passed, the coming caterpillar was covered with a glossy coat, soft and furry, and before long it opened its eyes and looked around.

The autumn was now well forward, and soon it would be time for The Woman to open the cupboard to get the fur coat out. Croup's efforts, therefore, were concentrated upon inculcating in her son the primary lesson of caterpillarhood—the creation of a nest-egg. With that in view, she began to take him on excursions round the cupboard. She showed him where the richest morsels were—the dressing gown belonging to The Woman, creamy as only Jaeger material can be: the Angora sweater of The Girl, so soft that it melted in the mouth; the Red Flannel Unmentionables of that fierce and gloomy creature, The Man; and the Near-Possam neckpiece of the Young Woman who worked so much in the kitchen. This last was, if anything, the finest prize of all.

Day after day Croup and her child sallied forth, and night after night they dragged their

weary legs—and the young caterpillar, now sturdily adolescent, had already twelve legs!—home to their nest, the sweat pouring down their little brows under the weight of their heavy burdens. Her rather unusual experience of the world enabled Croup to forecast with more accuracy than usual the exact amount of nutriment that would be required to carry two hungry insects through a winter, and therefore every five or six days she would make a check upon their hoard, and if it was very much in excess of what she considered a good average, she and the boy would separate the surplus, take a day off, and indulge themselves in a real blow-out. This little luxury was reflected in the baby's sensational growth. Nevertheless, Croup was a foresighted mother, and she knew that some winters are longer than others; and she therefore secreted, unknown to the lusty young caterpillar (who might otherwise have demolished it with great gusto) a special emergency ration to tide them over possible lean days, when the fur-coats, the woollens, and the flannels might not be replaced in the cupboard, and when, supposing they might be in desperation forced to seek food outside, they might fall victims to any of a hundred traps devised for their destruction by the arch enemy, Man.

Example B—Didactic

RUBES IN RURE.

(Extra pages in Peter McArthur's Diary.)

EKFRID, ONT., November 30. This is the last (see, it is "and November" in the old "thirty days hath...") of the last month but one of the year. Tomorrow will be the first day of the last month; in other words, three weeks and four days until another Christmas, and four weeks and three days until another New Year. How time flies! And how difficult to put a more literary polish upon the last bald statement! We may emit euphemisms about the Bird being on the Wing, or platitudes about none of us growing younger, or poeticisms like that despairing "Eheu fugaces..."; but for sheer, stark audacity we cannot improve upon "How time flies!" Searching my library for a quotation to embellish these reflections, I came across, for the first time for several years, that exquisite but anonymous gem, surely written by a farmer:

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year:
Not cold enough for whisky straight,
And too dam' cold for beer.

Incidentally, the Montreal mail is late this

week, and the last two lines are somewhat vain.

My farming operations of to-day consisted of chores. Parenthetically, I may observe, in defence of that homely word "chores", that one of my neighbors, a B.S.A. of Guelph, maintains that it is really the French word "choses", hardened to suit the rugged pronunciation of Middlesex County. My own chores were comparatively light, and consisted merely of assembling, cleaning and refilling a battery of fountain pens. Threshing, of course, is past, and one has leisure for such things now; yet I find a strange reluctance to tackle them.

Truth to say, I have been the victim, all day, of a series of Thoughts, struggling through my brain in a kaleidoscopic procession, defying classification and even form, but obtruding themselves upon me so unmercifully that if I had two hands, a clear brain, and a whole citadel of fountain pens I would hardly have set them all down. They began at breakfast with some Thoughts on the Toronto Globe—which drifted, strangely enough, into Thoughts on the Toronto Saturday Night. Then when I went out to feed the hogs I had some very vivid Thoughts on Union Government, followed by some Thoughts on the Grain Growers' Movement. And then there is the Thought on How Time Flies that I began this entry with, and the inevitable Thoughts on Chores, the Literary Farmer, and the Nature School of Writers. There are so many things to have Thoughts on, too, should one pursue the same course—Thoughts on Ontario, Thoughts on the Ontario Temperance Act, Thoughts on the Glories of Nature, and so on. It's wonderful to have Thoughts at all.

Example C—Dithyrambic.

BOY'S LOGGIN' BEE

(By Archie P. McKishnie.)

(Note. Why should "Love of the Wild" have stopped when it did? Why not have continued it, and shown Boy and Gloss married?)

It was at the loggin' bee to raise Boy's new house; for Boy and Gloss were married at the same season of the year as the birds mate.* The house was one of those charming ready-cut affairs that you order from a catalogue and put together yourself with a package of nails, and all the shy creatures of the wildwood had gathered to do Boy and Gloss honor. There was Big MacTavish (no relation of the Editor of the Canadian Magazine), Bill Paisley, Colonel Hallibut, Ander Declute, the Widder Ross, Injun Noah, Daft Davie, and many others.

It was after dinner, which had consisted mostly of venison, flanked by wild mushrooms, custard pie, and trout à la Maryland. Big MacTavish had brought his fiddle, and had played a few of the old, old tunes—"Massa's in the cold, cold ground", "The Alcoholic Blues", and "Jordan in a far, far land", and the creatures of the wildwood had joined ingeniously in the choruses round the big hardwood fire.

"What ails ye, Gloss?" murmured Boy, look-

ing at her pensively. She was a beautiful sight, as she stood leaning against the fire-place, supple like a young ash tree, lissom like a young cottonwood, and with velvet eyes like a young fawn's. "What ails ye?"

"Nothing, Boy dear."

"There is. I know it", he said, putting down his bottle of beer to stroke her hand.

"Dance to us, Gloss!" cried Bill Paisley. "I know you're dying to."

"Yes, dance to us, Gloss!" echoed all.

Something like a spasm of fear seemed to agitate her features.

"Not to-night!" she whispered. Boy looked at her strangely.

"What's the matter, Gloss?" he said again.

"Nothing, Boy dear."

"Well, dance to us", he retorted, somewhat tartly.

Gloss looked at him with darkening brows; then, seeing no escape, she took the floor and began, in her deerskin dress, to dance. It was a different dance from any that that brotherhood of the untamed knew—snappy, swaying, and lilting, and with a great deal of body movement. But at its conclusion they all applauded rapturously—all except Boy.

"What d'ye call that?" he demanded.

"They call that Shaking the Shimmy, Boy dear", she replied, scanning his face anxiously.

"Huh! A city dance!" he said.

"Yes, Boy dear."

"Where 'd ye learn it—you, a creature of the wilds, to be doin' city dances!"

"I—I took lessons through the post, Boy dear", she stammered.

Boy rose to his feet, and flung off her hand angry. "So them was the mysterious parcels ye got through the mail, an' which ye refused to divulge even to me, your fiangsay? Do ye deny it!"

"No, Boy dear", she kept on stammering.

"So you was gettin' eddication", he thundered on, "in spite of me! Damn them, eddication' my little shy Gloss—curse them! I tried to keep eddication out as long as I could, and now—Think of the partridges, Gloss, an' the maskinonge, an' the misty mornin's, an' the ducks in the marshes!"

"Why, Boy dear?"

"Why?" He rolled the word out in an agony of fear. "Because, Gloss, they—they stand for the wild life that we love so well!"

"Blow your wild life!" interrupted the Widder Ross. "I've never had enough wild life—I want to be a wild woman! Yes, a wild, wild woman!"

"Waw waw!" added Injun Noah. "Me likee wild woman!"

And before the agonized Boy could interfere, there were the Widder Ross and Injun Noah, and Mrs. Declute and Colonel Hallibut, shimmying to beat the band. Boy stood it as long as he could, and then plunged out to take a look at some chipmunks to calm his soul. The last thing he heard was the silvery echo of Gloss' laugh as she showed them another choice one

* Whatever that is

you know, that step where you count three, hesitate, and then knock the left toe against the right heel.

"Tell you what," said MacTavish to Colonel Hallibut, as they sank beside the fireplace to wipe their streaming brows, "this beats the old kind of dancing McKishnie wrote about! The only thing is that it makes you so thirsty."

"Yes, and I've been thinking," replied the Colonel. "You remember that famous mill I was going to put across the stream and that caused all the fuss to begin with, and without

which there wouldn't have been any plot in the book?"

"Yes?"

"I abandoned it, you recall, because it would drive all you shy creatures away from the wood. Well, what's the matter with making a still out of it? We could run a bar in connection, with Gloss in charge, say, and catch the tourist business..."

Boy, tearing up the wild blackberry roots moodily outside, heard the great cheer that rent the air, and wondered what it meant.



The Burial

By MARY KINLEY INGRAHAM

I heard the shout of God
As I was passing by
The graveyard gate;
Led by a deathless hate
I chose to walk that way
Where I could look at the upturned sod
And hear a widow's, an orphan's cry.

The man they mourned
Was a man I had scorned,
Nay, hated with righteous hate,
But I passed by the graveyard gate
While the people mourned within;
My heart was hot with the memory of his sin,
Seared by that dead man's sin;
Again I heard the shout of God
While the people prayed within.

I am sure it is good to hate;
The wild winds tell me so;
Nietzsche hath told me so:—
Oh, woe, woe!
'Tis as good to hate as it is to love;
I love the eagle oft and hate the dove.

So I prayed that God would hate
The man they buried there,
And his pious wife and his pretty child;
I know He heard my prayer.

I fear He heard my prayer;

I remembered the man had loved his wife;
I knew that his child was fair;
I dared not yield my hate,
And I would not recall my prayer,
But I turned and entered that graveyard gate.

The Spirit of God did meet me there;
"Peace to thy love and thy hate,
For both were born of Me!"
I passed beyond the gate
To the grave where the wife and the daughter
fair
Knelt by the upturned sod.

I, child of a righteous God,
White nurse of a deathless hate,
Nature's loving, loathing mate,
Knelt wildly weeping there.

The Man of Kerioth

By PHYLLIS MOORE

I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of Comrades,
With the life-long love of Comrades.

SOME years ago, in our town, two revellers tarrying at the Bacchic fount did quaff full long. They were impelled by the Salvation Army drums and their own hazy dreams up the stairway to the Army meeting. During the service in which they took a stumbling part, the Captain discoursed upon Herod and his crimes. One reveller staggered to his feet protesting that it was not fair nor Christian to talk so about a "feller" behind his back! Exaggerated charity, some would exclaim. In these days of the multiplied preachments upon the brotherhood of man, it is with a gasp that we learn that we must even open our ever widening circles to Robert Norwood's brother, Judas Iscariot, who is the "Man of Kerioth". As one reads what this Anglican minister has written about Christ and His love for all, with an especial tenderness for the stumbling disciple, it becomes clear that here is a man who has taken the Kingdom of Heaven by violence and yet "... looked within the little children's eyes and found something, — something, that replies." Divine Charity mellows every page that the poet Norwood has written.

Judas, the damned, the outcast, is resurrected into manhood again and tenderly given his chance. He had to find that there is no "sudden hand of God." All of us in our dazed careerings have attempted to hurry God, and in so doing have caused discord in rhythmic destiny. Too great eagerness, also, is as impeding as dull passivity. At the pinnacle of his remorse, the betrayer hanged himself, but he was "*Ever in the Plan of God,*" trying too eagerly to learn life's purpose,—mastery,—and not realizing until his last agonized moment

that Christ
Came unto men to make them reconciled
With life.

And then we hear Bartimaeus, the blind man, say:

Over the stars where the white mists pile,
God leaned and listened and laughed awhile;
For he knew that each was his own dear son
With a work to do till the day was done.

Along the way there are

Waves to be breasted till the swimmer grows
Buoyant above them—hills for stronger thews—
Heights that are set for half unfolded wings.

For the wee "unfolded wings" in Act IV of this modern presentation of the best known drama in the world, there is such a hovering tenderness that the reader's wonder must stab

his memory of the so-called orthodox churches.

Some may recall little Swinehammer, born on the barrens in Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia. Every one seemed too tired or busy to cuddle him. He had heard church bells, and now and then when a minister could come and the "goin" was good, he had gone to the five mile distant church. The mumbled mysteries soothed him to sleep or made his restless heels do devilish things. He saw white grave-stones. The other children would sneaker and laugh, and point and run. They meant him to be afraid and he was. He somehow did not laugh so easily as these others. His mother said that he was "peakit", but she continued to let him sleep and live generally in hermetically sealed rooms, in order to save fuel, she said.

"By de Moses, de cost of wood in dese bad times! And 'he' (her man) don't git no time for choppin' fer us, wit' bein' in de lumber woods!"

She continued feeding the child much "biled" tea and much pork and leathery pie. When he was nine his father moved the family to Deepdale, a flourishing town nearby. Little Swinehammer soon entered the dim portals of one of the village churches. A gentle girl patted him on the head and gave him a quarterly. He felt rather warmed by these kindnesses. He was told that Heaven was 'way off and some day he would go there; that God was in Heaven and presumably 'way off, too. The window up over the altar was in beautiful colors, showing Jesus who loved little children. In the catechism they must remember, however, that "being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace." The word "hereby" was never fully explained by the dear little teacher; but then it took so much of her time to keep in order Celestes Sweezle and Beelzie Beezschwanger, and her own hat and hair.

Right near young Swinehammer there were usually two rusty and wrinkled dames who came early to church. Their conversation held him:

"How is poor Mrs. Publicover? Did you hear? Not so well?"

"The cancer gets worse all the time. And her man was took with a stroke a day or two ago. So sad,—all those children!"

"Too bad about Jimmie dying. Will they bring the body back here?"

"It's a sad world! Here come the minister. Looks worried, don't he?"

Plain to see how our little friend kept his sallow hue, grew sodden, dull and listless. Who pointed out the sunsets to his sleepy eyes? Who named the birds and mimicked their song? Who hugged him close and warmed his heart? Who told him of the *human*, loving Friend, Jesus?

Ah, this tiny scrap of humanity was on the lap of the gods! One morning he found it a most fortuitous place. He met a lover of his kind, of all kinds, to be exact. In racing out of the church he fell pell-mell into the friendly arms of a visiting clergyman. One long look and each desired the longer to look,—retracing a distant vista of mystery and wonder. How many pasts had little Swinehammer journeyed near the golden heart of this stranger? Many have asked that amazing question, but could only pause and sigh. Our conscious memories being but frail, what can we read in our subconscious and super-conscious minds? As if reunited, then, the stranger hugged the thrilling child closer to him and led the little fellow over to a rustic seat in the church-yard. A chick-a-dee was swaying with its pure caressing thirds above them. Of course, they enjoyed the merry songster,—and everything else in the glorious sunshine. Most people do rejoice in life and living when near this magnetic and comprehending parson, and the world began its joyous music in the soul of Swinehammer reborn. Two minutes of comradeship and he was "Owner of the Spheres!" He heard wonderful tales in the language of Brotherhood. In his hand lay a small gift: the tangible expression of love, and his own for magic days to come. Earth touched not his feet as he sped homeward; wings wafted him there. Locked in his heart were living treasures: love for Bob Norwood and Bob's Christ,—strangers no longer.

Sometimes this miracle of loving brotherhood may be found *within* the church; it is found so many times without.

Still, dull mortals that we are, babbling to each other beneath our ecclesiastical tower of Babel, we labor on amid the sign-posts of Protestantism, Catholicism, New Thought, Spiritualism, Theosophy, and the other misty mysticisms—crystallized taggings of the Ages. Unless the Christ of a Norwood permeates these, with the Christly, brotherly heart, we are as blinded slaves, a parroting unthinking lot, pulsating sluggishly.

The teachings of this poet-preacher are not saintish, sanctuary solidifications. They are pure, glowing, growing Orthodox Christianity,—orthodox, meaning straight and sound in doctrine,—the doctrine, love for humanity.

In Mr. Norwood's last book, "The Man Of Kerioth", the clarion call comes merrily from "Philip:"

Some must make merry, or the world would be
Sodden with tears. Ho, hand in hand together!

And again:

We must win

The world through love and laughter and proclaim
With joy the coming of the Son of Man.

* * * * *

Life is a test of love before the face
Of all that is unlovely, evil, vile;
And he becomes a master who withstands
Temptation to unloose the tongue of hate,
Prevailing through the Godhead of a smile!
Such is our glad, divine, dear Carpenter—
One smile of Jesus is the sign of signs
And more than any marvel.

Beholding the truth in this drama of Norwood's we can revel in the art of its telling. More truly of the unshackled Norwood than of Shelley can it be said:

The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amid the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kenneled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world.

When William Marshall read "The Man of Kerioth," he wrote: "This drama of love that is Christ,—the meaning and beauty of the tragedy of love, which is sacrifice,—is as light to me. Norwood's high merit as a poet glows in this work". He furthermore crowned his friend with these beautiful lines:

Master upon the many stringed lute!
Whose melodies of love and beauty's song,
Whose harmonies of life thy notes prolong
With echoing sweetness. Thou dost leave me mute
With praise, too great for my thin-piping flute
To sound thine honors to the Choral throng
Of those bright lyrists whom thou art among;
And from whom thou may'st claim a bard's salute.

Master and friend! Forgive the failure here
Of withered lips upon a hollow reed:
Some lack hath stilled for me the little art
I once could use to charm the inward ear:—
Yet, had I any song to fit thy need,
Thou hast it now, since thou has all my heart.

With Norwood and his "Man Of Kerioth" stirring our sympathy and emotion for all our blessed Comrades, we are as revellers at the Feast of Days, and can raise our eyes to those lone stars and pity them, "stranded in Heaven, distant from this splendid earth!"

* * *

For those who have not followed this inspired preacher since he left Montreal, it might be well to add that he was rector of the Cronyn Memorial Church in London, Ont., for several years. In some way Philadelphia heard of him; it might have been through his first book, "His Lady Of The Sonnets," published in 1915. At all events a delegation was sent from Philadelphia to London to hear the poet-preacher. When they arrived there was not even standing-room within the church. (It is commodious, too.) They returned to Philadelphia with the report that they had found their man. He could fill his church for evidently he filled his listeners' minds and hearts.

Before Mr. Norwood left Canada there were some few complaints of his "orthodoxy" which reached the listening ears higher up in the Church. Very wisely were these carpings answered to the effect that if Robert Norwood could bring the crowds to the House of God he was necessary to the organization and would not be halted in his career.

In Overbrook, a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia, then, we now find Mr. Norwood. He is the rector of the Memorial Church of St. Paul. This church edifice is larger than that in London, but still it is too small to hold all his follow-

ers. Steps have been taken to increase its seating capacity. A rectory, a veritable mansion and a gem of Elizabethan architecture, has been built and furnished for the beloved leader by the ever-growing congregation,—growing in numbers and in spiritual comprehension.

Lately, there has been a slogan abroad: "Bring back Norwood to Nova Scotia!" If Overbrook hears of this the effect will be cataclysmic! A compromise only might be affected: in Overbrook for the winter; in beloved Nova Scotia for the summer. Not the kind of summer mentioned by one Philadelphian: "Yes, I am going to spend the summer in Chester." "All summer?" was asked. "Yes, three weeks!"

Let him come to us in the summer *and* during the glorious fall. A cheering thought is that his mind rests upon this delightful country a full half of the time, for he is writing a novel with the setting in Lunenburg County, his natal place being New Ross.

At Hubbards, where he has returned thrice upon most saddening missions,—to bury father, Brother Joe and Brother Ted,—he himself expects to lie. "If there be room," he once remarked. "If no place in the church-yard, let my cremated remains be placed in the belfry that looks far out where the winds of Heaven are unbound!"

His works have been eulogized in far California, in the Minneapolis Bellman, in the Brooklyn Eagle, and in the New York Times, and by some of the best reviewers in both Canada and the United States.

Before closing this very brief sketch of our fellow-Canadian, the writer wishes to append a quotation from each of the three books mentioned, besides those already given from his latest work, "The Man Of Kerioth."

Voice of our Century, whose heart is broken,
Weeping for those who will not come again—
Lord Christ! hast thou been crucified in vain?—
Challenge the right of every Tyrant's token:
The fist of mail; the sceptre; ancient, oaken

Coffers of gold for which thy sons are slain,
The pride of place, which from the days of Cain
Hath for the empty right of Power spoken!

Be like a trumpet blown from clouds of doom
Against whatever seeks to bind on earth;
Bring from the blood of battle, from the womb
Of women weeping for their dead, the birth
Of better days with banishment of wrong,
Love in all hearts, on every lip—a song. ("The Modernists," p. 144.)

I saw three souls before a jasper throne
That stood, star-canopied, beyond the world
Where angels knelt before a Presence—furred
White wings and waited. In vast undertone
A Voice said: "Choose!" And instantly were
shown
Three chalices: one like a lily curled
About a stem of gold; one was empearled
In silver; one was carved from common stone.

I saw three souls sink swiftly back to earth;
I heard three children wailing in the night;
I met three men of diverse rank and birth:
A king; a priest; a slave whose wretched plight
Moved me to pity, till mine ancient dream
Recalled the proverb: "Things are not what they
seem!" ("His Lady of the Sonnets," p. 69.)

And this speech of Saul in "The Witch of Endor," p. 119:

Jehovah calls! who may withstand his voice?
Michal, behold I see where all was dark:
David begins where Saul is at an end,
And Samuel, anointing him, foretold
The House of Jesse following the House
Of Kish upon the throne of Israel.
Go tell David that Saul forgave the deed;
And when they find me dead on Gilboa,
Yield him the crown—yea, place it on his brow,
That song and youth's sweet laughter stir again
Throughout this stricken land, and all the world
Grow glorious and golden in the sun!
My Loruhamah, one fair city waits
Our coming—fairer than far Babylon—
Builded beyond the clouds! I go to lay
Its streets with sapphires and adorn the walls
With chrysoprase—make every gate a pearl—
A moon of summer magic, musical
At turning of each graven silver hinge,
Melodious as filmy waterfalls!
Michal, arise! The time for tears is past,
Not on this star shall all the tale be told
Of Saul and Loruhamah and their love.

Early Rising, Winter

By CHARLES W. STOKES

(After R. L. S.)

IN Winter, I get up at night,
And shave by yellow candle-light;
Although in Summer, by the way,
I seldom go to bed till day.

I have to leave that cosy bed,
And creep downstairs with slippered tread,
And, while the kettle boils, must feel
For wherewithal to make a meal.

I have to pause, o'er half-cut slice,
To listen to the seamp' ring mice:
And hear the early navy's feet
Start going past me down the street.

I have to pull the blinds, and see
The snow-packs hanging on the tree,
And ere that I sit down to meat
The hungry furnace too must eat.

I have to leave my brother Ben,
Who isn't due at work till ten,
And when I brave the chilly air
Quite fast asleep he still lies there.

And doesn't it seem hard that he
Should sleep a longer time than me,
And get up at an hour so late,
When I must be at work at eight?

The Potential "P"

By R. E. GOSNELL

IN thinking over in a serious mood the question of production as a national policy for Canada, I began to turn over in my mind the important part which the letter "p" plays in public policies, propagandas, possibilities, processes and so on in a long procession. It seems to be the beginning of everything worth while. It starts with Providence, the source of all things, and ends up with some of the latest inventions, such as photography, phonography, the polariscope and the periscope. It is pioneering and prototypal. Protoplasm is the basis of all living things. "P" has to do with everything primordial and all principles.

The train of thought received such propulsion that it ran away with me and wrecked several other trains of thought on the way. Such words as policy, production, publicity, popularity, politics, people, party, patriotism, peace, prosperity, progress, population, posterity, purity of purpose, programme, platform, promotion, pronouncement, prerogative, political planks, progressive, plebiscite, special privilege, profiteering, probe, prosecute, prospects, possibilities, pulse of the people, and a thousand more which seemed to embrace everything in the lexicon of modern shibboleths poured into my mind in a rapid association of ideas that would have done credit to Professor Loiset's memory system.

I wondered at last if there were any mysterious, esoteric or psychological relation in the pulsations of thought to all these wonderful steps of the "p" peripatetics.

The list of words and phrases that came along in perfect phalanxes in the manner of a Prussian drive, could not be recorded fast enough to pass them on. They refer to things not only intangible and matters political and philosophical and practical; they refer also to persons and all the powers and potentialities that be. Did not Providence put the "p" in *tempus* and *space*, the all-embracing elements of the Universe. Paradise was the first abode of man and is the goal of all good-living people. Piety, and sometimes the police, directs the way. Pluto was the god of the infernal regions to whom we are indebted for all our riches in mineral deposits which he spewed up in his anger in molten form, but what he was angry about in those prehistoric days the Lord only knows. The Pentateuch contains the laws of the Hebraic theocracy which still rules a whole race of people and which for long was the common law of the Puritans. The New Dispensation was the fulfilment of the predictions of the prophets. Pan played the pipes. He was the first Minister of Agriculture and bequeathed us Dr. Tolmie, also a first-class expert in live stock. Pan signifies all—in, through and over-alls. There are more "pans" in the dictionaries and encyclopedias from Panama to pandemonium than there are

pots and pans in soup kitchens. Everything in this world depends upon how things pan out. Proverbs were the first and most notable contribution to practical politics. The world is, therefore, full of proverbs. Paul was the chiefest of the Apostles and Peter was the rock upon which the Church is founded, and there was also Peter the Great, whose body, from recent dispatches from Petrograd, has been discovered turned over in his grave with yards of gray hair clutched in his paws. And I came very near forgetting the Patriarchs, Pharaoh, Pontius Pilate, the Pharisees, Josephus and St. Patrick.

Philosophy has claimed all the master minds of all times, including Pythagoras and Plato down to Paddy Draper. Plutarch was the first of biographers and Pliny, Rome's most noted historian. What shall we say of the Ptolemies, ascendant in the ancient world and in science. Pater stands for father and it has been the effort of the youth of all time to discover just how much more he will stand for. Shakespere (true spelling) will remain at the pinnacle of play until the end of days, the daddy of them all. Pitt, the great commoner, was—first in statesmanship in Great Britain, first in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen. Then there were Petrarch, Pindar, Petronius, Pericles, Pisistratus, Pausanias, Phidias, Perseus, Plotinus, Pompey—oh, and a whole bunch of them, all—all, more or less honourable men. The Classics, in prose and poetry, goes back to Priam.

Who would not desire prestige? The press and the pulpit,—so *they* say—are the greatest powers in the world in moulding public opinion. Patience is a supreme virtue, which may be the reason so few possess it. Possession, by the way, comprises the proverbial nine points of the law. Penalty is what we have inevitably to pay for evil-doing. Physic, although we are enjoined to throw it to the dogs, is the oldest of professional stunts, psychological treatment being the latest substitute—both very much a matter of mind. The Pleiades are the most distant worlds of our universe and had respectful mention by Job, who was not even polite to His Satanic Majesty. A period is the completest thing in existence, and a parabola is a curve to make which is the supremest achievement of a politician. A pastime represents the complement of performance. Performance is the only thing that counts and is just the opposite of prating. Pleasure, prodigality and pain, how beautifully they are related in life! It is today a question as between the protelariat and the plutocrat who shall be the top dog. Pyrotechnics are the most spectacular of performances. A punch in the solar plexus is usually a pass out. We riddle in Pullmans. We go up in the air in rhapsodies and come down

in parachutes. We are commanded to love, honour and obey our parents. Pulp is every thing reduced to a mass, and paper its product is the material basis of all modern literature, now pirouetting among the high prices. Papyrus was its prototype. The pen is mightier than the sword so the pacifists tell us, but we poor paragraphists have to push pencils at a penny a line. Push and pull are required to obtain preferment, that is, before "no patronage" came in. There are times when every prospect pleases, but poverty always pinches.

Poetry is the divine afflatus and was sung to the music of the spheres long before Homer's epics. Painting is one of the sacred arts. A passport opens all doors. Propriety is the standard of most people's morals, and it is well always to be particular. To be pickled, however, is not always to be well-preserved. A post mortem is the saddest sequel to life, and is particularly painful at cards. Pandemonium is the climax of disorder. The price—alas, to be without it! It is then priceless. The posthumous is all that is left of a man that the world did not know all about before he departed it.

The Patagonian is the lowest type of the genus homo, except the profiteer. Prussic acid is the deadliest of poisons and naturally is one of the brood hatched in Prussia. The Passover is the greatest of Jewish feasts, and the Pentecost was another. The Pacific is the biggest body of water in the world and the railways in the West are named after it and used to water their stock out of it. We are ever on the lookout for the postman and the policeman. Pompous platitudes are the peculiar property of the platform and of some newspapers. The past-master invariably puts it over us. Parliament is the supreme voice of the people. Property and private rights are sacred and, in Canada, are the prerogative of the provinces. Prohibition is the ne plus ultra of moral possibilities, prevention being appraised as worth cartloads of cure. Protection and preference are somewhat unpopular at present. Place, power and profits used to be regarded as the highest ambitions of public men, but no more. These have been replaced by purity and high purpose, and one almost yields to the temptation of referring to pork and profiteering, now gone to the garbage barrel to be rescued as by-products.

Post-prandial speeches are usually highly spiced and a peroration is the climax of an oration. Note that purity, perfection and Pear's soap cannot be improved upon. A paragon is peerless and a peer is a lord of the realm, notwithstanding that he is at the same time our equal. Please ponder on the primitiveness of the pagan as compared with our place in the paramount. A paradox predicates the impos-

sible, and a perfect parallel though now said not to exist—is the highest achievement of history or rhetoric and is distinctly on the level. To ascertain the angle of parallax is a triumph of mathematics. We have the irrevocable a priori and a posteriori and, in time, the eternal trinity of the previous, the present and the past periods. One could go on indefinitely, but it will have been observed that "p" is like your own personality, you can not part from it.

Now, in conclusion, although the "p" has such a prominent and exceptional place in all words of preponderating importance, expressing all kinds of possibility, priority and perfection—is in all the superlatives—it has mean and ignoble uses as well, as in putrid, parsimonious, pessimism, poverty, paucity, parasitic, pharasaic, puerile, perverse, peculafive, piggish, picayunish, Prussianistic, piffing and so on. It stands in the same way for some of the worst afflictions—pneumonia, small-pox, paralysis, party politics, problem plays, moving pictures and a lot of other plagues. These, however, are merely examples of the wonderful versatility by which it can demonstrate its own antitheses. If I have not proved a theory by the inductive process, and I have not by any means exhausted the evidence, in fact, only skimmed the surface of my subject—there are thousands more proofs in the dictionary and the encyclopedia—I have at least furnished props for a plausible philosophy. There are other letters that might in the skilled hands of a special pleader present some claims for distinction in a similar way, such as "a" in angelic and archaic, "b" in beauty and bliss, "c" in country and camouflage, "d" in damn and duty, and so on as in love, liberty; home and mother, but these are only mere occasional luminous specks in the firmament as contrasted with the great solar orb of the universe. The ancient, immortal philosopher who bade us mind our "p's" and "q's"—"q", of course only being mentioned as next to "p"—was the first and only, before myself, to realize the deep significance and possible purport of a letter which has played—and is still playing more than ever—such a part in shaping the world's destiny. Along with Mrs. Eddy, I believe I have re-discovered a great, undying principle, at least in letters. I am sorry I have not also discovered who this ancient philosopher of the "p's" and "q's" was, "q", of course being immaterial. His name surely must have begun with a "p", and if I were to hazard an opinion it must have been our old, imperishable friend in print, "Pro Bono Publico". If any scientific or philosophical journal will pay me for this production, I should be pleased to subscribe a dollar for a monument to be erected to his memory.

Par vobiscum.

Studies in Present-Day Fiction

By H. D. LANGFORD

1. *The Mode of Approach.*

UNLESS we are prepared to defend an attitude of complete pessimism in the face of new and startling revelations of man's aspiration and achievement we must recognize that human wisdom is not merely a sum but a development. We are here concerned with literature as an art great in virtue of its vital relation to man. While the race continues to progress it is reasonable to expect more masterpieces—works inspired by the new age and transcending the most perfect models handed down from antiquity. Out of the mass of production which included these works they alone survive, and their persistence must have been due to man's need of them. Some gave the best or only available accounts of interesting persons, places or events. Some expressed in a new way principles of universal application to human nature. The first are valuable on account of the light they throw upon history—the progress of man—but this function is included in that of the second, whose supreme excellence is two-fold. They are in themselves revelations of eternal truth. They provide the earnest critic with those tests the right application of which would make him truly valuable.

Thus amid the enormous volume and almost universal range of modern literary production we may hope to find at least a few works of permanent value, and may be well repaid for the labor involved in careful selection and study. At first it would seem impossible within the limits of this essay to discuss adequately the subject of present-day fiction, so numerous are the works of the host of authors and so diverse their methods and materials. But there are many writers whose great mass of popular trash may unquestionably be excluded. From the remainder it will be possible to make further selection for inquiry into the reason for the almost universal opinion which pronounces a few pre-eminent. The most complete estimation possible of such a writer can be obtained only by studying all his works as they are produced, but even this is dependent upon the reader's experience and will at best be incomplete, probably misleading. The measure of a man is not less than the measure of all his life. But it is generally possible to select one piece outstanding, or at least characteristic, which, if any of the author's work survive the frequent fluctuations of public opinion, will live. To such we may with some confidence apply the test of permanent value.

We shall here consider three novels, each of which fulfils in contemporary critical opinion the conditions indicated above, namely, "The Return of the Native," by Thomas Hardy,

(1878), "The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett (1908), and "The Rescue," by Joseph Conrad (1919). The selection of the first of these may be objected to on account of the date of its production, but it is essentially modern in its conception. The writers of all three are still living. A brief sketch of the plot will be followed in each case by an attempt to estimate the value and to point out the defects. It may then be possible to relate the three, and without attempting analysis of the various literary influences to which their writers have been subjected or reference to the complicated social, economic and political questions of their day, to discover within the works themselves certain traces, more or less clear, of principles active in determining the nature of the present-day novel.

II. *Hardy.*

The real central theme of Hardy's "The Return of the Native" is the fatal conjunction of a woman of uncontrolled selfish desires with a man seeking the realization of noble but impracticable aims. The scene is laid most effectively on the vast and gloomy "Egdon Heath" in Wessex, and the main action is interspersed and connected throughout with scenes enlivened by various activities of the primitive members of that rustic environment—their worship, folklore, amusements, hardships, daily life, above all their natural humour. These scenes, with Egdon Heath itself for a background, form a consummate setting—contrast and harmony—for the tragic main action. Clym Yeobright, about to enter upon a successful business career in Paris returns to visit his mother at the old home on Egdon Heath. He meets and is fascinated by a very passionate and discontented young woman, Eustacia Vye, who is anxious to escape from the life of the Heath, to her of deadly monotony. Eustacia, suddenly absorbed in an interest for Clym, turns away from her former secret lover. This man, Damon Wildeve, with characteristic lack of stamina, has given up studies in engineering to follow his present occupation as proprietor of an inn on Egdon—a comfortable and dangerous legacy. He is betrothed to Thomasin Yeobright a cousin of Clym. A period of dalliance on the part of Wildeve, unreconciled to the loss of Eustacia's affections, ends in sudden resolve and hasty marriage to Thomasin. Clym, urged by a growing distaste for mercenary pursuits, decides to give up his career and remain in Wessex. He plans ambitiously to establish a school for the education of the youth of the community. He marries Eustacia. Both the project and marriage are very much against the wishes of his mother from whom he becomes unhappily estranged. Eustacia, who has married Clym in the hope of per-

suading him to take her to Paris, now realizes that he is firm in his present plan. The consequent unhappiness of their married life is intensified by serious injury to Clym's eyesight due to excessive study. Shortness of funds compels him to seek employment, and much to the annoyance of Eustacia he chooses to do the work of a furze-cutter.

Wildeve, who has not ceased to regret Eustacia, is overpowered by his desire to return to her. Clym's mother, seeking a reconciliation with her son and resigned to the acceptance of his wife, makes a long journey on foot to his cottage. While Clym whom she knows to be at home sleeps, exhausted by his work, Eustacia yields to her aversion and goes out by the back door expecting Clym to be aroused by the knocking to admit his mother. He sleeps on, however, and she, believing herself deliberately refused admission, sets out in despair upon her return journey. On the way she is overcome by exhaustion, and is also stung by an adder as she lies by the pathway. Some hours later Clym discovers her in a dying condition and is overcome with grief which is changed to wild remorse when chance reveals to him the circumstances, and later to fierce anger against Eustacia whose part in the tragedy he exaggerates. Eustacia returns to her father's home and Wildeve, neglecting his wife, resumes his clandestine visits. He importunes Eustacia to elope with him, and she at length consents. The night on which their plan is being put into execution a heavy storm occurs, and they are both drowned in the swollen stream of a mill-race. Clym, who has come to the assistance of Eustacia, has a narrow escape, being rescued by Diggory Vem, a Reddleman. This enigmatic person has constituted himself throughout the story a guardian over the happiness of Thomasin. He has constantly haunted the heath and often interposed his cunning between her and misfortune. The suggested sequel—his protracted courtship and subsequent marriage to Thomasin—is merely Hardy's reluctant concession to the popular taste for a happy ending. Clym he leaves an itinerant preacher nearly blind, still in the prime of his life. An outlook gloomy enough!

This novel is regarded as Hardy's best. It is part of a great unity, they tell us, brought to completion only with "The Dynasts;" but for our purpose it needs no complement. It is a most admirable example of Hardy's essential excellence—harmony of conception and design and a close approximation to perfection of execution. The gloom of "The Heath" is made to pervade the whole, and its description with which he begins the book is in itself a masterpiece. The tragic intensity of the passions which sway his leading characters and the sense of impending fate recall the wonder and terror of Greek Tragedy, an effect enhanced by the classic severity of outline. There is another feature, which appears to be in Hardy's mind, subsidiary or incidental, but which both in itself and its relation to the whole, has won for him unqualified approval from the

best exacting critics. That is his treatment of the country folk. Their community lives in this book. He displays here, be it solemnly stated, a power not greatly inferior to that of Shakespeare himself. There is also more than a hint of Shakesperian subtilty in the description of a tremendously exciting gambling game carried on one night upon Egdon, in which Wildeve, by winning a sum of money from the witless messenger of Mrs. Yeobright augments the misery of her situation while pursuing merely his own selfish ends. The mysterious Venn succeeds in winning back for Thomasin every penny of the money in a breathless game by the light of glow-worms.

The mention of Venn may remind us that we must not neglect Hardy's faults in our enthusiasm for his virtues. In his portrayal of this character and elsewhere in the book he has been accused of undue recourse to coincidence for the furtherance of his action. This charge can be substantiated at several points if insisted upon, but in the case of Venn the train of circumstances appears logical in view of his mysterious character and uncanny shrewdness. But Hardy must face another accusation far more serious than this. It is the obtrusion of his pessimistic philosophy, and must be pronounced valid. He sides with Eustacia Vye in her protest against the evil lot which she regards as her malicious gift from an actively hostile power. In insisting upon the power of her passion Hardy appears to disregard completely the existence in her of any trace of conscience and of a reasonable share of common sense. The weakness of her logic is only too apparent. There is ample power in the portrayal of the character to move our sympathy, but it is sympathy with her mistakes and illusions we are moved to feel. We do not share her defiance of the Powers. What is true of her is true to a lesser degree of the other leading character. The most unfortunate feature of this defect is that it hinders realization of the great value of Hardy's work. Many thoughtful readers feel that something is wrong and are disposed to reject it as brilliant but unwholesome. But if we are prepared to find this undesirable tendency we shall be enabled to understand the relation in which it stands to Hardy's Art. Here we are attempting to clear the way toward such an understanding. Since this is the desired end, in stating the main theme emphasis was put not on the malignant and fatal interference of the Powers but upon the uncontrolled selfish desires of the woman and the impractical idealism of the man. It seems that the artist himself is deluded, and we may take a larger view, if we will, and include him in the sum of tragic elements. Hardy appears to leave with us the impression that fate has been responsible for making everything turn out wrong, but we feel, somehow, in spite of him, that the proper balance has been restored and right vindicated. Thus we are enabled freely to admire and enjoy Hardy's art even

if we detest his philosophy. His sincerity is unmistakable. The quality of his genius is such that he is considered by many profound critics to be the greatest living writer.

III. Bennett.

"The Old Wives' Tale" by Arnold Bennett has as its theme the significance of average human existence as shown in the history of the entire lives of two sisters. The novel is divided into four books.

The first book deals with the circumstances surrounding the early years of Constance and Sophia, daughters of John Baines. This mockery of manly dignity and vigor, for many years a paralytic invalid, is still respected as a former mayor of Bursley, one of the "Five Towns" of Staffordshire, and still reigns as nominal head and possessor of a prosperous drapery establishment conjoined with a substantial residence on St. Luke's Square. In the first period we are chiefly interested with the efforts of Mrs. Baines to train her daughters in the Baines' tradition and their effect in disclosing the differences in disposition between Constance and Sophia; the former even-tempered and sensible in her conduct, gentle and kindly to all, obedient, conscientious in the performance of her duties, never self-assertive but showing, occasionally, an unexpected strain of firmness; the latter impatient of restraint, thirsting for romance, intense in her desires and indomitable in her struggles for their attainment.

Upon the completion of their course as day-pupils at a Young Ladies' Seminary, situated in Bursley, the girls both begin work in their father's shop, Constance as a matter of course, Sophia as a temporary concession to parental authority exerted against her wish to become a school teacher. In this determination she persists and finally induces her mother to give a reluctant consent distracted as she is by the death of her husband, a recent event in which Sophie's unhappy negligence was a contributing cause. The discovery of a doubtful intimacy which has sprung up between Sophia and Gerald Scales, a commercial traveller, causes the mother to reverse her decision. She seizes an opportunity of getting Sophia out of harm's way, as she believes, by permitting her to visit the capable and formidable Aunt Harriet, of Axe. Sophia, conscious of intrigue, is more than equal to the occasion. She and Scales arrange and execute her escape to join him in London. Thus the first book ends with the separation of the sisters.

The second is entitled "Constance," and it relates the various outstanding events in the subsequent life of the elder sister. She marries Samuel Povey, a young man who has managed the Baines establishment for a number of years under the direction of Mrs. Baines, and now becomes its head. Constance is installed as mistress where her mother has hitherto held sway. Then follows a full and impartial account of an average marriage life—successful business enterprise on the part of Povey; the faithful performance of well-ordered domestic

and social duties by his wife. Time in its inevitable course brought a number of occurrences of vital interest to Constance. One was the coming of a son whom they called Cyril. Another was the death of her mother. Cyril becomes the greatest interest of the household, and the various events and circumstances of his early years are carefully related—his babyhood with its tender cares, his childish activities, his school-days, with their hopes and trials.

The ordinarily uneventful life of the Povey family is broken into by a tragedy. Daniel Povey, the proprietor of a baking establishment nearby, is charged with the murder of his worthless wife during one of her drinking bouts. Samuel, his cousin, loyally undertakes the defence. In an unsuccessful struggle to secure the acquittal he impairs his fortunes and neglects his health with fatal consequences. Constance now shouldering with difficulty the responsibility of managing her business and keeping up her house, is tried by the thoughtless conduct of Cyril, whose happiness has become her single object in life. Time and circumstances at length compel her to sell the business to a scheming and cynical old neighbor, Charles Critchlow. This venerable septuagenarian, following the combined impulses of shrewdness and senile obsession, has married Maria Insull, an unlovely middle-aged spinster whose sole function has long been the performance of certain mechanical duties of superintendence in the Baines' Drapery establishment. Constance retains possession of her house and is soon left alone there, when Cyril departs for London filled with ambition to achieve success as a designer.

The third book takes up the broken thread of Sophia's life-history which is long to remain almost completely unknown to her family in Bursley. Upon her arrival in London, Sophia receives an unexpected revelation of dishonourable schemes on the part of Scales, realizes the gravity of her situation and meets it with characteristic strength of character. Scales, awed into admiration, marries her and takes her to Paris. There he lives an extravagant life on the strength of a recently-acquired legacy. Sophia's estimate of his character is soon formed, and the sequel shows it to have been true. He completely sacrifices her comfort to his reckless whims and is quickly reduced to a state of poverty. He deserts Sophia who falls ill. Through the kindly offices of Chirac, a newspaper reporter, she is placed in the care of Madame Foucault, a woman of lax morals and uncertain income. Upon recovery, Sophia is enabled by the use of a sum secretly saved from the wreck of Gerald's fortunes, both to reward this woman and to give her own abilities their chance. When Madame Foucault suddenly disappears, Sophia assumes possession of her lodgings, which she turns into a select rooming- and boarding-house. During the siege of Paris her capital is greatly augmented by energy and thrift. After the conclusion of peace she seizes an opportunity of purchasing cheaply a Pen-

sion of considerable reputation. This she manages with such success that it becomes highly popular and brings her wealth. Suddenly she realizes that she is no longer young, the fact being borne home to her by a sudden yielding of her powers to dangerous illness due to excessive mental strain. At this time chance brings to Constance long sought and eagerly-welcomed news of her sister. Sophia reluctantly gives way to her physician's insistence upon a complete rest, disposes of her business, and accepts the urgent invitation of her sister to share her home in Bursley.

Book Four, entitled "What Life Is," is perhaps the most remarkable portion of the novel. It depicts the final phase in the lives of the two sisters, and is a profound study of the phenomenon of age. Constance and Sophia, growing old and infirm, gradually coming to realize the relation of their situation to that of the rising generation in the changing world, have leisure to recall their past, and to arrive at conclusions as to the total meaning of life. Sophia, called to a Welsh sea-port to look upon the body of the almost forgotten Gerald Scales whose derelict life has just ended there, thus completes her education in the world's wisdom, and upon returning to Bursley succumbs to a sudden attack of her former disorder. Finally the death of Constance, long a prey to loneliness and physical suffering, brings the novel to a close.

This extended account gives only the barest outline of the events and circumstances of greatest import among those dealt with in "The Old Wives' Tale." Full comprehension of the wealth of the significant details surrounding each and the constant reaction of all upon the characters is impossible outside the book itself. It is this sympathetic realism which makes Bennett's work so powerful. Such a term may require explanation. In using the word "sympathetic" we do not mean to imply that he is addicted to sentimentalizing, or that he permits himself to take sides with one character against another or against circumstances affecting that character. On the contrary he shows complete impartiality, being entirely concerned with the embodiment of his conception of life. It is intended to express his power of seeing all things from the point of view of the man or woman he is writing about, of seeing all things as they appear in their natural environment. By "realism" we mean not mere cataloguing, but that liberal selection from life, which makes his characters live in a world as real as our own. Bennett made the "Five Towns" famous in this book and the "Clayhanger" trilogy, but it is because in describing the ordinary course of the middle class life there he linked it with universal existence. There is something elusive in the genius which can achieve universality, but by inquiring into the causes which produce the primary effect we may arrive at some clue to the nature of those which produce the secondary and ultimate one. His unusual acuteness of observation and his extraordinary memory of a boyhood spent in the district of the "Five

Towns" were developed in some measure, we feel, by the absorbing interest which he must have possessed in the life of their people. He does not regard that life as petty or indeed of less importance than any other. The fact that his wider vision has enabled him to see the aesthetic and intellectual limitations of the people does not prevent him from recognizing their natural dignity, their normal strength, their sound common-sense. This power of truly estimating values may be the secret which we have been seeking to discover.

The defects pointed out in Bennett are those of diffuseness, improper emphasis, insufficient clarity of outline and lack of depth. The first three charges are among those usually laid against the work of purely realistic novelists and should receive due consideration in his case. But the peculiar significance of Bennett's realism must not be overlooked. As to the fourth charge, "Lack of depth," we may admit in Bennett a failure to give prominence to the elements of intense passion, but must protest that he consistently adheres to his implicit theory of the reality of the common-place. This becomes strikingly apparent in his treatment of the Siege of Paris, which in the hands of a writer with less insight into the nature of his task might have been shown up in a lurid light capable of being intensified to any degree of horror corresponding to his taste or lack of it. Twice, however, Bennett does use elements of melodrama with excellent effect. In reading the account of Mrs. Daniel Povey's death we become conscious of an intense feeling of contrast with the peaceful and well-ordered existence of Constance and her family. In the early married life of Sophia the guillotine scene assists us to realize the intensity of her disgust for Gerald Scales.

The writing of such a book requires more than superlative talent. We feel instinctively that the man's heart is in the right place. His obviously derisive attitude toward certain religious and social forms should not prevent us from realizing what is of infinitely greater import—his deep reverence for the significance and sanctity of all human life.

IV. Conrad.

"The Rescue" by Joseph Conrad appeared as a serial in "Land and Water" during the first three quarters of 1919. The manner in which its elements individually and collectively are shown perhaps renders it the most effective expression of Conrad's mature genius hitherto published. Its theme is a man's loyalty to his best self in the face of disaster to his most noble aims and the renunciation of his love.

The owner and navigator of the famous brig "Lightning,"—"King Tom" Lingard, revered by whites and natives throughout the Malayan Archipelago, was once saved from possible death by a young Malay prince, Hassim, heir to the kingdom of Wajo. To him Lingard swore eternal friendship. A revolution occurred, in which a usurper seized the throne just left vacant, and forced Hassim with his

sister Immada and a few followers into a desperate situation. Jaffir a trusted follower of Hassim succeeded in escaping and in locating Lingard just in time to enable the latter by prompt action and skilful manoeuvre to bring them all safely on board his brig.

Lingard considered himself in honour bound to reinstate Hassim. He succeeded in securing the reluctantly accorded military support of a crafty old chief Belareb who ruled a native settlement upon an island called in this book "The Shore of Refuge." Under his protection he placed Hassim and his sister. He bought an old hulk—the "Emma"—and grounded it on a sand bank up the river to serve as a dump for the necessary stores and induced the all-but-resurrected Captain Jorgenson to take charge. Lingard worked patiently for years until he had assembled sufficient material, then he arranged for the co-operation of the forces of a number of other chiefs with those of Belareb and secured two native praus to serve as transport.

Lingard on the way to the "Shore of Refuge" to launch at last his combined forces against Wajo was hailed by a small boat one night as he lay becalmed. Carter, the man in charge, informed him that his party was one of two sent out to bring assistance to their vessel, a yacht of which Carter was mate, which had become stranded. Lingard learned with dismay that the scene of the accident was his island. Upon his hastened arrival there he was met by Travers the owner of the yacht with a demand that he bring a gunboat to the rescue. An offer of help from the commander of the brig was refused through the obstinacy of Travers who had conceived an immediate dislike for him. Lingard sent a party to intercept the second boat sent out from the yacht, and pondered over the situation.

He judged Edith Travers, wife of the yacht's owner, to be reasonably disposed. That night in secret interview he revealed all to her and found her willing to assist him. Unfortunately at that very moment Travers, arrogantly persisting in his usual evening stroll along the sandbank, was captured with his guest, d'Alcaer, by the distrustful Malays. The difficulty of Lingard's position thus increased incalculably. He and Edith Travers had suddenly come to understand each other and to feel promptings of the one and only great passion of which each could be capable. The situation as it stood provided a way out of Lingard's dilemma. His mere passivity would soon have placed Travers and d'Alcaer beyond any possibility of interfering with his plans, which were now demanding immediate execution. With no blame attached to him the yacht and its owner would have disappeared from the knowledge of the Western world, and he would have been able to accomplish his purpose and also to possess Edith Travers. But the necessity of performing a dangerous and difficult duty disastrous to themselves became clear to both. Lingard accompanied by the fearless

Mrs. Travers carried on a conference with the Malay chiefs and through his great prestige was enabled to obtain the temporary custody of the captives whom he took on board the "Emma." While awaiting here the end of a whimsical absence of Belareb from the settlement he learned of two disasters. Carter, left in charge of the "Lightning," in ignorance of Lingard's situation and in growing suspicion of the Malays, had demolished the praus by shell fire from the guns of the brig. Hassim and Immada, returning from an effort to hasten the arrival of Belareb, had been seized by Tengga, one of the allied chiefs, a man of mediocre ability but great greed for power. The destruction of the praus necessitated an immediate handing-over of the captives. Lingard accompanied them to the native fortress to which Belareb had at last returned. Not until their departure did Hassim's appeal for assistance, borne by his faithful servant Jaffir, reach the "Emma." As an attempt upon his part to reach Lingard, considering the state of the natives aroused to savage anger by the destruction of the praus, would undoubtedly have resulted in the death of Jaffir before the achievement of his purpose. Edith Travers volunteered to bear the message. She succeeded in her daring plan but did not deliver to Lingard Hassim's ring symbolic of his danger.

Tengga, who had several times demanded the expected issue of rifles and ammunition, and on each occasion been met by a refusal from Jorgenson, prepared to attack the "Emma." To the surprise of the attacking force they met with no opposition. Tengga came aboard bringing with him Hassim and Immada and many of his men. Jorgenson then by a pre-arranged plan fired the magazine, completely destroying the ship, killing all on board and most of Tengga's men who had remained in their canoes waiting close by. The whole scene was viewed from the distant stockade by Lingard. He learned the details later from Jaffir just before the latter died after bearing Hassim's last message from the "Emma." This took place upon the "Lightning" to which Lingard had returned after the catastrophe. Through his intercession Travers and his wife and d'Alcaer were permitted to return to the yacht, which owing to the efforts of Carter, was now floating free of the sandbank. Lingard exchanged Shaw, his former mate, for Carter whom he admired in spite of his terrible mistake, and upon the departure of the yacht set off in his brig in the opposite direction.

Of our three novels the last seems most difficult to analyze. A reader beginning the study of Conrad in this book must be struck by a new arresting quality in the style, a sort of dignity, perhaps, which gives the immediate impression that something is being told superlatively worth the telling. The movement proceeds with a quiet deliberation in which the full significance of the incidents as they are related gradually grows into the powerful effect of a completed episode. The book is a

succession of such episodes, well defined though frequently revealing in the author a curious disregard for chronological sequence which most readers, however, accept without question as being natural, all together exerting one tremendous direct effect. The elements are so skilfully mixed that one almost forgets that he is reading a book. The rich and vivid description is somehow unmistakably related to the characters of which the scenes portrayed constitute the environment. The dialogue is employed sparingly, as if rather to give a more intense impression of their actions than to inform the reader of facts or even directly reveal character. The actions themselves appear to spring from long custom or careful deliberation. An occasional recourse to the method of indirect narration gives variety and adds insight into the character of the narrator. Elsewhere the writer assumes knowledge of the circumstances, which he discloses with perfect impartiality and without personal comment. This much for style.

The subject-matter is adventure suffused with personality and sanctioned by its power; yet interest depends far less upon the train of incidents forming the plot than upon the reaction produced upon the minds of the characters involved. The atmosphere is cosmopolitan, but the universality of the appeal is not due to this circumstance. It is rather an effect produced by the realization that the conflicts between good and evil, the perplexities, the littleness and especially the qualities of greatness within the minds of these few men and women are to be found in all mankind in infinite variety of proportion, and capable of being recognized the more easily for being given in these such perfect expression. We shall not attempt to describe the characters. The limited horizon and ludicrous egoism of Travers, for example, to be perfectly appreciated must be seen in its vital relation to each stage of the action.

Upon Conrad's aim in writing we could not, perhaps, obtain a more valuable commentary to aid us in our interpretation of the ultimate meaning of this novel than the following short extract from the preface to one of his earlier works, "The Nigger of the Narcissus."

"My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is before all to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand, and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask."

It is not easy to discover grave defects in this work. The difficulties which the casual reader may encounter have already been suggested.

V. Relations.

The three works just examined may be inter-related by elements of contrast and similarity.

In the attempt to discover such elements and point them out, the name of the writer will be understood in each case to represent and relate to the book to which reference is made.

An impression of their differences may be conveyed by an analogy with works in colour. Hardy suggests a few selected elements boldly outlined and sharply contrasted, with darkly harmonious background. Bennett makes one think of a large canvas showing a variety of detail suggestively wrought in subdued tones. Conrad's work may be compared to a picture in which a small number of human beings prominent amid harmonious and richly colored natural elements are shown to be intently engaged in the contemplation of one distant object and obviously at variance in their interpretation of its significance.

Dropping the analogy, it may be well to enumerate several details of more or less significant difference in style and subject matter. In the case of Bennett the length of time included in the action is an average life-time. With Hardy it is about a year. From the time Conrad's story really begins to when it ends only a fortnight intervenes. It is noteworthy that in Hardy, where we find such a preponderance of highly tragic elements we should also find such a fund of pure humour: Bennett seems to have rather neglected it in his selecting and combining process: Conrad appears to be absorbed in more serious matters although he does not commit himself to tragedy. Hardy, as we have seen, takes the part of his chief characters against destiny, Bennett is quite impartial and Conrad appears a trifle anxious to avoid any suspicion of partiality.

We must seek among the common elements of these works for the features which distinguish modern fiction, of which all three are examples. In the first place they all show evidences of the greatest care in structure, in the use of language, in the combining of the elements of expression and in the eliminating of non-essentials. They illustrate the superiority of the impartial attitude on the part of an author in portraying the vices and virtues of his characters, and the advantages to be gained by his refusal to be trapped in the snare of sentimentality. This is especially true in the treatment of love and marriage.

Their authors turn the light of wide experience upon the lives of men within those spheres in which they are most interested, and of which they have most accurate knowledge. They seek neither slavishly to copy life nor to idealize it, but by their skill in selection most truthfully to represent it. Thus, independent of any personal views, they proclaim the universal validity of certain principles. These present day novelists, it would seem, in devoting their powers to perfecting their art are beginning to realize the vast significance of its relation to life.

The Causeur

By ONE OF THEM

NOF long ago, an English causeur declared that the most successful modern craftsman known to him in that branch of journalism was the late Andrew Lang. For popularity none came anywhere near him. And the secret was that Lang had learned the trick of turning his literary lore into flattery for his readers. At least, in the last analysis it was so. He had other qualities that go in the making of a good causeur: racy English both "beautiful and light", a love for the "safe old things" which are "romantic and restful", and lastly, humour. Lang was a Border man, born in a region decidedly unrestful while making its romance, but now restful enough and rich in associations with "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago." I wonder if it is so that he was the most successful among the army of writers writing causeries in our time. I used to read his light and airy letters wondering if it might not be the money alone which tempted him to put down in bold print whatever happened to come into his head. Everything that comes into the very wisest man's head is not worth printing. Let us hope that he was well paid, though his discourses were ephemeral enough. There is a jolly causeur writing in England today who publishes in book form good and indifferent things alike. Perhaps the publisher is to blame, but a man should be firm. The scarcity of paper may yet be a blessing.

I cannot help thinking that Andrew Lang was, despite his fine faculty for assimilating literary history, just an average English causeur—which is high praise. The Old Country journalist, well grounded in English (which means grounded in Latin) and with a fair working knowledge of several modern languages, can turn off an entertaining causerie at any hour of the day or night. If he holds hard by the "safe old things", so much the better. For, the safe things are safe as long as the language lasts. The safe-and-certain, frank-and-free, literary anarchists have their little day and cease to be. It has always been so. There are those whose pastime it is to scathe the old, about which they probably know too little, who laud the new declaring it has come to stay. Concerning syntax, the new world may do its worst. In this also, the student of the history of English literature may appropriate Ogniben's complacent remark on leaders of revolt.

To win a wide constituency, the literary tatler must be entertaining. And he must be quick. Doubtless the best of the little classic essays which charm every new generation were composed at leisure and finished with care before they were released for the eyes of intellectual readers. They tell us that style is born not

made, that it is a personal thing. Even so, apprenticeship and the capacity for taking pains are both involved. But there is now no time for lingering to polish persiflage in the daily or weekly dissertation. Everybody is in a hurry. Besides, the average reader prefers straight literary gossip, though he likes fun, and a moiety of criticism if it is spontaneous; and he will tolerate the didactic now and then, which also must be spontaneous—and brief. On the whole, he is charitable and kindly. As one of the more obscure causeurs, I have for my readers nothing but gratitude. They write me such generous letters that I wonder at their good-nature. An ill-natured letter is so rare as to be negligible, though it is always funny. Well, a causerie ought to be entertaining and informing and good-humored.

The most ill-natured causeries which I can recall out of my too-limited reading, are those which once appeared "under the beard of Geordie Buchanan." "Maga" has always been merciless. Even Andrew Lang had prejudices with which he sometimes played, regardless of the victim. I suppose that everything he said about Mrs. Oliphant was true, but it was rather cruel. "Claudius Clear", too, liked a fling at that too careless, too voluminous writer who wrote, as her biographer shows, under the stinging lash of necessity. As brave a writer and woman as ever lived, always (until one by one they died) with a number of useless men to support in lavish fashion. The venerable Mr. Dent half-promised me to reprint in Everyman's Library, her incomparable Scottish story "Kirsteen". Such a tale (to suit) would sell like hot cakes today, were it a new one. Touching the acerbities of Blackwood's causerie, it is only fair to say that while Mrs. Oliphant was "Looker On", the running comment was of another sort. Today, in "Musings without Method" the muser might be "the Scorpion" himself in stinging mood. How eminently good-humored are "The Point of View" in Scribner's and "The Contributors' Club" in the Atlantic Monthly. In the causerie as in the more definite critical review, we like a signature. It irks the reader not to know who is writing. A pseudonym is better than nothing. For a time, the (London) Nation's causerie on books was signed "Penguin," but that pleasant, scholarly seabird no longer delights us. In the Statesman, there is an "Affable Hawk" who never soars beyond the ken of the ordinarily intelligent reader. Over here in Canada, we have not the opportunities of finding out who hides behind the pseudonym. But everybody knows the versatile editor who dictates the correspondence of Claudius Clear, one of the best causeurs going, an ardent Scot and

Nonconformist (as the English term is) and an agile correspondent. Hilaire Belloc, E. V. Lucas, Clement K. Shorter, the preaching paradoxical Mr. Chesterton, these are perhaps the outstanding causeurs enlivening the pages of London journals today. Of them all, Mr. Belloc is easily first, though Mr. Lucas is a good second. Mr. Belloc's style wins for him the mastery. It has that indefinable somewhat concerning which there is nothing to say except that a writer has it or has it not. It is born, not made. But I like Mr. Lucas.

The truth would seem to be that a successful causeur, barring the downright genius, needs a

sound education in the humanities, plus wide reading and a shrewd though kindly outlook on life. And the more exquisite his sense of humor the better. For one thing, a sense of humor is a sense of proportion, and no causeur can prosper without some notion of the proportion of things. With it, he may be a bit improving on the occasional impulse—but never obviously improving. With it, he can never take his causerie too seriously. And every born causeur should be left to haver informingly in his own fashion. He should never be dragged into controversy, albeit he may well be ready to meet all comers.

Even Unto the Third Generation

By W. S. WALLACE

The completion, in two magnificent volumes, of a new and fifth edition of François-Xavier Garneau's famous "Histoire du Canada," revised and annotated by his grandson, Mr. Hector Garneau,* can only be described as an "event" in the literary history of Canada. It is not often that an historical work of a secondary character remains, after the lapse of three generations, of sufficient value and importance to warrant the publication of a new edition; and it is even less seldom that the author of such a work has the posthumous good fortune to find among his direct descendants an editor so admirably qualified for his duties as Mr. Hector Garneau has shown himself to be in the publication under review.

The "Histoire du Canada" was originally issued between 1845 and 1848—almost three-quarters of a century ago. Its author was a self-taught scholar, without some of the advantages that might have been derived from a training in the schools. Under these circumstances, the work has, from the point of view of the twentieth century, certain inevitable drawbacks. When François-Xavier Garneau embarked on his historical studies, there were no great archives collections in Canada, there were few libraries, bibliographical studies were in their infancy, and a great mass of documentary material which has since come to light was unknown. The History was, moreover, composed under the very shadow of the events of 1837 and 1838, and had, indeed, a distinct polemical object—that of disproving Lord Durham's famous dictum that the French Canadians were a people "with no history and no literature." This being so, it was in the very nature of things that Garneau's pages should

be based sometimes on insufficient data, and that they should sometimes reveal the influence of the stormy times in which they were written. To take only one instance, his version of the period of military rule (1759-1763) is completely disproved by an abundance of evidence which has appeared since he wrote, and reveals an animus against the British conquerors of Canada which is not justified by the facts.

On the other hand, the fact that the History has survived the test of time—and it is an interesting and significant item of information that the first volume of this edition, which appeared in 1913, is already out of print—is an eloquent testimony to the permanent value of Garneau's work. When one considers the difficulties under which he worked, his actual achievement fills one with amazement. Almost by his own unaided efforts, he brought together a wealth of material such as no previous writer, English or French had ever begun to amass; and he put it together with a literary skill, an artistic grace, which has made him one of the great figures of French-Canadian literature. He had, too, the true historian's outlook. Though here and there, where his evidence failed him, he allowed himself to be dominated by his sympathies, his general attitude was eminently moderate and fair-minded. Nothing could be more judicial, for example, than his treatment of Papineau, whom in many ways he admired, but some of whose actions, even before 1837, he did not hesitate to regret. Nothing could be more independent, and yet sympathetic, than his attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. Indeed, the very fact that while to some English-speaking Canadians his pages appear questionable, they are also regarded with some suspicion by certain French-speaking Canadians, is a remarkable evidence of the way in which he strove to hold the balances even.

Mr. Hector Garneau's editing of his grandfather's work is a model of sympathetic revision

* "Histoire du Canada," Par François-Xavier Garneau. Cinquième édition, revue, annotée, et publiée, avec une introduction et des appendices, par son petit-fils, Hector Garneau. Préface de M. Gabriel Hanotaux, de l'Académie française. Paris, Librairie Félix Alcan. Tome I. 1913 Pp. lv, 610. Tome II, 1920. Pp. xii, 748.

and sound scholarship. Where he has thought it necessary, he has not hesitated to incorporate in the text, in square bracket, emendations and additions, with a view to bringing the text up to date; and he has thrown into foot-notes full bibliographical information as to the materials which have come to light since his grandfather's day. These foot-notes are, without question, the most valuable part of the present edition. They reveal a bibliographical knowledge of the sources of Canadian history, both French and English, of a very complete sort. Too often both English and French Canadian historians have shown a tendency to ignore the work done by each other. One hardly knows which have been the worst offenders; though, if the present writer had to make a choice, he would have to confess to an impression—despite a very sincere admiration for the magnificent work that French-Canadian scholars have done in the field of Canadian history—that English-Canadian historians have not always been the most negligent. But Mr. Garneau is above reproach.

He betrays as encyclopedic a familiarity with the materials in one language as in the other; and in this the way he presages the day, let us hope, when, not only in historical investigation, but in other matters as well, there may be a greater degree of community between the French and the English in Canada.

Mr. Garneau has shown, in the performance of his editorial duties, such a wide knowledge, such a catholic viewpoint, and such a sound historical sense, that one could wish he would undertake the task of bringing his grandfather's work up to date in yet another way. As it stands, the History stops short at the period of the Union of 1840. What more fitting than that the grandson should complete the work of the grandfather by bringing down the history of Canada from 1840 to the present day? Such a consummation would be without parallel in historical literature; and we have no doubt but that Mr. Garneau could carry out the task in such a way as to shed fresh lustre on his family name.

Fantasy in Fever

By J. A. DALE

(The following notes were written during the second and third weeks of a fever, usually a few sentences at a time, in pencil, on the pages of an engagement diary. Now, in the fifth week, I am able to copy them in ink. This I have done without making any changes; not polishing or mending the workmanship, nor even re-writing what is illegible. For I conceive any interest they may have to lie in their immediacy as a direct record.)

A week ago, after a vain attempt to lash my tired brain over the last lap of a difficult mile, I gave it up. I slipped the frontier over which the edicts of the university do not run, I entered a state which seemed at first one of mere relief, but soon proved overwhelmingly eventful and absorbingly interesting. "I" was quite passive in the change, hence the relief: the new interest arose when "I" became active again.

The speeding-up of my psycho-physical being gives at first an extraordinary sense of personal release. I think of myself as "we". "We" never see each other, but are fully conscious of each other by our work, temper, and interests, which differ very widely. Of course, I have to be careful in speech, or dear eyes look pained and askance...

Our preoccupation was of the work we could do—the things crowded out before, new harmonies of old experience. But the lack of control soon wears you down, and you wonder if you can save anything of what passes with such volume, speed and brilliance.

Is there any residuum? I doubt it. I must get

any glimpses I can of its processes—the only value I can conserve...

You have no strength to hold and record. It is the utter lack of rest. You have to work when you are utterly weary. Sometimes it is like being dragged in a chain-line, and the intervals of exhilaration grow fewer and shorter, till one's whole being becomes one miserable cry for sleep...

Often this vague habitation seems like a corridor, and I glance with deep apprehension at its perspective. It reminds me how once I found myself in terror under the increasing pressure of converging walls. I lay perfectly still, trying to focus my eyes on a dim light which proved at long last to be the moon through my heavy blind, and so brought merciful release; but it was long before I dared to move my head, for fear of the thought even of that nutcracker-like grip of the intangible world...

I must make notes as I can in odd snatches of time, brief because of tiredness and pain. If only I could keep on repeating what I want to remember. I have tried, but very soon saw that I could never hold on till I got any, much less all, written. Besides it would be interfering where I want to interrupt as little as I can. And we are always interrupting and being interrupted — coats off, a jostling crowd, each one insinuating or demanding attention... And some are shy with long neglect, and some rosy with new welcome...

How great is the silence! I suppose it is just the absence of voices, (for we do not need to

stop to talk), and of scuffling material bodies, and of industrial practices, (naturally enough, it is a bookman's world). It makes a wonderful background for music. I have queer little cymbals, which shake down like a blown dandelion. Sometimes they sound exquisitely tender, like the little cadences Elgar showers from the strings in the accompaniment to one of his Sea-Songs, with the climbing and slightly dallying close. It is as though one after another the buds on a spray of blackthorn opened, and lay on the memory as though an artist of old Japan had closed with them a perfect composition...

We have done so much since last I wrote, and writing is so awkward and tiresome that one's strength fails at the touch of the pencil. It is of course one of the secrets of our ease and speed, that we do not have to use those clumsy, dragging, material media. I try sometimes to think of words which would fit our processes, and tell them exactly, unmetaphorically; but it seems hopeless. We live in a fluid, intelligent medium, flowing (not like the wind, but literally) where it listeth. The atmosphere has an almost palpable continuity of texture, yet with no sense of oppression. It waves (like the arras of poor Bliss Carman), and each movement releases fresh lines of beauty like water through a sluice (O water walks of Magdalen!), or shakes down sometimes a pearly rain, or lets glow for a moment the heart of an opal. It is all very indefinable; but its most obvious quality is livingness, and texture, and what I am tempted to call metabolic speed. We live in it and it in us. At its best the sense of successful speed is most exhilarating — a marvellous extricaey in which there unravels itself the material of thought...

It seemed to be a room I was in, when I chanced to look towards the floor. At first I thought I was watching a grained pattern, and gave it no attention—I was already doing, and hard, a dozen other things. But there gradually came to my notice a convergence of these lines within the "room", upon myself. They bent in my direction, seeking evidently the right and fruitful contact...

I had a beautiful example of freedom from material media. My tricksy Ariel, honorably and inevitably returning long neglect by long neglect, caught a chance reference to the speed of Chopin's valse in D flat, and with daintiest nonchalance showed me how it ought to sound. But, having heard, how am I to describe except in superlative and metaphors? The speed was very great, but what surprised me was the soft liquid mellowness of the notes. There seemed to be no sort of brilliance, but a sober richness most wonderful at the speed. It was as though the instrument were the blackbird's throat, though the method was so different. It recalled Clara Butt's singing of some Irish songs—I had gone, wondering if she would still seem to me *vox et praeterea nihil*, till that most perfect sotto voce swept away all doubt, for it was beyond the reach of any but the very finest art. Or again it recalled one of the sweetest pictures

in my richly-hung gallery, that of a starling which used to sing outside my first college window. There he sat, perched on a little chimney, his ruff scattering to every wind, his lithe and shapely body tense to his grip, his feathers throwing back the colours of the rising sun till he seemed of liquid gold. And he chattered away incessantly to himself, hardly above a whisper, so fast, yet so melodious and so mellow...

(The next note has the heading "Design" which I think applies to all of the remainder.)

The heightening of temperature brings with it a readier perception of likenesses, analogies, associations, and an inability to resist them. This is obvious in extreme cases; but I found it interesting to trace its workings in a temperature constantly fluctuating. I suppose the definition of fever would include this, that capillary distention and consequent hypertrophy of the cortex weakens the barriers (economical and protective in their mental aspect) between association-areas; with the result that on the one hand the groups of ideas are richer and more swiftly gathered, while on the other they are less under control, and vary in coherence. In sleep also, associations are caught up freed from conscious control; with the all-important difference that for purposes of normal healthy sleep the supply of brain nutriment is kept low, while in fever it rises high, so that activity instead of being stilled is stimulated. The mental activities of sleep, whatever their origin and the meaning they may yield to analysis, are normally placid and aimless. Those of fever are filled with deadly energy and inexorable, if futile, purpose...

When I headed these notes "Design" (it seems ages ago) I had in mind the heightened perception of likenesses, such as we see in the fire or clouds, or such as a heated imagination both sees and hears in the twilight woods. I was thinking of imagination in its most literal sense...the infinite variety of mental temper from which comes aesthetic appreciation and creation—a scale of sensitiveness ranging from the pachyderm to the thinnest "veil of flesh" (like Browning's St. John). The phrase "irritable genus" is, applied to artists, an exact and literal statement of fact.

The room where I lie has a wall-paper that tries not unsuccessfully to look like tapestry. It is a mass of bunches of leaves, some picked out in high light, some in shadow, with glimpses of tree-trunks, and a suggestion of depths of leaves beyond—a pleasant and restful paper. But at high temperatures the tapestry waves, giving stereoscopic depth to the forest and opening its glades to all sorts of romantic possibilities. In the dim light the leaves take on human shape. I watched carefully, and saw how faithfully the human shape was developed out of the leaf shape; the elemental forms were few and easily transferred. As the "arras waved", it drifted out fresh pictures, like the beloved transformation scenes in the pantomimes of my youth. But they were all

built on forms which were really there in the dimly but variously lit shapes of the leaves. I wish I could take a piece of the paper, to draw the successive designs built on it, for the sake of the record. I was interested to see that at lower temperatures it became harder, and lower still impossible, to recover the design—the tapestry seemed inert. But at the high it moved again, and shook from its living folds an abundance of gracious and comely shapes once more...

They remind me of a flight of words at a poet's ear, bright-eyed and restless with waiting for his choice. For he too must see for himself, and hear, and choose, if his work is to be any good. And this he will do best (as Wordsworth said) "in a state of excitement." (My impish Puck, never far away, adds—hence too his traditional recourse to wine that not only maketh glad the heart of man, but washeth away his laborious inhibitions. And as I hesitate whether to snub his impertinence or join his merriment, he recalls how rare Ben Jonson, looking at the first speech in his *Catiline*, saw that it was very good, and was at no loss for the reason: "I had drunk well that night and had brave notions." But when a scene is flat, he is resolute and drastic in diagnosis and prescription: "I resolve to drink no more water with my wine.")...

Perhaps the study of these designs throws some light on the reality and validity of mental energy in fever. These designs were clearly-seen images, legitimately recreated out of given material. The same is I believe the case with the vast output of intellectual work—now slackening—which accompanies my fever. Our judge

in this matter, our scientist, is not altogether irresponsible, however undermined by illness. He tries very hard to stand aside and watch, and base his judgment on his observation and his knowledge.

I feel I know by experience that my mind in moderate fever has accomplished a vast amount of real thinking—new syntheses of old knowledge, achieved with amazing speed, and I am convinced, with logical security. In all but speed it works as the subconscious normally does, upon lines of association laid down in consciousness. With one fatal exception, that whereas the organised subconscious is the reservoir of mental power, it seems as if the fruits of fever vanish completely, and "like this insubstantial fabric faded, leave not a wrack behind."

It does not, however, vanish completely at once. If only there could be some answer to the cry "Quick! thy tablets, Memory!" I can hold on to a little for a little. But the speed and the volume almost at once bear down the utter physical weakness. Yet there remains a sense that these bodies of thought had characteristic form—*were* bodies. Like the vanished designs they leave the impress of their shapes. This then they both have in common with every work of mind and art.

This sense of form is all that remains, and that only for a little, of all that was so swiftly and completely conceived, and is far more absolutely gone than the palace of music Abt Vogler built. Yet my mind moves to it as to the lilt of a disembodied melody, or the steps of a dance that is lost.



An Impression

By D. BIDWELL

I looked from my small upper window that morning
 Into the greyness of the storm.
 The snow was gone from the bare earth,
 Yet knew I that Spring was very far off.
 I saw the dark, graceful, defenceless trees
 Terribly shaken by the might of the storm.
 And I saw the last leaf in all that country
 Whirled through the air, tossed madly and aimlessly
 In the grip of the West Wind.
 Yet in the storm, in the wind, in the tossing of the trees,
 In the mad flight of the leaf I read but one meaning:
 "Surely the soul hath life eternal; there is life unguessed at beyond the grave."

The Awaiters of Judgment

By SUZETTE BOGERT

MR. Hugh Walpole has added another powerful novel to his already long list. "The Captives" reveals, in all its force, Mr. Walpole's gift for creating atmosphere. A sombre, oppressive spirit broods behind the scenes, dominating the unbalanced souls of the Kingscote Brethren, luring Martin Warlock from the safe anchorage of Maggie Cardinal's love, swaying the victims of religious mania, until, as they wait in the dreary, dimly-lit chapel for the sound of the Last Trump, we ourselves feel a nervous thrill of anticipation. We turn with a relief almost as great as Maggie's to the prosaic, sheltered life of Katherine Trenchard's orderly, affluent household, where the only disturbance of its uneventful serenity is the presence of "wild Henry," familiar to us in "The Green Mirror."

Mr. Walpole writes with sympathetic insight of the fanatics who constitute the members of the Kingscote Brethren. There is no lightness in his handling of the subject, rather he writes with a comprehending gentleness which is over serious. There is none of the ironic humour with which Mr. Edmund Gosse entertained us in the midst of his revelations in "Father and Son". The atmosphere is heavy, weighted with emotional extremes, and Maggie stands out on a canvas crowded with faces haggard with hysteria, as the one normal figure, with steady eyes turned to the clear light of day. Maggie is a young person who grows upon us. She is sane, trustworthy, essentially and inherently loyal and enduring, likeable, even ultimately lovable, and her indomitable courage, and inflexible determination arouse our admiration. For some rather inexplicable reason she falls in love with Martin Warlock, a weak-willed and morbid young man with certain charming qualities which are half seen by us and altogether loved by Maggie. Having already one wife—an unlovely person who had left him—Martin makes a conscientious effort to check their love for each other in its first days. The clear eyed Maggie who knows definitely and exactly what she wants, over-rules all his objections, and would have achieved her end without further delay, had not the sudden death of his old father roused every inherited morbid instinct in Martin. He believes himself the cause of his father's death, is convinced that he brings harm to every one he loves, and he rushes away, leaving Maggie to face the judgment of her little world—alone. Mr. Walpole effectually conveys the sincerity of conviction behind his desertion, and Maggie's big heart rises triumphant in a steadfast and unwavering faith in his love.

Convalescent from brain fever—that illness dear to the hearts of novelists—the courageous Maggie, with "head bloody but unbowed" sets forth on a new adventure. This time we behold her in the light of a sorceress, beguiling the heart, and bewitching the senses, of an elderly clergyman. Here we are utterly unconvinced. Maggie is lovable, born to be the strength and stay of erring man, but not bewitching. Martin's statement that she is without physical attraction for him is much more comprehensible than the passion she arouses in this amiable, commonplace old gentleman. However, Mr. Walpole sees a vision we cannot share, and the worthy Rector of Skeaton is consumed by as violent a passion as ever Cleopatra called out in her Antony. Maggie marries him with innocent and unpractical ideas of a long continued friendship with him, cherishing the while her Martin in the place of high honour in her heart.

Skeaton is, if possible, more suffocating than even Aunt Anne's dark house, but Maggie plods along, forgetting everything that she should remember, remembering everything she should forget, until she receives sudden news that Martin is in London, ill, desolate and alone, whereupon without a moment's hesitation, the indomitable Maggie departs from horrid Skeaton, clanging the screaming Rectory gate on husband, sister-in-law, and all the conventions, and goes straight to Martin. He puts up a fight, unshaken in his conviction that he will ruin her life, but he hasn't a chance with Maggie. The end is inevitable—at all costs she will save him from himself. She sees his weaknesses, his defects. She recognizes the demon which at intervals enters into him, with far seeing eyes she visualises a life with him just as he is, but he is the man of her heart, he needs her, and she needs him. She loves him with all the enduring strength of a nature built upon a grand scale—and she sees in true perspective the vital reality of a union with him, in contrast to a life of ineffectual effort with Paul. There is a sublime simplicity in the way in which she does not even weigh the many obstacles in their path. She will, we are sure, valiantly achieve the impossible. Bravo—Maggie!

"The Captives" is strong, and powerfully written, but it is undoubtedly an oppressive book—we are steeped in gloom, and the heavy sense of a mysterious invisible force is perhaps too reminiscent of Mr. Walpole's previous novels, but we are none the less absorbed, and we are grateful for a book which holds our attention from the first chapter to the last.

Cabell—and Cabell

By BRITTON B. COOKE

ONLY in that democracy of democracies, the United States, is it possible to find such disdain for the common people, and the rules of life on which the common people insist, as one finds between the lines in the books of Mr. James Branch Cabell (Dent, Toronto.) In the British Isles, where democratic theories are still tempered by the friendly presence of aristocratic traditions, and where Democracy has not yet forced mediocrity into every seat of judgment, the tendency of the literary craftman is still toward appreciation of the common man, sympathy for his needs and tolerance for his aspirations. But in the United States, a reaction threatens and in the midst of the many writers and critics who are making money—or trying to—by catering to such susceptibilities, others are beginning to appear,—among the critics, men like H. L. Mencken among the writers, this Cabell. Aristocracy never had such indignant and scornful partisans as these. Cabell and Mencken, by the way, are both from the South. As their doctrines gain adherents—and they appear to be gaining adherents—the South may sit back and enjoy the spectacle of pedagogic New England and the journalese of Chicago accepting instruction in urbanity, elegance and good taste from what one might be tempted to call the Mediterranean of the United States, a faintly oriental South.

Urbanity, elegance, sophisticated taste and a love for those refinements of life which are most often associated with gentle nurture, are among the qualities of Mr. Cabell. It is unfortunate that his first introduction to most people was due to the suppression of one of his books, "Jurgen". People who would not read him as a good craftsman were eager to buy what was supposed to be a volume of snickers behind the door. Such people probably never saw the real worth and intention of the book. But with this advertisement he became for a time the fashion among professional pursuers of the latest in culture. A Cabell fad set in and was contributed to by contemporary novelists like Hugh Walpole, who wrote a pamphlet about him, and Hergesheimer, who subscribed an introductory note to "Domnei". Wilson Follett appeared as a blushing god-father to Cabell, in an introduction to "The Cords of Vanity", admitting with proper modesty that he had known Cabell's work in the days when nobody would buy his books. In New York, Cabell's chief fault has since been recognized as too "sexy", and his books have suffered a mild slump. Reacting from their first enthusiasm, the fashionable

book-praters hasten to show their discernment by deploring languidly Cabell's alleged obsession with tales of intrigue between the sexes. It is no longer quite the thing to speak in admiration of Cabell.

Reading "The Cords of Vanity" one feels inclined to agree with this attitude. It is the story of a young egotist who neither by his wit nor his works excuses his series of adventures with the frail. The explanation that this book among others has been re-written suggests that it was originally little more than the chronicle of a caddish spoiled boy, and that it was only in the re-writing that Mr. Cabell converted the list of adventures into a series of more or less significant steps by which the hero finally achieves infamy obvious even to himself. The style is pleasant, the pictures convincing, the dialogue quick, the people are alive but undistinguished. At the end of the book there is not one of the characters whom one cares to remember or could. Robert Etheridge Townsend is such a commonplace jack-rabbit that his downfall lacks all element of tragedy. He is invested with no dignity. A study of the moral disintegration of a cotton-tail would be much more interesting. "The Cords of Vanity" has probably no literary value except as a sidelight on Mr. Cabell himself. There is a pale consumptive snobbery about this book which may or may not be a true picture of certain of the would-be or have-been aristocratic elements in the United States.

"Domnei" is not a sexy book. Anyone objecting to the story on that ground qualifies at once for admission to the Ontario School of Unmitigated Prudes. It is a story of mediaeval romance—the usual bragging in love and in war, the usual wild chivalry and hair-raising episodes of personal courage. But these elements are put together by such skillful fingers that a charmingly vibrant, sun-warmed and wind-blown world lives for an hour or two in the hollow of the palm. The motives actuating some of the persons are mad, of course, but convincingly mad. They are persons of three dimensions, not two. Furthermore the participants in the story are persons of some philosophy, and not a little sophistication. The book would never do for a Sunday School library, but to most men and women who have lived past thirty it speaks an understandable tongue. The prose is brilliant in its simplicity, creates living scenes with deft and delicate strokes yet few. In this book, Mr. Cabell is the aristocrat. There is no condescending. It is charming.

“The Island of Sheep”

By HUNTLY GORDON

“The Island of Sheep” by Cadmus and Harmonia. Hodder, Toronto.

THIS little book was published in 1919, yet the problems it discusses are still so much those of 1920, still unsolved and troubling, that the Canadian public at least should know more of it than it does. It was written in the first year of peace and under the shadow of the war, when the flux and change following the great upheaval had seemingly set the hand of every class against its neighbor, in Great Britain and the whole world. Who can say that these conditions do not still exist, or deny that what concerns British Industry and Politics vitally concerns the world, and perhaps Canada most especially?

Cadmus and Harmonia seem, like the “two retired gentlefolk” of their book, to have stood aside from the turmoil for a period, keenly interested yet impartial. They set forth many opposing opinions with vigor and, at first, with animosity, each individual pushing his claim on equal terms. Nevertheless they have succeeded admirably in conveying to the reader the ease and charm of a house-party and one is reminded somewhat of “The Gay-Dombeys” in the spirited dinner-table arguments and the swift illuminating asides. The authors have attempted no easy task. To group a number of very different people and make them talk interestingly on the most hackneyed subject in the world—that of present-day politics and industrial affairs—presents many difficulties, not the least being the danger of boring or exciting the ridicule of the reader. A list of the house party as printed at the front of the book will give some idea of the daring which Cadmus and Harmonia have used in selecting their characters.

Colonel Arthur Lamont and his wife—The host and hostess.

Phyllis—Their niece.

The Rev. John Macmillan—Minister of the Parish.

The Lady Guidwillie of Waught—A Highland Landowner.

Mr. James Burford—A Labor ex-Member of Parliament.

The Lady Sevenoaks—Wife of a former Liberal Minister.

Mr. Albert Wyper—A Progressive Journalist.

The Lady Penelope Wyper—His wife.

Mrs. Martha Lavender—An American resident in England.

Mrs. Ursula Aspenden—A lady given to good works.

Mr. Christopher Normand—A Conservative.

Sir William Jacob—A Liberal Lawyer.

Mr. George Stanbury-Maldwin—Late of the Grenadier Guards.

Mr. Penrose MacAndrew—Lieutenant in the Third United States Army.

Mr. D. C. Jonas—A Labor Leader.

Mr. Philip Lenchard—An Imperialist.

General Ferdinand Morier—Lately Commanding an Army of France.

Mr. Archibald Strathbungo—A Coalition Member of Parliament.

Mr. Merryweather Malone—An American Politician.

The Lord Linkumdoddie—A Captain of Industry.

Despite the polyglot character of this party, the humanness of its members, the wit and vigor of their conversations throughout, and the clever analysis of the problems discussed make it as thoroughly entertaining and stimulating as an actual house-party of interested and interesting people from whom the shyness of convention has fallen. There is, however, one stumbling-block for the reader, for the characters are introduced so rapidly that it is not thereafter always easy for him to differentiate them. But this fault in a brief book is almost inevitable.

Before giving a summary of the arguments, and the solutions arrived at, it is necessary to add that the book, while yielding nothing of its reality, is to a certain extent symbolical. The collection of opposites, in class, taste and character, which Lady Sevenoaks stigmatizes as one of “Kathie’s table d’hote parties,” is the result of no mere fancy or accident. It is a type of society as a whole, which the Lady Sevenoaks of this world fain sift and purge till it contained only those who could repeat unflinchingly the exact letter of their creed. Those who read “The Island of Sheep” from this point of view will find it more significant than at first seems evident. The actual island, to which Saint Brandan sailed out of tempestuous seas, will then appear as the Britain of the future.

“I like the story,” says Normand, “to come out of stormy seas to a green isle of quietness! It is what we are all seeking.” Here he and the others have gathered in constraint and mutual distrust, and the book closes upon friendship and understanding; the malicious Lady Sevenoaks, seeking only the safety of her party and the perpetuation of the life which she approves, falls into the background, while to the honest and enthusiastic Mr. Burford and the sturdy Macmillan is left the main burden of the summing-up. This *double entendre* is carried out so skilfully as never to obtrude itself upon the

reader, yet, once discovered, gives an added interest to many passages and characters.

The book opens on a note of dissatisfaction. The war has been fought and won in the name of great ideals only to result in bickering and unrest at home and abroad. "I want something fine to come out of the business," says Colonel Lamont, and he sees only pettiness and jealousy and a war of parties. His guests, as they arrive, all echo his distrust and apprehension for the future from their differing view-points, and the first general conversation reveals among them a discordance of personalities and ideals, Democratic and Aristocratic, Liberal, Conservative, and Labor, as bitter as the class war now being waged over the whole country. It is the object of the authors so to reconcile these conflicting parties gathered under one roof that the solution of their differences will apply to those of the nation. The discussions and animosity ebb and flow; at times mutual agreement seems close only to disappear before new or re-stated contradictions, and it is only in the last chapter that the harmony of opposites has been attained.

Macmillan, scholar, ardent fisherman, and "good man of his hands," heralds the first step forward in his appeal for personal scrupulousness and principle before political tactics. Paving the way for his and Mr. Burford's final argument, Mr. Jonas sums-up the one thing necessary as he sees it. It is neither higher wages, nor shorter hours, nor more power for the workers, though these are their concrete demands. The one important thing for the nation in the face of the existing struggle is a spirit of understanding upon all sides, which implies the breaking down of water-tight class compartments. These sectional differences have only tended to foster distrust and fear between grade and grade within the nation, and till each can view the other as composed of people not greatly dissimilar there can be no hope of peace. Burford, in the early acrid period of the discussions, says the same thing differently when Phyllis remarks, "And yet you don't stand aside and prophesy darkly about the people, as if they were some new kind of influenza." "No," he says, "I'm one of them, just an ordinary sample of the forty million working folk they're so scared at. You wouldn't ask me to get scared at myself?" To quote again from Jonas: "It's un-British (to hate) and un-Christian and don't pay." Where there is understanding there can be no hate and most things are possible.

Macmillan, whom the fishing has withheld from the gathering until the last evening, throws the light of impartiality upon the sea of their cross-running views, and emphasizes

the need of understanding. "You've pulled all the contradictions into the light of day. That's what we want. Politics are a collection of views, most of them contradictory and nearly all of them true. Statesmanship means admitting the contradictions and paying due respect to the half-truths and trying to harmonize them." The reader then, if not long before, gathers together various facts pointing to the one conclusion, that there is no irreconcilable division between class and class, individual and individual. He sees that Lady Guidwillie's land owning conservatism is democratic in practice, that Scottish liberalism is conservative in principle, that labor also, far from being Bolshevistic, is conservative and seeks only to sink its roots deeper and deeper into the national soil, while Strathbungo, the confessed cynical and materialistic M.P., is convicted of idealism. Mr. Burford caps the climax of truthful paradox by saying that "the only hope for Democracy is to make it an Aristocracy," i.e. an aristocracy in intelligence and noble aims.

From this point the argument draws rapidly to its conclusion. Mr. Burford pleads that the education of the People is necessary and vital. "They don't want only technical education to help them to a better paid job. They leave that cry to the Chambers of Commerce and the employers . . . There is a thirst abroad, a divine thirst, and the quenching of it is the finest task before us. Give the worker all the technical training he wants, but don't deny him the humanities, for without them he can never be a citizen." Knowledge for the whole people will be the nation's salvation, for without it the undoubted power of the workers will be illguided and possibly menacing to the fruits of the wisdom of the past. "Knowledge makes humility, and without humility there can be no true humanity." And without humanity—or understanding—in every class, there can be no domestic peace.

With this simple yet difficult solution the discussions end and Colonel Lamont's guests return each to his several task in society. It is no new solution, but Cadmus and Harmonia have set it forth with such literary skill, such humor and insight into clashing views, and put it into the mouths of such human and likeable people that their book is as full of charm as of controversial interest. The views of foreigners, French and American, upon British ways, which their book contains, I have passed over. Suffice it to say that they contain pertinent and pithy remarks, as entertaining and pointed as any in the book and as important too, perhaps, for in the drawing close of these three nations may lie the present help of the world, and Britain while she is solving her own problems must help to solve the problems of western civilization.

Genealogy of Canadian Stuarts

PROFESSOR A. H. Young, of Trinity College, Toronto, is the author of an important genealogical study on the Rev. John Stuart, D.D., U.E.L., and his family, who in various subsequent generations contracted alliances with over a score of the old families of Ontario and Quebec. Only 300 copies are available to the general public, and can be obtained from Professor Young. The volume deals with five generations descended from a Scotch-Irish native of Pennsylvania, who was a grandson of Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia; who graduated from the College of Philadelphia (now the University of Pennsylvania); married Miss Jane Okill, of Philadelphia; served as a missionary to the Indians at Fort Hunter in the Province of New York; collaborated with Chief

Joseph Brant in making Mohawk translations of the Scriptures and the Prayer Book; removed to Canada in 1781; became the first missionary in what is now the Province of Ontario; and founded the distinguished family of Stuart in Canada—Kingston, Brockville, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Winnipeg, Okotoks, Victoria, B.C.

A related volume is the Parish Register of Kingston, 1785-1811, kept by the reverend subject of the above study, and edited by Professor Young as the first of a series of Documents of Upper Canada, for the Kingston Historical Society, the Register, as might be expected, contains an immense amount of valuable historical material.

“An’ There’ll Never Be a Winter”

By ETHEL LENORE GNAEDINGER

But ye’ll never grow old, darlin’,
For there’s somethin’ in yer eye
That’s more brighter nor the sunshine
An’ the glitterin’ birds that fly.

An’ there’ll never be a summer
When the gorse an’ heather’ll fling
Their colour on the hillside
Like the sweetness that ye bring.

An’ there’ll never be a winter
That could sift its powder down
On the white swans of yer bosom
An’ the shimmer of yer crown.

An’ there’ll never be a saplin’
That sways before the wind
That can match yer body’s beauty
An’ the lightness of yer mind.

Ye can never grow old, cushla,
For there’s somethin’ in yer eye
That’s undyin’ as the sunshine
An’ the stars up in the sky.

A Sailor’s Wife

By MAUD GOING

I said, “He sailed so long ago; he went so far away;
How many hours of loneliness in every empty day!”
And underneath the dying moon the sighing of the sea!

I said, “The deep is pitiless; its billows evermore
Leap o’er the graves of gallant ships that never found their shore.”
And out of the deep darkness rose the roaring of the sea.

I said, “The ship draws near her port; her brave keel ploughs the foam.
Ah, I have prayed, and God will bring my dear one safely home.”
And on the wind of dawning came the singing of the sea.

Association des Auteurs Canadiens

Constitution Provisoire et Règlements

Président—John Murray Gibbon, Montréal.
Secrétaire—B. K. Sandwell, 205, Immeuble Drummond, Montréal.

Trésorier—W. S. Wallace, Bibliothèque de l'Université de Toronto, Toronto.

Vice-présidents—Arhibold McMechan, Halifax; Rév. H.-A. Cody, St. John, (N.B.); Stephen Leacock, Montréal; L'hon. Thomas Chapais, Québec; Pelham Edgar, Toronto; R.-J.-C. Stead, Ottawa; W. T. Allison, Winnipeg; Madame Nellie McClung, Edmonton; Madame Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Vancouver; Basil King, Boston.

Président de section—A être nommé par la Section de langue française;

Conseil—Mademoiselle Grace Blackburn, London (Ont.); Bliss Carnian, New-Canaan, (Conn); Warwick Chipman, Montreal; Rév. C. W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor"), Winnipeg; Mademoiselle Lucy Doyle, Toronto; Hector Garneau, Montréal; Madame Florence Randal Livesay, Toronto; William D. Lighthall, Montréal; Mademoiselle Agnès Laut, New York; Dr Geo. H. Locke, Toronto; Madame Madge Macbeth, Ottawa; Sir Andrew MacPhail, Montréal; Madame E. Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery), Leaskdale, (Ont); Louvigny de Montigny, Ottawa; Madame Emily Murphy ("Janey Canuck"), Edmonton; Frank L. Packard, Lachine, (Qué.); Mademoiselle Marjorie Pickthall, Victoria, (C.B.); Lloyd Roberts, Ottawa; Théodore Roberts, temporairement en Angleterre; Duncan Campbell Scott, Ottawa; Robert Service, Paris (France); Mademoiselle J. G. Sime, Montréal; Arthur Stringer, Chatham (Ont.).

Quatre autres membres du Conseil à être nommés par la Section de langue française.

Voir aussi l'article 2, chapitre 4.

CONSTITUTION PROVISOIRE

CHAPITRE 1

Nom corporatif.—La présente corporation sera nommée "l'Association des Auteurs canadiens". Elle aura un sceau officiel portant le nom de l'Association et la date de son organisation. Son bureau principal sera situé à Montréal, Ottawa, Toronto ou Winnipeg. Chacune de ces villes sera le siège de ce bureau durant une période de trois ans. La corporation sera en existence tant qu'elle n'aura pas été dissoute conformément aux prescriptions ci-dessous mentionnées.

CHAPITRE 2

Objets.—Les objets de l'Association sont les suivants:

(1) S'employer à entr'aider et à protéger les auteurs canadiens, et maintenir la pratique d'un idéal élevé dans la carrière littéraire;

(2) Obtenir une législation qui assure une juste protection du droit d'auteur;

(3) Contribuer à la protection des oeuvres littéraires de ses membres, et répandre des renseignements de nature à les aider matériellement et à servir leurs intérêts en tant qu'auteurs;

(4) Promouvoir en général les intérêts professionnels de tous les créateurs d'oeuvres littéraires susceptibles de faire l'objet d'un droit d'auteur;

(5) Entretenir des relations cordiales entre ses membres et les auteurs des autres pays.

CHAPITRE 3

Membres

Article 1.—Les membres se répartiront en trois catégories:

(1) Membres réguliers.

(2) Membres associés.

(3) Membres à vie.

Peuvent être admis comme membres réguliers, à la discrétion du Comité exécutif, tous écrivains, dramaturges ou compositeurs de scénarios, et tous autres créateurs d'oeuvres pouvant faire l'objet d'un droit d'auteur et à ce titre jouissant d'une certaine réputation dans le monde littéraire.

Peuvent être admis comme membres associés, à la discrétion du Comité exécutif, tous autres écrivains, publicistes, libraires, etc., qui sont en sympathie avec l'association, mais qui ne remplissent pas, de l'avis du Comité exécutif, toutes les conditions requises d'un membre régulier. Ces membres recevront les rapports publiés par l'Association et auront le privilège d'assister aux assemblées générales, mais sans pouvoir y exercer le droit de vote.

Il sera loisible au Conseil d'instituer un Comité d'admission dont les fonctions consisteront à étudier les titres des postulants et à en faire rapport au Comité exécutif.

Le Conseil peut élire comme membres honoraires, à sa discrétion, tous auteurs, autres que ceux de nationalité canadienne.

CHAPITRE 4

Administration

Article 1.—Un Conseil composé de quarante (40) membres, qui tous devront être des membres en règle de l'Association, aura charge de l'administration générale, de la direction et de la surveillance des affaires, des fonds et des biens de l'Association, et du soin de déterminer le rôle des membres en fonction de l'Association et de l'Association en fonction de ses membres, ainsi que des membres en fonction les uns des autres, sauf dans la mesure où ce rôle est défini ou limité par la constitution et les règlements.

Article 2.—Les administrateurs comprendront un président, des vice-présidents, un secrétaire et un trésorier. Chacun des vice-présidents représentera une succursale centrale reconnue de

l'Association, et leur nombre ne devra pas dépasser douze. Tous ces administrateurs seront *ex-officio* membres du Conseil.

Article 3.—Le terme d'office de chaque administrateur sera de une année, ou durera jusqu'à ce que son successeur soit élu et se soit qualifié. Les administrateurs seront élus à l'assemblée annuelle de l'Association.

Le Conseil sera également élu à l'assemblée annuelle de l'Association. Chaque membre en règle et ayant acquitté ses contributions jusqu'à date aura droit, soit personnellement, soit par fondé de pouvoirs, de donner un vote pour chacune des charges d'administrateur; et il faudra une majorité des voix pour constituer une élection.

Article 4.—Il sera loisible au Conseil de déléguer ses devoirs ou pouvoirs, en totalité ou en partie, à un Comité exécutif comprenant pas moins de sept (7) membres du Conseil. Le Comité exécutif demeurera en fonctions une année durant ou jusqu'à ce qu'aient été élus et se soient qualifiés les successeurs des membres le composant.

Section de langue française

Les membres de langue française de l'Association auront le droit de former une Section de langue française. Les membres de cette Section pourront adopter des règlements distincts. Ces règlements devront, cependant, être compatibles avec la constitution et les règlements de l'Association, et avoir été approuvés par le Conseil. Le principal administrateur de cette Section sera Président de Section de l'Association des Auteurs canadiens, et sera *ex-officio* membre du Conseil. Un certain nombre des membres du Conseil seront choisis dans cette Section, la proportion devant en être déterminée par le Comité exécutif de façon à correspondre autant que possible à la représentation numérique des membres réguliers de cette Section par rapport au nombre total des membres réguliers de l'Association. La Section élira les membres devant la représenter au Conseil. Les membres de cette Section seront admis comme membres réguliers de l'Association des Auteurs canadiens, si un Comité d'admission nommer par cette Section recommande de les admettre comme tels.

Article 6.—Le Conseil peut à l'occasion et à sa discrétion autoriser l'organisation ou l'admission d'autres sections.

CHAPITRE 5

Assemblées

Article 1.—L'Association des Auteurs canadiens tiendra une fois chaque année une assemblée dite annuelle, à l'époque que peut déterminer le Conseil et à l'endroit qu'il désigne, dans le Dominion du Canada. Trente jours avant l'assemblée, un avis devra être expédié par la poste à chacun des membres de l'Association, spécifiant à quelle heure et à quel endroit se tiendra l'assemblée, et fournissant tous autres renseignements relatifs aux questions devant faire l'objet d'un vote à cette assemblée.

Article 2.—A toutes les assemblées de l'Asso-

ciation, l'administrateur président l'assemblée devra nommer trois (3) personnes présentes pour remplir le rôle de scrutateurs et de vérificateurs des votes. Les fonctions de ces personnes consisteront à examiner tous les votes donnés à cette assemblée.

Article 3.—Des assemblées spéciales de l'Association pourront être convoquées par le secrétaire à la demande du Conseil, ou sur requête signée de cinq (5) membres du Conseil ou de vingt-cinq (25) membres de l'Association.

Article 4.—Le Conseil aura le pouvoir d'autoriser le vote par lettre ou par procuration. Le vote par lettre sera permis sur toutes les questions d'une importance capitale. Invariablement le vote par lettre devra être pris sur des mesures telles que des changements à la constitution, une modification du taux des contributions ou des conditions requises pour l'admission, et sur toutes autres questions que le Conseil estime suffisamment importantes pour les soumettre à l'ensemble des membres.

CHAPITRE 6

Règlements

Article 1.—Subordonné aux prescriptions de la constitution, le Conseil peut, sur le vote des deux tiers des membres présents, faire modifier ou amender des règlements. Tous amendements doivent être soumis par écrit au moins trente jours avant qu'ils soient pris en considération, et avis doit avoir été donné aux membres du Conseil de l'intention de présenter ces amendements et de la date à laquelle ils seront soumis à la considération du Conseil.

CHAPITRE 7

Avis

Article 1.—Chaque membre de l'Association fournira au Secrétaire de sa Section une adresse à laquelle les avis doivent lui être transmis. A défaut d'une semblable adresse, le bureau principal de l'Association sera considéré comme l'endroit où les avis doivent être transmis. L'avis peut être remis personnellement au membre, ou lui être expédié par la poste sous bande affranchie à l'adresse qu'il a donnée. Si son adresse n'est pas connue, l'avis lui sera communiqué en l'affichant bien en vue au bureau principal.

CHAPITRE 8

Dissolution

Article 1.—La présente corporation peut être dissoute, conformément aux prescriptions régissant la dissolution d'une corporation, par une résolution du Conseil, ratifiée par les trois-quarts des voix des membres présents à une assemblée spéciale convoquée à cette fin. Survenant une dissolution, le Conseil aura plein pouvoir d'aliéner et de répartir les biens de la corporation.

CHAPITRE 9

Amendements

Article 1.—La présente constitution peut être amendée par un vote des trois-quarts des membres de l'Association votant en personne, par

lettre ou par procuration, à une assemblée régulière ou spéciale convoquée à cette fin. Aucune proposition tendant à amender la constitution ne peut être prise en considération à une assemblée à moins d'avoir été autorisée par une résolution du Conseil, ou d'avoir été présentée par écrit au secrétaire, ni à moins de porter la signature d'au moins vingt-cinq (25) membres. Avis doit avoir également été transmis au moins trente jours avant l'assemblée à chaque membre de l'Association de l'objet que vise l'amendement que l'on se propose de soumettre à cette assemblée.

Article 2.—Le Secrétaire doit informer le Conseil de tous amendements que des membres se proposent de soumettre conformément aux prescriptions susdites, et le Conseil doit, dans un délai de trente (30) jours, étudier ces amendements de façon à pouvoir faire rapport de son opinion aux membres en convoquant l'assemblée à laquelle les amendements doivent être pris en considération.

REGLEMENTS PROVISOIRES

CHAPITRE 1

Assemblées

Article 1.—Au moins trente (30) membres devront être présents pour constituer un quorum à chaque assemblée de l'Association.

Article 2.—A défaut de quorum l'administrateur présidant ajournera l'assemblée à une date et à une heure qu'il fixera, dans un délai de deux mois au maximum. Toute assemblée tenue à une date ajournée aura les mêmes effets que si elle avait été tenue à la date fixée en premier lieu.

Article 3.—Les membres qui se trouveront absents de la ville choisie pour y tenir une assemblée à la date de la réunion annuelle pourront, à cette assemblée, voter sur toutes questions, motions ou délibérations, préalablement annoncées dans l'avis de convocation, en faisant parvenir au secrétaire de l'Association, par la poste, avant six heures du soir précédent la date de l'assemblée, un bulletin écrit ou imprimé portant le suffrage et la signature du membre votant. Le Conseil prescrira le mode de votation par fondé de pouvoirs et déterminera les assemblées auxquelles sera permise la votation par fondé de pouvoirs.

CHAPITRE 2

Conseil

Article 1.—Sept membres du Conseil présents constitueront un quorum aux assemblées du Conseil.

Article 2.—A toute assemblée, le Conseil peut révoquer le secrétaire et le trésorier par un vote des deux tiers.

Article 3.—S'il survient une vacance parmi les administrateurs ou dans le Conseil, le Conseil aura la faculté de choisir des administrateurs ou des conseillers qui agiront temporairement comme tels jusqu'à la prochaine assemblée annuelle de l'Association.

CHAPITRE 3

Administrateurs

Article 1.—Le Président sera le premier administrateur exécutif de l'Association; il doit présider toutes les assemblées de l'Association et du Conseil, et doit aussi remplir les fonctions qu'à l'occasion le Conseil peut établir.

Article 2.—Un vice-président suppléera le Président en son absence. Les Vice-Présidents auront la charge de l'organisation des membres de l'Association des Auteurs canadiens des régions assortissant respectivement à leur juridiction.

Article 3.—Le Secrétaire tiendra registre fidèle et exact de toutes les procédures et remplira les autres fonctions que le Conseil pourra lui assigner. Il sera aussi le gardien du sceau officiel de l'Association.

Article 4.—Le Trésorier recevra tous les fonds de l'Association et tous les montants qu'elle percevra de la part de ses membres; il effectuera le dépôt de la façon que le Conseil indiquera, et en disposera de même. Il tiendra une comptabilité exacte et en fera mensuellement rapport au Conseil; il dressera un état financier complet qu'il soumettra à l'assemblée annuelle ou chaque fois que l'exigera le Conseil. Il devra fournir, aux frais de l'Association, le cautionnement requis par le Conseil.

CHAPITRE 4

Engagements

Article 1.—Il ne sera fait aucun contrat, accord ou engagement comportant une dépense d'argent ou affectant le crédit ou la responsabilité de l'Association ou de l'une de ses Sections, et là il ne sera imprimé aucune pièce ni aucun état par l'Association ou de sa part, à moins que le comité exécutif ne l'ait autorisé ou ordonné.

CHAPITRE 5

Discipline

Article 1.—Tout membre s'endettant de quelque manière envers l'Association, ou se rendant coupable d'un acte ou d'une omission reprehensible, ou se conduisant d'une façon préjudiciable à la dignité de l'Association, ou manquant de se conformer à une exigence de la constitution, des règlements ou de toute ordonnance légitime du Conseil, d'un comité ou d'un administrateur de l'Association, pourra, à la discrétion du Conseil, être censuré, renvoyé ou prié de démissionner; ses privilèges de membre pourront lui être autrement enlevés, ou il pourra être mis à l'amende ou être autrement puni.

Article 2.—En pareil cas le Conseil n'adjugera qu'après avoir reçu des accusations écrites et qu'après enquête à laquelle l'accusé pourra assister. L'accusé devra recevoir avis de cette enquête, au moins trente jours d'avance, par lettre recommandée expédiée à l'adresse qu'il aura lui-même déclarée.

Article 3.—Appel pourra être interjeté à l'Association par tout membre à qui une résolution du Conseil aura infligé une peine ou dont les

privilèges se trouveront affectés par une pareille résolution. L'accusé devra recevoir, par lettre recommandée, un avis d'au moins trente jours de l'endroit et de la date de l'assemblée qui sera saisie de son appel. Un membre n'aura la faculté d'exercer un recours contre une décision du Conseil qu'après que l'Association aura délibéré et adjugé sur l'appel. Tant que l'appel n'aura pas été réglé, l'accusé sera privé des avantages reconnus aux membres.

CHAPITRE 6

Contributions, etc.

Article 1.—Chaque membre doit signer la constitution et les règlements de l'Association, personnellement, par un agent, fondé de pouvoirs ou procureur, selon que le Conseil le prescra par résolution.

Article 2.—Tout membre en règle peut résigner. Lorsqu'un membre cessera de faire partie de l'Association, par résignation, par renvoi ou pour une autre cause, cesseront également les droits que ce membre pouvait posséder dans les biens ou dans l'actif de l'Association.

Article 3.—La réintégration d'un membre démissionnaire ou renvoyé sera à la discrétion du Conseil.

Article 4.—La contribution annuelle à l'Association sera de cinq dollars (\$5.00) et devra être versée au premier jour d'avril de chaque année. Les membres omettant d'acquitter la contribution dans un délai de trente jours cesseront d'être en règle, et le secrétaire les notifiera de leur manquement. Si, dans les quinze jours qui suivent l'expédition de cet avis par la poste, la contribution n'est pas acquittée, le Conseil aura le pouvoir de prendre la décision qui lui paraîtra convenable, et, en attendant cette décision, les droits de ce membre en faute seront suspendus.

Article 5.—La contribution des personnes élues en qualité de membres associés de l'Association, au 31 mars 1921 ou avant cette date, sera de trois dollars (\$3.00) par année fiscale. Les membres associés ne voteront pas sur la conduite des affaires de l'Association.

Article 6.—Toute personne élue comme membre de l'Association devra payer ses contributions dans un délai de trente jours, à défaut de quoi son élection sera considérée comme nulle.

Article 7.—Un membre régulier peut devenir membre à vie en payant cent dollars (\$100.00). Ce paiement exemptera le membre à vie de toutes autres contributions et taxations.

CHAPITRE 7

Affiliations

Article 1.—Le Conseil peut à sa discrétion négocier des affiliations avec des organisations littéraires indépendantes, au Canada et dans d'autres pays.

CHAPITRE 8

Comités

Article 1.—Le Conseil décidera quelles questions relèvent de chacun de ses comités, et nom-

mera les membres de ces comités. Les membres des comités ne seront pas nécessairement des membres du Conseil. Aucune disposition de la constitution ou des règlements ne doit être interprétée comme restreignant le droit que possède l'Association, en tant que corps, de voter l'institution d'un comité, pour des objets particuliers, aux assemblées générales de l'Association.

CHAPITRE 9

Bureaux et Départements

Article 1.—L'Association, à la discrétion du Conseil, peut établir et maintenir, aux endroits fixés par le Conseil, les Bureaux et Départements que le Conseil jugera désirables pour servir les intérêts des membres de l'Association.

Article 2.—Le Conseil peut également, à son gré, publier ou faire publier les annonces ou articles de publicité qui lui paraîtront à l'avantage des membres de l'Association.

Article 3.—Le Conseil peut instituer ou autoriser l'institution d'un conseil d'arbitrage ou d'autres conseils devant régler des différends entre les membres de l'Association et des personnes avec lesquelles ils pourront avoir entamé des négociations commerciales touchant la publication de leurs ouvrages. Les demandes d'arbitrage, ou les consentements à l'arbitrage, devront être remis par écrit au secrétaire de l'Association; et les parties recourant à l'arbitrage devront convenir par écrit de se soumettre à l'adjudication du Conseil des arbitres.

CHAPITRE 10

Excédent

Article 1.—Advenant qu'à l'expiration de l'année fiscale un excédent en espèces soit accusé dans le trésor de l'Association, le Conseil peut à sa discrétion faire remise d'une partie des contributions annuelles, ou répartir cet excédent entre les objets de l'Association, ou le verser dans des prêts, bénéfices, assurances ou autre fonds que l'Association pourra éventuellement établir.

CHAPITRE 11

Procédure

Article 1.—Les affaires de l'assemblée annuelle seront expédiées dans l'ordre suivant:

- 1.—Lecture et rectification des procès-verbaux;
- 2.—Rapport des administrateurs;
- 3.—Rapports des comités;
- 4.—Nomination des scrutateurs;
- 5.—Votation;
- 6.—Questions générales.

CHAPITRE 12

Règles de discussion

Article 1.—La dernière édition de la *Procédure parlementaire canadienne* de Bourinot fournira les règles nécessaires au maintien de l'ordre dans la discussion.

Application for Membership

The Secretary, Canadian Authors Association,
Montreal.

I hereby make application for election as

Regular
Associate Member of the Canadian Authors Association, and in the event of such elec-
Life
tion I agree to conform to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association.

My qualifications are:

(Give name of publication or publica-
tions in book or magazine form, with
date, or play or scenario or other quali-
fying work)

Name in full

Address

Date Signed

I am a Regular Member of the Canadian Authors Association, and I hereby endorse
the above application for Membership.

Signed

Address

(Note: Endorsement by a Member is not necessary, but it naturally facilitates the con-
sideration of the Application.)

EXTRACTS FROM CONSTITUTION.

**ARTICLE 3.
Membership.**

Section 1.—The membership shall comprise three
classes, viz.:

- 1.—Regular Members.
- 2.—Associate Members.
- 3.—Life Members.

Any writer, dramatist or scenario writer, or other
creator of copyrightable literary material of recog-
nized position in his or her profession as author may
be admitted at the discretion of the Executive Com-
mittee as a regular member.

Other writers, publishers, booksellers, etc., who may
have sympathy with the objects of the Association,
but who are not considered by the Executive Com-
mittee as qualified for full membership, may be ad-
mitted, at the discretion of the Executive Committee,
as Associate Members, who shall receive the published
reports of the Association and have the privilege of
attending its General Meetings, but shall not have a
vote.

EXTRACTS FROM BYLAWS.

ARTICLE 6.

Section 1.—All members shall sign the Constitution
and By-laws of the Association either in person or by
agent, proxy or attorney as the Council may by reso-
lution provide.

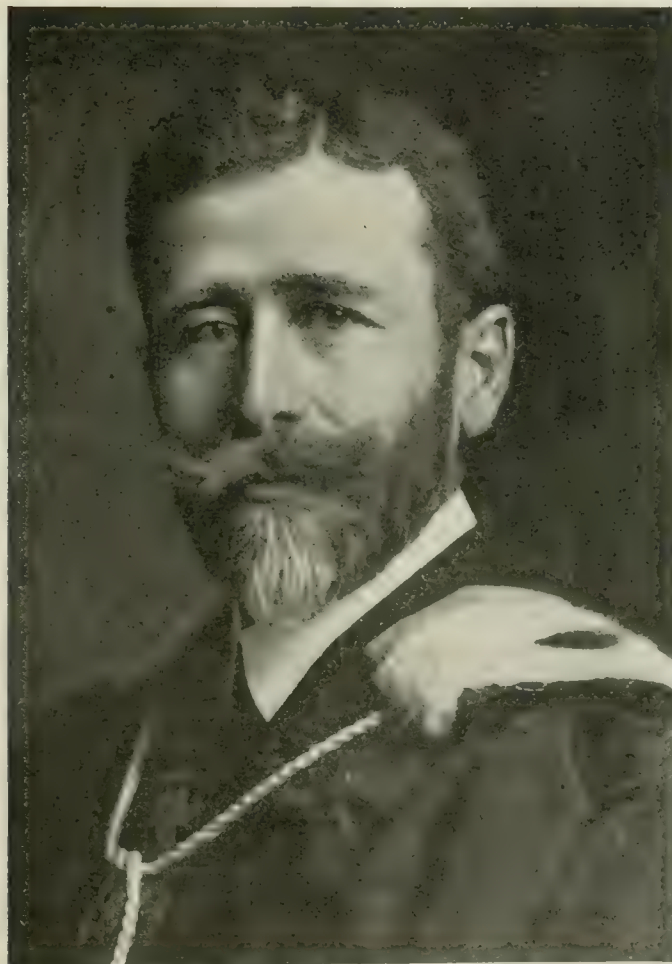
Section 4.—The annual dues of the Association shall
be \$5.00, and shall be paid on the first day of April
of each year. Members who shall fail to make pay-
ment within thirty (30) days thereafter shall cease to
be in good standing, and, furthermore, shall be noti-
fied of such failure by the Secretary. If within fifteen
(15) days after said notice is mailed said dues shall
remain unpaid, the Council shall have power to take
such action as it may deem proper, and until such
action is taken all rights of the member are suspended.

Section 5.—The dues of persons elected to Associate
Membership in the Association on or before March 31st,
1921, shall be \$3.00 per fiscal year. Associate Mem-
bers shall have no vote in the affairs of the Association.

Section 6.—Any person elected to membership in the
Association shall pay his dues within thirty (30) days
thereafter, otherwise his election shall be void.

Section 7.—A regular member may become a life
member upon the payment of (\$100.00) one hundred
dollars. Such payment shall exempt the life member
from any further dues and assessments.

Canadian Bookman



M. VICTOR MORIN,
President of French Section, C. A. A.

The Copyright Situation

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ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY has written a new novel of the farther West of the sea-coast and the West Wind—an original, quaint, human, and humorous romance. Not only a book one wants to read, but which one wants after having read it, is *THE WINDOW GAZER*.

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CANADIAN BOOKMAN

Official Organ of the Canadian Authors Association

A Quarterly devoted to Literature, the Library and the Printed Book.

B. K. SANDWELL' - - - EDITOR

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GARDENVALE, QUE., SEPTEMBER, 1921

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, GARDENVALE, P.Q., CANADA.

THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN is published quarterly by the Industrial & Educational Publishing Company Limited at the Garden City Press, Gardenvale, P.Q.

J. J. HARPELL, President and Managing Director
A. LONGWELL, Vice-President

A. S. CHRISTIE, Eastern Manager, Gardenvale, Que.
H. W. THOMPSON, Western Manager,
1402 C.P.R. Building, Toronto

Price 50 cents per copy; \$1.50 per annum. Postal Orders should be made payable to Canadian Bookman, at Ste. Anne de Belevue, P. Q. New Members are requested to state with what issue (March, June, September, December) they desire to commence their subscription.





Old Courtyard, St. Vincent St., Montreal
BY HERBERT RAINI.

Plate No. XVI from OLD MONTREAL
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CANADIAN BOOKMAN

SEPTEMBER, 1921

The Vice of the Licensing System

THE one argument in favor of the licensing system as embodied in the new Copyright Act is that it will provide work for Canadian printers. It is, within limits, an admirable thing to provide work for Canadian printers, but it appears obvious that there is a point beyond which one should not go even in the effort to pursue so praiseworthy an object. A great deal of work might be provided for Canadian printers by absolutely excluding from Canada all printed matter in French or English manufactured in any other country; but we presume most people would admit that, vast as would be the increase thus caused in the Canadian printing business, it would be purchased at too high a price.

The new Copyright Act proposes to secure work for Canadian printers (a most admirable object, we repeat), by taking away from the owner of any Canadian copyright "the right of multiplying copies for sale" in this country and awarding it, on terms to be fixed by the Minister in charge of copyright, to any Canadian printer who likes to apply for it. That is to say, Canadian printers are to be provided with work by means of an infringement, carried on with the connivance and through the agency of the Canadian Copyright Department, of what has hitherto always been regarded as the most elementary of all the bundle of rights included under the term of copyright "the right of multiplying copies for sale". A specious appearance of justice is aimed at by setting up a kind of arbitration in which the author will be compelled to appear in person or by proxy before the Canadian officials, unless even his royalty is to be set at some absurdly inadequate figure by reason of his default.

In brief, the Dominion Government proposes to take away from the author his right to control and manage his own property — the product of his brain, his labor and his skill — and manage it for him; and to manage it, not with a view to his own best profit, but with a primary view to the interests of the Canadian printing industry, interests which, by the very basic principle of the whole licensing system, are held to be superior to those of the author.

We believe that few Canadians realise how great is the wrong which it is thus proposed to perpetrate in Canada upon the authors of the entire world, and more particularly upon those of Canada, Great Britain and the United States. We believe that few Canadians realise how utterly impossible it is for a copyright official, installed as trustee in charge of the most important rights that an author can possess in Canada, to administer those rights with anything approximating to justice to the author.

The author, and in only a slightly lesser degree his voluntarily chosen publisher (to whom he usually transfers not only the rights to his already existing book but a measure of option upon his future output), are both actuated by a keen interest in the artistic reputation of the author himself. Both of them endeavor to avoid doing anything which will impair that artistic reputation for the future. They are, as a result of the contract entered into between them, partners working for a common purpose. Neither of them will tolerate the issuing of the author's work in an unworthy form, or in a mutilated condition.

No such community of interest can possibly exist between the author and the licensee who, without the author's consent, and in virtue of the power of seizure granted to him by these clauses, secures the right to the monopoly printing of the author's work in Canada during five years. It may be said that they have a common interest in securing the largest possible sale of the particular book under license; but even that is not strictly true. The licensee is interested, not in the largest sale, but merely in the largest margin of receipts over costs. The author is interested not only in his royalties from this one book, which depend on the number of copies sold, but also in his general status and reputation in Canada, which will depend largely upon the style of the book and the methods adopted in marketing it. As regards the royalty, he is in the hands of the Canadian Department of Copyright; the officials of that Department may protect him adequately and they may not; it is well to remember that the licensee printers will, in the nature of things, rapidly become their most intimate acquaintances, while the author, resident as he may be in London or Melbourne or Los Angeles, will

hardly have the same opportunities for cultivating their affection. But as regards the style of the book and the methods of marketing it, the author cannot be protected even by the copyright officials. His book may be printed on the lowest grade of paper, it may be bound like a mail order catalogue, it may (we commend the idea to the licensee printers) have advertisements of pills and pork products opposite every page of the text; the author cannot have a word to say. The fact that in the rest of the world the book is offered to the public only in a limited *édition de luxe* will make no difference; in Canada a licensee printer can put it out, if he sees a market for it, printed on grocer's wrapping paper and bound in remainders from a window-blind factory. The fact that in the rest of the world the author has seen fit, in order that his work may produce the best effect, to associate it with illustrations by an eminent artist, or maps or diagrams by an eminent authority, will make no difference; in Canada a licensee printer can chuck all these into the discard and reproduce nothing but the reading-matter itself.

The situation in respect of serial rights is even more complicated, and the infringement of the author's property more serious, for the simple reason that serial rights are not a single commodity like the book rights for the entire Dominion of Canada, but are commonly divided up into small units of territory and into first, second, third and fourth series in point of time. The power to manage these rights for himself is taken away from the author by the Government; but it is preposterous to expect any Government officials to administer such a complicated business in accordance with the author's best interests. Indeed, the very Act itself disposes of the whole set of different serial rights, as classified in point of time, in a single transaction.

The question of the financial responsibility of the licensee printer is of the highest interest. So long as the author retains control of his own property, he is free to avoid entering into contracts with persons whose financial status or reputation does not satisfy him. Under the licensing system, the Government compels him to enter into contracts with persons of whose financial status he knows nothing. The Government undertakes to collect for him all the royalties due from the licensee printer. The royalty on the first thousand copies is collected in advance and will doubtless cause no trouble; but we should greatly like to know how much zeal and energy the Government will display in checking up the subsequent accounts of

the licensee printer and collecting the royalties due from him, seeing that the transaction is one in which the Government has no financial interest whatever and is acting merely as agent, and unremunerated agent, for the author.

The New Copyright Act.

IT IS, we believe, the desire of the present Dominion Government, and of all those members of Parliament who have given any serious attention to the subject, that Canada should enter the International Copyright Union as a self-governing country making its own treaty arrangements. The Copyright Act passed at the recent session of Parliament authorises the Government to take such steps as may be necessary to bring Canada into that Union. It is, moreover, well understood that the Act cannot be brought into force until Canada has entered the International Union on her own behalf, since to bring it into force without this precaution would involve the destruction of all our existing treaty arrangements with other countries regarding copyright, and would leave the Canadian author entirely without protection in the rest of the world.

But while the Government appears to be perfectly sincere in its intention of joining the International Union, it is naturally anxious to do anything that it can in the way of obliging a powerful lobbying interest while doing so. And it has apparently been convinced that a licensing system, which under certain conditions takes away from the owner of the copyright the control over his own intellectual property in Canada, can be introduced into the Canadian Copyright law without making the country ineligible for admission to the International Union.

The idea is a new one, and has not hitherto been tried out by any Union country. It is a peculiar and interesting fact that the text of the revised Berne Convention does actually omit to state in so many words that an author is entitled to the exclusive control of the production and marketing of the book which he has written, so long as his copyright endures. The reason for this omission seems to lie in the fact that this particular right of the author had never been questioned by anybody; the Convention is perfectly explicit about the exclusive control of the author over every other process of production and dissemination that can possibly be imagined.

The Canadian Act proposes to recognise the "copyright" of the author with one hand while taking away from him his use of it with the other. If he will print his work in Canada, his

control is absolute. But if he does not choose voluntarily to incur the risk and expense of a special printing for the Canadian market, and some Canadian printer is desirous of producing the book, the Minister in charge of copyright has the power to grant a license to such printer to print and market the book in Canada, in such manner and at such price as he and the Minister see fit, and subject only to the payment to the author of such royalty as the Minister may direct, for a period of five years. It is provided, that the licensee must print the reading matter complete without abbreviations or alterations, but he may omit anything or everything which does not come under the head of reading-matter, such as illustrations, maps, graphs, etc., and there is no provision whatever for requiring him to conform to the author's idea of the proper style and quality of the volume.

The circumstances under which this licensing privilege may be obtained were greatly curtailed by amendments made during the progress of the bill through Parliament, as were also the duration of the license and the power of the licensee to garble or curtail the text. It is, we believe, safe to say that these mitigations would not have been effected, had it not been for the active participation of the Canadian Authors Association in the proceedings at Ottawa. But the Canadian Authors Association is not seeking the mitigation of the licensing system, but rather its complete elimination from the Canadian Copyright Act. The Association believes that the whole principle of taking forcible possession of the intellectual property of an author or his heirs or assigns is contrary to the most elementary notions of true copyright, and is therefore contrary to the revised Berne Convention, which grants to the author the enjoyment and exercise of his rights "not subject to the performance of any formality." The new Canadian Act makes it possible to take away from the author his enjoyment and exercise of all rights in his intellectual property in Canada except that of receiving a royalty fixed, not by his consent, but by decision of the Minister in charge of copyright; and it makes it possible to do so whenever the author declines to perform the formality of having his work printed in this country. If the rights of the author can be invaded to the extent to which they are invaded by the licensing system as it stands in the new Canadian Act, there is no reason why they cannot be invaded to an extent one hundred times as great, upon the same pretence that it is the business of a Copyright Act to serve the interests of some special class of Canadian busi-

ness men rather than merely to protect the rights of the authors of Canada and of those countries with which Canada seeks to enter into treaty relations. If the rights of the author can be invaded for the benefit of Canadian printers, and of Canadian magazine publishers as they frankly are by the present Act, why not invade them for the benefit of Canadian booksellers, by requiring the author to spend a certain amount of money on booksellers' commissions; or for Canadian advertising agencies, by requiring him to place a certain amount of advertising; or for Canadian illustrators, by insisting that they be permitted to illustrate any work enjoying copyright in Canada?

If Canada can crawl into the Berne Convention through a gap in the fence with this licensing system tied to its tail, there is absolutely no reason why the United States cannot get in tomorrow with a far more extensive licensing system which could to all intents and purposes perform all the functions of its existing manufacturing clause. In that case Canada would have the distinction of having shown that usually discerning Republic how to "put one over on" the unsuspecting nations of the old world, who are parties to the revised Berne Convention.

We confess to being in some doubt as to the precise procedure by which it is eventually determined whether any nation is justified in applying for admittance to the Berne Convention or not. Article 25 declares that "States outside the Union which make provision for the legal protection of the rights forming the object of the present Convention may accede thereto on request to that effect. . . Such accession shall imply full adhesion to all the clauses and admission to all the advantages provided by the present Convention". Canada being a possession of the British Empire, the application for her admission must be presented by the British Government. It is claimed by some that Great Britain will be obliged to support the request by a certificate that Canada has enacted legislation sufficient to qualify her for accession. In this view, the question of the conformity or otherwise of the licensing clauses with the Berne Convention will next come up to be passed upon by the British Government, which if it sees fit may refuse to grant any such certificate. It is obvious that this would create a very embarrassing situation between the Canadian and British Governments.

Another view of the situation is that the enactment of Section 50 ("The Governor-in-Council may take such action as may be necessary to secure the adherence of Canada to the

revised Convention of Berne... set out in the second schedule of this Act") will have the effect of making the terms of the Convention of Berne a part of the legislation of Canada, overriding, so far as they extend, any inconsistent clauses in the rest of the Act. This appears to be the view taken by the editors of "Le Droit d'Auteur", the organ of the International Union, which has expressed the opinion that the licensing clauses cannot be made applicable to any books except those of Canadians themselves and of the citizens of non-Union countries. It does not appear to us to be justified, either by the language of the Act itself or by the conception of treaties prevalent among European nations.

It is significant that whereas the ingenious legal mind which drafted the licensing clauses framed them so as to apply in the case of *books* to works originating in any part of the world, it did not dare go so far in the case of *serial publication*. This is because the author's monopoly control over serial publication is explicitly stated in the revised Berne Convention while his control of book publication (apparently for the reason already suggested) is not. The authors of the clause did not dare to press for the right of licensed piracy of *serial* publication originating in Union countries, although they were ready and anxious to demand licensed piracy of *books* originating in the same coun-

tries. This cannot possibly be explained as due to any special solicitude for the owners of serial rights. It is due simply to the fact that the authors of the licensing clauses wanted to drive the largest possible coach-and-four through the spirit of the Berne Convention and thought they had found a hole by which they could do so in the matter of books, while the same hole was carefully fenced up in respect to serial publications.

If we go outside of the text of the Convention, it does not seem possible to find a single example in support of the conception of copyright as something which the author can still possess although the right of reproducing copies of his work has been taken away from him and an arbitrated royalty substituted for it. The United States never dreamed of anything so ingenious. They refused copyright to those who would not print in their country, but they never professed to grant copyright while conferring upon somebody else the monopoly right to produce copies. The definition of copyright in the Encyclopaedia Britannica seems to contain the answer to the whole controversy in three lines. It is as follows: "Copyright, in law, the right, belonging exclusively to the author or his assignees, of multiplying for sale copies of an original work or composition, in literature or art." To take away "the right of multiplying copies for sale" is to take away the copyright.

The Poet's Apology

By GEORGE PHILLIPS.

WHEN your wife has got the toothache,
And the kids are on the tear,
And your lodger learns the trombone,
You must either write or swear.

When your Chief has got a liver,
And your typist's got the blues,
And Headquarter's in the tantrums,
You must either write or booze.

When you're asked out to a party,
And your dress suit's up the spout,
And your pay day's two weeks off yet,
You must either write or shout.

When your collar stud is missing,
And you've spoilt your sixth white tie,

And your gloves split into ribbons,
You must either write or die.

When your inner man's disgruntled
And kicks up a mighty fuss,
'Cause you've dined well, but unwisely,
You must either write or cuss.

When the lock has got three key holes,
And your hind foot *will* go first,
When the floor gets up and hits you,
You must either write or burst.

So forgive the silly blighter
Who, instead of blow or curse,
Or the pleasant things that *you* do,
Sits him down and writes a verse.

New Verse by Canadian Poets

Arras, Spring, 1918

By E. L. CHICANOT.

Our feet reecho hollow in the ways
Heaped with the wreckage of a ravished town;
The countless happy homes of other days
Stand tenantless, shell-battered, tottering down.
The noon rays of the lazy April glow
Send streaming light through torn cathedral spire,
And set ablaze a multicolored fire
From stained glass fragments on the ground below.

Within the shadows of a ruined hall
There blooms an old French garden, lonely, fair;
The peach trees clamber o'er the shattered wall
And cherry blossoms drop their petals there.
From out the verdure rank which skirts the lawn
Great clustering daffodils raise brazen heads,
And perfumes faint arise from hidden beds
Where flowers modest and unknown are born.

The Pool

By F. O. CALL.

Through all the silent summer night
A pool lay dark and still,
Untroubled by the gipsy wind
That danced upon the hill.

A star looked down into its heart,
Then faded with the dawn;
And day was darker than the night
Because the star had gone.

Berries of the Bittersweet

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD.

Berries of the bittersweet
Through my sleep you shine,
Scarlet on your brown dry stems,
Like some elfin sign
Left to show the way to dream
Through the years decline.

Well I read the rune and know
(In my dream) the way
Up the little road that leads
Past the bounds of day,
Through the wood and up the hill,—
Not a word to say.

There I see the berries twined
By a shadowed door;
Then I enter; all I love
Have come in before;
Every good that life had lost
Sleep's white hands restore.

Berries of the bittersweet,
Through my life you shine;
Time may crumble you to dust,—
Still your joy is mine,
Still you show the way to dream
Like some elfin sign.

Autumn Leaves

By AMY E. CAMPBELL.

How can I trample you, little friends?
How can I pass you by?
Crimson and gold with a wonderment
Caught from a sunset sky

You with a bit of Spring's witchery
Still in your silken hold,
How can I see you, curled and brown
Heaped in the rain and cold?

You with the lure of summer woods,
Music of winds and rain
How can I watch your winged flight
Back to the earth again?

Eyes that have loved you, little friends,
Witness your silent fall
Full of a quiet majesty
Yielding to Death's strange call.

Love's Mendicants

By HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

Low sit the mendicants in Love's great hall,
Unbidden guests are they, less than the least;
Only the crumbs they crave, the crumbs that fall
Unnoticed from the board of those that feast.

O scanty fare! O hungry hearts that wait
For dole uncertain, weary day by day!
What strange decree has made you, desolate,
To seek with tears what others cast away?

Has Love some mystery that you discern
In bitter vigil, fasting at his feet?
Is it the famished only who will learn
How good is bread—a broken crust how sweet?

Memory

By BEATRICE REDPATH.

Oh! I surely thought to find
Something that would fill my mind,
Thought I would not always be
So engulfed by memory.
Every sight... each sound to start
Memory aching in my heart,
For I cannot see the snow
Or the rain's swift crystal flow,
Moon, or sun beam falling near
But I see you... see you dear,
Cannot see a fire burn low
But I see you sitting so,
Firelight... firelight in your eyes,
Cannot even see the skies
With their whirring wheels of light,
Cannot see the soft blurred night,
But I seem to feel you press
Close and close... to love and bless!

Dear, shall memory never fade
Have you touched each thing and made
It your own for all the years,
Must I always see through tears
Loveliness... while memory
Aches and aches and aches in me?

Two Poems

By MARIAN OSBORNE.

OPENING WINGS.

Come to me when the Dawn with sorcery
Steals from the dreaming sky its mantle grey,
And as the harbinger of restless day
Opens wide the gates of life with golden key;
The slumbering earth is waked from mystery,
And timid zephyrs through the gardens stray.
The vagrant sunbeams o'er the flowers play.
All Nature's pulses throb... then come to me.

Come with hushed feet as Dawn with opening wings
Of pink-tipped splendour makes night fugitive,
When consciousness first moves from sleep to life,
Wakes and remembers, and remembering brings
Thine image as a sweet restorative,
Come then, and be my buckler for the strife.

FOLDED WINGS.

Come to me in the embalming hush of night
When all the world lies dormant, when the press
Of day is overcome and when the stress
Of mundane things that served to disunite
Our ardent souls has vanished with the light;
Come in the dreaming dusk that thou may'st bless
With whispering wings of peace and happiness
And healing touch to ease my wearied sight.

Come when the strident day is past and done,
When clamour ceases and the pulsing town
Has drawn its curtains closely reticent;
When night is grave and calm as a fair nun
With cowed head and eyes of prayerful brown,
Come then, and bring with thee love's sacrament.

The Tramp

By HUNTLY K. GORDON.

He passes, threadbare and unkempt,
A stranger to the road before,
And mends his hesitating tread
To find ere night a kindly door.

No confidence with him he bears
Of proved successes left behind,
But thoughts of ill done work, and jibes,
And weary miles and bitter wind.

So, eager in sad hope, he goes,
A brooding question in his eye—
What failures or what deeds, what chance,
Shall be his portion ere he die?

Oh limper on the stony road,
I, whom you envy, more than you
Know not the evils of the road
My faltering steps in fear pursue.

At Sunset

By ROBERT D. LITTLE.

Behind the western hills
The tired sun slips into night's waiting arms—
His day's work done. Yet ere the night
Trails her dark robes across the quiet farms,
The swallows flit in softer, deeper light.

Thus be my homing!
The tasks all finished and the journey done,
Let me go gladly, free as summer wind,
To the green hills beyond life's setting sun,
And leave clear, quiet radiance behind.

Song

By GERTRUDE MacGREGOR MOFFAT.

Sing low, sweet song, under our weary day,
Oh voice of song, soothing as winds that pass,
Soft swishing, over fields of bending grass,
Sing low, sweet song, under our weary day.

Sing low, sweet song, under our day of toil.
Oh softlier fall than softly falling dew.
Lave our tired hearts, and our worn strength renew.
Sing low, sweet song, under our day of toil.

Sing low, sweet song, under our night of rest.
Oh voice of song more full than slumbering seas,
Wrap us, so sleeping, in thy fold of Peace.
Sing low, sweet song, under our night of rest.

The Star

By GOODRIDGE MacDONALD.

I lifted up my hands to grasp the star—
Below me climbed the hills from steep to steep,
The seven oceans rolling from afar
Their hoarse complainings to the endless deep.
Before me shone the light of my desire;
I laughed for now it seemed I stood alone,
My last foe trampled in the crimson mire
And every barrier of Fate o'erthrown.
I lifted up my hands—a voice was thrust
Through the vast heavens to my trembling soul,
Saying: "Your star is dust as you are dust.
Turn, for the earth beneath you is your goal."
Above, around the midnight shadows slept;
From cloud to cloud the constellations crept.

Florida Sonnets

By AMY REDPATH RODDICK.

UNREST.

The hedged hibiscus swings its scarlet bells,
The bamboos creak, the palm leaves crunch and grind,
The airy bougainvillea, entwined
With flaming trumpet-blossoms, sways and swells
Its shelt'ring grace, to spill 'mid grass-grown shells
Mauve-tissued daintiness. The moaning wind
Sweeps golden freight, where grape-fruit trees are lined
And from the mango-flower wafts luscious smells.

Beneath the oleander's shade we dream,
The wind disturbs, old memories arise,
The buffetings of youth in northern climes,
The sting of frost, the zest, the joy supreme
Of healthy work aglow with enterprise.
The wind dies down. We drowse—and dream sometimes.

PEACE.

"Peace! Peace!" long needled pines are whispering,
A Sabbath Peace beside the river's brink,
Where tropic shrubs ope glories, mauvish-pink:
Rare incense yellow-puffed mimosas swing;
Those solemn eucalyptus, green-grey, string
A pillared course, cathedral aisles they link.
Whose vaulted azure steep the things we think
In harmonies that choiring angels sing.

"Peace! Peace! that's colorful and pure and true,
That's fragrant, tuneful, born of holiness,
The thought of thee has gleamed in visionings,
In prophets' dreams—thy beauty culled by few—
The nations waken to thy loveliness,
Within their reach to serve the King of kings.

To a Canadian Immigrant

By Wm. EWART GRANT.

My heart has broken its halter
And goes careering like a wild mustang;
I cannot curb my feelings; why should I?
I must tell everybody, I have seen him,
I have heard him, our latest Canadian immigrant.

We have so many of them,
Swedes and Norwegians, Russians, Jews and Hungarians—
We scarcely feel at home in our own country;
But this newcomer, whom I met this morning,
Is a British subject.

In the fields I met him,
And in heaven I heard him;
His name, "The Ethereal Minstrel."
This is a fact:
Our latest immigrant is the English Skylark.

We have our own Meadow-lark
And White-throated Sparrow. Not for a world
Would I do them an injustice,
But having heard the prima donna,
I know them to be but amateurs.

For years I have sought the acquaintance
Of those we call the immortals;
In vain have I read their books and borrowed their
phrases;
But since meeting one who knew them,
I have been living in their company.

And to thee, thou latest Canadian immigrant
I extend a welcome, wide as the continent,
For since thy coming, I know for certain
That in this western land, beneath these mountains,
and beside this sea,
A greater Britain shall arise, a nobler Shelley yet
be born.

Note: The English skylarks brought out to this country some years ago by the Natural History Society have taken up their abode in the neighbourhood of the Normal School, Victoria, B. C., and may be heard there every morning and evening through out the year.—W. E. G.

Post Tenebras Lux

By JOHN M. GUNN.

"Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning."

All night, I battled with besieging fears,
That thronged upon me with their poisoned breath:
I grappled fiercely, hand to hand, with Death;
I staggered 'neath the weight of all the years;
I cried aloud to deaf and heedless ears,
Is there no power can make my anguish cease?
Has light gone out for me, and hope and peace?
Is life one dark sepulchral place of tears?

Then morning dawned; the birds began to sing;
The dark night mists rolled guiltily away;
The sun smiled down on fields that laughed with
glee,
And when my tearful ghosts had taken wing,
I rose to hear the heralds of the day,
And faith and strength and courage walked with
me.

The Blind Man's Answer

By HYMAN EDELSTEIN

Said a blind man from the way:
"In deeper wise
Each flower, each music's bar
I realize,
For my mind sees keener far
Than his with eyes."

"And what, when we near the Night,
And all other sense,
Comprised in the flesh, takes flight
To that long suspense
Of the grave—grows our inner sight
Still more intense?"
* * *

"Sunset—and the moon on the hill
The night—
And the stars, the eternal, fill
The infinite,
Falls our Last Great Darkness still
With a Light."

Reflected Glory

By F. BERYL MUIR.

They took my smallest loving deeds,
The fairest of the few fair words I'd spoken,
My least caress
And every thought or act that could betoken
Aught of kindness.

Then, stooping low, they murmured,
"She is sweet! . . . So sweet!"
And with those little words,

They lifted
All the good intentions which had drifted
Down to the dust, and lay about my feet.

Just crumpled, broken fragments and
Vain hopes; just things that I would like to be—
Yet, by their thought,
Out of those very fragments—worthless to me—
A circle of gold they wrought.

And as they placed it o'er my hair,
They whispered, "She is fair!"
Too generous to see
That the light
Which seemed to make my face so very bright,
Was only their own love reflected there.
I wonder—
Is that the sort of halo God lets the angels wear?



The Present Copyright Situation in Canada

THE passing of Bill 12 by the Canadian Parliament marks an interesting step in the history of Canadian Copyright, but as the Minister of Justice, the Hon. Mr. Doherty, gave an undertaking in the House of Commons that it would not come into effect until the Canadian Government had assured itself that the contentious clauses (13, 14 and 15) would not prevent Canada from becoming a signatory to the Revised Convention of Berne, the step is not irrevocable. Competent copyright lawyers are of the opinion that these clauses are incompatible with both the letter and the spirit of the Berne Convention, and the certificate of the British Government which appears to be necessary to Canada's adherence will be difficult to obtain, in view of the pronounced opposition of British authors and publishers to these clauses.

Members of the Canadian Authors Association were presented in last issue of the *Canadian Bookman* with the report of the Special Copyright Committee on Bill 12 as originally drafted. That report had considerable effect, and the Government made substantial amendments with the object of meeting such formidable criticisms. The original clause 13 which established vexatious formalities was entirely withdrawn, and some of the worst features of the succeeding clauses were modified in favor of the author. Thus the licensing period is reduced from fifty years to five, the opportunity to garble is withdrawn, royalties are no longer fixed at a flat ten per cent, but become subject to negotiation with the Minister as arbiter, the author has the right to suppress a book with which he is no longer satisfied, revised editions are protected, the licensee is compelled to publish within two months or lose his license, and the author has a much more satisfactory status than was admitted in the first draft. An amendment suggested by Sir Robert Borden still further protected the author by placing the granting of a license within the discretion of the Minister instead of making it compulsory. This will make it possible for an author to oppose the granting of a license to a printer who may be proved incompetent or to have ulterior motives. Under the original Bill a religious fanatic, for example, might have applied for a license and either prevented or limited publication of the Canadian edition of a work he disliked.

Clause 14 (corresponding to Clause 15 of the original Bill), dealing with serial licenses, has, however, been amended for the worse, and will almost certainly be questioned by the other signatories to the Berne Convention. This clause was re-drafted at the instance of Canadian magazine publishers, who made consider-

able capital out of the fact that certain United States publishers who held the serial rights of certain popular Canadian authors, both for the United States and Canada, refused to re-sell the Canadian rights to Canadian editors and thus prevented such Canadian authors from being read in serial form in Canadian magazines. They therefore asked the Government to enable them by law to print such serials under license whether the American publisher was agreeable or not. This clause may very well jeopardise the market of the Canadian author in the United States, and it has moreover been drafted in such a way that the Canadian magazine editor may lift any stories which are first published serially in an American magazine, including stories by British authors, protected by copyright in Great Britain. This appears to be in direct conflict with clause Nine of the Revised Berne Convention of 1909, and cannot fail to arouse protest. Motion Picture rights are still left in a very unsatisfactory position. Criticisms on the Bill were made in the House of Commons by Mr. Rinfret, Mr. Lemieux, Mr. Sinclair (Guysborough), Mr. Mackenzie King, and Sir Robert Borden.

The Canadian Authors Association, while acknowledging the good intentions of the Government and appreciating the amendments in favor of the author, could not accept the principle of these contentious clauses (13 to 15), which infringe on the traditional right of the author to choose his own publisher and make his own terms, and therefore carried the opposition to the Senate. Here they found strong support, not only from the Liberal members of the Senate, but also from influential members on the Conservative side. Senator Bostock was warmly sympathetic, and the French Canadian Senators were unanimous in their demand that *les droits d'auteur* should be respected. Admirable speeches were made by Senators Beaubien, Béique, Belcourt, Chapais, Dandurand and David. The Government, however, was determined to get the Bill through this Session, even though it should not be proclaimed for an indefinite time, and rallied their stalwarts to the vote. The voting in the Senate on the licensing clauses was close—twenty-six votes in favor to twenty against.

In order to understand the Government's position, one has to recall the history of Canadian copyright legislation. Not the whole history, for this would require ten volumes each of a thousand pages. Professor James Mavor, of Toronto University, is the one man in Canada competent to write the complete history, as he possesses a vast library on the subject, collected previous to the framing of the existing Can-

adian Copyright Act of 1906. This Act served its purpose very well, but as Professor Mayor is the first to admit, it was framed at a time when the mechanical reproduction of an author's works by phonograph or moving picture was virtually unknown, and is therefore out of date. Moreover, serial publication had not been developed to its present extent.

The agitation which culminated in the new Bill became acute owing to the piratical activities of the phonographic record manufacturers, who made large profits out of songs by popular Canadian writers, such as Gitz Rice, without paying royalties to the author. These manufacturers have been able to pay a ten cent luxury tax on a dollar record and allow fifty cents commission to the retailer on the same record, but not a cent to the poor Canadian author, whose genius had made the record possible. If the new Bill becomes operative, that author will get two cents per playing surface, the same as in the United States, but a furious lobby was conducted in the Senate to get the royalty reduced to one cent, and no royalty at all in the case of records made for export.

If the new copyright legislation had merely remedied the iniquitous treatment of the Canadian song writers, the Canadian Authors Association would not have had to trouble the Government so much. Unfortunately, Bills E of 1919 and 37 of 1920, which were stages in this modernisation of the Canadian Copyright Act, were held up by a group of printers who saw the opportunity of introducing a species of protection for the Canadian printer under the guise of a Copyright Act, which ought properly to have been asked for on a tariff basis, but which they thought could be obtained more easily in this indirect way, as there was less likely to be effective organised opposition. Their plan was very cleverly engineered. Some of the publishers in Canada are also printers, and these clauses were submitted to the Government as the recommendation of the Canadian publishers, although the majority of the Canadian publishers, who are only distributors, are opposed to the clauses in question. Then the old Canadian Copyright Association was appropriated and posed as representing the parties interested in Copyright. A high sounding title goes a long way in impressing our busy legislators, who can be excused for not realising that this Canadian Copyright Association is now practically a one-man affair, and the one man is only Dan Rose. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association more or less automatically supported the case of the phonograph recorders, while the Trades and Labor Congress became the bellfellow of the Manufacturers, in the belief that the Bill was an inoffensive measure which would give more employment to printers. So that when the Canadian Authors Association appeared at the eleventh hour after the Bill had already been read a first time, we found we had to assault a Government protected within a well-walled, heavily fortified

and plentifully munitioned city. The progress made and the concessions granted are tribute to the justice of our cause and the forceful presentation of our case by our Copyright Committee.

J. M. Gibbon, President of the Canadian Authors Association, and R. J. C. Stead, Vice-President of the Ottawa branch and member of the Copyright Committee, were called on to give evidence before the Special Committee of the House of Commons. J. M. Gibbon and B. K. Sandwell paid several other visits to Ottawa and attended the Senate Debates. Great assistance was given to the authors by Louviguy de Montigny who was indefatigable in our cause. The interests supporting the Bill were represented by two paid lawyers who camped out at Ottawa for a considerable time, and were evidently expert in the art of lobbying.

The campaign is not yet over. The battle has been transferred to Berne, with a flank attack from the American Authors and Publishers at Washington, and it is not at all impossible that the Minister of Justice may have to come back to Parliament for permission to remove or modify the offending clauses before the new Canadian Copyright Act goes into effect.

For that reason, it is strongly urged on every member of the Canadian Authors Association to make him or herself familiar with the terms of the Act, so that in case of a renewed discussion of the subject, the questions of copyright may be more widely known and our influence made more far-reaching.



M. LOVIGNY de MONTIGNY.
Member of Council, C. A. A.

Apropos of Mr. Curwood's "God's Country."

By FREDERICK NIVEN

UNTIL recently the name of James Oliver Curwood has meant for us stories of the Northland, eminently adaptable to the movies after having appeared as serials (excellently suitable for serialization), and in book-form both charmingly and vigorously illustrated by Dean Cornwell, that brilliant artist in black and white for reproduction.

In "God's Country" Mr. Curwood forsakes for a moment the Story to tell of his own spiritual adventures. It is a manly enough book. A womanly enough book, too, I might as well say for that part! How a *cliché* will catch like a hair on the tip of one's pen! Better might it be said a human book, in by no means too poor a sense of the word human. But it has not the appeal of art, such as, for example, a contemporary of Curwood—Mr. Stewart Edward White—turning from the story (such stories as "The Silent Places" and "Blazed Trail Stories", to mention a novel of his and a volume of short stories) proffers in his volume of papers called "The Forest". White has an ear that can hear the cadence of a phrase as well as the surge, the subdued roar, of wind in the tamarack needles.

The accents of these books—"God's Country" and "The Forest", are utterly different, although the land of which they tell is practically the same. Stewart Edward White is, in "The Forest", the essayist; and for me it is the essayist White, rather than Curwood the penitent 'giving testimony', or Curwood the preacher, who brings the spirit of these lands, and the wonderings regarding life they are apt to awaken, into my heart. "God cometh without bell" it always seems to me in these matters; comes in a symbol, a simile, a thought more whispered than cried. Curwood italicizes to drive home his points like a heroine of melodrama taking an exit with a voice pitched for the gallery (at the other extreme from Henry James who preferred the "emphasis of under-statement"), thus:

Three thousand pounds of flesh and blood lay hot and lifeless under my eyes, and I, the human near-god with my own two insignificant hands and a mechanical thing, had taken the life from it!

Others, in these regions of religious musing roughly called Pantheistic, have used other means than Curwood's, seeking to be interpreter, intermediary, bringer of good gifts out of the deep woods where the creeks run with an eternal song in the quietness. There are times when the pages of "God's Country" cause one to look upon the writer as a kind

of masculine Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Thereby he will, of course, reach a large public, in the sense of a large speedy public. Something of permanence in a work, causing it to be cherished over long years, as Thoreau's "Walden" remains (what we call, in face of falling stars and the dead moon, Immortality), comes from other qualities. When Albert Samain writes:

Quand je me sens devenir pessimiste.
Je regarde une rose.

he writes a beautiful blent thought and emotion not at all touched with the ridiculous; he says what is at once good to the heart and not to be spurned by the winnowing and reasoning mind. But Mr. Curwood will write such a version as this regarding a flower:

It seemed to have turned to face the morning sun and, in facing the sun, it was squarely facing me—a piquant, joyous, laughing little face, asking me as clearly as in words: "What can possibly be the matter with you on this fine morning?"

I prefer:

Quand je me sens devenir pessimiste.
Je regarde une rose.

Mr. Curwood, talking of how he has, as it were, found "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks", remarks:

I have had people say to me that my creed is a beautiful one for a person as fortunately situated as myself, but that it is impossible for the great multitude to go out and find nature as I have found it. To these people, I say that one need not make a two-thousand mile trip along the Arctic coast and live with the Eskimo to find nature. After all, it is our nerves that kill us in the long run, our over restless minds, our worrying, questing brains. And nature whispers its great peace to these things even in the rustling leaves of a cornfield—if only one will get acquainted with that nature."

It is very true. That paragraph recalls to mind Richard Jefferies, another, in the wide use of the word, Pantheist. Even in London Jefferies was not out of touch with the big world out of the clay of which the London bricks are made. On a railway embankment he could muse upon the blades of grass and call all the species by name. If Richard Jefferies had written "The Valley of Silent Men" and "The River's End", and then thought to tell of his musings, he might have written a book like "God's Country"; but Richard Jefferies could never have written these; and so he gave us instead just "The Story of My

Heart", and that imperishable paper "The July Grass", and "The Open Air"—and the rest.

The point is that Curwood is also Pantheist, also wondering about "God", seeing "God" in the creeks' big eddies and in the blue chinks of sky between the green dusk, like fragments of twilight held all day long, under the eaves of the cedars; but he is more preacher than poet. There have been many kinds of preachers: Jeremy Taylor, John Donne, Robertson of Irvine, John Hunter, Torrey and Alexander, Billy Sunday. Mr. Curwood is nearer to the average momentary revivalists than to the now classic clerics. After reading his book, with all respect for the spirit of the writer as it were looking out between the lines, sincere doubtless, and thoughtful to the full extent of his thinking apparatus, I go to the volumes of other intermediaries between wandering and questing man and the God, all but made manifest, all but with an avatar, among the bushes and the blue granite rocks. Here is a typical paragraph from "God's Country":

About us, through all that forty acres of wood, the air seemed to whisper forth a strange and wonderful life. Over our heads we heard a grating sound. It was a squirrel gnawing through the shell of last autumn's nut. On an old stub a woodpecker hammered. Close about us were the "cheep, cheep, cheep", and "twit, twit, twit," of little brown bush-birds. A warbler burst suddenly into a glorious snatch of song. A quarter of a mile away a crow cawed, and between us and the crow we heard a fox-squirrel barking and, a little later, saw it, with its mate, scrambling in play, up and down the trees. My friend caught my arm and pointed. He was becoming interested, and what he saw was a fat young woodchuck passing near us on a foraging expedition to a neighbouring clover field.

Here, on the other hand, is a typical paragraph from Edward Thomas, who could never use such ready-made phrases as "a glorious snatch of song", telling of how he heard the first cuckoo in a vanished spring:

I stopped. Not a sound. I went on stealthily that I might stop as soon as I heard anything. Again I seemed to hear it; again it had gone by the time I was still. The third time I had no doubt. The cuckoo was singing over on the far side of the valley, perhaps three-quarters of a mile away, probably in a gorse bank just above the marsh.

For half a minute he sang, changed his perch un- seen, and sang again, his notes as free from the dust and heat as the cups of the margolds, and as soft as the pale white-blue sky, and as dim as the valley into whose twilight he was gathered calling fainter and fainter as I drew towards home.

Neither the magical flashes such as we find in John Muir (as when he tells of how, the better to enjoy the windwaves running over the fir-tops in a valley of the high Sierras, he climbed a tall tree and clung there, gazing, rejoicing, swinging in air "like a bobolink on a reed"), nor the same and illuminating lucidity of the late John Burroughs, are in Curwood's book on the same themes as these men wrote upon.—blades of grass, bears, the ants, the blue jays, wind in the tree-tops. But perhaps I overdo the suggestion of the Editor, when sending this book, that I could write an article apropos of Curwood's "God's Country" if I cared, instead of, necessarily, a review in the stereotyped sense. My article seems to be developing into something in the nature of an anthology with annotations! I have gone some way from Curwood. To return: When certain foolish disciples came running to the Christ (there are some fine thoughts, by the way, upon Christ and His gospel in "God's Country") and said: "We found one casting out devils in thy name and we forbade him," the Christ replied: "Forbid him not, for he who is not against us is for us."

And James Oliver Curwood, in this volume under discussion, though often in old rubbed phrases, and without skill in simile or symbolism or cadence that make thoughts flower in the mind, is nevertheless (in so much as the tendency of the "preachments" of it are concerned) on the side of "sweetness and light". Robustly he is, in this tract entitled "God's Country", with those whose desire is to "make for righteousness"—"a little lower than the angels" (so that at times we exclaim: "Fine man, Curwood!") and not throughout too painfully close (though close enough, at times at least, to induce a slight wilt) to Ella Wheeler Wilcox—who had many admirers; and this is, after all, as are perhaps all attempts at criticism, an individual, a personal view.



Essays in Canadian Literature

III. An Outline of History

By CHARLES W. STOKES

MR. H. G. WELLS devotes so little space to Canadian history in his "Outline" that, real patriotic Canadian that we are, we hasten at once to get our local Board of Trade to write to the King of England about it. To substantiate our protest, we propose to enclose an entire "Outline" all our own. Not that we lack material; Canadian historians are the well-known legion, and from them we could easily construct our epic. The difficulty is, however, firstly that no two presentations of Canadian history ever agree, and secondly that each part of Canada wants to monopolize all the history there is. But to overcome that, we can make a synthesis of several styles, to suit different communities — showing, for example, how they write history in Quebec, Ontario, the Maritime Provinces, and the West respectively.

As They Write It In Quebec.

(From a two-column report in the Montreal Gazette.)

"Westmount, Old and New", was the title of a highly interesting paper read last night by Mr. Samuel Bushmills, F.R.S.C., before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society at the Chateau de Ramezay. The occasion was the quarterly meeting of that body, the Rev. William Sadface, D.D., occupying the chair in the unavoidable absence of Mr. H. A. Simpkins, President of the Society. A report presented by Mrs. Potter, convener of the Ladies' Historical Working Section, stated that since the last meeting eleven new examples of Indian basket-work had been added to the Jones Collection.

Mr. Bushmills devoted the first part of his paper to an investigation into the origin of the name "Westmount". The researches of Emilien d'Ennui, he pointed out, had conclusively established that the so-called Westmount Mountain was really entitled to the name of "range". D'Ennui had, in fact, in his monumental "Histoire de Westmount", demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt that some geological upheaval, probably volcanic, had diminished the height of Westmount Mountain while it had increased that of Mount Royal, so as to transpose entirely the respective bulks of the two peaks. Notwithstanding this, however, a great deal of unwise historical investigation had been wasted to prove that the Westmount Mountain was only a degenerate spur of Mount Royal: Plumson, Rotoplexus, and Philippe Persiflage — especially Persiflage, in his superficial "Antiquités de Westmount" — had favored this extraordinary and unfounded supposition.

D'Ennui had also proved, said Mr. Bushmills, that in sailing up the St. Lawrence Maisonneuve

had followed the south shore of the river, not the north shore, as is so commonly believed even amongst presumably well-educated persons. Historical remains recently uncarthed at St. Lambert have revealed that the explorer wintered at that place in 1641, waiting to cross the river to the site of the present Montreal. An Indian village named Hochelaga stood then on that site. When eventually the intrepid Frenchman did set sail in the summer of 1642, he could make no headway against the swift current. He therefore caused his flotilla of canoes to be carried on the backs of Iroquois Indians up the river shore, and launched several miles above Hochelaga, his intention being to drift down with the tide. However, he had over-estimated the distance, the consequence being that the place where he first landed was the lower level of what is now Westmount. Here he established a mission. Instead, therefore, of Westmount being a mere suburb of Montreal, it was really the older settlement, and Montreal is really a suburb of Westmount. (Loud applause.)

Westmount, said the speaker, was singularly rich in authenticated historical remains and documents. It was from here that La Salle had set forth on his voyage to discover China, the famous explorer's headquarters while gathering provisions, etc., together having undoubtedly been somewhere near Lansdowne Avenue, La Verandrye had begun his journey to the West from Westmount, having become a little confused in regard to the Westmount Mountain's being in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Bushmills added a warm recommendation that the Dominion Government should erect a tablet on the spot where this took place, and a resolution was passed accordingly.

The paper, which was illustrated by stereopticon slides, occupied two hours in delivery, at the conclusion of which a hearty vote of thanks, proposed by Dr. Sadface and seconded by Mrs. Potter, was accorded to him. Tea was then served in the smaller Mummy Room. Amongst those present were Dr. Sadface, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. H. A. Simpkins, Miss Violet Simpkins, Miss Lily Simpkins, Mme d'Ennui, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Anderson, and others.

As They Write It In Ontario.

The history of Coldnose County; By Miss Laura Lavender.

The story of Coldnose County is one of conquest — not of men over men — but of brave men with scanty resources, save only strong arms and iron determination, over cruel Nature. Carving their little farms from the primeval wilderness, planting their tiny backwoods vil-

lages at the meeting place of mighty waters, living in patriarchal simplicity and fecundity, our Loyalist Fathers established the foundations of a civilization unique probably on this continent and certainly in this fair province.

Behind the squaw's light beach saton,
The steamer tows and taves,
And city lots are staked for sale,
Above old Indian graves. — Anon.

The name "Coldnose" is not to be interpreted literally, but is derived from a corruption of the Indian "Co-ole-no-se", meaning "clear-running-water where the pike caught the white-man". This picturesque legend, which was related to me when a very little girl by an old squaw who did our washing, is founded to some extent on fact, the "white man" having hooked so large a pike that it dragged him into the stream and bit his nose in mistake for the worm. This squaw was the widow of the renowned Algonquin chief Kla-how-yah (or "Running Wild Cat") who personally witnessed this event, and who shortly afterwards became the first Christianized Indian in the county. He is buried, with an appropriate inscription, at Potts' Crossing.

When Governor Simcoe visited Coldnose in 1793, he found there the first brick house in the whole of Canada. (Other communities, please note!) It had been built by one Alexander McTavish, who had obtained a large grant of land — practically the whole of the present county, in fact — from the government of Upper Canada. About this time certain dark insinuations of some underhand collusion between McTavish and the then Registrar of Land Titles, named McKenzie, were made by the political enemies of the latter. Both gentlemen, however, were drowned at the beginning of the Royal Commission as the result of their going out canoeing too soon after a prolonged drinking bout, and the mystery was never solved. There were men in those days.

How "Sandy" McTavish came to build a brick house is uncertain, for he had to bring in all the bricks from the United States, and even the Grand Trunk was not running then. After his death, the claimants to his estate and brick house were so numerous — sad to say, they were all half-breeds — and the legitimacy of each of them was so doubtful, that the government sequestered the entire McTavish properties and divided them amongst the McKays, McAllisters, McPhersons, McNabs, McLachlans, McIntoshes, McQuarries, and McTaggarts who had come in at the time of the Great Expulsion from the rebel republic to the south. (See "United Empire Loyalists", pages 1, 17, 44, 87, 110-410, 533, et seq.)

Mrs. Esther Smithers, a sister-in-law of the celebrated novelist Henry Smithers, and herself a diarist of more than usual acumen and humor, records under May 17, 1844, a visit to Hector McTaggart, grandson of the McTaggart who benefitted under this sequestration. Mc-

Taggart was then at the height of his fame. Member for South-East Coldnose, his meteoric political career was being watched with some anxiety even in the Motherland; and had he lived instead of dying so prematurely, he would undoubtedly have become one of the Fathers of Confederation — or at least lived in the same era as that historic event. Mrs. Smithers, who was visiting Upper Canada, makes a lengthy and pungent reference to the intense interest of the "colonists" in all forms of politics, especially in the bestowal of postmasterships and the expenditure of government money on new court-houses and customs buildings in their particular town. She describes very vividly the bitter fight between the faction led by Hector — the so-called "Coldnose Conspiracy" — and the contemporary Minister of Agriculture. This fight had far-reaching effects: its echoes reverberated through Canada for several years, and are not utterly stilled even yet; and it is not too much to say that the name of Hector McTaggart is still engraven on the hearts of his countrymen while that of his opponent is lost in oblivion.

Gleaning in the fields of Coldnose's local history is a fascinating task, yielding romance, adventure, political struggle, and patriotic bravery. The bravery of the Coldnose has become proverbial. Did not General Brock exclaim, at the Battle of Queenston Heights, "Ah, for two more Coldnose companies!"? And so long as impetuous youth still fires at the memory of glorious deeds, and so long as mankind delights in the re-telling of lusty sagas, just so long will the heroic charge of the Third Coldnoses in the Fenian Raid — that charge which was virtually the decisive moment in that bloody campaign — be remembered.

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of where shall soon
Flood in a human sea. — Anon.

How They Write It In Nova Scotia.

It is very easy to write history from the viewpoint of — or for consumption in — Nova Scotia. All you have to do is to compile a list of the most famous men of Canada and show either that they were born in Nova Scotia or that they wished they had been. If the famous man is a politician, so much the better, and if a lawyer-politician, the best yet. For local color, mix in the United Empire Loyalists, something about Evangeline, a reference or two to Roquefort, or Camembert, or whatever his name was who did the what-d'ye-call-it trick in fourteen (no, sixteen) hundred and something, and a passionate suggestion that the Dominion Government ought really to spend more money on Halifax Harbor. Use the same recipe for New Brunswick, substituting for Evangeline something about lumbering and the wildwood.

But it is not so easy to write the history of the prairies. If you are not picturesque, your readers won't read you, and unless you use cer-

tain formulas they won't understand you. For example, no one dare allude to North-West Mounted Policeman by other sobriquet than "scarlet-coated rider of the plains". And then there is all that truck about bad men, cowboys, the frozen north, back to God's country, whisky-runners, Indians, half-breeds, and the building of the C. P. R. ("shining bands of steel" is, I think, the correct phrase); besides that over-worked rhetorical stuff how fifty years ago vast herds of buffalo roamed the et cetera et cetera whereas there is now heard the shrill whistle of the threshing machine and so on and so forth. That kind of thing is all right in the movies or in boost literature; but we are writing history. Remembering that all history is just biography, we have come firmly to the conclusion that Western Canada has only one historian, and we have pleasure in introducing him—the man who made Calgary famous, Mr. Bob Edwards of the vivacious "Annuals".

As the Calgary Eye Opener Writes It.

We paid a visit the other day to that charming burg, Hootch, where in the old days we were wont to publish this great family journal in our rare sober intervals. How we came to go there, seeing that the last time we were there the genial chief of police threatened to have us run out of town if ever we showed up again, was because our old friend Jim Snorklebuster, who used to be a well-known inmate of Ponoka Asylum, but who now occupies the responsible job of dog-catcher at Hootch, wrote us a post-card that he had smuggled in a whole case of genuine Haig and Haig.

We found Hootch little changed. The local blind pig, situated next door to the city hall, is doing a roaring business, having just added a physician to its staff so that its patrons can get prescriptions without waiting. The many jovial bootleggers still ply their ancient craft, having now organized themselves into a separate section of the Retail Merchants Association. The Elite Gents Emporium had added a Ladies Department, presided over by a nifty little blonde whom the bloods of the town call

"Flossie". The hotel has a new waitress from Moose Jaw, named Gertie, Sam Jorkins, the popular livery-keeper, is married, and the Methodist Church had a chicken supper last week. That seems to be about all, except that every one in Hootch is busily engaged in predicting a bumper crop.

We located Mr. Snorklebuster without trouble, finding him just emerging from an unusually prolonged attack of delirium tremens. He imparted to us the sad news that he had now only one bottle left of the case, but that we were welcome all the same.

* * *

Speaking of Sam Jorkins reminds us of an amusing incident that happened to his father, who died in 1909 by falling through a trapdoor in the jail, a piece of rope being inconveniently round his neck. Old Jorkins had a very pretty wit, and was elected to the City Council during the period that the Earl of Minto was Governor-General. One time when the Earl came out west, Jorkins somehow got on the Reception Committee. The old soak was as delighted as hell, and was determined to miss no chance of being social to His Niftiness and the vice-regal suite.

Everything went well up to a certain point. The Earl and Earless and all the little Earlets were on the platform, covered with red cotton bunting, in front of the City Hall. The guard of honor from the local militia had been duly inspected, and the massed school-children had just finished "The Maple Leaf Forever". But the mayor — where was he, and where was the civic address of welcome? The answer is that the mayor had left it in his overcoat at the Barber's on his way down, and was dashing madly up the street to get it. There was a very awkward pause, which threatened to drag out into a fiasco. But Jorkins saw his opportunity. Barging through the crowd, he reached the exalted personage, and, extracting from his vest pocket one of his favorite three-for-ten stogies, extended it with a beaming face and the words, "Try a real cigar, Mint."

Ah, them was the days!



By the Sea (Old Orchard)

By F. O. CALL.

BIRDS among the pine-boughs mingling their song with the crooning sea,
 Boy's voices shouting as strong lithe bodies plunge beneath green waves,
 Breakers moaning their earth-old song of sorrow by the distant rocks,
 Magic music played by unseen hands on strings of silver stretched from
 [pine to pine,

Then darkness:—

And a wave of jazz rolls up from the pier pavilion
 Where heated bodies embracing, sway to barbaric music.—
 As the ceaseless, age-old tide turns seaward again.

Charles M. Doughty: Traveller and Poet

By BARKER FAIRLEY

IT IS almost exactly a third of a century since "Travels in Arabia Deserta" first appeared in a three-guinea edition. The price was unattractive; so too were the upwards of a thousand pages of desert-like prose, copiously interlarded with Semitic transliterations and with equally forbidding English archaisms. The book was read by the special folk, Orientalists and what not, and only slowly made its way outside their circle. Edward Garnett published an abridged edition of it in 1908 with a view to deceiving the student of English literature, but it was not till the present year when the whole work was re-issued in practically its original form that it received wide-spread attention at the hands of critics. There was a special attraction about the edition, — not the price, which was nine guineas — let us say fifty dollars, — but an introduction by Colonel Lawrence and a second shorter preface by the author himself. The introduction bids fair to become a classic too in its way; certainly it must remain the finest appreciation of Doughty's "Arabia" that will be written, for who will ever be in a position to write of it again from so intimate an angle?

Colonel Lawrence, writing that nobly direct prose that comes now and then from a man of action and puts to shame the sedentary professional, tells us how following Doughty's tracks after forty years (Doughty travelled in the middle seventies) he found that the man "had become history in the desert" and that "they tell tales of him, making something of a legend of the tall and impressive figure." And he tells too how "'Arabia Deserta', which had been a joy to read, as a great record of adventure and travel (perhaps the greatest in our language), and the great picture book of nomad life, became a military text-book and helped to guide us to victory in the East." He commends the work, not to the students who all know it, but to the outside public, willing to read a great prose work.

The "Arabia Deserta" is not a work that can be described or summarised. It will never be written about extensively, for there is really very little to be said. Doughty has said it all himself. He spent ten years equipping himself with the requisite scholarship and in exploring the more accessible regions of Egypt and Syria. Hearing of important inscriptions at Medain Salih (a water-station of the Damascus yearly pilgrim caravan, in their long desert way to Medina and Mecca hitherto unknown to Europeans and difficult to reach for fear of the Beduins, he spends a year devising ways and means till he is at last driven to the bold expedient of travelling with the pilgrims themselves, which he succeeds in doing. But instead of re-

turning with them on their way back from Mecca he is emboldened to strike out into the high desert with a friendly sheykh of the district Beduins. "I might thus... visit the next Arabian uplands and view those vast waterless marches of the nomad Arabs; tent-dwellers, inhabiting, from the beginning, as it were beyond the World." He comes out from the Wilderness after two years of precarious life, carrying with him the data for his great book of which he says unforgettably in his preface to the First Edition:

We set but a name upon the ship that our hands have built (with incessant labour in a lifetime, in what day she is launched forth to the great waters; and few words are needful in this place. The book is not milk for babes: it might be likened to a mirror, wherein is set forth faithfully some parcel of the soil of Arabia, soiling of sand and camels. And such, I trust, for the persons that if the words, written all day from their mouths, were rehearsed to them in Arabic, there might everyone, whose life is remembered therein, hear as it were, his proper voice; and many a man by-stander, smiting his thigh, should bear witness and cry "Ay Wellah, the sooth indeed."

It is in such large and sonorous prose that the work is written. The style, says Colonel Lawrence, "has apparently neither father nor son." For certain, it has no more relation to the development of English prose style in our time than the desert has to coal-strikes and cricket. And it is not easy to place it earlier in the great succession. When you read, "The care of sepulture, the ambitious mind of man's mortality, to lead eternity captive, was beyond measure in the religions of antiquity, which were without humility" you think of Burton and Browne and all that ruminates nobly on mortality. When you read of the camels in their dry season, "If, after some shower, the great drinkless cattle find rain-water lodged in any hollow rocks, I have seen them slow to put down their heavy long necks; so they snuff to it, and bathing out the borders of their flaggy lips, blow them out and shake the head again as it were with loathing", you are pushed back into the preceding century with its greater appreciation of the fatty and the physical. And when Doughty writes, "The desert sunrise is naked, and not bathed in dewy light", you feel that he has run down the *not p'opri* in modern fashion. The fact is that Doughty writes in a timeless way as befits the desert. He has trained his pen in the habits of our older masters of prose, but he writes not as one who derives from them but rather as one of them. If it is convenient to label Doughty an Elizabethan it must be with the clear understanding that he is in no sense a man who seeks refuge from the present in the past. He is authentic in everything and having lived a life apart from and utterly un-

like that of most of his contemporaries he writes accordingly, out of the solitude of his heart and of the desert.

This is not the way easy books are written and it must be confessed that the "Arabia Deserta" is a real test of endurance for the reader. Doughty has no interest in the picturesque as such, no sense of romance, no desire for the exotic. The basis of his work is realistic and unsentimental. Having a great deal to say he never allows himself to dilate. This results in a prose of low visibility which must be scanned word by word and can never be rapidly digested. Not a page that can be skimmed; everywhere there are hidden treasures that must be unearthed. The first impression is consequently that of comparative formlessness, but the impression does not persist. It lasts till the reader has travelled far enough to have acquired a sense of background within the narrative; from then on he finds that the smallest events take their place in relation to the whole. It is like the process of getting one's bearings in a new region. The reader who is willing to orientate himself thus is richly rewarded indeed. Doughty made himself master of the desert by a heroic effort of the spirit; his whole book in style, content, attitude is an expression of that mastery and the reader can share it if he have but the patience.

It has taken thirty years for "Travels in Arabia Deserta" to overcome the inertia of a novel-reading age that has lost all appetite for strenuous literature. It is natural then that Doughty's poetry has not made much headway yet. But it may be conjectured that the poetry will some day come into its own as the prose has done.

Doughty must be about the same age as Thomas Hardy. Like Hardy he began to publish verse in comparative old age. "Under Arms", a set of verses in honor of the British soldier in the South African campaign, appeared in 1900, two years after Hardy's first volume of poems. It is difficult to say which of the two volumes is at first sight the more uncouth. The parallel between these two old men is interesting because they were both busy writing epics, the two important epics in modern English—"The Dynasts" (1904-08), now famous and almost popular, and "The Dawn in Britain" (1906), six volumes at a gasp.

Very few have read this poem, though it is to the credit of present day criticism that Doughty's power was immediately appreciated and set down in the periodical press. Those who care may look up an article on Doughty in the Edinburgh Review of April 1908 and compare it with the treatment dealt out to Keats. But somehow academic criticism is a little flat and unprofitable. Just as we would rather hear Colonel Lawrence on the Arabia than, say, Mr. Edmund Gosse, so it is perhaps of use to quote an unacademic opinion on "The Dawn in Britain". W. H. Hudson, one of the simplest, healthiest, least affected figures of our day, writes in "The Land's End" that it is "un-

doubtedly the greatest piece of literature the young century has produced". Hudson is not a literary critic; he tends to prefer minor poets to major. His feeling for nature is so strong that it impairs his sense of art. But the last thing he is likely to do is to make an unhealthy judgment. And in Doughty's case he is in an excellent position to judge. He has explored the same things from a different angle. In Patagonia and Southern England he has cultivated his sense of primitive life and of origins as Doughty cultivated his in Arabia and Europe. But where Doughty takes nomads and inscriptions, Hudson seizes on snakes and thrushes. When he pronounces upon Doughty it is the naturalist passing judgment on the archaeologist, and in lesser degree the philosopher on the historian. It means, therefore, a good deal.

But it still leaves the work unread. The story is simple in outline—the Celtic occupation of Britain, the Roman wars, the coming of Christianity. The tale had to be told some day, but how? If Tennyson's English was too sophisticated for the Arthurian legend, how was Doughty to use it for a theme beside which even Malory was Alexandrian and unheroic? What he does is to forge himself a speech which is not always English but is always intelligible to those who speak English. It contains some hardly justified eccentricities, and is absurdly punctuated, but it fits the subject far better than any adaptation of English speech that we can point to and hence it is difficult to dismiss. The style is never obscure and after the prose of the Arabia it is quite possibly a wholly instinctive development in the author's mind. The point cannot be argued to a conclusion, Doughty has managed to get his tremendous story told and it is the story that matters here. The style will in the long run be judged by those who have viewed it from the inside and not from the outside.

The experience of reading the tale is actual like that of the Arabian desert. "To his mind", writes Hudson, "the events he relates are true, and the mighty men he brings before us, from Brennus to Caractacus, as real as any Beduin he hobnobbed with in Arabia Deserta". And so, as with the Arabia, the reader forgets literary canons of style and form and having taken the long plunge comes up at the back of literature in a bookless, dark-rimmed world. He follows the sacred white bulls that swim the Channel and lead the tribes to the chalk-cliffed island; he returns with them to the mainland to the sack of Rome and Delphi by way of the high Alps; he sails with fugitive Christians through the dark myth-haunted Mediterranean out into the ocean ("Christ sails, with them, upon the Celtic deep") which bears them to England; he shares the burden of Caractacus who for distress at his country's plight wanders and sleeps in the winter woods returning at daybreak like some staggering miller powdered with rime; he enacts the last Druidical horrors and the earliest Christian acts of union between Roman and Briton; and withal he has the feeling that this

is native to him and behind all the travail and slaughter he breathes the dewy breath of the early world as never before:

At length, lo, in her time, returns the stork.
Now is the old year's winter sorrow past.
Ewes year, in pintoli, green grown is the grass;
And every ewe hath twins. Is lenten month,
When early riseth day; with liquid voice,
Of throats, in the thicks; and swallows flit,
From Britons' caves, o'er Alban mere aloft.

It has been prophesied of "The Dynasts" that English readers will go to it for their general knowledge of the Napoleonic wars as they go to Shakespeare for the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They will some day go to Doughty for their general knowledge of British origins, for we cannot expect either in the near or distant future to be presented with any account of those remote events that will rival Doughty's for grandeur, truth, and simplicity.

Doughty has since published other verses, five one-volume poems, of which "Adam Cast Forth" is the most important and the two prophetic books, "The Cliffs" and "The Clouds", the most unexpected. Among other surprises it is amazing to find that Doughty after all his traffic with camels and battle-axes is able to write fairy poetry to equal the best we pos-

sess. But these are incidents which do no more than buttress his main work, the big travel book and the big epic.

Doughty has never lived in his age and when he touches it he does so with an uncertainty of judgment which he would be incapable of in his familiar desert. The story is told that a friend of Doughty's brought him the agreeable news that Thomas Hardy had had his attention drawn to the "Arabia Deserta" and had read it with admiration. Doughty's reply was, "And who is Hardy?" But he belongs to his time for all that. In an age which is continually re-proached with shortness of flight — because the reader of our day instinctively takes to what is brief — he has written one of the two large poems which will perhaps mark the real character of the period in the eyes of future generations. They are better sustained than any long poems in earlier English literature and if they have forfeited something of traditional style they have reconciled facts with imagination in a way that makes Doughty a modern as well as Hardy. And Doughty belongs to his age again because poets young enough to be his grand-children are now reading him with respect and finding that he has on a huge scale what they have or seek in smaller individual ways character.



The Late Mrs. E. A. Cruickshank

THE passing away of Mrs. E. A. Cruickshank deprives not only Ottawa but Canada of a telling influence upon literature. Although the author of only one book, she was literary in the deepest, the broadest acceptance of the term. She stimulated an appreciation and love of good books that will endure long after the sense of personal loss has dimmed, and this is the monument she would have chosen had she been offered a choice.

For many years an ardent worker in the I. O. D. E., Mrs. Cruickshank imprinted upon all the Chapters of which she was Regent, a strong literary flavour. The organizer and guiding spirit of several Book Clubs and Reading Circles, she might be likened to a shepherd, leading her flock with unwearied tenderness into the most beautiful literary pastures. Her discrimination was most fastidious; her judgment sure and sane. Her criticism was not necessarily censorious; her phrase was not inspired by prejudice. Conversant with literature of all ages and countries, Mrs. Cruickshank was yet the

least bookish person conceivable. She had no need to pray in the words of Henry van Dyke, "Let me not care more for books than for men!" She loved humanity first, and literature, its reflection, second. She vitalized the characters of which she read; but she never de-humanized people. "Whirlpool Heights", her own creation, is unique in Canadian letters. We have nothing quite like it, a collection of essays on every subject under the sun, and written with the utmost simplicity. They are freshened throughout by the vivid personality behind them, and fragrant with her joyous philosophy of life. The stranger lays the volume aside provoked to admiration; the friend, enriched by a deeper love.

Srieken as is the Ottawa branch of the C.A.A. by sense of loss, yet the members feel that they have been privileged to have come under the influence of Mrs. Cruickshank, that it cannot fail to inspire them to better literary efforts—efforts which she would have been the first to recognize with generous, sympathetic praise.

Knut Hamsun and the Slowness of Fame

By W. B. NYSON

WHEN "Hunger" first appeared in the bookstores of Christiania thirty-one years ago Knut Hamsun suddenly became the most discussed name in Scandinavian literary circles. The novel, in spite of the pedantic prudery of the early 'nineties in northern Europe, was generally recognized as a work of great talent, and its success was immediate. That it never became "popular" in the trans-Atlantic sense of the expression is easily understood.

The book was brutal—a punch between the eyes to the conventional literary dilettanti of that period. Modesty was shocked of course. "Hunger" was forbidden in the homes of the pillars of society—consequently read with an avidity unparalleled at that time.

Yet "Hunger" had not the dull, long-wound realism of a Zola, nor the bitterness unrelieved of a Huysmans or Dostoevsky novel, Hamsun immediately brought out his leading characteristic—the ability to laugh at himself. Nor was "Hunger" a smutty novel, as many imagined.

There was at that period a formidable quartette of writers in Norway: Ibsen, Bjornson, Jonas Lie and Alexander Kjelland. Young authors were in a difficult plight. There was never any lack of productiveness. Around



KNUT HAMSUN.

Christmas time, when the publishers of the northern countries prefer to send new books on the market, there were plenty of them—many to be read, few destined for a second edition.

"Hunger" was to be the exception. After Norway had read it, Denmark and Sweden reviewed it, and it was judged and discussed, disputed and talked over again a great deal. The success was enormous for a first novel by a new author.

Not long after it appeared in print in Scandinavia there was published in Russia—where copyright was an unknown word—a rather good translation of the book. The Russians went completely mad over Hamsun—Gamsun, as they call him. His influence is unmistakable in works of the modern Russian writers, Leonid Andreeff, Artsibasheff, and others.

At that time the name of the author was no more known in Norway than it was in Turkey. Nobody seemed to know anything about him, where he came from and what he had done, and Hamsun was (and still is) the last man to seek publicity through press or other medium.

Now "Hunger" was not the first literary effort of Hamsun's to be published. In 1889 he wrote an essay on modern intellectualism in America. The book suddenly found buyers, and by-and-bye it came to be known that Hamsun, like most young men in his country, had gone to sea—had lived the life of an adventurer, been a waiter in a disreputable cafe in Hamburg and a conductor on street cars in Chicago.

And of course he had starved in Christiania. "How interesting!" said the young ladies.

The literary critics were not at all unanimous in praise. He was so elemental, they thought. They were, some of them, almost as harsh towards Hamsun as they had been to Ibsen, when that druggist's apprentice had first ventured into belles lettres. They had had a lesson, however, and they went about their damning with some caution.

His next books, "Mysteries" (1892), "Redaktor Lyngé", ("Editor Lyngé", 1893), and "New Soil" (1893), were closely watched. The harsh ones wavered, and when, in 1894, "Pan" was first given to the public Hamsun was recognized as a great author.

"Pan" is perhaps Hamsun's greatest work. Its success has been phenomenal in all parts of the world. It is not as profound as "Growth of the Soil", not as appealing to the great public as "Hunger". But the three together earned him universal acknowledgement of genius, the Nobel Prize—and discovery by the English reading public some twenty-five years after his fame had been established in other parts.

In North America he was really to become known only through the fact that he was award-

ed the Nobel Prize for literature. "Live" Chicago newspapers immediately claimed they remembered Hamsun well from the days when he had punched transfers on the street cars. Enterprising telegraph bureaux in the U. S. dug up anecdotes which Hamsun himself would find it hard to recognize. Oh, America had known him to be a coming man, all right.

Not only the American press, but the press of Scandinavia were sending their most trusted chroniclers to interview Hamsun when the Nobel Prize had been given. True to himself, Hamsun declined to be interviewed, and those men of his own nationality went away, highly offended at this lack of warmth.

Since that time the press of Norway, Denmark and Sweden has not been so enthusiastic, but has taken an attitude rather distant and dignified. The rebuff was a bad one, for the papers had announced in advance that they were going to "get Hamsun's views". They had, of course, had similar treatment from Ibsen, but that was so long ago...

When Hamsun's latest book, "The Women at the Water Pump", appeared just before Christmas, 1920, the critics apparently waxed as critical as they dared without committing themselves.

One of the more "literary" dailies of Christiania had an amusingly short review in which the critic dwelt upon the fact that the title was strange and the book was very long—558 pages—and in two volumes. Hamsun, said the critic, had been quite a long time writing this book. It was an odd, startling book. Quite a remarkable opus. And then he went on to quote the price of the novel.

"The Growth of the Soil" has met with success in America, in Canada in particular. The latest Hamsun novel to be translated into English is "Mothwise", a comparatively early work, which, indeed, is not among the best of his writings.

The hero in this novel, says F. S., in the Manchester Guardian, "is not in accordance with the habits of English fiction heroes". Something might be said for this.

* * *

"The Women at the Water Pump" is the literal translation of the title of Hamsun's latest book. It is safe to predict that Gyldendal's in London will soon have an expurgated edition in English—although there is very little which could not pass the censors of propriety in the novel.

The chief character is a sailor in a small northern coastal town, who had a goodly share of braggadocio about himself, and who suffers in a tragi-comical way by the loss of a leg and other vital limbs. The description of the homecoming, the struggle for life and the marriage of the man—he is so fond of telling lies that he

vaguely believes in them himself—his bringing up of five children which he forces himself to believe are his own—is superbly ironical.

Imagination, hypocrisy, theories on godly and godly life, ambition, rapacity, lust, dreaming, laziness, ingratitude—all have their little personalities in this remarkable novel.

Only one character has the courage of brutal truth: a miserable drunken longshoreman, whose face has been blown blue through a mine explosion, and who has a hook for a right hand, but who has courage to remain true to himself and his alcoholic convictions.

The descriptions are masterfully brief and sketchy. The atmosphere of the fishing town with the bird-rocks at the outer harbor is kept up all the time. There is no "plot", of course—but it is a book which is not easily forgotten and which may bring many a pang to those that read it.

* * *

In appearance Hamsun is one of the most striking figures in Europe today. Tall, broad-shouldered, with a bristling moustache à la Kaiser, he commands attention at once. He is very handsome and an unpopular subject with the caricaturists. Poor Ibsen, with his white mutton-chop whiskers, Bjornson with his lion-mane, were always in the foreground, but Hamsun is little known through illustrated publications.

The few, however, who have had the privilege of knowing him and who have pierced his armor of reserve, speak of him as a man with a big heart who would rather walk ten miles to help a social pariah than receive a caller with rows of ribbons across his chest.

The following is a list of the books written by Hamsun. Only a few of them have been translated.

"On Modern Intellectualism in America" (1889) out of print; "Hunger" (1890); "Mysteries" (1892); "Redaktor Lynge" (1893); "New Soil" (1893); "Pan" (1894); "At the Gate of the Land" (1895); "The Game of Life" (1896); "Siesta" (1897); "Eventide" (Aftenrode) (1898); "Victoria" (1898); "Vendt, the Monk", (Monken Vendt) (1902); "Queen Tamara", play in 3 acts (1903); "In the Land of Fairy Tale", 1903; "The Savage" (choir) poems, (1904); "Underbrush", sketches and short stories, (1903); "Svaermere", (1904); "Struggling Life" (1905); "Under the Autumn Star" (1906); "Benoni", (1908); "A Wanderer Plays With Sordin" (1909); "The Last Joy" (1912); "Children of the Times", (1913); "Segelfoss Town" (1915); "Growth of the Soil" (1917); "The Women at the Water Pump" (1920).

In 1916 his collected works were published in ten volumes.



Gathering in the Authors

THE wisdom of providing the Canadian Authors Association with a Constitution which would make the organisation Dominion-wide has been amply proved by the success which has attended the preliminary meetings of the various branches. The surprisingly large attendances at each of these meetings and the enthusiasm which developed as soon as it was realised that the branches were to be self-governing leave no doubt as to the future of the new Association. It has come to stay and to create an interest in Canadian literature from Atlantic to Pacific on a scale which few would have ventured to predict so late as last February.

The life of the Canadian Authors Association depends not on the activity of the Central Office but on the vitality of its branches. Toronto, which at once conceived the ambition of becoming the largest branch, set the ball rolling with a preliminary organisation meeting held by courtesy of George H. Locke, in the Toronto Public Library, Professor Pelham Edgar acting as Chairman. The expressed reason for the meeting was to listen to addresses by the President (J. M. Gibbon) and the Secretary (B. K. Sandwell) as to the aims and objects of the Association and the qualifications for member-

ship. Previous to this meeting the President had an informal conference with a group of writers who had already joined the Canadian Society of Authors, formed a short time before. At this conference, which was entirely friendly, the more ambitious character of the Canadian Authors Association was frankly recognised, and the Canadian Society of Authors practically resolved itself into an Ontario organisation which would continue in order to maintain its charter and in the hope that ways and means would be found of eventually merging with the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors Association. A number of those present decided to attend the meeting at the Public Library also and in spite of the high cost of living joined both organisations, thus showing a public spirit which reflects great credit on Toronto. At the Public Library meeting the President was able to announce that the publishers had agreed to organise a Canadian Book Week for next November, and the practical character of the programme evidently appealed to these present. As a result, the meeting proved highly successful, and arrangements were made for a later business meeting, at which officers of the local branch should be elected. These will be found in the lists appearing at the end of this report.



CANADIAN AUTHORS AT WINNIPEG.

Prof. Allison, J. V. McKenzie, J. M. Gibbon, Arthur Stringer, Hopkins Moorhouse W. E. Ingersoll.

The first meeting of the French Canadian writers of Montreal to consider the advisability of forming a French Section in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution was held at the Municipal Public Library of Montreal, on April 17th, through the courtesy of M. Hector Garneau. The chair was occupied by M. Victor Morin, and the objects of the Canadian Authors Association were explained by the President and Secretary, both speaking in French. The Constitution was criticised at some length by M. Olivar Asselin, who favoured an entirely distinct French-Canadian Association. The meeting was adjourned till May 1st, where after further discussion a vote was taken which gave a large majority in favour of joining the Association as a French Section, with M. Victor Morin as *président de Section*, assisted by a group of officers and a Committee highly representative of this most important branch of Canadian literature. (For names see the end of this report).

The first organisation meeting of the English speaking writers of Montreal was held on April 19 at the Royal Victoria College through the courtesy of Miss Hurlbatt. Ladies of the McGill Alumnae Association acted as hostesses to the seventy guests who attended. Mr. H. S. Ross, K.C., occupied the chair, and the objects and achievements of the Canadian Authors Association were explained by the President and Secretary. After a short discussion, those present unanimously resolved to support the Association by forming a Montreal branch, and Mr. W. D. Lighthall, K.C., was appointed local Chairman, supported by officers and a Committee, as detailed at the end of this report.

Ottawa had its first organisation meeting the following evening, April 20, in the Chateau Laurier, at a meeting which showed an attendance of seventy. Mr. Robert Stead occupied the chair, and after the President and Secretary had explained the objects of the Association, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, Mrs. Madge Macbeth and others supported the proposal to form an Ottawa branch. The list of local officers appointed is printed at the end of this report.

Winnipeg was the next centre of attention. The Secretary was unable to travel West at this time, but Arthur Stringer and Captain J. Vernon Mackenzie, Editor of "MacLean's Magazine", hurried up from Toronto, and joined the President on April 23 in facing the battery of press photographers and moving picture cameramen organised for the occasion by Professor W. T. Allison and his enthusiastic fellow authors in Manitoba. This was preliminary to a dinner at the Royal Alexandra attended by one hundred and fifty-one Winnipeggers anxious to hear all about the Association. The local editors were there in force, headed by John W. Daffoe, who has since proved his practical interest in Canadian literature by starting a monthly literary Supplement to the "Manitoba Free Press", the first of its kind in Canada, and so admirably done that it deserves the unstinted praise of every Canadian author. Mr. Daffoe

made a telling speech at this dinner, and a characteristic touch was provided in the presence of two old-timer authors, the Rev. George Bryce and Colonel George Ham, the latter of whom gave some fascinating anecdotes of the early authors of the West. The Winnipeg authors were keenly interested in the Copyright Bill, and Arthur Stringer had a busy time elucidating the hardships which that Bill proposed to inflict on the Canadian author.

Not content with this one dinner, the Winnipeg Committee had also arranged with the Woman's Canadian Club for a further meeting on the following Monday. Arthur Stringer and J. Vernon Mackenzie stayed over for this, but the President had to catch the train for Edmonton, as Mrs. Nellie McClung and Judge Emily Murphy had arranged their organisation meeting for Tuesday, April 26. Their arrangements were truly admirable. Premier Stewart of Alberta, Premier Oliver of British Columbia, the Lieut. Governor of Alberta, Dr. Tory, Principal of the University of Alberta, the Hon. Frank Oliver, and Mayor Duggan of Edmonton, were among those present at the inaugural dinner, held in the Macdonald Hotel. There were seventy present at the meeting which followed, the President's address being followed by speeches from Mrs. Nellie McClung, Judge Murphy, Professor Broadus, Dr. Tory, John D. Hunt, and two delegates from Calgary, Major G. W. Kerby, author of "The Broken Trail" and Mrs. Frank Reeve (Onota Watanna), author of "A Japanese Nightingale" and "Me", and many other popular novels. Mrs. Nellie McClung was chosen as Chairman of the local branch, assisted by the officers and Committee shown in the list attached to this report.

Five delegates from Calgary had travelled to attend this Edmonton meeting, and while they gave their whole hearted support to the original plan of one general branch for Alberta centred at Edmonton, they urged the necessity of a local branch with local offices for Southern Alberta centred at Calgary, in view of the distance between the two cities. This, of course, was a matter for the Executive Committee, but the President promised to address a meeting on his return from Vancouver, which had fixed its opening date for Saturday, April, 30th.

At Vancouver, Arthur Stringer was once more in evidence, having hurried on ahead of J. Vernon Mackenzie so as to help in the good cause. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay had assembled a very representative gathering of writers for this inaugural meeting, with two delegates who had come over specially from Victoria. The local Editors and the University of British Columbia were fully represented, and after the visitors had spoken, very appreciative addresses were given in support of the Association by Mrs. Mackay, Judge Howay (author of a "History of British Columbia"), Bertrand Sinclair (author of "Big Timber" and many other highly successful novels), Robert Allison Hood, Professor Wood, Professor Eastman, Dr. Scott, the well known literary critic, Mr. John Nelson,

newspaper editor and proprietor, R. W. Douglas, Librarian, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, a historian of the West, and Mrs. Julia Henshaw, a novelist and the leading authority on the flora of the Canadian Rockies. The Committee selected covered not only Vancouver, but also the chief interior points, while the official representation from Victoria was left to a later meeting of the local writers on Vancouver Island. Judge Howay was chosen Chairman of the branch, with Mrs. Henshaw as Vice-Chairman, Bertrand Sinclair as Secretary, Robert Allison Hood as Treasurer and the Committee listed at the end of this report.

By arrangement with Vice-President Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, who officiates for the whole of British Columbia, Vancouver Island eventually decided at a meeting on June 20th. to have its local branch with headquarters at Victoria, as that centre is more convenient for the authors of the Island than Vancouver on the mainland, the local branch to be part of the Provincial organisation, under the Vice Presidency of Mrs. Mackay. The list of officers elected is printed at the end of this report.

Calgary welcomed the President at an enthusiastic luncheon held in the Tapestry Room of the Hudson's Bay Company's store. Major G. W. Kerby, who presided, had written a poem

for the occasion and the spirit of the whole meeting was in keeping with its romantic setting. Sergeant Ralph S. Kendall, author of "Benton of the Royal Mounted" and Mrs. Frank Reeve were among the well known novelists present, while one enthusiastic Calgarian claimed that that city had produced more famous writers of fiction within the last thirty years than any other city of its size in the British Empire. The list included Isabel Patterson, Robert Stead, Frank Houghton, Hulbert Footner and Willard Mack. Major Kerby was chosen local Chairman with Mrs. Reeve as Vice-Chairman, Frank Morton, a clever dramatist, as Secretary, and Miss Enid Griffis as Treasurer. The list of the Committee follows at the end of this report.

So splendid a response from the West must come as a revelation to our Canadian Authors in the East, and the activity of local branches such as Winnipeg in holding meetings is evidence that the enthusiasm is not ephemeral. Canadian literature is evidently not merely a product of Eastern culture, but is just as vital and strong on the Pacific and in the Prairies as in the older Provinces nearer the Atlantic. Our Dominion-wide Constitution may have been ambitious, but it was thoroughly justified.

Officers of Branch Organisations

Toronto: Chairman, Pelham Edgar; Vice Chairman: J. E. Middleton, Mrs D. C. McGregor; Secretary-Treasurer: Hugh S. Eayrs, 70 Macmillan Co., Bond St., Executive Committee: E. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Louise Morey Bowman, W. A. Fraser, Mrs. John W. Garvin, M. O. Hammond, Arthur Heming, George H. Locke, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, W. S. Wallace, Sir Bertram Windle, Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, Arthur Stringer, Peter McArthur.

Montreal: Chairman, W. D. Lighthall; secretary, Mrs. E. J. Archibald (Second St., St. Lambert, Que.); treasurer, Norman Rankin (C. P. R., Windsor Station); Executive, Miss J. G. Sime, Miss Lily E. F. Barry, Howard S. Ross, K. C., Mrs. Ramsden, C. W. Stokes, Mrs. Fenwick Williams, Miss A. D. Dickson, Miss Mary Brooks, Dr. Cyrus J. Macmillan, Hugh Comerford, George Pearson, Leslie G. Barnard. The Vice-president of the general Association for this district, Dr. Stephen Leacock, did not accept office in the branch for the present year owing to his expected absence in England.

Ottawa: Chairman, the district Vice-president, R. J. C. Stead; vice-chairman, Duncan Campbell Scott; secretary, Mrs. Madge Macbeth (258½ Elgin St.); treasurer, Lawrence J. Burpee; executive, Lady Foster, C. M. Barbeau, R. E. Gosnell, Jules Tremblay, Dr. E. Sapir, L. de Montigny.

Winnipeg: President, the district Vice-president, Prof. W. T. Allison; first vice-president, Canon Gill; second ditto, to be elected from Saskatchewan; secretary, Hopkins Moorhouse (213 Waverly St.); assistant secretary, Will E. Ingersoll; treasurer, W. A. Deacon (900 Bank of Hamilton Chambers); archivist, Dr. John Maclean; executive, D. B. MacRae, T. Robertson, Norman Lambert, Miss Catherine Cornell, Miss Kenneth Haig, Mrs Ruth Arakie Cohen, Mrs. H. R. Patriarche, J. D. Duthie, Prof. R. C. Lodge, H. Gerald Wade, Canon Bertal Heeney, Miss G. Irene Todd (Brandon).

Alberta (headquarters, Edmonton): Chairman, the district Vice-president, Mrs. Nellie McClung; vice-chairman, John D. Hunt; second ditto, Major Kirby; treasurer,

Miss Edna Kells; secretary, Prof. Paul A. Wallace (University of Alberta); executive, Hon. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Joseph Price, Sergeant Kendall, Mrs. Frank Reeve, Rev. W. Everard Edmunds, Prof. Edmund Kemper Broadus, Dr. D. M. McGibbon, Charles Hayden, A. B. Watt, Prof. W. H. Alexander, Mrs. Justice Emily Murphy.

Calgary: Chairman, Dr. G. W. Kerby, Mount Royal College; vice-chairman, Mrs. Frank Reeve; secretary, Frank Morton, 611 Maclean Bldg.; treasurer, Miss Enid Griffis; executive, C. A. Hayden, Mrs. J. Price, Mrs. Stavert, Consul S. C. Reat, M. Geddes, W. M. Davidson, Sergeant Ralph Kendall, R. J. Deachman.

British Columbia (headquarters Vancouver): Chairman, Mr. Justice Howay; vice-chairman, Mrs. Charles S. (Julia) Henshaw; second ditto, to be elected from Victoria; secretary, Bertrand Sinclair, Room 822, Standard Bank Bldg.; treasurer, R. A. Hood, 626 Pender St. W.; provincial committee, Charles Mair (Fort Steele), Frederick Niven (Nelson), Robert Watson (Vernon), Mrs. Evah McKowan (Cranbrook), Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall (Victoria), Major Longstaff (Victoria), Mrs. Shaw; Vancouver committee, Dr. S. D. Scott, R. W. Douglas, John Nelson, Lionel Haweis, Prof. Larsen, Dr. Ashton, George Murray, Roy Brown, Mrs. Elizabeth Rebbick, Mrs. Lefevre, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, R. S. Somerville.

French Section

The French Section, which is not a branch but a largely self-governing division of the main Association, has elected the following officers: President, Victor Morin (who becomes ex-officio a member of the Executive of the Association); first vice-president, Mme. Huguenin; second ditto, Narcisse Arcand; secretary, Gustave Comte; treasurer, Edouard Montet; executive, Hon. L. O. David, Fernand Rinfret, M. P., Victor Barbeau, Arthur Letondal, Mme. Cote, Abbe A. Desrosiers. It has also appointed the following delegates to the General Council of the Association (Article 4, Section 5): Victor Morin (ex-officio), Herve Gagnier, Fernand Rinfret, M. P., Gustave Comte, Mme. Donat Brodeur.

The Ideals of the Community Theatre

By RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

A theatrical movement is at present in progress throughout the European world which goes under many names, the Literary Theatre, the Little Theatre, the Art Theatre, the Community Theatre, to mention some of the English terms. In the aspect in which it will be considered here it is an amateur movement, but it corresponds to a tendency of the professional stage, and is distinct from the activities of the amateur dramatic club.

Some twenty or thirty years ago some active minds began an effort for greater realism on the stage. Antoine at the Theatre Libre in Paris, the "Free Stage" in Germany, the Moscow Art Theatre, all began by attempting a greater realism and "truth to life" than had hitherto been attempted. Amongst authors Shaw, Galsworthy, Ibsen, to mention three well known names, all attempted a very definite realism. Unfortunately realism too often came to mean the ugly side of life, "facing facts" meant facing unpleasant facts, and we were presented with a series of sordid and ugly tragedies all in the name of Art.

Soon, in reaction to this, a different tendency appeared, an effort to produce a definite "Art of the Theatre". We had always known that the theatre was a home of art and its actors were known as "artistes" even if male. But the art of the theatre had become either very conventional and monotonous, or very ugly. It was remarked that these realistic "slices from life" were about as like life as a slice of beef is like a cow. If the theatre is a home of art, is it not possible to make it beautiful? So, out of the realistic theatre grew the art theatre. In its beginnings it was not an amateur movement. Reinhardt and Gordon Craig, to take two very different types of artist, were both born on the stage.

Under professional direction a great number of very interesting and beautiful productions have been made and there are in Europe a number of theatres devoted to literary and artistic ideals. Reinhardt's magnificent pageant plays, such as "The Miracle", Gordon Craig's severe Shakespearean productions, the Russian Ballet, Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Lovat Fraser's stage settings. These varied results show how deep an impression has been made on the professional stage by this ideal of an art of the theatre.

But, from the beginning, the movement made a strong appeal to the amateur. The artist, whether painter, actor, or author, felt that here was a branch of art in which fresh progress was not only possible but was instantly demanded. The theatre was encumbered by unnecessary conventions, the amateur stage was but a second-hand copy of the professional, aping its

faults and without its strength. Was it not possible to use the theatre as a means to beauty, beauty of colour and form, beauty of light and shade, beauty of speech and action, to a degree not hitherto attained, and to combine these excellencies into one harmonious "Art of the Theatre."

The movement spread particularly over the whole of North America. There must now be some twenty or thirty, if not more, amateur theatres on this continent, devoted to the study of theatrical art. They are not all successful. They come and go, but every year the movement becomes stronger, and it seems clear that this is not a passing fashion but is a real rising of the artistic instincts of the people too long and too severely repressed. Even in Canada we now have three organisations of the kind, one in the west, the theatre at Hart House in Toronto, and the Community Players in Montreal.

It is not necessary here to say much of the existing professional stage. In America it has suffered, as many think, from excessive commercialism. The enormous capital which it is considered necessary to invest in a new production renders a long run essential. The serious financial loss in case of failure makes it impossible to attempt experiments. A production must be safe—or as safe as possible. What has succeeded before must be done again, on an even more lavish scale, and producers surpass one another in doing the same thing. Above all "stars" must be made: actors and actresses who will fill the house by their names. Nor are the audiences blameless. In many places they seem to be entirely uncritical and quite willing to accept the verdict of somewhere else on whatever may be set before them. So the commercial stage seems on the whole tied to the long run, the star, and lavish expenditure. One very gorgeous play has now run in London for five years continuously, and I understand that the producers are very well satisfied. The criterion of a production is not, is it beautiful, or amusing, or interesting, but simply, will it pay?

Now, of course, we in the audience are not really concerned in the financial success of the performance we see, and to many of us a system which is based on financial success seems the negation of art. We do not judge a painter or an author strictly by the size of his income, and although a successful author no doubt does make a very large income, yet we regard this as incidental. It is not the thing he works for, it is the reward for working well. We judge his work by its intrinsic artistry. There can be no doubt that the imperative demand for financial success prevents the commercial stage from attempting many plays and from making many

experiments which should be made on the stage. The manager is afraid to try plays which may be failures, the actor, especially the star actor, will not play parts in which he fears for his reputation. He wants parts written especially to show his strongest points. The untried author remains untried. The more strictly commercial a theatre is, the more strictly will it follow these lines, and all the real progress which has been made on the stage during the last thirty years has been made by the use of uncommercial principles, though at times with great financial success.

The conditions which control the new theatre are very different.

Firstly we can give no more than three or four consecutive performances of the same play. The amateur, who acts because he loves acting, will not enact the same role for longer, even if his business activities permitted.

Secondly, no amateur company can afford a star. There will be good and bad actors, but all must play their parts as parts, and not as the whole show. The appearance of a star in any amateur company would very quickly dissolve the company.

Thirdly, there is no money to spend and, if there were, it would not be right to spend lavishly on a display for a few nights only. The effect must be produced by simple means. But we are finding that more can be done by simple means than by the most elaborate counterfeitings.

Finally there is the local quality. A Community theatre must draw all its strength, its actors, its producers, its artists, from the same place from whence it draws its audience. It must be local. It cannot go on tour or draw actors from afar. The Pageant movement, for instance, began as a local activity and was ruined by the introduction of professional performers.

So we have necessities almost the opposite of the commercial stage, the short run, no stars, no money and a fixed home. As in all good art, difficulties only require to be faced to become opportunities, and in the community theatres these conditions are being taken advantage of to produce a dramatic art differing from that of the professional stage not in degree but in kind. The conditions of the community theatre allow it to do a number of things which the commercial theatre is unable to do at present.

Our first ideal is to produce through the theatre a work of art as perfect as our materials will permit, well balanced, harmonious and complete. The scenery must not compete with the play, one actor must not obscure another, but play, setting and acting must combine to form one single impression. The art of the theatre gives very great opportunities. It is a series of pictures made by light as well as by form and color. Beautiful motion is added to beautiful position. Beautiful speech is added to beautiful words. It is to the author sometimes a means of comment on the activities

of our lives; it is to the audience sometimes a means of escape into some magic never-never land. It is an art larger than the activities of one man and in which many may find the varied pleasures which they desire.

As regards plays, for these are after all the most important, much more important than the players. A community theatre should aim at producing all kinds of plays, provided only that they possess real literary merit. It cannot give the expensive display show, though amateurs have successfully staged pageant shows of two thousand players for a week, but it will not attempt the usual elaborately staged and inane revue nor the beauty row. It can give everything from the most serious tragedy to the lightest farce. Community theatres have shown a leaning towards the poetic and fantastic play and a liking for dramatists like Maeterlinck and Dunsany. The works of these men certainly do give opportunities which are not afforded by the realistic drama and are being produced in response to a very natural demand, but it would be a mistake to identify the community theatre with any particular type of play. The bill should be as varied as possible, giving only particular attention to that form of play which the professional stage does not produce. There is no reason why it should not produce pantomime and pageant, both rather neglected arts just now, or, in conjunction with the local musicians, the smaller and less known operas of the great composers. Local affiliations call upon it to produce the works of local dramatists, both as an assistance to them and in justice to the community.

Already the movement has led in America to a revival of play writing and, if the plays are not all good—and many of them are very bad—yet this is the right direction and some day we will be rewarded by the appearance of a real dramatist. In plays the community players must experiment without too great fear of failure.

As to actors, experience has shown that every large city can produce capable amateur actors. Experience has shown too that good amateur acting is not inferior to professional but is different from it, requiring different management, different staging and different plays. The Irish players of the Abbey Theatre probably acted Lady Gregory's plays better than any ordinary professional company could have. Above all we have learnt that amateur and professional players must never be mixed. The professional player ruined the pageant, his introduction into the community theatre would ruin that also. Even if eventually paid, all the players must be trained as amateurs.

Stage scenery and setting have always been a difficulty to the amateur dramatic club. This is usually composed of actors and controlled by them to the exclusion, to some degree at any rate, of other theatrical artists. The community theatre, controlled by a committee who do not act, is in a better position to obtain an evenly balanced production, and the develop-

ment of the setting is one of its great opportunities. For financial reasons this will usually not be elaborate.

I remember seeing a production in London by Sir Beerbohm Tree of the *Midsummer's Night's Dream* which attained the summit of realistic setting. A moon of quite unearthly beauty rose at the proper rate over a forest glade whose canvas painted trees were skilfully intermingled with real plants and flowers. A real stream of real water gurgled down the centre of the stage and real rabbits skipped about in the real undergrowth. A real evening breeze was even wafted over the audience and, after all, it was all quite unreal. Every effort at extra realism only served to emphasise the essential artificiality of the whole scene. Even the reality of the stream and the rabbits gave an impression of artificiality. We would not be surprised to see a real stream or real rabbits in a real wood, but we were very much surprised indeed to see them on the stage. We would have been very much surprised indeed to meet Titania in a real wood but we were not in the least surprised when she tripped on to the stage of Her Majesty's. That is, to put it generally, the stage is rooted in artificiality and, as we all know that it is and must be artificial, it is best to be quite honest about it and make it artificial, with a proper emphasis on the art. It is not possible to reproduce a forest glade, or any other natural form, on the stage and, if it were, it would not be worth while. We do not value a painting of a landscape for its photographic reproduction of nature, we value it as a work of art. We should judge and execute scenery for the stage by similar values. It is perhaps as well to add that almost all present scenery is, to a painter, ludicrously wrong in its values. The stage painter is a great many years behind the times in his renderings of nature.

But it is just as well to be theatrical in the theatre and artificial in art. It is as well to make no pretense at a realism which can never be successful. I have seen plays acted with no background save straight falling curtains. The same curtains served as a private room, as a public street, and as a palace, and they served quite well. The illusion was one of atmosphere and was provided by the acting, the lighting and the play. It is an interesting point that Shakespeare's characters always say where they are within the first few sentences of a new scene. Apparently the scenery did not give very much clue.

Without going so far as to abolish all scenery we have come to understand that a very large simplification can be made in setting with advantage to the play. Further experiments are necessary and they can best be carried out by the community theatres.

To take a few examples. Some producers have abandoned the use of all perspective painting. No more panels richly moulded and gilt in paint. No more painted imitation trees and flowers and blue shadows. No more distant painted landscapes, to run into wrinkles or to

shiver all over if someone goes too near them. Nothing but flat colours, simple shapes and patterns. Such settings have often been very beautiful and there is little doubt that the acting, the facial expression and the bodily gesture, are better shown against the simple background.

Some producers have used curtains almost exclusively and have by their use produced effects beyond those of painted scenery. Curtains of different colours can be used to give the required feeling and atmosphere—violent coloured curtains for a battle scene, white curtains for a placid scene of early morning, black for a prison cell or a tragic scene of night. With a few simple accessories and a plain painted backcloth curtains can be made to suggest most scenes. Unfortunately at present they are very expensive.

Attempts have also been made to reduce the settings to a small number of simple shapes, a few plain flats, a few large square pylons or columns, a round arch and a flight of two or three steps. These are painted in plain flat colours and are grouped in different ways to produce different scenes. A backcloth and a well draped curtain may be added, along with the necessary accessories, such as chairs, tables and the like, but the various scenes are suggested rather than imitated.

In such settings the lighting plays a very important part. Stage lighting has been very greatly developed in recent years but here in Canada we are still largely in the dark. The Hart House theatre is the only one in Canada which has modern lighting, and most of us are struggling with very inefficient systems. The use of light as part of the scenery, not merely a flood of light all over the stage, but the use of light and shade, of contrasting colours thrown through and across one another to give dramatic effect, this is an art in which we are unskilled. A great deal of scenery can be painted with the electric light.

As for many of the modern staging devices, the cyclorama, the dome horizon, the plaster back wall, the Fortuny lighting system, they are quite unknown to the American commercial stage, and to Montreal.

This new staging is not expensive. It is less expensive than the old, but it requires trial, experiment and development, and of course a place in which to try experiments.

It is not my intention to deal here with the financial side of the community theatre; we are concerned at present with its ideals and its art. But it is necessary to emphasise the need of strict and accurate business management, since it is upon this rock that many community theatres founder. The Community theatre may be endowed, it may be rent free, it may be a subscription theatre, but whatever its resources it must keep within them and must be able to account for every cent of expenditure. It need not pay financially any more than a school or a public library need pay financially, but whether it is required to pay its expenses or not the managers must know exactly what each produc-

tion costs, what is being spent and what is being taken in. All real art is sound financially.

Lastly we have a part of the organisation which is in the ordinary theatre both too much and too little considered—the audience. It is too much considered in that every play, and every effort, is, and must be, considered solely by its immediate popularity with a miscellaneous audience. The commercial manager is largely controlled by a fear of his audience. It is too little considered in that the audience is not regarded as a part of the organisation, but as a cow to be milked. In too many cases the audience gets the cheapest thing it will take at the dearest price. Some of us do not find it amusing and stay away.

In the community theatre the audience is invited to regard itself as a necessary part of the organisation. A good audience which regards the theatre as one of its communal possessions will be very tolerant of experiments, will be sympathetic to new ideas provided that it feels that they are being honestly and sincerely tried. It will be interested not only in the immediate play but in the whole art of the theatre, and the only things of which it will be intolerant are dullness, deadness and insincerity. Such an audience is playing its part in the building up of a communal art and it should be taken fully into the confidence of the organisation.

We all go to the theatre to be amused, but the theatre at present is a little limited in its amusements. There are many sources of pleasure unexperienced and unexplored. The community will ask its theatre to explore these, will be able to sympathise with failures as well as to applaud success. A competent failure is very often far more interesting than a dull success. Indeed only by never risking failure can we attain uniform success. That must never be the motto of the community theatre for that is the road to the worst failure of all. Rather must we realise that nothing can succeed without mistakes and our audience will recognise that such mistakes are to be welcomed rather than regretted. They are signs of life. It is easy to go on producing well worn and assured successes and much more difficult to try an untried experiment.

This all comes to one conclusion. The audience is a part of the theatre and will judge from the inside, not from the outside. It will not say "You are successful" but "We are successful", or possibly, the reverse.

The building is quite an important factor.

Many successful theatres have begun in a hall, with no stage and a few chairs, and have succeeded by force of good acting and good plays, but eventually a properly constructed theatre is necessary. We have no such building in Montreal and our ideal theatre is still in cloudland. It is not very large. It holds about seven hundred, so that all can see and hear clearly, and can have that feeling of intimacy which comes in a small house. It has no balcony, for we do not desire to see the tops of the actors' heads or the inside of the scenery. It has no boxes; we go to see, not to be seen. The auditorium is very quiet, the aisles are carpeted, the seats do not rattle when let down. The decoration is simple. There are no masses of gilt plasterwork or dusty plush curtains. There is a large foyer and a reception room which can be used for lectures if required. Here the audience, the producers and the actors can meet from time to time to talk over their plays. There is a good stage with good lighting and simple stage appliances and a good workshop and scene painting room. Here even Canadian Academicians will be welcome if they care to try their hands at a new branch of their art. Dressing rooms are fit for decent people and the green room is restored to its old place. But this is all in the clouds. Meanwhile we have to struggle against secondrate appliances, and perhaps it is good for us. Some day we must attempt more.

A community theatre must be more than a building in which amateur performances are given from time to time. It should be a focus for all activities connected with the art of the theatre, a trying-out ground for new ideas, a training school for actors, an opportunity for the dramatist, and a place where all who love the theatre may find it at its best.

The rise of the community theatre in this country is a definite sign of a rise in civilisation. It is an artistic movement which has sprung up spontaneously and freely. It is really native to us, and as most of our art is derived from outside, it is accordingly much more valuable to us than any imported art. The civilisation of a country may be judged very accurately by its art, and I believe that the community theatre will grow into something very great and very new, for it comes from a feeling which is common to us all though we are sometimes ashamed of it and though it is rubbed carefully out of us in youth, the love of beauty.



A Sam Slick Centenary

By EFFIE MAY ROSS

FOR a long time the proverb that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" might have been justly applied to T. C. Haliburton, for the appreciation and recognition accorded him as an author by literateurs outside of Canada were far greater than his popularity in Nova Scotia; in spite of the fact that he was the first of her sons—both by the spoken and written word—who endeavoured to arouse a wide-spread interest in the natural resources and immense future possibilities of his native province. The formation of the Haliburton Club (1884) in connection with his Alma Mater—King's College—has somewhat atoned for this neglect, and under its auspices a "Centenary Chaplet" was published from which many of the following facts have been gleaned; and it is hoped that the approaching centennial celebration of his arrival in Annapolis Royal (1821) to begin there his distinguished "career in law, literature and public life" may awaken still wider interest in the works of this "father of the American School of Humor", as he was styled by Artemus Ward.

Born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, on December 17th 1796, Thomas Chandler Haliburton was the only child of the Hon. William Hersey Otis Haliburton, District Judge of the Superior Court of Common Pleas, and Lucy Grant, daughter of one of Wolfe's Highland officers at the siege of Quebec; and was distantly connected with the immortal Sir Walter Scott, whose tomb is in the ancient burial-place of the Haliburton family in St. Mary's Aisle, Driburgh Abbey. Mr. Haliburton frequently puzzled his friends by saying that he and his father were born twenty miles apart but in the same house, and the enigma was explained by the fact that his grandfather had formerly lived on his extensive grants of land at the head of the St. Croix, but later removed his house by floating it down the river, to place it on the bank of the Avon where the town of Windsor now stands. The future author was educated at the Collegiate School, being literally crammed with classics for Lilly's Latin Grammar (said to have been partly compiled by Cardinal Wolsey and which contained not a word of English) was still in vogue there. In due time he entered the very conservative King's College—the oldest Colonial University and the only one with a Royal Charter—where he pursued a course remarkable for its brilliancy, graduating Bachelor of Arts with honours in 1815; while their honorary degree of M. A. was awarded him many years later.

Though still a minor, in 1816 he married Louisa, daughter of Capt. Laurence Neville of the 19th Light Dragoons, and having been admitted to the Bar, Mr. Haliburton settled in

Annapolis Royal, one of the most charming and historically interesting nooks on the continent, where he acquired a large and lucrative law practice; and the house in which he resided for eight years still stands in the ancient capital where, at Fort Anne a commemoration tablet is to be unveiled during the celebration on August 31st. Not content with the success achieved as a barrister, Mr. Haliburton, at an early age, sought other worlds to conquer by entering politics, and was returned (1826) as Representative for the combined Counties of Annapolis and Kings in the House of Assembly, where as a brilliant debater and orator he soon became one of the most prominent members. A notable incident of his short career (1826-29) in the Provincial Legislature was his eloquent and successful pleading of the Catholic Emancipation bill, for the abolition of the test oath containing a declaration against transubstantiation, which debarred devoted Roman Catholics from holding public office; and of this fine address the historian Beamish Murdoch says: "This speech was the most splendid piece of declamation that it has ever been my fortune to listen to. As an orator Mr. Haliburton's attitude and manner were extremely impressive, earnest and dignified; and although the strong propensity of his mind to wit and humour were often apparent, they seldom detracted from the seriousness of his language."

It is difficult to imagine a more uninviting arena than was presented at that time by Nova Scotian politics, for the province was ruled over by a Council consisting of a few officials living in Halifax, one of whose leaders was the Church of England Bishop. While only one-fifth of the population were Episcopalians yet the remainder of the people—though paying the bulk of the taxes—had no educational advantages whatever, still it was in vain that Mr. Haliburton endeavoured to get the Council to grant a permanent endowment of four hundred pounds (the same amount as King's College had received for thirty-six years past) for Pictou Academy. — a Presbyterian institution — although it had been repeatedly voted by the Assembly; and they also contemptuously rejected another small grant in aid of public schools without even discussing the subject. Mr. Haliburton's sense of justice was so roused by what he termed "the bigoted and outrageous conduct of the Council" that, from his seat in the House, he angrily ridiculed them as "twelve dignified, deeply-read, pensioned old ladies, but filled with prejudices and whims like all other antiquated spinsters. They are the sublime oracles of Nova Scotia, and as everyone consults them, I, too, went to their board of green cloth

to ask their opinion on my school bill. Two-thirds of them had never been beyond Sackville Bridge, and think all the world is contained within the narrow precincts of Halifax... I found them all assembled in state, looking so solemn, so wise and so important, that I was struck with awe at so much female wisdom. I showed them the school bill and asked them their opinions and advice. Judge of my astonishment when they refused to read it and rejected it upon reading the title... when I complained of this extraordinary conduct they threw the bill in my face and shut the door upon me. Such, Sir, was my reception at what I call the hospital of invalids... I must say, I have a poor opinion of their good breeding, their good sense and their humanity."

Mortally offended at such audacious utterances the Council requested an apology, at first refused by the House on the ground that there was nothing objectionable in the remarks and that they were privileged; but when a still more peremptory demand came the Assembly passed a resolution of censure, and the culprit appeared at the Bar of the House to receive a reprimand from the speaker.

Keenly resenting the rebuff Mr. Haliburton gladly resigned his seat at the age of thirty-two to succeed on his father's death, to his judgeship and shortly after removed to Windsor where he acquired that beautiful property—Clifton—consisting of over forty acres of land adjoining the spacious grounds of King's College. At this picturesque spot the Judge made his home for a quarter of a century with his family of two sons and five daughters; and though many decades have passed with frequent changes of ownership one can still see traces of the original sylvan charm and beauty of this historic domain. His experiences when traveling on circuit now afforded exceptional opportunities of studying the strong individualism and decided idiosyncrasies likely to be fostered under the primitive conditions of life in a sparsely settled country; and his keen observation and close familiarity with people of all types, combined with a warm, sympathetic and clear insight into the modes of thought and speech of his associates, provided him with abundant material for his particular humorous metier.

Haliburton's first literary work was "An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia" published at Halifax in 1829 and which was so highly esteemed that the House of Assembly tendered him a hearty vote of thanks. His opinion that the expulsion of the Acadians was quite unjustifiable is thought to have actuated Longfellow's poem "Evangeline" as, according to his brother and biographer, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the poet first heard the tale of the separated French lovers from Hawthorne, who had learnt it from a rector in South Boston to whom it had been related by Judge Haliburton's aunt!

Six years later in a series of anonymous articles to the "Nova Scotian" a newspaper edit-

ed by Mr. Joseph Howe—Judge Haliburton became the unconscious author of the inimitable "Sam Slick", with which character his name has not only become immortalised, but virtually synonymous. Through the medium of this wide-awake Yankee business speculator, shifty and versatile, determined to gain his own ends quite regardless of the means employed, a past master of slang, and an expert in the use of all kinds of arts and expedients—"soft sawder" in his own parlance—to sell his cheap clocks, the author describes the characteristic speech and peculiarities of a new England peddler who is brim full of his own importance; and at the same time, by relevant satire and practical good sense, makes him sagaciously contrast the keen industry and enterprise of the American with the unfortunate indifference and *laissez-faire* of Nova Scotians towards the enormous—but as yet quite undeveloped—natural resources surrounding them. These popular letters in Yankee dialect were widely copied in the American press and were finally collected together by Mr. Howe and published anonymously at Halifax in 1837 as "The Clockmaker; or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville" of which several editions were issued and also in the United States, from whence a copy was taken to England by General Fox where another edition was published and very favourably received—though the authorship was for sometime assigned to an American resident in London. For this popular work Judge Haliburton never received any royalties as it had not been copyrighted; but on visiting England, and becoming known as its writer, the publisher—Richard Bentley—presented him with a handsome silver salver inscribed by his friend, Rev. Richard Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends."

Though Haliburton had no liking for the United States politically he was very glad to make the Yankee peddler his mouth-piece to goad his fellow-countrymen—"who paid too much attention to the petty game of politics"—into energetic alertness and a broader outlook on life; but the book was much more popular in the United States and England than in his homeland, where its pointed reflections and keen criticisms of the inherent laziness and procrastination of Nova Scotians naturally evoked much angry discussion, though the most vehement literary attack came from Prof. Felton of Harvard University in the *North American Review*, who repudiated the whole conception and execution of the character of Sam Slick as a typical American. When asked if Sam Slick existed, the author said "No, there is no such person. He was a pure accident. I never intended to describe a Yankee clockmaker or Yankee dialect, but Sam Slick slipped into my book before I was aware of it, and he was there to stay."

While it must be admitted that, as a writer, Haliburton has no romance—and 'Sam' confesses that he hates poets "lock, stock and barrel"—yet it may be questioned whether he has ever been equalled on this Continent as a genuine

humorist, and in no other work of literature is there preserved so large a collection of idiomatic phrases, words and similes—whole stories in themselves and pictures of society at that time, which are now as historic as they are interesting. One critic has ranked him with Sterne and Dickens, and in answer to the charge that Sam Slick was merely a Yankee version of Sam Weller it may be stated that the first number of 'Pickwick Papers' appeared in April 1836, a year after the early chapters of 'The Clockmakers' were published in Halifax. An English Reader has for many years been used in French schools containing Sam Slick's chapter on "Buying a Horse" as one of its samples of classical English literature; and some years before Sydney Smith spoke of a day being so hot that it would be a comfort "to take off our flesh and sit in our bones", the expression had made its appearance in Sam Slick, while Topsy's remark, "Why, I guess I was 'nt brought up at all, I grewed up", was the reply of a country girl in "the Clockmaker" about fifteen years before the publication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

Our author's second historical book was 'The Bubbles of Canada', a series of letters on the Imperial Colonial policy purporting to be written by Sam Slick in 1838 but showing none of the 'Clockmaker's' peculiar diction; and his last historical work (1851) 'Rule and Misrule of the English in America' is valuable for its philosophical comments, and predictions of the collapse of the French Republic, rise of communism and many of the other leading features of the political history of Europe and America since that date. The letter-bag of the Great Western (1839)—a collection of letters supposed to be written by various passengers from England to America on the famous steamship of that name—reveals his incorrigible weakness for punning. The author's vein of unsophisticated wit and quaint drollery were worked less successfully in "The Attaché" (1843) involving a contrast between American and English types of character as drawn by Sam Slick from his post at the American Embassy in London; while 'Wise Saws and Modern Instances' and 'Nature and Human Nature' continue the tale of the Yankee peddler's unique views and acts. In 1841 Haliburton was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and eight years later appeared 'The Old Judge or Life in a Colony, describing the manners, customs and dialect prevalent in the early days of the nineteenth century in Nova Scotia. His later books 'Traits of American Humour' and 'Americans at Home' were largely collections of meritorious or marvellous tales showing the old finesse of observation, but rather suffered from his fault of too much repetition of ideas.

He retired from the Bench in 1856 to reside in England, intending to devote himself to literature; but three years later he entered English politics as Member for Launceston (1859-65) and thanked his constituents for his election "on behalf of four million British

subjects who up to the present time had not one individual in the House of Commons through whom they might be heard." Haliburton really acted as representative of the British North American Colonies more than for his English constituency and it was fortunate that such a strong advocate of the unity of the Empire was appointed to Parliament at a time when in his own words "those at home care little for, and like less, the Colonial possessions." Though he did not make his mark as a speaker in the "Mother of Parliaments" hoped for by the admirers of his writings, for his proneness to wander from his subject had increased with age—yet he put forward many strong pleas for Imperial Federation and yearned to see all British subjects "united as one people, having the same rights and privileges, each bearing a share of the public burden," thus widening their aims and interests as well as preventing dangerous disaffection. Though greatly admiring British law, constitution, literature, Church and people, he was not blind to her misgovernment of the overseas dominions and looking ahead of his contemporaries, he wrote ('Clockmaker, 319): "In its present state the Empire was like a barrel without hoops which must be bound together more securely or else tumble to pieces, or like a bundle of sticks (Nature and Human Nature c. 19) which needed to be tied or glued more firmly or they would fall apart." With the modern acquiescence in many of his views it is interesting to read in "Wise Saws", c. 25: "It should not be England and her Colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no tax on Colonial produce and the Colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England; the whole of it one vast home market from Hong-Kong to Labrador They should be represented in Parliament, help to pass English laws, and show them what laws they want themselves. . . Colonists are the Pariahs of the Empire." In the succeeding chapter Sam Slick advocates, in characteristic phraseology, an Anglo-Saxon Alliance dominating and dictating peace to the world in a passage singularly à propos to-day: "Now we are two great nations, the greatest by a long chalk of any in the world—speak the same language, have the same religion, and our constitutions don't differ no great odds. We ought to draw closer than we do. We are big enough, equal enough, and strong enough not to be jealous of each other. United, we are more than a match for all the other nations put together, and can defy their fleets, armies and millions. Single, we couldn't stand against all, and if one was to fall, where would the other be? It is the authors of silly books, editors of silly papers and demagogues of silly parties that help to estrange us. I wish there was a gibbet high enough

and strong enough to hang up all these enemies of mankind on."

Judge Haliburton's first wife having died in 1840, he married, shortly after reaching England, Mrs. Edward Hosier Williams, a lady of ample means and good social position who leased Gordon House, at Isleworth near Richmond, which had been built by George I. for the Duchess of Kendal; who, after his death, believed her royal lover visited her in the form of a crow in what is still known as "the haunted room". He was warmly welcomed by littérateurs in England, receiving the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University two years after his arrival, and elected a member of the Athenæum Club in London of which, in his last book 'The Season Ticket' (at first published anonymously) he makes one of the characters fearlessly group himself with the two greatest writers of the day by saying: "Defend me from a learned Club like mine! The members are not genial, and they must be incurable, when such men as Thackeray, Sam Slick and Dickens, who (to their credit be it spoken) are all smokers, can't persuade them" to have a smoking room!

His last years were happily spent at his beautiful residence where he died, greatly mourned, in 1865, being interred in the Isleworth Churchyard, not far from the last resting-place of the famous navigator, Vancouver, "and the names of Cowley, Thompson, Pope and Walpole will find a kindred spirit in the world-wide reputation of the author of Sam Slick, who, like them, died on the banks of the Thames."

Among the most distinctive gifts of this celebrated Nova Scotian was his uncommon

aptitude for aphorisms and short pithy sayings of all kinds, indicating a singular facility for finding similes and metaphors to elucidate his meaning; but his popularity with many readers rests upon his peculiar talent as a raconteur of tales of all kinds. With characteristic ingenuity, vivid imagination and a lively sense of the ludicrous he pointed the keen shafts of his sarcasm usually at types and classes—seldom at individuals—and one critic says no writer has produced purer conceptions of the female character than are found in his works. Though severely criticising the short-comings of his countrymen with a view to their reform, Haliburton widely advertised the mineral wealth, fertile soil, extensive fisheries and other assets of his native province in most flattering terms in 'The Season Ticket', while his graphic pictures of "a Silver Hair" (Old Judge, c. 10), "The Day on the Lake (Nature and Human Nature, c. 10 and 11) and 'The Prince's Lodge' (Clockmaker, 3, 1) shows his skill at word painting; but his greatest success was achieved in conversational passages in which he was very effective. Blake Crofton in his admirable Memoir affirms that "Haliburton is more to be admired as a humorist than as a stylist in literature and more than either perhaps, as a thorough student and acute judge of human nature.... for his literary faults include discursiveness, inconsistency in his characters and lack of thoroughness in his researches;" but in spite of many flaws Philarete Chasles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1841) pronounced the books of this "Dickens of Canada to be unequalled for anything that had been written in English since the days of Sir Walter Scott."

Celebration at Annapolis Royal

THE Canadian Authors Association will be officially represented at the triple celebration which takes place in the old fort at Annapolis Royal on Wednesday, August 31, when tablets will be unveiled, commemorating (1) the tercentenary of the charter of New Scotland, 1621; (2) the bicentenary of the establishment of British Civil Courts in Canada, the first of which sat in this very fort in 1721; (3) the arrival of Judge Haliburton to commence his eight years residence in Annapolis and to begin his career in law, literature and public life, in 1821. Three tablets will be unveiled in Fort Anne which is now a Canadian National park, and a very full programme of events of interest is being arranged, including an open meeting of various historical societies in the town theatre on the evening of August 31.

Hon. Mr. Justice Chisholm, of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, will preside at the unveiling, and the tablets will be respectively presented by the Premier of Nova Scotia for the Provincial Government, the Chief Justice of Nova Scotia and others for the Bench and Bar of Canada, and the officers of the Historical Association of Annapolis Royal.

The Historical Association of Annapolis Royal has extended a most cordial invitation to all the national and branch officers of the Canadian Authors Association to attend this historic event, along with the members of their families. It is expected that ample accommodation will be available as in addition to the hotels in and near Annapolis Royal a great many private houses will be thrown open for the occasion.

A Good Novel About Your Dressmaker

By B. K. SANDWELL

THAT "Our Little Life," by J. G. Sime, is the most artistic Canadian novel of the season is not likely to be disputed by any serious and discerning reader who seeks in his fiction not the anodyne of his after-business fatigue but the positive enjoyment that comes with the acquisition of some new knowledge about life. It is not, however, in the least likely to enjoy a wide circulation in Canada, for it is not the kind of thing that we have accustomed ourselves to expect in fiction dealing with this country; and it may fail of its full meed of appreciation in England, through the inability of British critics to realize how vastly more difficult it is to write this kind of delicate and detailed study of tenement-building types in Canada, where the whole ground of such study is untouched by any previous literary craftsmen, than in the older European countries where one works side by side, furrow by furrow so to speak, with an entire gang of accomplished tillers of the soil.

Miss Sime's chosen field is the modern Canadian "scrub-lady" and her fellow-workers of similar profession. She has the capacity for getting under their skins and understanding their attitude towards life. It is an absolutely new field, for the Canadian scrub lady is a differentiated variety of her English and Irish prototypes and ancestors — differentiated by climate, by social and economic conditions, by that subtle and indescribable influence that we must call the spirit of Canada. We have said "scrub-lady", for the sake of a generic term; but as a matter of fact a great many scrub ladies in the East are persons who have not been in Canada long enough to get much of a share of the Canadian spirit, and the type that we have in mind is to be most often found in a slightly higher economic grade. Katie McGee, the chief figure in "Our Little Life" is a cheap dressmaker-seamstress, one of those who go out by the day to work in the houses of their patrons, and dwell in — well, in "Penelope's Buildings", which is clearly not far from St. Patrick's Church, Montreal — probably just west of Beaver Hall Hill and below Dorchester street. (It is to be noted that Katie's friend, Robert Fulton, the illegitimate English youth who had had a good education and no affection in his early years, walked through the grounds of McGill in his journey from the Buildings, where he also sojourned, to the butcher-shop where he dispensed sausages and liver and pondered his projected book on the character and destiny of Canada — but he probably did not mind going a few blocks out of his way). Katie McGee's mother left Ireland during the days of the great hejira and never quite became a Canadian. Katie did not get married, by one

of those tricks of fate that leave the best fruit on the tree, and since the upward push into higher economic strata is still, even in Canada, mainly a matter for the efforts of the male, she remained a seamstress while some of her relatives achieved a more prosperous life. When it was too late for her ever again to stir the passion of a young man, she developed a half-maternal affection for the lonely but obviously "refined" Robert Fulton, and the book is the tale of the brief spring and summer and winter of that affection in the last year of the war, ending with Robert's death in the influenza epidemic of the early days of the peace.

Robert is not a highly interesting character, a fact which will somewhat impair the book for the average reader. But it is not Robert as he is that matters, but Robert as seen through the reverential eyes of Miss McGee. And it is the world as it presents itself to Miss McGee that keeps us interested, amused and very deeply moved throughout this lengthy book. We shall not endeavor in this review to sketch Miss McGee's character; Miss Sime needs four hundred pages for it and they are not too many. Perhaps her outstanding characteristic is her extraordinary genuineness, her ability to see through, and yet to make all allowances for, the shams and imitations and superficialities that flourish so greatly in a country of rapid economic change and uncertain social structure. Miss Sime has managed very cleverly the contrast between Katie's profound and practical wisdom, devoid of any capacity for self-expression, and the facile fluency of Robert and his "Canada Book", unbased on any real knowledge of the life that he thought he was describing. The day after Mrs. Queenie Glassridge, the maniere wife of Glassridge the millionaire, had fled from Montreal to Florida, because the influenza epidemic was becoming too uncomfortable, Robert came down to Miss McGee's little apartment and read her some of his Eton-and-Oxford observations on the working-classes in Canada.

It was as Robert read these words that it came home definitely and once for all to Katie McGee that he was not inimical to the worker. With a great joy she comprehended that he wanted even to be friends with him if he might. With her queer perception which was so absolutely different from Robert's, she took hold of the fact — for the first time — that what Robert deplored was not the ignorance of the worker — nor the lack of elegant education which this worker never had had — but his desires, his hot lust, after — what Mrs. Glassridge the Second represented. Miss McGee understood that her resentment of Queenie Glassridge's way of life was really the same as Robert's dislike of it: both feelings had their root in the sentiment that Queenie had no **right** to such a life as that. Perhaps it is not allowed that we poor mortals are to enjoy luxury like that — and not to suffer for it

someway. But this at least was plain. Queenie MacGowan of the Barber's Shop had no right to her Louis Sextorze drawing-room—because she could not appreciate it, and therefore could not really possess it. It was as if someone should stretch forth an ignorant hand and take hold of some precious exquisite bird and squeeze the song out of his throat—just in order to possess... what is impossible to possess. It began to dawn dimly on Miss McGee that in order to possess things you must also be possessed of them; you must know enough to be able to enjoy what they can give you—otherwise you hold a dead songster in your hand. She gazed at Robert reading, and she not listening at all, and she saw the first Mrs. Glassridge, good honest woman that she had been, in her self-respecting print gown, over the wash-tub—making clean clothes for the Glassridge brood—that brood that today left Andrew Glassridge's house in a body because they disapproved so of Queenie MacGowan. "What would she do but run away", Katie McGee said to herself with contempt. "What would she be doin' but git where it's safe..." Once more Mrs. Glassridge Number Two, Aphrodite the Second arisen from the ateliers of Paris, Queenie MacGowan canonized and crowned, sank back to that hollow where she had dropped when she went South with her maid. She had had a brief resurrection in Katie McGee's mind—and now she dropped back. "I'll not work for her again, God help me," Katie said to herself, "her's punk". And the listening part of her awoke again.

Katie McGee had the right to judge Queenie Glassridge—the right that comes from strength of character, courage, a clear perception of duty and an unshakable determination to perform it. Her life, even this little bit of it which contains the apogee of her experiences and also the climax

of her self-abnegation, was a drab, cruel, desperately limited sort of affair which it is difficult to contemplate without tears. And yet one closes the book with the feeling that it was not a tragedy, not a thing to be sorry for, but a reason for very profound gratitude. For Miss McGee achieved to the full the destiny that life put before her. If she herself died of the flu' and of over-exhaustion, as we rather suspect from the situation in which Miss Sime leaves her, she died in the fulfilment of a great duty and in the moment of acquisition of as high a wisdom as most human beings can ever hope to attain. Nor was her life without pleasure because it was ill-supplied with what are called "pleasures". As Miss Sime observes, the one drop of honey in extreme poverty is the ability to extract pleasure from trifles. We have no doubt that Miss McGee's one concert and one trip to Dominion Park, both taken in company with Robert, meant vastly more to her than a whole season of grand opera to the average subscriber. This book is not intended to make us sorry for the poor, provided that they know how to use their poverty. It is intended to make us sorry for the rich who know not how to use their riches. And how plentiful they are in the houses where Miss McGee did her sewing and where she was doubtless regarded as a very unimportant personage living a very unsuccessful life!



Peacock Parade

By J. E. HOARE.

PARROT chatter and the hiss
Of a thousand whispered tales
Echo down the dim-lit vales
Of each splendid edifice
Where the dainty god of tea
Holds diurnal revelry.

Frocks that strike the final note
Of the modiste's modest wit,
Hats that profiteers admit
Are enough to swing the vote,
Veils and gloves and bags and things—
Woman's frilled imaginings.

Form the battery of art
Of our democratic queens
Stepping from their limousines,
Quite the smartest of the smart;
Powdered noses in the air
And a long, protective stare.

As they delicately toy
With a stale patisserie
The conductor rises (he
Is a long-haired, greasy joy
With a pale yet pimply face
And of questionable race).

But they love him when he brings
All his foreign-blooded zeal
To "Miami's" heart appeal
As he leads the passioned strings
While he flings himself around
In an ecstasy of sound.

* * *

Ah! If only we could share
Such an intellectual treat
With the elegant elite
And the multi-millionaire!
*It's the culture one has missed
Makes a man a socialist.*

Night in the Moghul Gardens

By L. ADAMS BECK.

AND now tonight the Indian lake shall hold
The moon in glory on her bosom fair.
In tranced silence showers of wavering gold
Shall sink into her heart and linger there.

Adown the garden vanished feet shall come;
Dark eyes long closed reflect the golden light.
Sweet voices that have been for centuries dumb
Shall breathe their tender whispers on the night.

And dark and yearning Nourmahal shall rise,
Who made her Emperor's deep desire her slave,
And front the moon with those imperial eyes
That may not find oblivion in the grave.

This passionate still night how should she rest?
O night that sighs of love she once had known!
It struck the mute chords of her buried breast,
And broke the dream with music of its own.

O night of mellow moon — O night of stars
That float in heaven on the lucent deep!
How should her lovely ghost not break the bars
Of time and death and raptured vigil keep?

O harken, for with exquisite pale hands
She touches passionate strings beneath the moon.
Her full-orbed bosom breaks its golden bands
To breathe in ecstasy of golden tune.

And all the roses of the garden lean
To drink the perfume of her bosom bare.
The ivory moonflower sways from bowers unseen
And sweeps the jewels of her shadowed hair.

Here beauty touches lips with rapture — here
The breaking ripple sighs upon a kiss
The Indian night bows at her feet to hear
With lips apart, and eyes that ask but this.

(Nourmahal sings to her lute)

O perfect night! O night of stars! I lean
Above the lake that holds my loveliness.
The night is here. I shall not see the day.

Put on thy moon for crest-jewel, and glide
Upon the shining lake with shining feet;
For I — for I shall never see the day.

Make all thy beauty ecstasy for me,
Let all thy breath be roses, all thy voice
Be nightingales! I shall not see the day.

Remember, O remember how we lay
Entranced in love beneath thy golden moon,
And sighed for night, but never for the day.

Recall it — O recall, for I who plead
Lie in the dark, companion of the worm,
And for mine eyes there never shall be day.

O might be tender with me. Drop thy balm;
 Be exquisite! Recall the broken kiss!
 For I — for I shall never see the day!

She wept. The low note, wooing as the dove
 Throbbled its last dying music on the air.
 The awful peaks loomed gray and chill above;
 The Dawn unbound her sheaves of radiant hair.

Cold light and emptiness! O something lost
 Wailed in the garden, shrank and fled away.
 Some sighing loveliness the twilight crossed
 That never never more shall see the day!



Cynthia

By HARRY GREEN

WHEN all the winds were gusts of Spring that filled
 And shook the trees where mating blackbirds trilled,
 With flying locks and soft arms interlaced
 Up from the vale a band of maidens raced
 To gather wind-flowers on the snow-dowered hills
 Where Spring had scarce released the frozen rills,
 More eager than her comrades in the van
 One ardent maid with swift lithe movements ran,
 Her lissom figure shaped for love's delight
 Was slim as moons that set before the night,
 Yet like the blossom trembling on the tree
 Whose beauty dies ere luscious fruit may be
 Mature in lovely immaturity.
 This was sweet Cynthia; whose mystic sense
 Of kin with beauty did her self's defence
 Elude; who mind and body would forget
 Stretching her hand to pull a violet.

* * *

Spring holds brief sceptre in the northern year,
 Buds bloom one day and then new blooms appear,
 Ere Cynthia had spanned the winds swept spaces,
 Summer pursued Spring into deeper places,
 Wherefore one sunny morning, after rain,
 The vale lay changed and lo, the burgeoning plain,
 Crowned with the beauty of the daffodils,
 Summoned the maidens to forsake the hills,
 To the sweet pastures then, with youthful train,
 Sped Cynthia to gather blooms and gain
 At night the homage of renewed vows
 With blossoms twined above their darkling brows,
 All the short day they played upon the grass
 Crushing the flowers, until at dusk each lass
 Gathered a sheaf of blooms and belled her gown
 By white hands held, by yellow flowers weighed down,
 Then one by one into the village passed
 Till Cynthia was left alone at last.

Though left alone sweet Cynthia would not yield
 To night, dominion of the golden field.
 Enrapt, she sat, nor saw her comrades going

But watched the first stars through the pale light showing
 —Ere daffodils that grow on green fields loam—
 Above earth's shadows like a luminous tent—
 And idly marvelled, as a crown of bloom
 She wove wherewith to queen the amorous gloom,
 That stars with such a steady pace would climb
 Into immeasurable depths of time.
 Then thoughts fanned in her like refreshing dew
 That fill the budding life and she knew
 That with the stars all finite things have share
 In steadfast march, although they know not where,
 And in the stillness, in the dusk apart
 The mystery of faith possessed her heart
 —Faith like the shepherds' whose confiding road
 By a bright star to the Christ Child was led

So presently she rose and from her gown
 The yellow flowers, unhooded, tumbled down
 Upon the grass, homewards her steps she bent
 And with a grave, sweet, countenance, she went
 Back towards the village, towards the lights and noise
 Of laughing girls pursued by eager boys
 Where fast as flame around a burning rick
 In lanes and game of catch-and-kiss-me-quick
 Youth followed maid and even the most fleet
 Paid forfeit somewhere down the winding street,
 There one who in the games had taken no share
 Twined his brown fingers in her loosened hair
 And caught her to him, but with no word of blame
 That in that holy hour he would her shame,
 Gently she freed herself and onward went
 Until against an ancient door she leant,
 There at her trembling but insistent knock
 A heavy key grated against the lock
 A figure from the shadow of her hood
 Sighed, "Enter, sister," and with bowed head stood
 While Cynthia passed.

Oh! silent stars what passion did ye lend
 That curious hour, that Youth, itself, could spend
 In rapturous profligacy poured
 Like Mary's oil of spikenard on her Lord.

The Literary Year Book

THE Literary Year-Book, edited by Mark Meredith and published by Routledge, London and Dutton, New York, makes a new departure in its issue for 1921, in that it has been the first object of its compilers "to produce a book which will be really helpful in the common task of the work-a-day world of the writer". To this end there is included, in addition to the customary "Who's Who" of English literature and of English journalism, a number of articles on "Literary Property", mainly written by Mr. G. Herbert Thring, the well-known Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Authors, an article on "The Author as

a Business Man", and various instructive hints as to the placing of manuscripts. We desire particularly to commend No. 7 of "Hints for Contributors", which says: "Don't write asking editors for interviews when you first start to write. If an editor wants to see you, he will ask you quickly enough". There are lists of British publishers and of trade and other periodicals, a list of Colonial and American publishers, and even a list of British booksellers. While the work is mainly intended for the British writer, we know of no corresponding work on this continent which would be likely to be as useful to Canadians.

The Blind, Old Indian Tells His Names

By EDWARD SAPIR.

HIS staff was stamping like beginning rain,
 He smiled beneath a hat all dust and stain,
 And, looking blind into the beaming sun,
 He told his names. We heard the decades run.
 "I have four names. The first is 'Stand-up-high'...
 Long years ago there came down from the sky
 The Heaven-Chief and stepped into the dream
 My ancestor was dreaming. 'Ho! you seem
 To have no care for riches, you that sleep,
 Yet riches I would give, a name to keep
 While generations come and seep away.'
 And 'Stand-up-high' became a name that day
 And comes to me, for I am looking down
 Though poor, with squandered wealth and rich renown,
 My songs have rung in feasts, my wealth has thundered,
 Tribes have feasted and the slaves have wondered.'
 His staff was beating to a feasting song
 And feeble, stumbling words now sang along:

"My wealth is drumming in the air,
 It flies down like a wind-bird,
 Whale oil is flaring up the flame,
 Lights up the circling Thunder-bird.
 Ho ho! ho ho, ho!
 Ho ho! ho ho, hi!

"My wealth is droning in the air,
 Singing like a wind-bird,
 Whale oil is flaring up the flame,
 Lights up the circling Thunder-bird.
 Ho ho! ho ho, ho!"

He mused a moment. "'Talking-of-the-day.'
 This was my second name. I threw away
 My first, when seven tribes I called to feasts
 And scattered wealth like eagle-down released
 Upon the dancing-floor, and took a name
 From Daylight... Winter dawn was breaking flame
 Across the mountain snow, wherein he cowered
 Sleeping for vision that he might be powered
 For capturing the whale, sea-otter, seal.
 'Wake up or freeze!' there stumbled on his heel
 A gnome, and he had clothes that fire-flashed
 Then roused, behind the twinkling gnome he dashed
 And caught him slipping in his ghost-canoe
 To make for whales at sea. Now tingling through
 With lust of magic might, he seized the spear
 This little gnome would hurl when drifting near
 A blowing monster, and the sea would redden
 Madden'd flukes would lash, the great eyes deaden
 My ancestor was blessed and thanked the gnome
 With shredded cedar-bark. To curling foam
 Relapsed canoemen and canoe; and he,
 My ancestor, to a giant cedar-tree
 Made off and hid the spear among its boughs.
 And this his medicine would never drowse
 But worked afar and made the great sea-bulls
 To heave to shore, obeying the unseen pull
 Of magic. Four or ten, this was his catch
 Of whales a moon; he had no whaler match.
 Though I have never hurled a whale harpoon,
 Yet am I of his blood, and whaling tune

And name are mine. He prayed the Daylight off,
 And thus his name." He murmured slow and soft
 A mighty whaling song, a song to pull
 To shore the lunging cow and eager bull:

"Go straight, go straight to the island-work Totseet!
 Go straight, you mighty one, great barnacled whale!
 Mark well the face of snow-capped Ruddy-Mountain!
 Go straight, go straight, slow drifting to his feet!"

"'Red-mounted' is another whaling name
 My third. . . A thick and thundering darkness came
 Upon our village shore and killed the day,
 While maddening rain drummed on our ears away.
 All eyes were blind save when a sudden bunt,
 Zigzagging, lit the path where Thunder first
 Went flapping through and dropped the lightning snake
 Sheer from his middle to the rocks and flake
 On flake glowed on the serpent's scaly length.
 It was a hunger time with all our strength
 Fast running out, and the brooding darkness kept
 Four days immovable. No hunter stepped
 Down to the beach and hunted on the sea
 But all the houses wailed for misery.
 Yet there was one who wrapped himself around
 Close in a bearskin, standing stubborn ground
 Upon a rocky point out to the waves,
 And while the black, thick-raining tumult raves,
 He is a watcher, waiting for the snake
 To hurry down in a dizzy flash and break
 The darkness into two and give him light
 To peer for sustenance amid the night
 He stood in vain. The lightning flashes showed
 No promise on the sea, but vainly glowed,
 Lone torches blowing out in rain. He held
 His ground, his heart was crying magic yelled,
 'With secret medicine you rubbed your eyes
 That you might see delivering surprise,
 And this his certitude made firm his limbs.
 And sang into his ears assuring hymns.
 Out, lightnings, out, like pluckers flickering
 On rain, the night-bow's strange, enormous string
 That let no arrow fly that he might follow.
 Limbs were numbing now, his heart was hollow
 With despair, when suddenly his eye
 Clutched on a glimmer playing from the sky
 Upon a gentle-heaving mound at sea—
 Then darkness thundering. Wild ecstasy
 Shrieked from his heart as he were raving mad.
 And all the villagers rushed out, unclad,
 Trembling. "A whale adrift!" he yelled, and swooned.—
 And this is how a carcass whale, harpooned,
 They towed upon the beach beneath the lightning,
 Flick'ring for a torch. One day more. — bright'ning
 Broke the sun out on the rolling sea,
 And climbed the smoke up from the revelry.
 Four days he lay in stupor, then arose
 And made a song for silencing his foes:

"'Call me a miserable chief!
 Black are the rafters of my roof
 With dirty smoke that makes their eyes
 To water. This is their reproof.

'Call me a miserable chief!
 I have one food beneath my roof.

Whale meat alone is what I give
To feast on. This is their reproof.'

"'Red-mounded' is a name from breaking hunger."
He held us with his names a litte longer,
"Some day I'll tell my fourth name at a feast,
Throwing away 'Red-mounded.'" laughed and ceased,
He will have little secrets, hocus-pocus,
Keeping mum a little to provoke us.
Off he stumbled, quaintly like a toad,
His staff went stumping down the dusty road.

The Canadian "Who's Who"

WE have on several previous occasions taken the liberty to lament the lack of any biographical dictionary of living Canadians based upon a reasonable principle of selection, and more or less corresponding to the ideal of such dictionaries, the British "Who's Who". It is satisfactory to note that the only Canadian effort in this direction, the "Who's Who and Why" of the International Press, Limited, edited by B. M. Greene, shows a considerable advance in its 1921 edition towards a genuine "Who's Who" standard. It appears to be not at all impossible that Mr. Greene's organization will gradually equip itself to perform all the functions that can properly be expected of it.

The present volume contains some 3,400 sketches, in the condensed form and with the partiality for concrete facts which characterise the typical "Who's Who". We are still unable to sympathise with the policy of including photographic portraits of the persons enumerated; it makes the volume both too bulky and too expensive for its proper function, and the vast majority of the portraits add nothing to the student's knowledge or delight. But their most deplorable consequence is that of preventing the alphabetical arrangement of the biographies, so that the enquirer has first to look up the name in the index and then to seek the biography on the page where it happens to have landed. We predict that in this as in other matters Mr. Greene's volume will eventually conform to the practice of other countries.

It is possible that there may be 3,400 persons in Canada worthy of inclusion in such a book, but the ratio of that figure to 8,000,000 is rather high. In any case, even if "Who's Who and Why" contains the right number, it does not contain all of the right people. There are rather too many persons whose chief claim to fame is that of being managing director of some business enterprise which was doubtless very prosperous last year but may be in the hands of the bond-holders next year; and there are

still too few (although the present edition shows an immense improvement over its predecessors) of the individuals who have made a definite contribution to the thought or beliefs of their age in Canada. One would have expected the Editor to take note of John Murray Gibbon, for his business responsibilities even if he had not heard of his novels; but he has not noticed him at all. Similarly, one would have hoped to find Victor Morin for his St. Jean-Baptiste Society work, if not for his literary achievements, but one would have hoped in vain. There is, moreover, a surprising shortage of women. Emily Murphy, being a judge, could hardly be excluded, nor Mary Ellen Smith as a legislator; but the women who merely write, or teach, or paint, or produce music are greatly to seek in these pages; and yet one conceives that they are quite as much of interest to the average enquiring mind as the managing directors of the local knitting mills of the smaller Ontario cities. The clergy are represented much more by their official heads than by their real leaders of thought. Toronto Methodism for example, might surely have claimed to put in either Dr. Trevor Davies or Dr. Salem Bland, and we do not see how justice can be done to the religion or literature of the West without the Rev. R. G. MacBeth or the Rev. Bertal Heeney. Again, it is a slight shock to find the rather distinguished name of Roberts represented only by the managing director of a boiler insurance company.

It is of course possible to find omissions in the very best of dictionaries of living biography, and it is hardly surprising that the literary and intellectual portions of this particular book should be somewhat incomplete since this is the first year that any effort has been made to cover that portion of the population. We congratulate the International Press upon making the effort, and upon the degree of success that has been obtained, and we look forward to future editions of this important work with a degree of hope and confidence which certainly would not have been possible a year or two ago.

Far and Near

By KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS.

I

YOUR face has been to me like evening skies
 Dream-haloed, lit with white ecstatic light.
 A flame has rested in your laughing eyes
 And the fragrance of your hair has filled the night.
 I saw you crowned —
 And as with wings new-found,
 I would have borne you with me through the deep
 As sunbeams kiss and pass from sight beyond the prairie's rim.
 Of space.....

But you failed me then.
 You feared to follow where white stars are knit
 Into a web of darkness. So the gleam
 Left you. A pagan shrine is void again
 And I have known the fading of a dream.

II

I have found the way of love too strange for me—
 As one who, wandering down through changing hours,
 Through April shadows and through April showers,
 Comes suddenly to a place beside the sea.

And stands a moment, shaken by the sound
 Of waters, and envisions depths unknown
 Of seas enchanted, where the slow waves moan
 Faint music — then leaps back to firmer ground.

III

Sunset on the river, dancing lights and shadows,
 Small face dark against the crimson glow,
 Radiant the valley, radiant the river
 When I looked upon the face of her at sunset long ago.

Silent now the river, silence through the valley,
 White mist rising as the light grows dim.
 Daytime visions fade and I would be forgetting—
 As sunbeams kiss and pass from sight beyond the prairie's rim--

I would be forgetting the face of her at sunset,
 Small face dark against the crimson glow.
 Quiet on the valley, quiet on the river,
 And the curtains of the mist veil the water far below.

Now the laughing sunlight has faded from the valley,
 Now that shadows gather and the stars shine clear,
 The face of her at sunset is all I can remember
 And the voice of her at evening is all that I can hear.

IV

When you are far, the blue
 Of afternoon turns gold, the gold to flame,
 While night creeps up across the eastern sky,
 And in your name
 The world is lulled to dusk, the shadows die
 Into soft darkness. Then the dreams of you
 Float through the intricate stillness, and the night
 Casts down her stars, a diadem of light
 About your hair; and you, a star,
 Transcend my dream of you—when you are far.

When you are near
 You are too small for dreams—you are too dear.

Penelope

By S. FRANCES HARRISON.

IT matters not that I am past the noon
 Of high desires; there is not one who cares!
 The days drag by — what is there then today
 Different from other days? My lord is gone,
 Gone . . . with no promise on his lips of swift
 And glad return, nor promise in his mind,
 For well I know his purpose I, his wife.
 Have I not lived with him through all these years,
 Or rather, ruled his house with both its men
 And maidens, reared our son Telemachus?
 Father and mother both is said of me.
 Too well I know his mind. In the dim dawn,
 When other men are sleeping and their wives
 Perchance must waken them to tend the kine
 That wrest a meagre living from these crags,
 He, my Ulysses, he, my lord, the sole
 Friend and companion of my aging years,
 Is wide awake with anxious staring eyes,
 Thinking how best to endure the coming day.
 Travel doth breed a fever in his brain.
 He utters no complaint, is at my side,
 Will look to this and that, appears the grave
 Enlightened ruler; having seen the world,
 Or what he calls the world, no doubt he ranks
 Among our ablest now in Greece. Our isle,
 Our rocky Ithaca, the haunt of goats,
 O'errun with thistles, burrs, and bitter grapes,
 Has late become the seat of weighty thoughts,
 And vies indeed with solemn Oracle.

But now once more he voyages and we
 Are left alone once more, I with my web,
 A thing I hate, but that 'tis useful too.
 Suitors I have and have had. Yesteryear
 Came there a Nubian, tall and black, well-oiled,
 With basket full of red and amber fruits,
 Some rare new offering shyly, subtly sent
 By one, his master, lord of a neighbouring isle,
 And with the fruits a scroll, my name upon it,
 And with the scroll a jewel. Back they went,
 Slave, scroll and diadem — I, back to my web.
 I have not failed, I will not fail Ulysses.
 But I must not be blamed if life is dull,
 Shorn of all change, excitement, varied joys,
 For this it is to be a woman, wise
 It may be, in many things my lord himself
 Knows nought of. Therefore sometimes have I thought
We women yet may save the world for men
And men not thank us. Lonely, though a queen,
 Enthroned in mockery upon a sterile isle,
 As such, I keep my queenship pure at least,
 As such, I keep the peace 'twixt slave and slave,
 As such, I smother all my vain desires,
 I with a fever in my blood, my brain,
 As well as he, without the power to fly,
 Forsake it all and lead a wider life.

The night draws on. Where is Ulysses now?
 Watching the stars swing westward, as he dreams
 Of smiling sirens and of magic caves,
 Of one-eyed giants, strange transmuted shapes
 (Things that were never seen along our coasts)
 Of swine and wolves and dolphins? Tables, set
 With silver, in the forest, by the hand

Of some false woman... Ay! I know their tricks,
 To call themselves "enchanted", pray my lord
 Do this, and that, to help and set them free.
 Free! And enchanted! What wild talk is this?
 Myself, I doubt if half his tales be true.
 Travel hath turned his brain till sorcery
 Lurks in the simplest pageant of the air.
 Darkness has come. The tapers must be lit,
 The lamps well-hung and planted 'mong the rocks
 Lest some stray mariner mistake us here
 For friendly mainland. Yet we bear ill-will
 To none and if the cruel Fates should dash
 Some bark overpliant against our jagged coast,
 We'll give it harbour and its men good food,
 Though plain — no spells nor sorceries here. The Gods
 Of peaceful winds and smooth safe waterways
 I'll now invoke before I go to rest,
 Last of them all, see to the fires and lights,
 Pray for Ulysses that he come safe home.

The Affability of Peter McArthur

By WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON

PETER McArthur's "The Affable Stranger" should have an appeal for Canadians of all classes. It is written in the affable author's most entertaining style — a style which varies considerably from page to page. No one who knows Mr. McArthur's writings will be surprised at that, nor unduly astonished on learning that no precise pattern is followed in the subject matter. I like the book particularly because it reminds me of "The Stone", that classic of Canadian verse, in which Mr. McArthur combines to perfection altruism and horse sense, humor and dignity, lefty vision and lowly practicality.

"The Affable Stranger" sets out to investigate the causes of irritation among Canadians against the inhabitants of the United States. There is, throughout, an implied plea that both nations hereafter act with more deliberation, and speak more courteously to and about each other. But the riotous life Mr. McArthur leads at Ekfrid, Ont., has made him temperamentally unfit to construct a logical, concise (or dull) treatise on any subject. Watching his apple-trees bud out has so undermined his moral sense that he can even deal with the tariff in a blasphemous tone of levity. So not more than a quarter of the space is devoted to the avowed subject. The remainder is a reckless and jubilant hash composed of witty, brief essays on diverse matters. Most of them, like "The Stone", are sermons in a sugar coating of delicious satire. Thus "Prince Kropotkin's Cow" shows the defects of the ideal socialistic state from the viewpoint of the practical farmer. "Registering Reform" relates an interview with a movie magnate. On the surface it is sheer burlesque in the approved manner of Stephen Leacock. The moral is that controllers of this mighty influence are responsible to no one for

the effects of their productions. Their sole aim is the making of money; their motto, "Strictly Business."

The most striking part of the book is the fantasy called "A World for Sale". Starting with the readiness of people to sell their homes for a little immediate profit, Mr. McArthur falls into reverie and has a vision:

A huge red flag hung down from the zenith and a jovial auctioneer with the moon for an auction block was about to offer the world for sale. Satan had foreclosed his mortgage, and Chaos, "The Anarch Old", was looking over the property as a prospective buyer.

The auctioneer puffs up the property.

"It is a perfect location for either a heaven or a hell, and has all the natural resources needed to make it one or the other."

Chaos and the Soul of Man bid against each other.

"Wealth!" shouted Chaos. "Gold, silver, paper, unlimited credit!"

The nations roared applause.

"Contentment," offered the Soul of Man quietly.

The nations jeered.

Then the two nations made alternate offers. Chaos began.

"Palaces!"

"Homes."

"Power!"

"Brotherhood."

"Idleness!"

"Industry."

"Extravagance!"

"Thrift."

"License!"

"Order."

"Sold to the Soul of Man for a price he can well afford to pay."

My brothers, we have made a good bargain.

Decidedly "The Affable Stranger", is a timely book that will do much good and give much pleasure. And I feel sure that is exactly what Mr. McArthur desired.

The Dairy Farm

By W. LOCHHEAD

"The Dairy Farm", by A. Leitch, B. S. A.
The Musson Book Co., Toronto, 229 p.
Agricultural College Series.

IT is surprising how few books in our literature deal with the dairy industry, in view of the fact that the world owes an immense debt to the cow for the great part she has played in furnishing food for the maintenance of the lives of its inhabitants. Besides, it may be easily shown that the quantity and quality of milk products are in direct proportion to the quality of civilization in different countries. But the patient life-giving cow has been largely ignored by our writers, a fact which tempts one to remark that few persons have the gift of attaching right values to things. Scores of books are published every year on matters of little or no value, and these are read by the hundreds of thousands. As a rule, the more improbable the story, the greater is the demand for it. There is apparently a delirium in literature, akin to the jazz in music, which appeals to public taste.

"The Dairy Farm" belongs to the semi-technical list and appeals to the large and growing class of intelligent farmers, business men and students who desire to get the most up-to-date information on dairy farming. Canada has a high reputation abroad for the quality of her butter and cheese, but this export trade has gradually diminished on account of the pressing demand for milk from the rapidly increasing urban population at home. As a result also of the high price of milk in recent years, the dairy industry has prospered and many farmers have concentrated their efforts almost entirely on the production of milk.

Success in commercial dairy farming, the author shows, depends upon a correct balance of three main factors: *crop yields, good live stock and economy.* Consequently the dairy farmer must make a careful study of crop production, the breeding and feeding of quality milk cows, and the utilization of labor.

The author found, after a careful survey

of a large number of dairy farms in Ontario, that "quality of live stock is a more potent factor in determining farm profit than is yield per acre of farm crops. The dairy herd is the dairyman's market for his grain, hay, silage and roots. If that market be unprofitable, the more he sells through it the greater is the loss he sustains". Moreover, rigid economy is not the main key to success, for in comparing the "good" farms in his farm survey, the author found that the income rises steadily with the increase of farm expenses, a result due to the fact that the added amount of labor and feed caused a steady climb in returns from live stock and yield per acre of crops.

The contents of the book are essentially an elaboration of the three factors stated above, and are divided into seventeen chapters:— I. Introduction; II. The Dairy Breeds; III. Minor Dairy Breeds; IV. Dual Purpose Breeds; V. Some Principles of Breeding; VI. Nutrition; VII. Feeds for Dairy Cattle; VIII. The Milking Herd—Care and Management; IX. The Calf—The Heifer—The Bull; X. Common Ailments and Diseases; XI. Dairy Barns and Equipment; XII. Financial Returns from the Dairy Farm; XIII. The Size of the Dairy Farm; XIV. Three Factors that Make Success; XV. Dairy Farm Organization; XVI. Economics of Breeding and Feeding; XVII. Crop Rotations—Maintenance of Fertility.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the last six chapters which deal with some of the outstanding features of dairy farm economics and management brought out by recent investigations of dairy farm businesses in Ontario, carried out under the supervision of the author.

The book is written in a clear straight-forward manner without too many details to burden the reader, and the language is simple and easily understood. The author is to be congratulated on the production of a work that should be welcomed by all persons interested in dairy farming. The illustrations (28 in all) add much to the value of the book.



"Old Montreal"

THE "art" books that appear upon the book-counters at all seasons of the year, but especially along towards Christmas, are familiar enough to book-buyers; but it is a comparatively rare event to find one of Canadian production, or, for that matter, of American. Most of these beautiful books are English, their illustrations the work of British or continental artists. Why this should be is a little of a mystery, remembering that American and Canadian printers are, on the average, better printers — certainly in regard to typography and page unity — than the British. Indeed, to be specific, one has seen so many handsome publications printed for gratuitous distribution as advertisements, and printed entirely within Canada, and so few printed for sale, that the mystery resolves itself into a supposition that the Canadian book-buyer will not accept good printing unless it is free.

"Old Montreal" (published by John H. Thompson, Montreal, \$7.50), containing reproductions of seventeen of Mr. Herbert Raine's etchings of old Montreal, is therefore something of a pioneer inspired by a certain amount of courage. But it is notable in another way, for it should introduce — even in its present limited edition of five hundred signed copies — to a larger audience than possibly now knows them at first hand the admirable qualities of one of our best workers in the medium of pure line. Although we have numerous gifted artists in Canada, we have very few etchers. They can almost be counted upon one hand, and it is not without more than casual interest that William Strang, whose death occurred the other day, had to seek recognition abroad as an etcher although he was of Canadian birth.

The etching, as a vehicle for original expression, does not aim at the completeness of effect of the painting. It lacks the aid of cunningly built-up masses of color, dramatic lighting, or vivid characterization. Frequently it lacks the "theme" around which most paintings, even landscapes, are built. It is often summary in statement. But it is one of the most delightful forms of art, relying entirely upon purity and gracefulness of line, beauty and flexibility of expression, and freedom in execution.

Mr. Raine's subjects impose upon him certain limitations; it is not possible for him, for example, in presenting a building, to use other than the rigid outline of his original. His subjects, too, have greater depth than found in the average etching, with a resulting necessity to build up perspective and background, and he is very fond of sunlight and high shadow. But he has a dignity of composition, a delicacy of line, that make his work delightful. If any subjects might be chosen as particularly good examples both of etching and of reproduction, we would mention Plate 2 ("Old Buildings in a Courtyard, St. Vincent Street"), Plate 5 ("Notre

Dame") and Plate 13 ("Old Buildings, St. Paul Street").

Montreal presents, truly, an interesting field for the artist who uses etching as his mode of expression, for it affords the spectacle of an old world city transforming itself into a new-world metropolis. The sturdy buildings and quaint streets of the old town are rapidly passing away: this year, for instance, will see the demolition of a block of buildings which is the subject of two of Mr. Raine's etchings. The book, however, is not intended as an historical record, but rather as a pictorial one of wider national interest, and it contains no reading matter.

The book-lover will find it a beautiful piece of book-making, printed on Japanese vellum. The reproductions themselves are exceedingly well done, with something of the velvety tone of the mezzotint, and the picture lover will in all probability detach them from the book and frame them, for which purpose they are well fitted.—C. W. S.

The Life of Queen Victoria

THE Strachey "Life of Queen Victoria" (Goodechild, Toronto, \$5) has been described by one enthusiastic but very judicious Canadian reviewer as "the greatest biography of the century." That is a judgment which time alone is qualified to pass. We prefer to content ourselves with a safer but not less enthusiastic tribute. If any reader of the *Canadian Bookman* (that classification naturally presupposes a fairly high standard of taste and intelligence), should inquire of us what one book among all those published in 1921 we should recommend him to buy for his enjoyment if he could only buy a single book for that purpose, we should unhesitatingly declare for this brilliant and fascinating Life.

The figures of all eminent personages tend, during the generation or two following their arrival at eminence, to become stereotyped into a sort of conventional legend, in which only salient characteristics are visible, a halo (or a set of horns) becomes a prominent feature, and the softly rounded outlines and complex articulation of a real human being are completely missing. After this stained-window effigy has persisted for half-a-century or so, its rigidity and unreality begin to attract the attention of investigators; and by great good luck it occasionally happens that the work of restoration of the human original is undertaken by an artist-biographer with the necessary imagination and creative power. This is what happened in the case of the four or five "Eminent Victorians" whom Mr. Strachey reconstructed two years ago. That achievement definitely marked him out as the most accomplished living English artist in this particular sphere, and caused his "Queen Victoria" to be awaited with the liveliest expectations.

We have space here to note only one of the

qualities which have caused this work to fulfil so completely the highest anticipation of Strachey's admirers, but it is, we believe, the most important. We refer to his power of selection, his sense of values in the handling of material. This is not a long book, yet it gives the feeling of completeness just as a play of Shakespeare's does. The period after the death of Prince Albert is dismissed in a few pages, and that treatment is right, for we are not reading the history of a reign but the life of a woman, and that life settled after its one great tragedy into a dull and undeveloping routine. The later Victoria was an institution, not a woman. Correspondingly Mr. Strachey devotes much space and care to depicting the condition of the Court of St. James during Victoria's childhood and even for several years before her birth; for that Court was the mould in which her character was formed, and every detail of it is full of significance for her subsequent life. Without using the cant of the psycho-analysts, Mr. Strachey is just as keen as they to trace out the unconscious influences which count for so much in the growth of human character. We see not only the unique personality of Victoria, but the very form and pressure of the times and places which made her what she was. And we see it in dramatic form, in character revealing incident and utterance, in gesture and intonation, in the sibilant echoes of the backstairs as well as in the sonorous music of the state procession. In the language of the movies, there is much action but few "titles" and such "titles" as there are seem to be the brilliant comments of a singularly penetrating mind.

One word more. Mr. Strachey writes really beautiful prose. We need not talk about it. Here is a convincing example. It is the passage describing the month of January, 1901, when the Queen lay on her deathbed:

It appeared as if some monstrous reversal of the course of nature was about to take place. The vast majority of her subjects had never known a time when Queen Victoria had not been reigning over them. She had become an indissoluble part of their whole scheme of things, and that they were about to lose her appeared a scarcely possible thought.

She herself, as she lay blind and silent, seemed to those who watched her to be divested of all thinking — to have glided already, unawares, into oblivion. Yet, perhaps, in the secret chambers of consciousness, she had her thoughts too.

Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it and retrace, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history passing back and back, through the cloud of years, to older and even older memories — to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield — to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp and Albert's first stay at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with rooks cawing in the trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old King's turkeycock ejaculations and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lezzer with the globes and her mother's feathers sweeping down toward her, and a great old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoiseshell case, and a yellow rug and some friendly flames of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington.

Book Week Suggestions

By F. F. APPLETON.

A short time ago the publishers' section of the Board of Trade of Toronto held a dinner, followed by addresses by J. Murray Gibbon, the president of the recently formed Canadian Authors Association, and Frederick G. Melcher, editor of *The Publishers' Weekly*, New York. Mr. Gibbon outlined a plan for a more intensive cultivation of Canadian readers to double the sales of books in Canada, and also suggested the holding of a "Canadian Book Week" this Fall to feature the idea of giving Canadian books as Christmas presents, sending them overseas, and across the border during the holiday period. Mr. Melcher told of the success of the various Book Week campaigns that have already been held in the United States, notably "Children's Book Week", which has become an annual affair and is rapidly developing the reading of more and better books by the children, who are the booksellers' customers of tomorrow.

As a result of the meeting a new kind of co-operation between author, publisher and bookseller is promised, and with the co-operation of these three groups the Canadian Book Week should be a tremendous success this Fall. Publishers in England and America are eagerly seeking the works of Canadian writers, and the Canadian public are buying more Canadian books than they ever did in their history. The proposed campaign for Canadian books will get more newspaper and magazine publicity than anything in the history of Canadian book selling, and needs the co-operation of everyone concerned to realize the full benefit. Co-operation is the least expensive and most important item of the whole campaign, and if committees from the Booksellers' Association, the Authors Association and the Publishers' Association could be appointed well in advance of the campaign, so that they would work their ideas out jointly, there is no reason why the Book Week should not be the huge success it deserves.

Co-operation in other lines has been an outstanding success. At the convention of the Association of Canadian Advertisers, held in Montreal two months ago, a report was read upon the success which had attended the co-operative advertising scheme adopted some time ago by the paint manufacturers. The paint manufacturers agreed upon a slogan "Save the Surface and you Save All," and have co-operatively carried on a big advertising campaign for the use of paint. A very striking testimony to the value of such a co-operative advertising campaign was the statement, that, although these are times in which many factories are closed down and others running short time, all the paint manufacturers in Canada are working to their full time capacity.

I believe that the proposed campaign would be put over most successfully if we arranged to have a general meeting in Toronto for all the

booksellers and clerks in the city, as well as the publishers, or their representatives. Possibly a dinner could be held, followed by a business meeting. If Mr. Gibbon were present he could tell the meeting of his plan, and suggestions for the Book Week from the Canadian Authors Association point of view, and Mr. Melcher could be brought up from New York to tell the booksellers how the co-operative campaigns in the United States have been worked to advantage. At this meeting the whole campaign could be more or less planned, and a circular could be prepared with a synopsis of the Toronto plan, which could be used as a basis for putting over the campaign on a large scale in all other centres. The Canadian Authors' Association have already a very large membership, with branches at Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver. Their co-operation could be counted on in an unusual way in all these centres. They could get and influence a tremendous amount of publicity for the idea.

A window display competition for booksellers and clerks could be held and a suitable prize given. Possibly personal autograph copies of every book featured in the prize winning window would be an interesting reward, and could be donated by the various publishers of the books.

Mr. McClelland has already suggested a Canadian Book Fair to be held at Massey Hall during Canadian Book Week, as a means of stimulating interest in Canadian books. The publishers or booksellers' displays could be suitably arranged in the basement and be open to the public during each afternoon and evening. Interesting evening programmes divided into classifications, fiction, poetry, children's books, etc., could be addressed by outstanding authors and should draw large crowds. This plan could be worked in a good many cities in Canada, for Canadian authors are pretty well scattered over the Dominion. In smaller towns the same ideas could be adapted, and worked in connection with Libraries, churches or young people's societies. If there is no author in the locality special talks or readings could be given.

Vocational Guide for Canadian Girls

IN a book of vocational guidance, "The Canadian Girl at Work" published by Nelson, Toronto, Marjory MacMurehy covers every possible field open to girls living in Canada: office and newspaper work, farming and floriculture, bee-keeping and house-keeping, library work and law, medicine and millinery, and employment that can well be carried on at home in addition to one's every day duties. Miss MacMurehy inspires her reader with confidence in one's ability to succeed in some congenial sphere of work, and endeavors to implant a love of thorough, honest effort to

do this work, not only for the sake of earning a living but also for "the joy of the working" as, alas, too few of us do. There are also some excellent chapters on spending, saving, health, a girl's reading, what one girl can do for another, and a most necessary work on civic duties and responsibilities, which so many women never dream of taking up.

Another brief and instructive handbook, outlining opportunities for women, is Alice Vincent Massey's "Occupations for Trained Women in Canada" (Dent, Toronto), in which there are numerous tables listing the various institutions, examinations required, length of course, and fees for acquiring the necessary training, also suggestions as to the different fields open and the salaries attached to each. The author draws attention to the fact that in Canada, although there is plenty of scope for the exceptional worker—in all kinds of work—there seems to be no special "clearing-house" where such women can hear of opportunities. She suggests that an Employment Bureau, created for that purpose, and under the direction of an educated personnel, would meet the wants of the trained woman. Meanwhile, ever so many of them are making their way to the United States where they can find such work, and the great need for them in their own country is being badly supplied by inefficient and untrained workers. The tables of statistics are not at all complete, but the author has only prepared "a tentative summary, hoping that it may serve as a definite point of departure for a more exhaustive study."

These two most useful and illuminating handbooks should be widely read throughout the Dominion by women whether wage-earners or not.

Competitions for Canadian Authors

AN interesting competition is announced by Hodder & Stoughton Limited, the Musson Book Company Limited, and MacLean's Magazine, all of Toronto, in the shape of \$3,000 of prizes to be competed for exclusively by Canadian writers.

These prizes are two in number, one of \$2,500 for the best novel (narratives of life in Canada preferred but not insisted upon), and one of \$500 for the best story for Canadian boys and girls.

The primary stipulation for either of the Prize Contests shall be that the author or authors shall be either of Canadian birth or a person or persons residing in the Dominion of Canada since January 1st, 1920, and intending for the future to make a permanent residence and field of work in Canada.

New authors will have exactly the same opportunity to win these prizes as those whose

names are already known to the public. The judges will be entirely unaware of the identity of any candidate and will make their decisions solely on the comparative merits of the anonymous manuscripts submitted to them.

Competitors must obtain an entry form from the managers of the competition (address Musson Book Company Limited, Toronto), and must agree to the conditions set forth. No author may submit more than two books on each contest. The remaining regulations are:

(2) The manuscripts submitted must be the original work of the competitor, or — should they have been written in collaboration — of the competitors, and must not have been previously published in any form whatever. Translations and adaptations from foreign writers will be disqualified.

(3) All manuscripts submitted for the Competition must be received by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton Limited, 263 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, by June 1st, 1922. Manuscripts may be sent in at any time previous to this date.

(4) Novels submitted for Competition No. 1 should be between 75,000 and 90,000 words in length. Stories for Boys or Girls must not exceed 60,000 words.

(5) All manuscripts entered for the Competitions must be typewritten upon one side of the

paper only, and must bear on the title page the name and address of the author. The words "Novel Competition" or "Juvenile Competition" should be written in the top right-hand corner of the title page, and upon the outside of the postal wrapper.

(6) The winners of the Competitions agree to cede to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton Limited all rights of every kind in or in any way arising out of the prize winning books.

(7) Each competitor must enclose stamps of value sufficient to defray the costs of return postage. While every reasonable care will be exercised in the handling and returning of works submitted, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton Limited will in no case be responsible for any damage or loss sustained by the authors in respect of any manuscripts sent in by them. It is recommended that the authors should possess a copy of each work submitted.

(8) The decision of the publishers and their adjudicators is final, and no correspondence can be entered upon with writers whose works have failed to win prizes.

(9) The decision of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton Limited will be announced in the *Canadian Bookman* and in MacLean's Magazine in due course.



The Cruel Mother-in-Law of Halya

UKRAINIAN BALLAD

By FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

O! 'twas Halya's mother-in-law so cruel—
It was Halya, Halya, fair and youthful.

On a Sunday spake she to young Halya:
"Daughter, go and do not look behind you—

"Cut the wheat; don't rise or lift your eyes
up."

Went then Halya; she looked not behind her;
Halya, sad, toiled on, nor looked around her,
In all the field Halenka cut the wheat there,
Looked not up until the sun was setting.
Then through fields she ran unto the cottage,
And from thence she went the cows a-seeking,
Four she milked, the fifth one she was milking

Came Svekruha, cruel, to her daughter;
"O thou Halya, thou who art so youthful,
Where is now thy child, thy little young one?"

"I forgot — we's me! — in fields I left her!"

In the field a blue-winged eagle flying:
"O thou Halya, thou who art so youthful,
Hast thou seen my little one, my baby?"

"Yea, I saw it—nurses leapt around it.
Plucking out its eyes, I saw the first one,
Tearing out its heart, I saw the second;
Gnawing at its bones, I saw the third one."

Homeward through the fields ran the young
Halya.

"Mother, where's the knife that cuts so keenly,
The sharp knife with which to cut the linen?"

With the knife no linen then cut Halya,
But into her heart she plunged it deeply.

"Three sins on your soul behold now, Mother!
And the first sin was — the holy Sunday.
And the second sin, my child, my baby.
And the third sin — O the youthful Halya!"

* * *

O the bells for Halya tolling, tolling.
For Svekruha, sticks that beat and threaten.

While for one a coffin they are making
With long whips the other they are lashing.
They weep Halya, weep her long and sorely,
O'er Svekruha a black crow caws hoarsely.

Text of the New Copyright Act

An Act to amend and consolidate the Law relating to Copyright.

Assented to June 4, 1921.

His Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows:—

SHORT TITLE.

1. This Act may be cited as *The Copyright Act, 1921*.

INTERPRETATION.

2. In this Act, unless the context otherwise requires,—

- (a) "architectural work of art" means any building or structure having an artistic character or design, in respect of such character or design, or any model for such building or structure, provided that the protection afforded by this Act shall be confined to the artistic character and design, and shall not extend to processes or methods of construction;
- (b) "artistic work" includes works of painting, drawing, sculpture and artistic craftsmanship, and architectural works of art and engravings and photographs;
- (c) "book" shall include every volume, part or division of a volume, pamphlet, sheet of letter-press, sheet of music, map, chart, or plan separately published;
- (d) "cinematograph" includes any work produced by any process analogous to cinematography;
- (e) "collective work" means,—
 - (i) an encyclopaedia, dictionary, year book, or similar work;
 - (ii) a newspaper, review, magazine, or similar periodical; and,
 - (iii) any work written in distinct parts by different authors, or in which works or parts of works of different authors are incorporated;
- (f) "delivery," in relation to a lecture, includes delivery by means of any mechanical instrument;
- (g) "dramatic work" includes any piece for recitation, choreographic work or entertainment in dumb show, the scenic arrangement or acting form of which is fixed in writing or otherwise, and any cinematograph production where the arrangement or acting form or the combination of incidents represented give the work an original character;
- (h) "engravings" include etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, prints, and other similar works, not being photographs;
- (i) "His Majesty's dominions" includes any territories under His Majesty's protection to which an order in council made under the provisions of section twenty-eight of the *Copyright Act, 1911*, passed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom relates;
- (j) "infringing," when applied to a copy of a work in which copyright subsists, means any copy, including any colourable imitation, made, or imported in contravention of the provisions of this Act;
- (k) For the purposes of this Act, "a work of joint authorship" means a work produced by the collaboration of two or more authors in which the contribution of one author is not distinct from the contribution of the other author or authors.
- (l) "lecture" includes address, speech, and sermon;
- (m) "legal representatives" includes heirs, executors, administrators and assigns or other legal representatives;
- (n) "literary work" includes maps, charts, plans, tables, and compilations;
- (o) "Minister" means the Minister of the Crown named by the Governor in Council to administer this Act;
- (p) "musical work" means any combination of melody and harmony, or either of them, printed, reduced to writing, or otherwise graphically produced or reproduced.
- (q) "performance" means any acoustic representation

of a work and any visual representation of any dramatic action in a work, including such a representation made by means of any mechanical instrument.

- (r) "photograph" includes photo-lithograph and any work produced by any process analogous to photography;
- (s) "plate" includes any stereotype or other plate, stone, block, mould, matrix, transfer, or negative used or intended to be used for printing or reproducing copies of any work, and any matrix or other appliance by which records, perforated rolls, or other contrivances for the acoustic representation of the work, are or are intended to be made;
- (t) "work of sculpture" includes casts and models.

COPYRIGHT.

3. (1) For the purposes of this Act, "copyright" means the sole right to produce or reproduce the work or any substantial part thereof in any material form whatsoever, to perform, or in the case of a lecture to deliver, the work or any substantial part thereof in public; if the work is unpublished, to publish the work or any substantial part thereof; and shall include the sole right,—

- (a) to produce, reproduce, perform or publish any translation of the work;
 - (b) in the case of a dramatic work, to convert it into a novel or other non-dramatic work;
 - (c) in the case of a novel or other non-dramatic work, or of an artistic work, to convert it into a dramatic work, by way of performance in public or otherwise;
 - (d) in the case of a literary, dramatic, or musical work, to make any record, perforated roll, cinematograph film, or other contrivance by means of which the work may be mechanically performed or delivered;
- and to authorize any such acts as aforesaid.

- (2) For the purposes of this Act, "publication," in relation to any work, means the issue of copies of the work to the public, and does not include the performance in public of a dramatic or musical work, the delivery in public of a lecture, the exhibition in public of an artistic work, or the construction of an architectural work of art, but, for the purpose of this provision, the issue of photographs and engravings of works of sculpture and architectural works of art shall not be deemed to be publication of such works.

- (3) For the purposes of this Act (other than those relating to infringement of copyright) a work shall not be deemed to be published or performed in public, and a lecture shall not be deemed to be delivered in public, if published, performed in public, or delivered in public without the consent or acquiescence of the author, his executors, administrators or assigns.

- (4) For the purposes of this Act, a work shall be deemed to be first published within His Majesty's Dominions or within a foreign country to which this Act extends, notwithstanding that it has been published simultaneously in some other place; and a work shall be deemed to be published simultaneously in two places, if the time between the publication in one such place and the other place does not exceed fourteen days or such longer period as may for the time being be fixed by order in council.

- (5) Where, in the case of an unpublished work, the making of the work is extended over a considerable period, the conditions of this Act conferring copyright shall be deemed to have been complied with if the author was, during any substantial part of that period a British subject, or a subject or citizen of a foreign country to which this Act extends, or a resident within His Majesty's Dominions.

- (6) For the purposes of the provisions of this Act as to residence, an author of a work shall be deemed to be a resident within His Majesty's Dominions if he is domiciled within His Majesty's Dominions.

WORKS IN WHICH COPYRIGHT MAY SUBSIST.

4. (1) Subject to the provisions of this Act, copyright shall subsist in Canada for the term hereinafter mentioned in every original literary, dramatic, musical and artistic work, if the author was at the date of the making of the

work a British subject, a citizen or subject of a foreign country which has adhered to the Convention and the Additional Protocol thereto set out in the Second Schedule to this Act, or resident within His Majesty's Dominions; and if in the case of a published work, the work was first published within His Majesty's Dominions or in such foreign country; but in no other works, except so far as the protection conferred by this Act is extended as hereinafter provided to foreign countries to which this Act does not extend.

(2) If the Minister certifies by notice, published in the *Canada Gazette*, that any country which has not adhered to the Convention and the Additional Protocol thereto, set out in the Second Schedule to this Act, grants or has undertaken to grant, either by treaty, convention, agreement or law, to citizens of Canada the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as to its own citizens or copyright protection substantially equal to that conferred by this Act, such country shall, for the purpose of the rights conferred by this Act, be treated as if it were a country to which this Act extends; and it shall be lawful for the Minister to give such a certificate as aforesaid, notwithstanding that the remedies for enforcing the rights, or the restrictions on the importation of copies of works, under the law of such country, differ from those in this Act.

(3) Copyright shall subsist for the term hereinafter mentioned in records, perforated rolls, and other contrivances by means of which sounds may be mechanically reproduced, in like manner as if such contrivances were musical, literary or dramatic works.

TERM OF COPYRIGHT.

5. The term for which copyright shall subsist shall, except as otherwise expressly provided by this Act, be the life of the author and a period of fifty years after his death.

Provided that any time after the expiration of twenty-five years, or in the case of a work in which copyright subsists at the passing of this Act thirty years, from the death of the author of a published work, copyright in the work shall not be deemed to be infringed by the reproduction of the work for sale if the person reproducing the work proves that he has given the prescribed notice in writing of his intention to reproduce the work, and that he has paid in the prescribed manner to, or for the benefit of, the owner of the copyright, royalties in respect of all copies of the work sold by him, calculated at the rate of ten per cent on the price at which he publishes the work; and, for the purposes of this proviso, the Governor in Council may make regulations prescribing the mode in which notices are to be given, and the particulars to be given in such notices, and the mode, time, and frequency of the payment of royalties, including (if he thinks fit) regulations requiring payment in advance or otherwise securing the payment of royalties.

6. In the case of a work of joint authorship, copyright shall subsist during the life of the author who first dies and for a term of fifty years after his death, or during the life of the author who dies last, whichever period is the longer, and references in this Act to the period after the expiration of any specified number of years from the death of the author shall be construed as references to the period after the expiration of the like number of years from the death of the author who dies first or after the death of the author who dies last, whichever period may be the shorter, and in the provisions of this Act with respect to the grant of compulsory licenses a reference to the date of the death of the author who dies last shall be substituted for the reference to the date of the death of the author.

7. The term for which copyright shall subsist in photographs shall be fifty years from the making of the original negative from which the photograph was directly or indirectly derived, and the person who was owner of such negative at the time when such negative was made shall be deemed to be the author of the photograph so derived, and, where such owner is a body corporate, the body corporate shall be deemed for the purposes of this Act to reside within His Majesty's Dominions, if it has established a place of business therein.

8. The term for which copyright shall subsist in records, perforated rolls and other contrivances by means of which sounds may be mechanically reproduced shall be fifty years

from the making of the original plate from which the contrivance was directly or indirectly derived, and the person who was the owner of such original plate at the time when such plate was made shall be deemed to be the author of such contrivance, and where such owner is a body corporate the body corporate shall be deemed for the purposes of this Act to reside within His Majesty's Dominions if it has established a place of business therein.

9. In the case of a literary, dramatic or musical work, or an engraving, in which copyright subsists at the date of the death of the author or, in the case of a work of joint authorship, at or immediately before the date of the death of the author who dies last, but which has not been published, nor, in the case of a dramatic or musical work, been performed in public, nor, in the case of a lecture, been delivered in public, before that date, copyright shall subsist till publication, or performance or delivery in public, whichever may first happen, and for a term of fifty years thereafter, and the proviso to section five of this Act shall, in the case of such a work, apply as if the author had died at the date of such publication or performance or delivery in public as aforesaid.

10. Without prejudice to any rights or privileges of the Crown, where any work has, whether before or after the commencement of this Act, been prepared or published by or under the direction or control of His Majesty or any government department, the copyright in the work shall, subject to any agreement with the author, belong to His Majesty, and in such case shall continue for a period of fifty years from the date of the first publication of the work.

OWNERSHIP OF COPYRIGHT

11. (1) Subject to the provisions of this Act, the author of a work shall be the first owner of the copyright therein, provided that:

(a) where, in the case of an engraving, photograph, or portrait, the plate or other original was ordered by some other person and was made for valuable consideration in pursuance of that order, then in the absence of any agreement to the contrary, the person by whom such plate or other original was ordered shall be the first owner of the copyright; and,

(b) where the author was in the employment of some other person under a contract of service or apprenticeship and the work was made in the course of his employment by that person, the person by whom the author was employed shall, in the absence of any agreement to the contrary, be the first owner of the copyright; but where the work is an article or other contribution to a newspaper, magazine, or similar periodical, there shall in the absence of any agreement to the contrary, be deemed to be reserved to the author a right to restrain the publication of the work, otherwise than as part of a newspaper, magazine, or similar periodical.

(2) The owner of the copyright in any work may assign the right, either wholly or partially, and either generally or subject to territorial limitations, and either for the whole term of the copyright or for any other part thereof, and may grant any interest in the right by license, but no such assignment or grant shall be valid unless it is in writing signed by the owner of the right in respect of which the assignment or grant is made, or by his duly authorized agent.

Provided that, where the author of a work is the first owner of the copyright therein, no assignment of the copyright, and no grant of any interest therein, made by him (otherwise than by will) after the passing of this Act, shall be operative to vest in the assignee or grantee any rights with respect to the copyright in the work beyond the expiration of twenty-five years from the death of the author, and the reversionary interest in the copyright expectant on the termination of that period shall, on the death of the author, notwithstanding any agreement to the contrary, devolve on his legal representatives as part of his estate, and any agreement entered into by him as to the disposition of such reversionary interest shall be null and void; but nothing in this proviso shall be construed as applying to the assignment of the copyright in a collective work or a license to publish a work or part of a work as part of a collective work.

(3) Where, under any partial assignment of copyright, the assignee becomes entitled to any right comprised in copyright, the assignee, as respects the rights so assigned, and the assignor, as respects the rights not assigned, shall

be treated for the purposes of this Act as the owner of the copyright, and the provisions of this Act shall have effect accordingly.

COMPULSORY LICENSES.

12. If, at any time after the death of the author of a literary, dramatic, or musical work which has been published or performed in public, a complaint is made to the Governor in Council that the owner of the copyright in the work has refused to republish or to allow the republication of the work or has refused to allow the performance in public of the work, and that by reason of such refusal the work is withheld from the public, the owner of the copyright may be ordered to grant a license to reproduce the work or perform the work in public, as the case may be, on such terms and subject to such conditions as the Governor in Council may think fit.

LICENSES.

13. (1) Any person may apply to the Minister for a license to print and publish in Canada any book wherein copyright subsists, if at any time after publication and within the duration of the copyright the owner of the copyright fails:

(a) to print the said book or cause the same to be printed in Canada;

(b) to supply by means of copies so printed the reasonable demands of the Canadian market for such book.

(2) Such application may be in such form as may be prescribed by the regulations and shall state the proposed retail price of the edition of such book proposed to be printed.

(3) Every applicant for a license under this section shall with his application deposit with the Minister an amount not less than ten per cent of the retail selling price of one thousand copies of such book and not less than one hundred dollars and such amount shall, if such application is unsuccessful, be returned to such applicant less such deductions for fees as may be authorized by the regulations.

(4) Notice of such application shall forthwith be communicated by the Minister to the owner of the copyright in such manner as may be prescribed by the regulations.

(5) If the owner of the copyright shall not within a delay to be fixed by the regulations after communication of such notice give an undertaking, with such security as may be prescribed by the regulations, to procure within two months after the date of such communication the printing in Canada of an edition of not less than one thousand copies of such book, the Minister in his discretion may grant to the applicant a license to print and publish such book upon terms to be determined by the Minister after hearing the parties or affording them such opportunity to be heard as may be fixed by the regulations.

(6) Where two or more persons have applied for a license under this section, the Minister shall award the license to the applicant proposing the terms, in the opinion of the Minister, most advantageous to the author, and if there are two proposing terms equally advantageous to the author, to the applicant whose application was first received.

(7) Such license when issued shall entitle the licensee to the sole right to print and publish such book in Canada during such term, not exceeding five years or for such edition or editions as may be fixed by the license.

(8) Such licensee shall pay a royalty on the retail selling price of every copy of such book printed under such license, at a rate to be determined by the Minister.

(9) The acceptance of a license for a book shall imply an undertaking by the licensee—

(a) to print and publish in Canada an edition of the book of not less than one thousand copies, at the price specified in the license, and within two months from the issue of the license; and,

(b) to print the same from the last authorized edition of the book, in such manner as may be prescribed by the Minister, in full, without abbreviation or alteration of the letterpress, and, without varying, adding to, or diminishing the main design of such of the prints, engravings, maps, charts, musical compositions, or photographs contained in the book as the licensee reproduces.

(10) Every book published under a license under this section shall have printed or otherwise impressed upon it the words "Printed under Canadian license" and the calendar year of such license and the retail selling price of such book.

(11) If the Minister on complaint is satisfied that the licensee does not print and keep on sale in Canada a number of copies of the book sufficient to supply the reasonable demands, he shall, after giving the licensee an opportunity of being heard to show cause against the cancellation, cancel the license.

(12) If a book for which a license has been issued is suppressed by the owner of the copyright, the licensee shall not print the book or any further copies thereof, but may sell any copies already printed, and may complete and sell any copies in process of being printed under his license, but the owner of the copyright shall be entitled to buy all such copies at the cost of printing them.

(13) Nothing in this section shall authorize the granting without the consent of the author, of a license to publish a second or succeeding edition of any work whereof such author has published one or more editions in Canada.

SERIAL LICENSE.

14. (1) If the publication of a book is lawfully begun as a serial elsewhere than in His Majesty's Dominions or a foreign country to which subsection one of section four of this Act applies, and the owner of the copyright has refused to grant a license to any person in Canada, being a publisher of a periodical, to publish such book in serial form, a license may in the discretion of the Minister be granted to any person in Canada, being the publisher of a periodical, to publish such book once in serial form in the said periodical, provided that a license shall not be granted to more than one such publisher in the same city, town or place.

(2) Such license may be issued by the Minister on application by the publisher in such form as may be prescribed by the regulations.

(3) The term "serial" under this section shall mean and refer to any book which is first published in separate articles or as a tale or short story complete in one issue in a newspaper or periodical.

(4) The term "owner of a copyright" under this section may mean the owner of the right to publish in serial form as distinct and separate from other rights of publication.

(5) The application for a license under this section may be in the form of a draft contract between the licensee and the owner of the copyright.

(6) Such license may be upon the terms proposed in such draft contract, or upon terms prescribed by the regulations; provided that before such terms are settled the owner of the copyright shall be entitled to being fully heard in support of any contentions or representations he may deem it in his interests to make.

(7) The applicant for a license under this section shall with his application deposit such amount of money as may be required by the regulations, and such money shall on the issue of the license be paid forthwith to the owner of the copyright.

(8) Nothing in this Act shall prohibit the importation and circulation of newspapers, magazines and periodicals which together with foreign original matter contain serials licensed to be printed and published in Canada.

15. (1) Every license issued under sections twelve thirteen or fourteen shall be deemed to constitute a contract, on the terms embodied in such license or in this Act between the owner of the copyright and the licensee, and the licensee shall be entitled to the like remedies as in the case of a contract, the licensee shall have the same power and right to take any action or any legal proceedings to prevent or restrain any infringement of copyright which affects the rights of such licensee or to recover compensation or damages for any such infringement that the owner of the copyright would have for an infringement of his copyright.

(2) The owner of the copyright shall, in addition to any other remedy in respect to such license as a contract, be entitled in case of default by the licensee in observing the terms of such license, on petition to the Exchequer Court of Canada, to have such license cancelled.

(3) Particulars of such cancellation may be entered on the Register of Copyrights.

(4) All moneys paid or payable by a licensee or applicant for a license under sections twelve, thirteen or fourteen shall be paid to the Minister.

(5) All moneys deposited by a successful applicant for a license and all moneys due from time to time by way of

royalty or otherwise from licensees shall likewise be paid to the Minister and by him paid out to the persons entitled hereto.

(6) The Minister may by regulations require every copy of a book upon which the royalty has been duly paid to be suitably stamped or marked.

INFRINGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT.

16. (1) Copyright in a work shall be deemed to be infringed by any person who, without the consent of the owner of the copyright, does anything the sole right to do which is by this Act conferred on the owner of the copyright, provided that the following acts shall not constitute an infringement of copyright:—

- (i) Any fair dealing with any work for the purposes of private study, research, criticism, review, or newspaper summary;
 - (ii) Where the author of an artistic work is not the owner of the copyright therein, the use by the author of any mould, cast, sketch, plan, model, or study made by him for the purpose of the work, provided that he does not thereby repeat or imitate the main design of that work;
 - (iii) The making or publishing of paintings, drawings, engravings, or photographs of a work of sculpture or artistic craftsmanship, if permanently situated in a public place or building, or the making or publishing of paintings, drawings, engravings, or photographs (which are not in the nature of architectural drawings or plans) of any architectural work of art;
 - (iv) The publication in a collection, mainly composed of non-copyright matter, *bona fide* intended for the use of schools, and so described in the title and in any advertisements issued by the publisher, of short passages from published literary works not themselves published for the use of schools in which copyright subsists: Provided that not more than two of such passages from works by the same author are published by the same publisher within five years, and that the source from which such passages are taken is acknowledged;
 - (v) The publication in a newspaper of a report of a lecture delivered in public, unless the report is prohibited by conspicuous written or printed notice affixed before and maintained during the lecture at or about the main entrance of the building in which the lecture is given, and, except whilst the building is being used for public worship, in a position near the lecturer; but nothing in this paragraph shall affect the provisions in paragraph (i) as to newspaper summaries;
 - (vi) The reading or recitation in public by one person of any reasonable extract from any published work.
- (2) Copyright in a work shall also be deemed to be infringed by any person who,—
- (a) sells or lets for hire, or by way of trade exposes or offers for sale or hire; or,
 - (b) distributes either for the purposes of trade, or to such an extent as to affect prejudicially the owner of the copyright; or,
 - (c) by way of trade exhibits in public; or
 - (d) imports for sale or hire into Canada any work which to his knowledge infringes copyright or would infringe copyright if it had been made within Canada.
- (3) Copyright in a work shall also be deemed to be infringed by any person who for his private profit permits a theatre or other place of entertainment to be used for the performance in public of the work without the consent of the owner of the copyright, unless he was not aware, and had no reasonable ground for suspecting, that the performance would be an infringement of copyright.

17. Notwithstanding anything in this Act, it shall not be an infringement of copyright in an address of a political nature delivered at a public meeting to publish a report thereof in a newspaper.

18. (1) It shall not be deemed to be an infringement of copyright in any musical, literary or dramatic work for any person to make within Canada records, perforated rolls, or other contrivances, by means of which sounds may be reproduced and by means of which the work may be mechanically performed, if such person proves,—

- (a) that such contrivances have previously been made by, or with the consent or acquiescence of, the owner of the copyright in the work; and,

(b) that he has given the prescribed notice of his intention to make the contrivances, and that there has been paid in the prescribed manner to, or for the benefit of, the owner of the copyright in the work royalties in respect of all such contrivances sold by him, as hereinafter mentioned:

Provided that,—

- (i) nothing in this provision shall authorize any alterations in, or omissions from, the work reproduced, unless contrivances reproducing the work subject to similar alterations and omissions have been previously made by, or with the consent or acquiescence of, the owner of the copyright, or unless such alterations or omissions are reasonably necessary for the adaptation of the work to the contrivances in question; and,
 - (ii) for the purposes of this provision, a musical, literary or dramatic work shall not be deemed to include a contrivance by means of which sounds may be mechanically reproduced; and,
 - (iii) the making of the necessary manuscript arrangement and instrumentations of the copyrighted work for the sole purpose of the adaptation of the work to the contrivances in question, shall not be deemed an infringement of copyright.
- (2) The royalty as aforesaid shall be two cents for each playing surface of each such record and two cents for each such perforated roll or other contrivance.
- (3) If any such contrivance is made reproducing on the same plain surface two or more different works in which copyright subsists, and the owners of the copyright therein are different persons, the sums payable by way of royalties under this section shall be apportioned amongst the several owners of the copyright equally.
- (4) When any such contrivances by means of which a literary, dramatic or musical work may be mechanically performed have been made, then, for the purposes of this section, the owner of the copyright in the work shall, in relation to any person who makes the prescribed enquiries, be deemed to have given his consent to the making of such contrivances if he fails to reply to such enquiries within the prescribed time.
- (5) For the purposes of this section, the Governor in Council may make regulations prescribing anything which under this section is to be prescribed, and prescribing the mode in which notices are to be given and the particulars to be given in such notices, and the mode, time, and frequency of the payment of royalties; and any such regulations may, if the Governor in Council thinks fit, include regulations requiring payment in advance or otherwise securing the payment of royalties.
- (6) In the case of musical, literary or dramatic works published before the commencement of this Act, the foregoing provisions shall have effect, subject to the following modifications and additions:—
- (a) The conditions as to the previous making by, or with the consent or acquiescence of, the owner of the copyright in the work, and the restrictions as to alterations in or omissions from the work, shall not apply;
 - (b) No royalties shall be payable in respect of contrivances lawfully made and sold by the manufacturer, before the commencement of this Act;
 - (c) Notwithstanding any assignment made before the passing of this Act of the copyright in a literary or dramatic or musical work, any rights conferred by this Act in respect of the making, or authorising the making, of contrivances by means of which the work may be mechanically performed, shall belong to the author or his legal representatives and not to the assignee, and the royalties aforesaid shall be payable to, and for the benefit of, the author of the work or his legal representatives.
- (7) Notwithstanding anything in this Act, where a record, perforated roll, or other contrivance by means of which sounds may be mechanically reproduced has been made before the commencement of this Act, copyright shall, as from the commencement of this Act, subsist therein in like manner and for the like term as if this Act had been in force at the date of the making of the original plate from which the contrivance was directly or indirectly derived.
- Provided that,—
- (i) the person who, at the commencement of this Act, is the owner of such original plate shall be the first owner of such copyright; and,
 - (ii) nothing in this provision shall be construed as conferring copyright in any such contrivance if the

making thereof would have infringed copyright in some other such contrivance, if this provision had been in force at the time of the making of the first mentioned contrivance.

CIVIL REMEDIES.

19. (1) Where copyright in any work has been infringed, the owner of the copyright shall, except as otherwise provided by this Act, be entitled to all such remedies by way of injunction, damages, accounts, and otherwise, as are or may be conferred by law for the infringement of a right.

(2) The cost of all parties in any proceedings in respect of the infringement of copyright shall be in the absolute discretion of the Court.

(3) In any action for infringement of copyright in any work, the work shall be presumed to be a work in which copyright subsists and the plaintiff shall be presumed to be the owner of the copyright, unless the defendant puts in issue the existence of the copyright, or, as the case may be, the title of the plaintiff, and where any such question is at issue, then,—

(a) if a name purporting to be that of the author of the work is printed or otherwise indicated thereon in the usual manner, the person whose name is so printed or indicated shall, unless the contrary is proved, be presumed to be the author of the work;

(b) if no name is so printed or indicated, or if the name so printed or indicated is not the author's true name or the name by which he is commonly known, and a name purporting to be that of the publisher or proprietor of the work is printed or otherwise indicated thereon in the usual manner, the person whose name is so printed or indicated shall, unless the contrary is proved, be presumed to be the owner of the copyright in the work for the purposes of proceedings in respect of the infringement of copyright therein.

20. All infringing copies of any work in which copyright subsists, or of any substantial part thereof, and all plates used or intended to be used for the production of such infringing copies, shall be deemed to be the property of the owner of the copyright, who accordingly may take proceedings for the recovery of the possession thereof or in respect of the conversion thereof.

21. Where proceedings are taken in respect of the infringement of the copyright in any work and the defendant in his defence alleges that he was not aware of the existence of the copyright in the work, the plaintiff shall not be entitled to any remedy other than an injunction in respect of the infringement if the defendant proves that at the date of the infringement he was not aware, and had no reasonable ground for suspecting that copyright subsisted in the work: Provided that if at the date of the infringement the copyright in the work was duly registered under this Act, the defendant shall be deemed to have had reasonable ground for suspecting that copyright subsisted in the work.

22. (1) Where the construction of a building or other structure which infringes or which, if completed, would infringe the copyright in some other work has been commenced, the owner of the copyright shall not be entitled to obtain an injunction in respect of the construction of such building or structure or to order its demolition.

(2) Such of the other provisions of this Act as provide that an infringing copy of a work shall be deemed to be the property of the owner of the copyright, or as impose summary penalties, shall not apply in any case to which this section applies.

23. An action in respect of infringement of copyright shall not be commenced after the expiration of three years next after the infringement.

SUMMARY REMEDIES.

24. (1) If any person knowingly,—

(a) makes for sale or hire any infringing copy of a work in which copyright subsists; or,

(b) sells or lets for hire, or by way of trade exposes or offers for sale or hire any infringing copy of any such work; or,

(c) distributes infringing copies of any such work either for the purpose of trade or to such an extent as to

affect prejudicially the owner of the copyright, or, *d.* by way of trade exhibit in public any infringing copy of any such work, or,

e. imports for sale or hire into Canada any infringing copy of any such work,

he shall be guilty of an offence under this Act and be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding ten dollars for every copy dealt with in contravention of this section, but not exceeding two hundred dollars in respect of the same transaction, or, in the case of a second or subsequent offence, either to such fine or to imprisonment with or without hard labour for a term not exceeding two months.

2. If any person knowingly makes or has in his possession any plate for the purpose of making infringing copies of any work in which copyright subsists, or knowingly and for his private profit causes any such work to be performed in public without the consent of the owner of the copyright, he shall be guilty of an offence under this Act, and be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or in the case of a second or subsequent offence, either to such fine or to imprisonment with or without hard labour for a term not exceeding two months.

3. The court before which any such proceedings are taken may, whether the alleged offender is convicted or not, order that all copies of the work or all plates in the possession of the alleged offender, which appear to it to be infringing copies or plates for the purpose of making infringing copies, be destroyed or delivered up to the owner of the copyright or otherwise dealt with as the court may think fit.

25. (1) Any person who, without the written consent of the owner of the copyright or of his legal representative, knowingly performs or causes to be performed in public and for private profit the whole or any part, constituting an infringement, of any dramatic or operatic work or musical composition in which copyright subsists in Canada, shall be guilty of an offence, and shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, or, in the case of a second or subsequent offence, either to such fine or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two months, or to both.

2) Any person who makes or causes to be made any change in or suppression of the title, or the name of the author, of any dramatic or operatic work or musical composition in which copyright subsists in Canada, or who makes or causes to be made any change in such work or composition itself without the written consent of the author or his legal representative, in order that the same may be performed in whole or in part in public for private profit, shall be guilty of an offence, and shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or in the case of a second or subsequent offence, either to such fine or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding four months, or to both.

IMPORTATION OF COPIES.

26. Copies made out of Canada of any work in which copyright subsists which if made in Canada would infringe copyright and as to which the owner of the copyright gives notice in writing to the Department of Customs that he is desirous that such copies should not be so imported into Canada, shall not be so imported, and shall be deemed to be included in Schedule C to *The Customs Tariff, 1907*, and that Schedule shall apply accordingly.

27. (1) Where the owner of the copyright has by license or otherwise granted the right to reproduce any book in Canada, or where a license to reproduce such book has been granted under section twelve or thirteen, it shall not be lawful except as provided in subsection three to import into Canada copies of such book, and such copies shall be deemed to be included in Schedule C to *The Customs Tariff, 1907*, and that Schedule shall apply accordingly.

2) Except as provided in subsection three, it shall be unlawful to import into Canada copies of any book in which copyright subsists until fourteen days after publication thereof and during such period or any extension thereof such copies shall be deemed to be included in Schedule C to *The Customs Tariff, 1907*, and that Schedule shall apply accordingly.

Provided that if within the said period of fourteen days an application for a license has been made in accordance with the provisions of section thirteen, the Minister may in his discretion extend the said period and the prohibition against importation shall be continued accordingly. The

Minister shall forthwith notify the Department of Customs of such extension.

(3) Notwithstanding anything in this Act it shall be lawful for any person:—

- (a) To import for his own use not more than two copies of any work published in any country adhering to the Convention;
- (b) To import for use by any Department of His Majesty's Government for the Dominion or any of the provinces of Canada, copies of any work, wherever published;
- (c) At any time before a work is printed or made in Canada to import any copies required for the use of any public library or institution of learning;
- (d) To import any book lawfully printed in the United Kingdom or in a foreign country which has adhered to the Convention and the Additional Protocol thereto set out in the second Schedule to this Act, and published for circulation among, and sale to the public within either; provided that any officer of the Customs, may in his discretion, require any person seeking to import any work under this section to produce satisfactory evidence of the facts necessary to establish his right so to import.

ADMINISTRATION.

28. The Copyright Office, established under the *Copyright Act* and amendments thereto, shall continue and shall be attached to the Patent Office, and any officers appointed under the said Act shall continue as if established or appointed under this Act.

29. The Commissioner of Patents may do any act or thing, whether judicial or ministerial, which the Minister is authorized or empowered to do by any provision of this Act, and in the absence or inability to act of the Commissioner of Patents the Registrar of Copyrights may exercise such powers and do any such act or thing.

30. There shall be a Registrar of Copyrights.

31. The Commissioner of Patents or the Registrar of Copyrights shall sign all entries made in the Registers and shall sign all certificates and certified copies under the seal of the Copyright Office.

32. The Registrar of Copyrights shall perform such other duties in connection with the administration of this Act as may be assigned to him by the Commissioner of Patents.

33. There shall be a seal of the Copyright Office and impressions thereof shall be judicially noticed.

34. The Commissioner of Patents shall, subject to the Minister, oversee and direct the officers, clerks and employees of the Copyright Office, and have general control of the business thereof, and shall perform such other duties as are assigned to him by the Governor in Council.

35. (1) Every register of copyright under this Act shall be *prima facie* evidence of the particulars entered therein and documents purporting to be copies of any entries therein or extracts therefrom, certified by the Commissioner of Patents or the Registrar of Copyrights and sealed with the seal of the Copyright Office, shall be admissible in evidence in all courts without further proof or production of the originals.

(2) A certificate of registration of copyright in a work shall be *prima facie* evidence that copyright subsists in the work and that the person registered is the owner of such copyright.

REGISTRATION.

36. (1) The Minister shall cause to be kept at the Copyright Office, books to be called the Registers of Copyrights, in which may be entered the names or titles of works and the names and addresses of authors, and such other particulars as may be prescribed.

(2) The author or publisher of, or the owner of, or other person interested in the copyright in any work may cause the particulars respecting the work to be entered in the register.

(3) In the case of an encyclopaedia, newspaper, review,

magazine or other periodical work, or work published in a series of books or parts, it shall not be necessary to make a separate entry for each number or part, but a single entry for the whole work shall suffice.

(4) There shall also be kept at the Copyright Office such indexes of the registers established under this section as may be prescribed.

(5) The registers and indexes established under this section shall be in the prescribed form, and shall at all reasonable times be open to inspection, and any person shall be entitled to take copies of or make extracts from any such register.

(6) Any registration made under the *Copyright Act* shall have the same force and effect as if made under this Act.

(7) Any work in which copyright, operative in Canada, subsisted immediately before the commencement of this Act, shall be registerable under this Act.

37. (1) The application for the registration of a copyright may be made in the name of the author or of his legal representatives, by any person purporting to be agent of such author or legal representatives.

(2) Any damage caused by a fraudulent or an erroneous assumption of such authority shall be recoverable in any court of competent jurisdiction.

38. Application for registration of a copyright shall be made in accordance with the prescribed form, and shall be deposited at the Copyright Office together with the prescribed fee.

39. (1) Any grant of an interest in a copyright, either by assignment or license, may be registered, if made in duplicate, upon production of both duplicates to the Copyright Office and payment of the prescribed fee. One duplicate shall be retained at the Copyright Office and the other shall be returned to the person depositing it, with a certificate of registration.

(2) Any grant of an interest in a copyright, either by assignment or license, shall be adjudged void against any subsequent assignee or licensee for valuable consideration without actual notice, unless such assignment or license is registered in the manner directed by this Act before the registering of the instrument under which a subsequent assignee or licensee claims, and no grantee shall maintain any action under this Act, unless his and each such prior grant has been registered.

FEES.

40. (1) The following fees shall be paid to the Minister in advance before an application for any of the following purposes is received, that is to say:—

Registering a copyright.....	\$ 2 00
Registering an assignment of copyright, in respect of each copyright assigned, including certificate of registration.....	1 00
Certificate of registration of copyright.....	1 00
Certified copies of documents or extracts:—	

For every folio of one hundred words..... 0 10

(2) The said fees shall be in full of all services by the Minister or any person employed by him.

(3) All fees received under this Act shall be paid over to the Minister of Finance, and shall form part of the Consolidated Revenue Fund of Canada.

(4) No person shall be exempt from the payment of any fee or charge payable in respect of any services performed under this Act for such person.

(5) Such further or other fees as may be necessary for the purposes of this Act may be established and imposed by order in Council.

41. (1) Where any person is immediately before the commencement of this Act entitled to any such right in any work as is specified in the first column of the First Schedule to this Act, or to any interest in such a right, he shall, as from that date, be entitled to the substituted right set forth in the second column of that Schedule, or to the same interest in such a substituted right, and to no other right or interest, and such substituted right shall subsist for the term for which it would have subsisted if this Act had been in force at the date when the work was made, and the work had been one entitled to copyright thereunder.

Provided that,—

(a) if the author of any work in which any such right as is specified in the first column of the First Schedule to this Act subsists at the commencement of this Act has, before that date, assigned the right or granted any interest therein for the whole term of the right then at the date when, but for the passing of this Act, the right would have expired, the substituted right conferred by this section shall, in the absence of express agreement, pass to the author of the work, and any interest therein created before the commencement of this Act and then subsisting shall determine; but the person who immediately before the date at which the right would so have expired was the owner of the right or interest shall be entitled at his option either,—

(i) on giving such notice as hereinafter mentioned to an assignment of the right or the grant of a similar interest therein for the remainder of the term of the right for such consideration as, failing agreement, may be determined by arbitration; or,

(ii) without any such assignment or grant, to continue to reproduce or perform the work in like manner as theretofore subject to the payment, if demanded by the author within three years after the date at which the right would have so expired, of such royalties to the author as, failing agreement, may be determined by arbitration, or, where the work is incorporated in a collective work and the owner of the right or interest is the proprietor of that collective work, without any such payment.

The notice above referred to must be given not more than one year nor less than six months before the date at which the right would have so expired, and must be sent by registered post to the author, or, if he cannot with reasonable diligence be found, advertised in the *Canada Gazette*;

(b) where any person has, before the commencement of this Act, taken any action whereby he has incurred any expenditure or liability in connection with the reproduction or performance of any work in a manner which at the time was lawful, or for the purpose of or with a view to the reproduction or performance of a work at a time when such reproduction or performance would, but for the passing of this Act, have been lawful, nothing in this section shall diminish or prejudice any rights or interests arising from or in connection with such action which are subsisting and valuable at the said date, unless the person who by virtue of this section becomes entitled to restrain such reproduction or performance agrees to pay such compensation as, failing agreement, may be determined by arbitration.

(2) For the purposes of this section, the expression "author" includes the legal representatives of a deceased author.

(3) Subject to the provisions of subsections six and seven of section nineteen of this Act, copyright shall not subsist in any work made before the commencement of this Act, otherwise than under, and in accordance with, the provisions of this section.

CLERICAL ERRORS NOT TO INVALIDATE.

42. Clerical errors which occur in the framing or copying of an instrument drawn by any officer or employee in

or of the Department shall not be construed as invalidating such instrument, but when discovered they may be corrected under the authority of the Minister.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

43. The Governor in Council may make such rules and regulations, and prescribe such forms as appear to him necessary and expedient for the purposes of this Act.

44. No person shall be entitled to copyright or any similar right in any literary, dramatic, musical or artistic work otherwise than under and in accordance with the provisions of this Act, or of any other statutory enactment for the time being in force, but nothing in this section shall be construed as abrogating any right or jurisdiction to restrain a breach of trust or confidence.

45. (1) The Governor in Council may make orders for altering, revoking, or varying any order in council made under this Act, but any order made under this section shall not affect prejudicially any rights or interests acquired or accrued at the date when the order comes into operation, and shall provide for the protection of such rights and interests.

(2) Every order in council made under this Act shall be published in the *Canada Gazette*, and shall be laid before Parliament as soon as may be after it is made, and shall have effect as if enacted in this Act.

46. (1) This Act shall not apply to designs capable of being registered under the *Trade Mark and Design Act*, except designs which, though capable of being so registered, are not used or intended to be used as models or patterns to be multiplied by any industrial process.

(2) General rules under section thirty-nine of the *Trade Mark and Design Act*, may be made for determining the conditions under which a design shall be deemed to be used for such purposes as aforesaid.

REPEAL.

47. All the enactments relating to copyright passed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom are, so far as they are operative in Canada, hereby repealed. Provided that this repeal shall not prejudicially affect any legal rights existing at the time of the repeal.

48. The *Copyright Act*, chapter seventy of the *Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906*, and chapter seventeen of the statutes of 1908, are hereby repealed.

CONVENTION OF BERNE.

49. The Governor in Council may take such action as may be necessary to secure the adherence of Canada to the revised Convention of Berne, signed the thirteenth day of November, 1908, and the Additional Protocol thereto signed at Berne the twentieth day of March, 1914: set out in the Second Schedule to this Act.

COMMENCEMENT.

50. This Act shall come into force on a day to be fixed by proclamation of the Governor in Council.

Members Admitted to the Canadian Authors Association

The following have been admitted to the Canadian Authors Association since its inception and up to July 15:

Life

- 1 Gibbon, John Murray, C.P.R., Windsor Station, Montreal.

Regular

- 1 Acheson, Mrs. G. M., 11728—94th St., Edmonton.
- 2 Aikins, Carroll C., Naramata, B.C.
- 3 Alexander, Mrs. M. H. T., Roberts Block, 102nd St., Edmonton.
- 4 Allison, Prof. W. T., Univ. of Manitoba, Winnipeg.
- 5 Archibald, Mrs. E. J., 39 Second St., St. Lambert, Que.
- 6 Armbrist, Duncan, 256 Jarvis St., Toronto.
- 7 Armitage, Rev. W. J., D.D., Archdeacon of Halifax, N. S.
- 8 Armour, E. Douglas, 103 Avenue Road, Toronto.
- 9 Arnold, Miss Gertrude, 423 Mount Pleasant Ave., Westmount, Que.
- 10 Ashton, Mrs. Beatrice Embree, 58 Carling Ave., Ottawa.
- 11 Audet, F. J., Public Archives, Ottawa.
- 12 Baker, Prof. Ray Palmer, 303 Spring Ave, Troy, N.Y.
- 13 Banks, William, Brit. & Colonial Press, 57 Adelaide W., Toronto.
- 14 Barbeau, Dr. C. M., Victoria Museum, Ottawa.
- 15 Barnard, Leslie G., 515 New Birks Bldg., Montreal.
- 16 Barry, Miss Lily, 580 Union Ave., Montreal.
- 17 Batsford, Benjamin T., 20B McMillan Court, Winnipeg.
- 18 Beck, L. Adams, Empress Hotel, Victoria, B. C.
- 19 Bell, C. W., % Bell, Pringle & Yeates; Hamilton, Ont.
- 20 Bell, Edwin, Osgoode Hall, Toronto.
- 21 Bending, Fredk J., 346 Truro St., St. James, Man.
- 22 Blackburn, Miss Grace, "Free Press," London, Ont.
- 23 Bourinot, Arthur S., 433 Daly Ave., Ottawa.
- 24 Bowman, Mrs. A. A., 377 Walmer Road Hill, Toronto
- 25 Bradford, Miss C., 1171 Cadieux St., Montreal.
- 26 Broadus, Prof. E. K., Univ. of Alberta, Edmonton.
- 27 Broadus, K. H., Univ. of Alberta, Edmonton.
- 28 Brock, R. W., Dean of Applied Science. Univ. of B. C., Vancouver.
- 29 Brooks, Miss Mary W. 271 Regent Ave., Montreal.
- 30 Burke, Miss E. F., Ottawa Journal, Ottawa.
- 31 Burpee, Lawrence J., 22 Rideau Terrace, Ottawa.
- 32 Caldwell, J. E., City View, Ont. (Ottawa).
- 33 Call, Prof. F. O., Lennoxville, Que.
- 34 Carman, Bliss, New Canaan, Conn., U. S. A.
- 35 Carmichael, Roy, 226 Lasalle Rd., Verdun, Montreal.
- 36 Chapais, Hon. Thomas, the Senate, Ottawa.
- 37 Chapman, A. T., 190 Peel St., Montreal.
- 38 Chicanot, E. L., C. P. R., Windsor Station, Montreal.
- 39 Chipman, Warwick, Dom. Express Bldg, Montreal.
- 40 Clark, Prof. A. F. B., 5037 Maple St., Vancouver.
- 41 Clarke, Mrs. Elspeth Honeyman, R. R. I., New Westminster, B. C.
- 42 Clarke, Geo. Herbert, Univ. of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., U. S. A.
- 43 Cody, Rev. H. A., St James Church, St. John, N. B.
- 44 Cohen, Mrs. Ruth A. ("Sheila Rand"), 143 Polson Ave., Winnipeg.
- 45 Comerford, Hugh P., Loyola College, Montreal.,
- 46 Coombs, F. E. L., 36 Patterson Ave., Ottawa.
- 47 Crawford, Prof. Alex. W., Univ. of Manitoba, Winnipeg.
- 48 Crone, Kennedy, 316 Lagauchetiere St., Montreal.
- 49 Dafeo, J. W., "Free Press," Winnipeg.
- 50 Dale, Prof. J. A., Univ. of Toronto, Toronto.
- 51 Darrach, Mrs. Mabel ("Charters Darrach"), Martello, Broadway, Winnipeg.
- 52 Deachman, S. J., 3809—4th St. W., Calgary.
- 53 Deacon, William A., 680 McDermott Ave., Winnipeg.
- 54 de la Roche, Miss Mazo, 89 Collier St., Toronto.
- 55 de Montigny, Louvigny, Chief Translator, Senate, Ottawa.
- 56 Dickie, Francis, Box 1090, Vancouver.
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- 59 Durie, Mrs., 306 St. George St., Toronto.
- 60 Eayrs, Hugh S., Macmillan Co., Bond St., Toronto.
- 61 Edelstein, Hyman, 415 Power Bldg., Montreal.
- 62 Edgar, Prof. Pelham, 286 St. George St., Toronto.
- 63 Edmonds, Rev. W. Everard, 11146—91st Avenue, Edmonton.
- 64 Ellis, Mrs. Miriam Greene, 10044—107th St., Edmonton.
- 65 Elston, Miss Miriam, 123 Alberta Block, Edmonton.
- 66 Fairley, Prof. Barker, 22 Kendall Ave., Toronto.
- 67 Feigh, Frank, 2231 Esplanade Ave., Montreal.
- 68 Fink, Mrs. C. B. (Florence Beatrice), 582 Langside St., Winnipeg.
- 69 Foley, Miss Jean, 11 the Linton, Montreal.
- 70 Foster, Lady, 125 Somerset St., Ottawa.
- 71 Fox, Frank W., 224 Willibrod Ave., Verdun, Que.
- 72 Franco, Gustave, 117 Northcliffe Ave., N. D. G., Montreal.
- 73 Fraser, Donald A., 314 Phoenix Place, Victoria, B.C.
- 74 Fraser, W. A., 10 Montclair Ave., Toronto.
- 75 Fullerton, Aubrey, 67 Villa Ave., Edmonton.
- 76 Garneau, Hector, Public Library, Montreal.
- 77 Garvin, John W., 214 Russell Hill Rd., Toronto.
- 78 Garvin, Mrs. J. W., 214 Russell Hill Rd., Toronto.
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- 83 Gordon, Rev. C. W., Room 358 Legislative Bldg., Winnipeg.
- 84 Gordon, H. K., 152 St. George St., Toronto.
- 85 Gosnell, R. E., 43 Victoria Chambers, Ottawa.
- 86 Grant, W. L., Principal Upper Canada College, Toronto.
- 87 Gray, F. W., Ste Anne de Bellevue, Que.
- 88 Griffiths, Miss Enid Marie, 3223 Seventh St. W., Calgary.
- 89 Halpenny, Dr. Jasper, 6 Eastgate, Winnipeg.
- 90 Halpenny, Mrs. Lilian B., 6 Eastgate, Winnipeg.
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- 92 Hamilton, Mrs. E. W., 983 Grosvenor Ave., Winnipeg
- 93 Hammond, M. O., "Globe", Toronto.
- 94 Harrison, Mrs. S. F. ("Seranus"), 25 Dunbar Rd., Toronto.
- 95 Hatheway, W. Frank, 16 Ward St., St. John, N. B.
- 96 Haweis, Lionel, Univ. of B. C., Vancouver.
- 97 Hawkes, Arthur, 248 Beech Ave., Toronto.
- 98 Hayden, C. A., "Herald," Calgary.
- 99 Heeney, Canon W. Bertal, 511 Stradbrooke Ave., Winnipeg.
- 100 Heming, Arthur, 72 Madison Ave., Toronto.
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- 102 Hendrie, Miss Lilian M., 210 Milton St., Montreal.
- 103 Henshaw, Mrs. Julia W., "the Hut", Caulfield, B.C.
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- 105 Higgins, Miss Alice, 449 Somerset W., Ottawa.
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- 107 Hope, Mrs. John, 220 Driveway, Ottawa.
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- 123 Knowles, Robert E., 171 Yonge St., Toronto.
- 124 Lacerte, Mme., A. B., 476 Rideau St., Ottawa.
- 125 Lang, Sidney E., 976 Grosvenor Ave., Winnipeg.
- 126 Laughy, H. W., 12018—91st St., Edmonton.
- 127 Laut, Miss Agnes, Wassaic, Dutchess Co., N. Y.
- 128 Lawler, James, 353 Frank St., Ottawa.
- 129 Leacock, Stephen, McGill University, Montreal.
- 130 Lefevre, Mrs Lily Alice, Langaravine, Langara P.O., B. C.
- 131 Lighthall, W. D., Murray Ave. Westmount, Que.
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- 135 Lomer, Dr. G. R., McGill Library, Montreal.
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- 153 Macpherson, Miss K. L., 2715 Hutchison St., Montreal.
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- 205 Scott Duncan Campbell, Indian Dept., Ottawa.
- 206 Service, Robert W., % Thos. Cook & Son, Paris, France.
- 207 Sime, Miss J. G., Themis Club, Montreal.
- 208 Sinclair, Bertrand W., 3066 Point Grey Rd., Vancouver.
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- 242 Williams, Taylor, Lady (Jane), 686 Mountain St., Montreal.
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 37 Hathaway, E. J., 401 King St. W., Toronto.
 38 Hathaway, R. H., 258 Garden Ave., Toronto.
 39 Hill E. L., Public Library, Edmonton.
 40 Hill, Miss Esther Marjorie, 11034—83rd Ave., Edmonton.
 41 Holt-Murison, Mrs. Blanche C., Suite II, 1020 Nicola St., Vancouver.
 42 Hurley, John F., 391 Young St., Winnipeg.
 43 Hyslop, John, 4 West Apts., Alverstone St., Winnipeg.
 44 Ireland, John S., 649 Granville St., Vancouver.
 45 Johnson, Miss H. Laight, 5 Prince of Wales Terrace, Montreal.
 46 Johnston, Mrs. Caroline 913—18th Ave., N. W., Calgary.
 47 Kerby, Emily Spencer, 1125—7th Ave. W., Calgary.
 48 Kerr, Miss Estelle M., 80 Spadina Rd., Toronto.
 49 Lang, Lisgar L., % Russell Lang Co., Winnipeg.
 50 Lee, Mrs. Emily D., 11119—100th Ave., Edmonton.
 51 Lowry, Samuel, 300 Balmoral St., Winnipeg.
 52 Macdonald, Miss Edith, 22 Bernard Ave., Toronto.
 53 Macvicar, S. Helena, 293 Yale Ave., Winnipeg.
 54 Manuel, Mrs. Edith Paget, 10915—127th St., Edmonton.
 55 Mason, Miss Laura, University Library, Toronto.
 56 Matchett, Miss M. G. P., 762 Winnipeg Ave., Winnipeg.
 57 McA'Nulty, Andrew, 342 Frank St., Ottawa.
 58 Middlebrook, Miss Lottie V., 235 Colony St., Winnipeg.
 59 Miller, Geo. Mitchell, Mount Royal College, Calgary.
 60 Mitchamore, Miss M. A., 201 Oak St., Winnipeg.
 61 Moffatt, W. C. A., "Bookseller & Stationer," Toronto.
 62 Montgomery, Miss Jessie F., Librarian, Ext. Dept., University of Alberta, Edmonton.
 63 Pierce, Lorne, Methodist Book House, Toronto.
 64 Proctor, J. E., 1907—5½th St. W., Calgary.
 65 Rankin, Mrs Norman S., 191 Ste. Famille St., Montreal.
 66 Reid, Robie L., 1333 Pacific St., Vancouver.
 67 Robertson, Prof. Lemuel, 6312 Elm St., Vancouver.
 68 Scott, G. F., 1322 Maple St., Vancouver.
 69 Slipper, Mrs Mary, Annamoe Mansions, Edmonton.
 70 Smith, Mrs. Allan L., 458 Melrose Ave., Montreal.
 71 Sproule, Geo. A., Manitoba Agric. College, Winnipeg.
 72 Squir, Prof. J., 308 Palmerston Blvd., Toronto.
 73 Srigley, Miss Evalyn, 11250—125th St., Edmonton.
 74 Stroud, Mrs. H. Wallace, 439 Mackay St., Montreal.
 75 Wade, H. Gerald., 5 Vansittart Block, Winnipeg.
 76 Warriner, Dr. Fredk., 618 Kildonan Rd., Winnipeg.

(NOTE: About one hundred additional applications have been sent by branch organizations and will be passed upon by the Executive Committee at its next meeting.)

Books Received

FICTION

Allan, Luke, "Blue Pete: Half Breed." McClelland, Toronto, \$2.00. Mr Allan has no difficulty in handling all the customary machinery of the Mounted-Police-versus-cattle-rustler literature which seems to be the most marketable product of the Canadian West next to wheat, cattle and suburban lots. "Blue Pete," although apparently a first work, is a perfectly good example of this well-known and popular product, easily grading as No. 1 Hard. But Canadians with a real knowledge of their West will note in it some signs of an ability to do something more than describe gun-fights, suggesting that Mr. Allan may eventually turn to a much more artistic and serious portrayal of Western life. We refer to his descriptions of scenery and atmosphere. This author has a feeling for the beauty of the prairies that is quite unconnected with their uses as the setting for cattle raids. Perhaps much is explained when we add that Luke Allan is really W. Lacey Amy, a well known Canadian journalist.

Allison, William, "The Turnstile of Night". Gundy, Toronto, \$1.90. Full of thrills and creepy excitement from the opening scene in a Calcutta opium den, through the perils of Thibet to the lonely suburban house. The wickedness of the gentle Mr. Willoughby makes us shudder, and we are glad when all ends happily for the hero and heroine.

Aumonier, Stacy, "The Golden Windmill and Other Stories." Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.00. Mr. Aumonier's two latest novels have set him well among the most interesting of English fiction writers, but he is also an accomplished craftsman in the magazine short-story. The majority of those contained in this volume are merely good examples of his craftsmanship, but "Them Others" with its study of the feelings of an old cockney woman about the German family who had been living next door to her before the war, is much more profound and thoughtful, and so is "The Brothers". A worth-while collection.

Ayres, Ruby M., "The Fortune Hunter", Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75. This is the latest output of the prolific author whose list begins with "Richard Chatterton V.C." and ended recently with "The Disturbing Charm" and "The Remembered Kiss." The plot is that of the nice young man who decides to enter upon a career of fraud and finds that he cannot do so because of the trust reposed in him by his beautiful beloved. As usual, we find in the end that whatever his intentions may have been, he was not committing a fraud at all.

Bedford-Jones, H. "The Mardi-Gras Mystery", Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. The tale of a carnival jest in New Orleans, with contrasting material in the shape of financial struggle and intrigue for the oil-lands of adjacent states. There is a rich, daring and honorable young man, a lovely girl, a lot of fighting, and the eventual discomfiture of all the wicked.

Benson, E. F., "Dodo Wonders", McClelland, Toronto. Except for the first three or four chapters, which are quite in the style of the original "Dodo", it is the reader who wonders just why Mr. Benson revived the lady. But Dodo's father, Mr. Vane, has been much more wonderfully revived, for he was announced, in a previous volume, to have been completely annihilated in a vat of chemicals in his own factory, and here he is distributing samples of the products of the said factory in a remarkably life-like manner. Also, what does the "arpeggio scale", which Edith plays, sound like? We fear that Mr. Benson nods.

Brackett, Charles, "The Counsel of the Ungodly", Appleton, Toronto. Old Peter Van Haven, finding his money gone, obtains work as a butler with the newly rich Mrs. Isaac Davidson and her daughter Mary who are returning to the States after doing war work in France. They try to break in on society without much success. On the arrival of the long-lost husband with a daughter, Mary finds herself out in the cold. She and Peter then visit his aristocratic relatives, and after certain mis-

adventures with the false love she finds the true.

Briarly, Mary, "In His Own Image," Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.50. The author avows her purpose "to set forth sincerely the woman soul of the twentieth century, not by exploiting the naked emotions of one woman, but by revealing the aspirations and inhibitions of diverse women in their mating and their reaction from life." This would be a large undertaking, even for one with no pre-occupations save those of the artist. The present author is very much preoccupied with propaganda. The book is largely the history of the imaginary campaign in a Western state for the enactment of a law "to punish as a felony the bribing of females to enter carnal relations."

Buchan, John, "The Path of the King", Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75. This is a historical novel, or rather a series of historical episodes, set at different periods and different places ranging from Viking Norway to Washington in the time of Lincoln, and all of them intended to illustrate the thesis that "the things we call aristocracies and reigning houses are the last places to look for masterful men. They began strongly, but they have been too long in possession. Who is more likely to inherit the fire—the elder son with his fleshpots or the younger son with his fortune to find? Just think of it! All the younger sons of younger sons back through the generations." Mr. Buchan's remarkable historical knowledge and skill in evoking atmosphere are well displayed in the significant episodes which he has devised to work out his thesis, and which are linked together by a supposed chain of heredity running down to Abraham Lincoln himself.

Buck, Charles Neville, "The Roof Tree", Gundy Toronto, \$1.75. The ancient walnut tree at the door of the Thorntons' homestead seems to share the life of the family. Dorothy feels it as a sentient being during the course of her own and her husband's career, so chequered through the feud in which he is forced to become a leader. The story makes a thrilling tale.

Camp, Wadsworth, "The Guarded Heights," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. There are no heights to which the modern free-born American cannot attain, if he only goes the right way about it! This one began life as a stable-boy, entered Harvard with five hundred dollars to his name and little previous education, and through the medium of foot-ball (open sesame) and grit became famous and married the daughter of his first employer, who hated him so that she finally fell in love with him. Marvellous!

Campion, Jessie, "The Ramshackle Adventure." Hodder, Toronto, \$1.60. One of the funniest stories for months past. The adventures of "George," a young and ambitious curate, with a decided genius for mechanics who becomes the owner of a second-hand motor car, are most spiritedly related by his long-suffering but admiring wife. When the tale finishes dealing with George, the car and the church-warden, and describes George, the car and the Bishop—who really is a sport—one becomes quite breathless. It is just as interesting a book for the layman as for the clergy or the motorist, and entirely refutes the saying that women are not humorists, for undoubtedly both the author and George's wife are shining examples.

Castle, Agnes and Egerton, "John Seneschal's Margaret," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75. An admirable specimen of the well balanced character-and-action romances of these two accomplished writers. The situation arises out of the loss of memory of a British officer who escapes after terrible sufferings from a prolonged confinement among the Turks, and who, on his return to England, is taken for and half believes himself to be another person—the chum who escaped with him but died in the desert before reaching safety. The complications thus made possible are very dexterously developed.

Chown, Alice, "The Stairway." Cornhill, Boston, \$2.00. This highly interesting and closely autobiographical book is less a Stairway than a Pilgrimage—the pilgrim-

mage of a very sane but open-minded woman among a large number of leaders of new cults, mainly for the Larger Freedom, on this continent. The autobiographer, who represents herself as being of Canadian birth and training, shares that attitude of distrust of all institutions, from royalty and marriage to property and the Saturday night bath, which is in many circles regarded as a hall-mark of intellectuality. Her saving grace is her lurking suspicion that a total lack of institutions might be worse than too many. A sense of humor and a large heart will help one to love even an advanced "reformer".

Comstock, Harriet, "The Shield of Silence," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. By shielding with silence all knowledge of parentage of her two tiny protegees, Doris Fletcher tries to show that environment is stronger than heredity. The scene shifts from Virginia to New York, many times, and the glimpses of life in a big city for a girl who is making her way are rather enlightening. Heredity wins, in the end, of course, though environment runs it very close.

Dane, Clemence, "A Bill of Divorcement" (Play), Macmillan, Toronto, \$2.00. No one would have predicted that the author of "Legend" and "Regiment of Women" would suddenly develop a pronounced mastery of the playwright's craft. "A Bill of Divorcement" has been very successful in London, and will shortly be seen on this continent. It is, however, a highly readable play as well as an actable one, which is less surprising because no one will deny Miss Dane's literary abilities. Its thesis is the new conception of life produced in the younger generation by the frank scientific teaching of the age. Sydney Fairfield, a girl of seventeen, learns for the first time that her father's malady is not the result of an accident but is hereditary insanity; whereupon she solves a painful entanglement by abandoning all thoughts of marriage and devoting herself to the care of her father, leaving her mother, who has just obtained a divorce, free to marry the man of her choice.

Dawson, Coningsby, "The Kingdom Round the Corner", Copp Clark, Toronto. Mr. Dawson has a reprehensible habit of finding a good subject for serious fiction and ceasing to treat it seriously about half-way through his novel. His topic of the position of a former valet who has risen from the ranks to a generalship through executive ability, and who finds when the war is over that he cannot keep his hold upon the social position which he has achieved, is decidedly intriguing. So is the lady who apparently cannot resist getting married whenever an opportunity arose. But after getting us really interested in the peculiarities of these remarkable people, he disappoints us by reducing them to the commonplace dummies of romantic villainy, exactly like the people in hundreds of novels in the Family Herald and elsewhere. Perhaps, however, that is the only way of producing a completely happy ending out of such materials, and Mr. Dawson's readers must have a happy ending.

Dunn, J. Allan, "The Man Trap," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. An exciting tale of the Southwestern American deserts, in which a young mining engineer works his thorny way through baffling mysteries, hunting for his lost chum. There are two girls, each most fascinating, a very fiendish villain, Zuni Indians and poison gas and plenty of local color, also a perfectly good ending.

Frankau, Gilbert, "The Seeds of Enchantment". Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. Mr. Frankau is well on the way to become England's leading exotic novelist. He seems to be following good models, including Pierre Benoit's "Atlantis", which has several points of resemblance with the present work. This deals with the expedition of three interesting young men to discover a colony of French adventurers lost during many centuries in the interior of Indo-China, and possessing the knowledge of an extraordinarily potent drug. When discovered, the descendants of this ancient colony proved to have freed themselves from all considerations of morality. The resultant complications are narrated with remarkable vividness and gusto.

Fletcher, J. S., "The Orange-Yellow Diamond." Macmillan, Toronto, \$1.90. A really interesting detective story in which the suspicion connected with a murder (of course) and a robbery fastens itself on each new-comer,

until one is quite in a maze. The scene is laid in London; naturally Scotland Yard police come into the tale, and the little man who is doing a bit of "sleuthing" on his own does some quite clever things, But is the real villain ever brought to light?

Gambier, Kenyon, "The Girl on the Hilltop." Doran, New York. A tale by the author of "The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl" with again the war as a background but this time the scene is laid in a small English village of whose beauty one has a glimpse before the Fourth of August. The hero, a young American of English descent comes over to hunt up his relations and is plunged into exciting events at once, and, being a youth of spirit and great valor (of course he enlists on the outbreak of war) he continues to be a most amusing storm centre throughout his subsequent convalescence in England. We close the book feeling, however, that the author married him to the wrong girl whom, though doubtless an adorable person, we could not love. But that is like life!

Gatlin, Dana, "Missy," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.80. "Missy," short for Melissa, is an attractive damsel whose more salient doings between the ages of seven and seventeen are chronicled in a series of captivating sketches. Our heroine is possessed of an "infinite variety" of moods and actions—she sways from the eminently religious to the frankly mischievous and daring, and it is not surprising that her family find it a trifle hard to cope with her. But she is a lovable soul, and one enjoys her religious "experiences", her flights of fancy, and above all her sense of the romantic, her day-dreams and her "poetry," and feels that Missy is a real person. May we express our heartfelt gratitude to the author for never allowing the tale to become in the least sentimental. "Mushiness" seems so hard to avoid, in boy and girl stories.

Genest, Frank D., "The Letters of Si Whiffletree, Freshman," Montreal, \$1.00. Those of us who were the first to read the amiable Mr. Whiffletree's correspondence in the McGill Daily away back in 1919, promptly realised that somebody was in process of endowing McGill University with a new and wholly admirable humorous legend. Whiffletree is now an accepted institution in the great university on the slopes of Mount Royal. His appearance in book form should result in the spreading of his fame in much wider circles. Mr. Genest has not merely created a character; he has also originated an extraordinarily clever vocabulary of university slang. Thus, in a dozen successive postscripts the ingenious Mr. Whiffletree seeks to extract from his parent at Sims' Corners a further instalment of financial support, and success only nerves him to further effort. "P. S. I got the ten-spot last week O. K., but listen here, Pa—ten iron men makes as much noise around the McGill as a Theological College Roofers' Club at a chess tournament." It is possible that some of Mr. Whiffletree's allusions will be obscure to those whose college days are in the remote past or future, but that is their misfortune. On the whole, anybody who is both old enough and young enough to thrill at the spectacle of a McGill undergrad, thoroughly enjoying himself, will get a full dollar of value out of this original little book.

Gibbon, J. Morgan, "Jan," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.90. Jan, the heroine, brought up by her black sheep father in uniquely democratic fashion, has the gift of winning adoring love from all to whom she turns, be it maid servant, cousin, or highly cultured school-mistress. After a stormy career in her own little bark, she finds that life is hopeless without the love of her cousin, Happily he is waiting outside when she discovers her need, and they are married presumably to live happily ever after.

Grey, Zane, "The Mysterious Rider," Musson, Toronto, \$2.00. It is obviously impossible to have a good fighting adventure novel without at least one thorough-paced villain. Probably the chief of Zane Grey's many merits is his ability to make his villains really plausible. Jack Bellounds (the third "I" in his name is really the most improbable thing about him) was a thoroughly bad young man whose father, the owner of Bellounds ranch, could not be induced to believe in his badness, and insisted on marrying him to the heroine, the lovely founding Columbine. How the Mysterious Rider took a hand and prevented this tragedy, saving Columbine for the man she really loved, is told in 336 pages of romance and excitement.

O. Henry for the domestic and peaceful side of New York life.

Oppenheim, E. Phillips, "The Profiteers," McClelland, Toronto. The profiteers, a quartet of quite unscrupulous financiers, were badly beaten at their own game by John Wingate, who by very drastic means forced them to sell at a loss the wheat they had cornered, and who was enabled to marry the lady of his dreams by the convenient and sudden death of her most unpleasant and rascally husband.

Orczy, Baroness, "The First Sir Percy," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75. Yet another good addition to the long line of historical novels from this excellent writer, whose pen has lost none of its cunning and who describes the perilous existence of the people of the Low Countries in the early part of the seventeenth century very vividly. Her hero is the "Laughing Cavalier," reappearing as the heir to large estates in England, but whose sword is still at the service of Prince Maurice, the Stadtholder; and there is enough of intrigue, attempted poisonings and fighting to make the tale a hard one to lay down before the end.

Ostrander, Isabel, "How Many Cards?" Dent, Toronto, \$1.75. An account of Roundsman McCarty's difficulties in finding the murderer (we fear that he compounded a felony when he did find the person, a most unlikely one) of one group of New Yorkers who were all more or less at loggerheads with one another. The clue to the mystery is well hidden until the end of the tale, and the reader is left feeling a little puzzled even then.

Overton, Grant, "World Without End," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. The author has produced an almost Dickensian number of characters, every one well drawn and filling his or her proper niche in the little world of Long Island fifty years ago—a Long Island colony which bears not the remotest resemblance to the one of today. The story is absorbingly told, not as the events happened but as they came to the knowledge (or, as she says, "transpired") of the old lady who supplies the material, giving an added charm as of scattered leaves from real life collected at various times until the tale is complete. The character of Martin L'Hommedieu, the religious fanatic who allowed his life to be warped by an unfortunate love affair, dominates the others, casting a shadow over the reader and adding to the feeling of inexplicable mystery until quite at the close when, after a remarkable linking up of apparently unconnected incidents, one finds the chain of circumstance perfect.

Pacaud, George W., "Social Idolatry," Popham, Toronto, \$1.25. Mr. Pacaud was the winner of the Earl Grey prize some years ago, with his play entitled "Retribution". His new comedy, while entirely negligible from a literary point of view, and to the last degree conventional in subject matter, may be quite capable of a certain degree of purely theatrical effectiveness. That is, we can imagine it being performed with some acceptance by a summer stock company in any part of the continent to which Clyde Fitch has not yet permeated.

Pedler, Margaret, "The Lamp of Fate," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75. Anything by the author of "The Hermit of Far End" can be confidently accepted as a good workmanlike novel that will entertain the reader without making him wonder what modern fiction is coming to. This tale of a dancer who breaks men's hearts and then becomes a member of one of the sternest of conventional orders should provide any reader with his or her full money's worth of sympathetic tears and heart-beats.

Pryde, Anthony, "Marqueray's Duel," Dent, Toronto, \$2.00. The duel was not of the "coffee and pistols" variety, for the tale is a very modern one, written of life in England since the war, and one feels that Marqueray had more than the struggle with the loathsome Marchmont on hand: for if ever anyone possessed a double personality that man was Marqueray, man of the world and sportsman, cautious and cynical, with a heart that could be moved to the tenderest compassion and a mind that could be imperious to insults if he wanted to gain his end. "He ruled a line between women good and bad, which allowed for

such gradations as went to make up his shrewd and easy-going judgments of men: and good women he found dull and difficult to get along with while the others made occasionally pleasant companions but never wives." That was why he so completely misunderstood poor little sinned-against, innocent Irish Phyllida, who had been so generously rescued by West, the man who "never could pass a lame dog in the street," and whose friendship was so eagerly and doggedly sought by Marqueray, and so reluctantly given.

Rickard, Mrs. Victor, "A Reckless Puritan," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75. A good study of an Irish girl, very naive, very innocent and very direct in her methods, one with that "come hither" in her eye that no youth could resist. Consequently, Georgie Desmond, in spite of being the rector's daughter, was "the talk of the world" in the small Irish town, and all the old cats prophesied that she'd come to no good. Georgie disappoints the old cats by marrying a rich Englishman who is wild about her, but she finds the world no kinder to her in England than at home, and is horrified at the standard of life among her husband's friends. The mixture of recklessness with the goodness in her makes for a character rather hard for an outsider to comprehend, and Georgie, through a series of misunderstandings lands on the rocks. But she is still "captain of her soul," the obstacle to her happiness is removed (just in time) and highest hopes are realised. Mrs. Rickard is a skilful delineator of character, and her description of Irish life is admirable.

Roberts, Theodore Goodridge, "Moonshine," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75. The name is completely indicative of the story, though the scene is not laid in the mountains of Tennessee but in the woods on the Tobique River in New Brunswick, and the moonshine has nothing to do with "mountain dew" but with the extraordinary behaviour of a handful of foolish people who for diverse reasons find themselves collected at "Plaster Rock" where not one of them had any proper reason to be. The only person who really belonged there was a wicked old boy who was driven quite mad by the incursion of these so-called sane people—and small blame to him. Naturally he tries to get rid of them, and the tale turns into an account of a hunt for the wild man. One wishes the intruders had stayed at home and that Mr. Roberts would make his next plot a little more plausible and his characters a little less alike.

Shute, Henry, "Brite and Fair," Copp Clarke, Toronto. The journal of a real boy living in a small New England town before the days of the movies. Thoroughly healthy and amusing and withal true boyish pranks. The perusal is warranted to cure any ordinary fit of "the blues."

Ruck, Berta, "Sweet Stranger," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75. Another admirable example of the slightly saccharine love stories with which this writer has so completely won the hearts of the rising female generation in England and is now engaged in performing the same task in America. The scene is largely laid in the United States and there is a good deal of international fraternisation in the story. It is very girlish, very well told and decidedly entertaining.

Roche, Arthur Somers, "Find the Woman," Copp Clark, Toronto. Mr. Roche wrote "Uneasy Street," and thereby assisted in the creation of that New York City of fiction which is firmly believed in by nine-tenths of the population of this continent outside of the city itself. It is a city of intense excitement and frightful wickedness, in which nevertheless romance and tenderness and innocence are always triumphant. The present novel depicts some more of it.

Stringer, Arthur, "The Wine of Life," McClelland, Toronto, \$2.25. Mr. Stringer wrote this book with his brain and not with his feelings. It is a very good brain and it turned out a clever novel; but Mr. Stringer's feelings were off somewhere else, possibly taking a holiday upon some lazy Canadian backwater and writing poetry, and so they could not give him the help necessary to make it a really good novel. It is the tale of an episode (including marriage) between Storrow, a Canadian sculptor in New York, and Torrie, artist's model and show-girl and

eventually a theatrical star. The episode had no basis whatever except the sensual one, and comes to the unpleasant end which is naturally to be expected. Mr. Stringer is to be congratulated upon not compromising with sentiment. There are many brilliant character sketches and bits of description, but the main personages consistently fail to interest us. Torrie, of course, is nothing but a pretty woman. If only Storrow had been big enough to be capable of turning the episode to some value! Perhaps Canadian sculptors should not go to Washington Square.

Sullivan, Alan, "The Rapids," Copp Clark, Toronto. It is difficult to tell the effect which this book would produce upon anybody who read it merely as fiction. To a Canadian fairly acquainted with the history of the last twenty years, it becomes simply a daring piece of pseudonymous biography, with the name of the founder of the Soo industries very thinly disguised as "Clark" and the whole history of the founding, liquidation and subsequent rehabilitation of those industries set forth with great vividness of detail. Some writers would perhaps have felt embarrassed when attaching a sentimental love story to the personality of a prominent business man still living. Perhaps even Mr. Sullivan felt himself limited in some degree at this point in his narrative, which may account for the colorlessness of the episode.

Tarkington, Booth, "Alice Adams," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. This book comes so near to being an earnest and competent study of an interesting family situation in a small American city that one is distinctly disappointed to come to the end of it and find so much still unsaid. Perhaps Mr. Tarkington's power of observation is too rapid. An English author would have done twice as much research and written twice as much matter on the same subject and made a more substantial and more satisfying (though perhaps not more entertaining) novel. Alice is a girl who at fourteen was the belle of the town and the social equal of anybody in its limited "upper circles," but at twenty-two she has been completely left behind by a general rise in wealth and "culture" which has affected nearly all the other families but left her own untouched. It is a pathetic situation, not rendered less so by the shallowness of the girl herself and the futility of her mother. Mr. Tarkington's extraordinary power of sympathising with the troubles of the young enables us to feel with Alice in her successive social snubs and failures and even with her thoroughly bad-egg brother, Walter. Excellent illustrations by Arthur William Brown.

Taylor, Katharine Haviland, "The Second Mrs. Clay," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. The first Mrs. Clay was not a success, and the second to bear the name bade fair to make a failure too, on account of the excessive amount of advice and criticism from her sisters-in-law. The trouble arose partly from the difference in religion, and the authors depict very well the degree of religious intolerance which almost ruined two lives.

Thayer, Lee, "That Affair at the Cedars," Gundy, Toronto. An intensely interesting tale in which the writer skilfully throws suspicion on at least four people, and the discovery of the real author of the crime comes as a distinct shock to the reader.

Townshend, Marchioness of, "The Widening Circle," Goodchild, Toronto. Elizabeth Stanmore, the heroine, has great faith in her destiny and keeps her heart pure through all vicissitudes, till Prince Charming arrives, to whom in spite of almost unsurmountable obstacles she is eventually united. A very gracefully and tenderly written story.

Vance, Louis Joseph, "Red Masquerade," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. Bearing the sub-title of "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," this tale opens with a prologue in

which Michael Lanyard, the Lone Wolf, already known to Mr. Vance's readers, is shown in his early youth in his brief and poignant romance with the Russian Princess Sonia, the estranged wife of Prince Victor. A daughter is born to Sonia and Michael and the bulk of the book is devoted to the frightful perils which she runs at the hands of Prince Victor, who has now become leader of the most desperate band of criminals ever known to Scotland Yard. The suspense is terrible and does not end until the last sentence.

Watson, Robert, "Stronger than his Sea," McClelland, Toronto. Mr. Watson is getting much nearer to his proper field in this story of juvenile life in a Scottish industrial suburb. In fact, if he had omitted the more impassioned part of his love story, as he could have done without serious damage, the book could have been represented quite correctly as a "juvenile." It would have been quite a good one.

White, William Patterson, "The Heart of the Range," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. We never expected to learn as much about life in the west from one novel as we have from this latest of Mr. White's. We learn, for example, that the proper way to obtain possession of a gentleman who is lighting a cigarette in the darkness and who does not know that you are there, is to lay the broad, cold blade of a bowie against the back of his neck and whisper: "drop that match an' grab yore ears." We are simply yearning to try it. We also note that a very popular remark, especially for addressing the ladies, is " - - - yore soul to - !" printed just like that. The main purpose of the book, of course, is not to impart knowledge like this but to entertain the reader with the rapidly moving adventures of several scores of criminals and a couple of honest persons—which it does to perfection. What surprises us, after a long course of western fiction, both American and Canadian, is that anybody ever adventures into those longitudes to make an honest living.

Widdemer, Margaret, "I've Married Marjorie," Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York. And Marjorie sincerely wished that he hadn't, for they had only been married a few minutes before his sudden departure for the war and she felt, when he returned, that she hardly knew him. How her husband practically kidnapped her and whisked her off to the Quebec woods in order to see if she couldn't possibly fall in love with him, makes a very entertaining hammock-story for a lazy afternoon.

Wilson, Harry Leon, "The Wrong Twin," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. The Whipple Family began by adopting the Merle twin because he had such good manners and made a better appearance than the Wilbur twin who was always getting into mischief. The Merle twin, with his acquisition of wealth and education turned out a rank socialist, pacifist and Bolshevik, while the Wilbur twin became a lad of spirit, "gumption" and ability, and in the end helped the Whipples to rectify their mistake, not unaided by the tomboy Patricia. Of course the war helped as well.

Wylie, Ida A. R., "Children of Storm," Copp Clark, Toronto. The aftermath of a war marriage between Ursula Seton, the grand-daughter of Lord Ivonrood, aristocrat and mine-owner, and Major Adam Brodie, grocer's son, risen from the ranks. Peace of course brings complications and difficult situations, and the storm is by no means over when the tale ends on its high note.

Young, George Roy, "Savages," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. Cannibals and head-hunters, pearl-fishers and pirates, "Hurricane" Williams, the "nigger-lover" and Willerby, bully and trouble-maker, all combine to give the lover of such tales of adventure and mystery plenty of excitement.

Books Received

NON-FICTION

Alston, Leonard, "How it all Fits Together," Dent Toronto and London, 4s.6d. It was a rather good idea to endeavor to state the contents of the science of economics in a language in which not one single technical term of that science should find a place. There are undoubtedly people who shy at the first sight of the terms "Production and Distribution" as others shy at the first mention of a hospital and yet others of a church. But it must be admitted that a certain vagueness and obscurity are the result of having to invent all one's own terms as one goes. One feels that Dr. Alston's book will be doing its best work if it sends intelligent readers to the writings of Marshall, Ely, Hobson, Cannan, Jenks, Hartley Withers and von Bohn-Bawerk.

Bryce, Rt. Hon. Viscount, "Modern Democracies," Macmillan, Toronto, \$10.50, 2 vols. A series of very practical studies in modern statesmanship. Lord Bryce is not much concerned with those philosophical questions of the conception of the State and the nature of sovereignty which so preoccupy most of our impractical moderns. But he has made exhaustive studies of democracy as a working machinery in a dozen different places, and his conclusions possess an extraordinary ripeness and wisdom. We wish that his pages on Initiative and Referendum, on Unduly Numerous Votings, on The Member as Delegate, could be read by every advocate of modern political cure-alls in this country. Another priceless passage is the chapter on the Action of Public Opinion in the section on Canada where it is pointed out that the public in this country as in the United States, refuses to think of any question in terms of principles, and insists on discussing merely the merits or otherwise, of any particular proposal. "What interests them is the concrete instance, and it would be deemed pedantic to suggest that an apparent immediate benefit should be foregone lest deviation from principle should set a dangerous precedent."

Buchan, John, "Long Road to Victory," Nelson, 7s. 6d. Book of soldiers' tales of the Great War; will keep it ever in remembrance in the hearts of those just growing up whose fathers and elder brothers participated in the great struggle.

Buchan, John, "The South African Forces in France," Nelson, Toronto, and London, 15s. Col. Buchan, for all his other preoccupations, has done a good piece of editing on the documents placed at his disposal by the Union Government, for the purposes of an official, history of the operations of their troops in Europe. There are some twenty portraits and a large number of excellent military maps.

Bureau of Business Research, Harvard University, "Labor Terminology" (Bulletin No. 25) Cambridge, Mass. It was an extremely valuable idea that occurred to the Harvard Bureau when it decided that in the adjustment of labor relations many disputes could be avoided by abolishing misunderstandings concerning terminology. This small volume is a dictionary which seeks to lay down a proper and acceptable definition for several hundred of such terms. Unfortunately the editors are obliged to recognize the fact that the same term is commonly and constantly used by different parties in different senses. Thus the term, collective bargaining, is given no less than three different interpretations. The definitions are plentifully illustrated by examples and by bibliographical references. We imagine that in later editions this bulletin will grow into an authoritative text completely covering a very important field.

Drake, Durant and others, "Essays in Critical Realism," Macmillan, Toronto, \$3.50. This is the work of a group whose best known member is probably George Santayana, and whose object is to maintain a doctrine of knowledge which its members describe as Critical Realism, and which they claim to differ from and to transcend the

two historic positions of epistemological monism and epistemological dualism. Each essay in the book is written by a single member of the group.

Edmonds, Rev. W. Everard, "In a College Library," Esdaile Press Ltd., Edmonton, paper. A collection of brief essays, several of them connected with St. John's College, Winnipeg, and the educational traditions which it represents. Mr. Edmonds is the author of "Broad Horizons," and his present booklet, with a foreword by the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, is published in aid of the College War Memorial Extension Fund of St. John's College.

Farrell, Fred A., "The 51st Division: War Sketches, with an introduction by Neil Munro." Nelson, Toronto, \$5. Many Canadian students of the late war will be deeply interested in this collection of sketches by an eminent Scottish etcher, depicting typical scenes in a portion of the Western Front with which Canadian as well as Scottish valor is imperishably associated. They are not at all the manufactured product of the artist chiefly concerned to keep out of harm's way, having many evidences of first-hand study of the most perilous spots of the conflict. Several of the sketches show typical conditions in the Ypres salient, near Langemarck, on the Cambrai-Bapaume road, at Bourlon Wood, and at other points familiar to the Canadian forces.

Fitzpatrick, Alfred, "The University in Overalls." Press of the Hunter-Rose Co., Toronto. This volume is a protest against the limited proportion of the population of Canada which is able to avail itself of university education, and a demand that "higher education be brought to the masses." In particular it is the history of the Frontier College which for many years has carried on experiments in education in the lumber camps and frontier settlements of all the Canadian provinces. Mr. Fitzpatrick aims at an ultimate enrollment in Canada of one million worker-students, requiring an army of at least fifty thousand instructors. His idealism is unquestionable and his enthusiasm is catching, but it may be seriously questioned whether men engaged in the arduous physical labor of lumbering are, save in exceptional instances, capable at the same time of the mental concentration necessary for the acquiring of higher education. Knowledge cannot, any more than physical strength, be imparted by hypodermic injections.

Fraser, Alexander, (Provincial Archivist, Ontario), "Huron Manuscripts from Pierre Potier's Collection," being fifteenth report of the Bureau of Archives. This Blue-book of 780 pages consists mainly of a facsimile of manuscripts written at Lorette and preserved at St. Mary's College, Montreal. They consist of a grammar and vocabulary of the Huron language, with portions of the Gospels translated into that language and a very interesting account-book of the Huron Mission at Detroit. The editing has been admirably done.

Friedel, J. H., "Training for Librarianship." Lippincott, Philadelphia. This volume in Lippincott's "Training Series" is by the Editor-in-Chief of "Special Libraries" and one of the leading authorities on library management on this continent. He reports a great shortage of qualified librarians, and goes on to discuss in considerable detail the various methods by which qualification can be acquired. The book is in no sense a text-book of librarianship, although it gives a brief account of the work that has to be done in a library and of the various classes into which libraries are divided. Chapter Seventeen enumerates some twenty of the best-known schools in the United States for the tuition of librarians, with an outline of a typical course. The author urges that at least two years of university study and more if possible should be aimed at by the would-be librarian, with a special view to several foreign languages.

Hamby, William H., "The Desert Fiddler," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. A tale of criminal cotton-lands speculation and love and fighting near the Mexican border. Mr. Hamby is a well known magazine writer, and knows the full sentimental value of moonlight and cotton-fields and violins and a sudden and unexpected profit for the hero of \$410,000.

Hamsun, Knut, "Growth of the Soil," Macmillan, Toronto, 2 vol. The attention which has been drawn to this notable Norwegian author by his selection for the Nobel prize for 1920 has insured a very large amount of critical discussion of what appears to be his most epic and at the same time most human work. In these circumstances we need do no more than record our opinion that the very high place accorded to this work by English and American critics is completely justified. The great achievement of the book is the way in which the reader is made to view life just as the peasants of the story viewed it, in all its primitive simplicity, with its tremendous accent upon physical things and its complete ignoring of the conventions and artificialities of our more complex communities. It would take too long to detail the methods by which this is achieved, but in one of them, the use of a simple and racy peasant vocabulary, the author has been wonderfully seconded by his translator, W.W. Worster.

Hanshaw, M. E. and T. W., "The Riddle of the Mysterious Light," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. Another collection of tales of the adventures of Hamilton Cleek, sometime Apache but now one of the main props of Scotland Yard, and his efforts, in connection with the trusty Mr. Narkom, to solve various thrilling and ghostly mysteries. The story from which the volume takes its name is capable of producing nightmare in the mind of the Tired Business Man if read just before going to sleep, and, as Mr. Cleek is occasionally kidnapped by his former associates in crime and escapes only by the skin of his teeth, the excitement is pleasingly varied.

Harraden, Beatrice, "Spring Shall Plant," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75. Patuffa, an "enfant terrible," is the bane of the family, and many experiments are tried to bring her to a right frame of mind. The charm of a Russian Revolutionist, the love of a friend and the genius of a Polish violinist tame her spirit at last and it is found that she is a budding genius also with the violin.

Hocking, Joseph, "In the Sweat of thy Brow" Hodder, Toronto. Three hundred and sixty-two pages of excitement concerning the achievements of a super-spy called Captain Quintel Quethiock. Mr. Hocking occasionally loses sight of his plot in his desire to convince the British working-man that he must be good or the Germans will still get him.

Jenkins, Herbert, "Malcolm Sage, Detective," McClelland, Toronto. This is a continuation of "John Deane of Toronto," or rather a succession of subsequent achievements by the remarkable detective who solved the John Deane mystery. There are ten or a dozen of them, they are all as thrilling as could be desired, and they are narrated with astounding vivacity. Mr. Jenkins is a most remarkable young man. In England, he is his own publisher, and besides being a writer of adventure stories with a touch of humor, he is equally successful in the entirely different line of humor stories with a touch of adventure—as witness "Bindle".

Kaye-Smith, Sheila, "Tamarisk Town," McClelland, Toronto. The story of how one man by his indomitable will creates a town, then when he discovers that his love for it has caused him to sacrifice the love of a woman, a burning hatred takes its place and he overwhelms the town, himself and his family in its ruins. One cannot but regret that so much power should have been used to so little purpose. The story with its wild love affair and pursuing hate makes rather uncanny reading.

Lawrence, C. E., "The God in the Thicket," Dent, Toronto. A fanciful tale of the "Butterfly People" who lived in the forest of Argovie, wiling away the time with laughter, dance and song, of Jan who fiddled so enchantingly, and of the great god Pan—a tale that will delight some who like allegory told in poetic prose, but will irritate others who prefer direct narrative.

Level, Maurice, "Tales of Mystery and Horror," Dent, Toronto, \$2.00. The French have a taste for the gruesome, which is difficult to reconcile with their otherwise delicate artistic perceptions. It finds expression in such institutions as the Grand Guignol and such writers as M. Level, twenty-six of whose most sublimated flesh-creepers are here presented in English. They are excellent of their kind, and no nation but the French could have produced them.

Lewis, Sinclair, "Main Street," Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York. When an American author dedicates his book to James Phelan Cabell and Joseph Horne, either one can safely conclude that he has a conscientious interest in good writing. That is not however the main merit of this most discussed of the season's American novels. That which has made it famous is the uncompromising portrayal of life in an intensely provincial inland American town. In actual fact we doubt if Gopher Prairie is as bad as it seems in this book. Mr. Lewis has adopted a device of exhibiting it through the eyes of one Carol Kennicott, a former school-teacher who has married the town doctor. As between Carol's desire to reform Prairie and Gopher's desire not to be reformed, we are inclined to sympathise with the town. The novels of the present age appear to be written for people who either have left the country for New York or Chicago or are planning to do so at the earliest opportunity. Some day an author will make a hit with a novel written for the opposite class which wishes it could get back from the metropolis to the country.

Livingston, Florence Bingham, "The Custard Cup," McClelland, Toronto. The story of large-hearted Mrs. Penfield who, besides earning her daily bread (with very little butter) by taking in washing, is always ready to lend a helping hand to those about her, and thinks no more of adopting three or four children than would most people of doing a day's work. Rather reminiscent of "Mrs. Wiggs".

Lockhart, Caroline "The Dude Wrangler," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. This book has been extremely successful in the United States and Canada, through the author's faculty for introducing vigorous farce-comedy into the ordinary melodrama of Wyoming. It is by the author of "Ma Smith" and "The Fighting Shepherdess".

Mason, A. E. W. "The Summons," Hodder, Toronto, \$1.75. An exciting story of adventures in search of U-boats off the South coast of Spain, along with a sordid intrigue in London society in which the disappointed drug-taking lady has her death announced in the papers before it is known that it has taken place. Exciting reading for a long journey.

McFee, William, "An Ocean Tramp," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. The high popularity of "Casuals of the Sea" has amply justified this re-issue of a 1908 novel or rather series of sketches, with a new preface in the most characteristic style of the later McFee, which is decidedly the most important portion of the present book. Not that the original "Ocean Tramp" is not a highly picturesque piece of writing, full of that love for the life of big ships which made "Casuals of the Sea" so fresh and convincing.

McGrath, Harold, "The Pagan Madonna," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. That is the name given to Chance by R. L. S., and she seems to have played a large part in this lively tale of an adventurous collector who unscrupulously risked everything for the sake of obtaining his heart's desire—pearls, pictures, prayer-rugs or the love of his own son. His fascinating partner in crime outdoes him in double dealing, and one is led into a maze of exciting events, with a very proper denouement.

Morley, Christopher, "Tales from a Rolltop Desk," Gundy, Toronto, \$1.75. In the same happy vein as the "Haunted Bookshop" and "Shandygaff" are these sketches of life as lived by the moderately successful writer of lesser brilliance in New York who reviews books, runs a newspaper "colyum," edits for publishers, or performs some other undramatic but salaried function, and who lives a blameless life, commutes to a suburb, and consecrates his evenings to making his own contributions to "real" literature. Mr. Morley has the same feeling as

without any account of the ideals and passions which possessed the hearts of some at least of the men who participated in them and thus converted them from mere trials of strength into proving grounds of human character. It is dangerous to look upon the panorama of human life and see nothing but the achievements of peace: but it is still more dangerous to concentrate attention exclusively upon the most brutal moments of war.

Wilkinson, Marguerite, "Bluestone: Lyrics," Macmillan, Toronto. The majority of Miss Wilkinson's lyrics are not very important, and we do not feel certain that their importance is increased by an introduction which supplies "tunes" which are intended to indicate

the mood appropriate to the words. Moreover, we wish that Miss Wilkinson would not overwork certain words as when, in one single stanza, she goes out into "the nude and silent sky" and asks impertinent question of "my own nude soul."

Woodcox, Benjamin F., "Spiritual Evolution," Woodcox and Fanner, Battle Creek, Mich., \$1.00. An endeavor to systematise a somewhat primitive dualistic philosophy in 526 separate short statements of belief. The author claims to have discovered that "all life is spirit" and that "nature is the only bible that has any vestige of authority in the universe."

Among Authors and Bookmen

A Multiplicity of honors have recently come to Ottawa's noted poet, Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott. He was elected President of The Royal Society, awarded a degree by Toronto University, and one of his plays was charmingly presented at Hart House.

Lloyd Roberts is a regular contributor to the Christian Science Monitor and the Boston Transcript.

Mr. Jules Tremblay is taking advantage of a unique opportunity that has offered itself to him, and from private archives, he is preparing a book on Ottawa in 1845. One prophesies a delightful volume. Mr. Tremblay writes with a facile pen, and in a graceful style replete with subtleties of irony and humor.

After a stay of almost a year across the border, Douglas Durkin, author of "The Heart of Cherry McBain" (Musson) is once more upon home soil. He has spent a short time in Toronto with his publishers finishing up the details of his new novel for fall publication, "The Lobstick Trail". This novel is laid in Manitoba, in country where the author himself made a most unusual trip, and among other things, the book takes in the famous Dog Derby at Le Pas. Mr. Durkin is planning another trip into the Peace River Country, where he will secure new and never-before-touched material for a number of serials and perhaps another book. He is now again at home in Winnipeg.

Mr. Francis J. Audet, of the Archives, is preparing a new series of biographies of public men belonging to the first twenty-five years of British rule in Canada.

Mr. Marius Barbeau will soon publish monographs on French Canadian life in Eastern Canada.

Mr. L. de Montigny is still hard at work on behalf of Canadian authors, in connection with the Copyright Act. He deserves much credit for his activities.

Dr. Edward Sapir is the author of an important treatise entitled "Language, an introduction to the Study of Speech," which will shortly be published by Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York. Dr. Sapir also plans the publication of "Folk Songs from French Canada", in metrical translations.

Mr. Remi Tremblay, a veteran in the world of letters, will soon publish the *Memoirs of Quenoche*.

"Denison Grant," Robert Stead's last novel, is running serially, in the *Veteran*. This is a gratifying evidence that Canadian stories are at last being accorded appreciation by Canadian editors.

Judge Emily Murphy of Edmonton was elected one of the National Vice-presidents of the National Council of Women which met in Convention in Calgary in June.

John D. Hunt, Clerk of the Executive Council of Alberta, and first vice-president of the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Authors Association, has a series of articles

in the *Western Farmer* and *Weekly Albertan*, dealing with present day political conditions. These articles are attracting wide notice and a large measure of discussion. Mr. Hunt has spent most of the summer at the Coast.

Mrs. F. M. Lee was the winner in a contest put on by the "Trip to Hitland" (Orpheum Circuit,) song writers who visited Edmonton in June. The prize was offered for the best lyrical poem suitable for song production, and the prize winning poem was entitled "Waiting".

John Blue, Provincial Librarian, is gathering material for an authoritative history of the Province of Alberta.

Mr. Kemper Hammond Broadus, probably the youngest member of the Canadian Authors Association, has written a group of poems for "Poetry".

W. Everard Edmunds has recently completed a story for the *Trail-maker's Boys Annual*, and is now engaged on a new work to appear under the title "Studies in Western Provincial Government".

Prof. Paul A. W. Wallace, Secretary of the Alberta Branch of the C. A. A., spending the summer in New York.

Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, Vice-President of the Alberta Branch of the C. A. A., goes to England in August to attend the Ecumenical Conference of the Methodist church. Mrs. McClung is the first woman to receive this appointment. "Purple Trails," her latest novel, is announced for August publication.

Agnes C. Laut, whose "Fur Trade of North America" was a conspicuous Spring success, has addressed something like a million people, from May to July. She has been lecturing to Canadian, Rotary, Kiwanis and other Clubs, and to Boards of Trade from Toronto west to the Pacific. Her talks frankly point out to Canadians that they are at the parting of the ways, in an economic and sociological sense. She is uttering a clarion cry to arms to meet Bolshevism and discontent wherever and however they are appearing in Canada. Her new work, "Canada at the Cross Roads", is down for publication this autumn.

Mrs. Louise Morey Bowman, of Toronto, whose verse has been a steadily growing feature of the better magazines for some time, has under contemplation the publication of a first book of verse.

Professor Pelham Edgar, the Chairman of the Toronto District of the Canadian Authors Association, is in England.

Miss Marjorie MacMurchy, of Toronto, has been writing a most interesting and informative series of articles, "Politics for Women", in one of the Toronto dailies.

Arthur Heming, of Toronto, will have his latest book, "The Drama of the Forests", published this Fall. The illustrations are, of course, Mr. Heming's work also.

Mr. Gerald Wade, late president of the Winnipeg Dickens Fellowship, has secured from C. Gerhardt, a New York dealer, a copy of Bliss Carman's "The Gate of Peace", printed at the Village Press in 1907. This edition was limited to sixty copies for private circulation.

A social evening was spent by the Winnipeg branch of the C. A. A., on May 23. The Rev. Canon Heenev, editor of "Leaders of the Canadian Church", kindly gave the use of the Church House of St. Luke's. Mr. Batford entertained with cartoons, and a novel was manufactured on the spot, the whole membership collaborating. A distinct vein of humor was the only element that could be designated as style. The plot was uproarious. Dr. John Maclean provided a novel game by supplying the titles of twenty-five recent books by Manitoba authors and requiring the members to guess the writers. The branch is fortunate in having secured the services of so experienced an archivist as Dr. Maclean, who is proceeding to collect the photographs, life history, and bibliography of all members of the branch. He will also compile information on any Canadian authors, so that it will be available for ready reference.

The Manitoba Free Press Literary Supplement and Book Review is the event of the day in Winnipeg. It is issued monthly, and can be bought separately. Mr. Thomas B. Robertson makes an able editor. Poems by John Anderson have attracted attention. Many members of the Winnipeg branch are contributing articles in prose, and among the regular contributors are Norman P. Lambert, John W. Dafeo, D. B. McRae, Mrs. Parker, W. J. Healy, Dr. John Maclean and William Arthur Deacon.

The University of Toronto Library has recently been the recipient of a most interesting and public-spirited gift. Professor John Squair, who lately retired after many years of service from the chair of French Language and Literature, has given a Dominion War Bond of four-figure value, the proceeds of which are to be used to build up a special collection of French-Canadian literature. Such a collection exists, it is believed, nowhere else in Ontario or indeed in any of the English-speaking Provinces, and it is hoped that this gift will bring English-Canadians to realise more fully the many excellencies of French-Canadian literature, and on the other hand will persuade French-speaking Canadians that their intellectual output is not so neglected in other parts of Canada as they are perhaps apt to think.

A new edition of Kirby's "Golden Dog" is being distributed by the Mussons. This famous old novel, probably the most widely read book about Canadian subjects ever published, retains its popularity in a remarkable manner, partly on account of its status as a sort of indispensable guidebook for visitors to Quebec, partly because of the appeal of its picturesque subject-matter. The Mussons have been putting out a number of new editions since their fire last winter.

Two contributions to Canadian history awaiting publication are Lawrence J. Burpee's "Journals of La Verendrye" and "Fur Traders of the West". The former will appear in the Champlain Society's series, and the latter through McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. Mr. Burpee is treasurer of the Ottawa Branch of the C. A. A.

Peter McArthur, of Ekfrid, is now an additional executive committee-man on the Toronto Branch of the C. A. A.

"Pictures from Canadian History", a supplementary school reader, by Miss Katharine Livingstone Macpherson, of Montreal, has been placed on the Text Book list for British Columbia.

Lady Roddick (Amy Redpath Roddick) has written two more short plays in verse which she will bring out this autumn. One is on the foundation of Montreal, and the other takes place in a Montreal tenement at Christmas time, 1920.

Bertrand W. Sinclair, whose virile novel, "North of Fifty-Three", won for him a host of Canadian readers, is at present making Vancouver his headquarters. His last book, "Poor Man's Rock", is proving increasingly popular. It was published in Great Britain last March by Hodder & Stoughton, and by Little, Brown (Boston) in the previous September. Mr. Sinclair's next will appear serially in the Popular Magazine. It is to be

titled "The Hidden Places", and its publisher in book form will be Little, Brown & Co.

"The Bridge", a novel of the Great Lakes, by M. J. C. Pichetball, will appear this year, serially in Everybody's Magazine, and will be published in book form by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, London, if not prevented by British labor conditions.

The Carnegie Library, Vancouver, possesses in Mr. R. W. Douglas a librarian who writes books, as well as reads them. Mr. Douglas is at present working upon a novel, "The Phantom Builders", which he expects to have ready shortly. His lecture on James de Mille may also be published in pamphlet form.

Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw is leaving shortly for the Selkirk Mountains to complete botanical research work which she intends to use in lecture form next winter in Europe. Mrs. Henshaw has accepted lecture engagements for the coming year at the University of Fribourg, Turin, and will address the French Alpine and other societies overseas.

R. M. Eassie, whose book of verse published during the war entitled "Odes to Trifles" was so well received by the reading public, has a new volume ready for publication, dealing mainly with the lumber interests on the Pacific Coast and the original characters connected with that industry.

Mrs. Evah McKowan, author of "Graydon of the Windermere", will present no new book this autumn, but her next novel is in preparation. It will be a story woven around the romance of lumbering in B. C.

British Columbia writers are hoping that, if mountains are indeed potent in magic, they will weave an especially strong spell around Mr. Frederick Niven, who has been spending the summer at Nelson. Mr. Niven is a spell-maker himself, and difficult to capture, but he is an interpreter too. The mountain voices which speak to him, speak through him so that the whispers of the hill-top may be heard upon the plain. Some people belong naturally to the out-of-doors—they are tent dwellers by instinct. And Mr. Niven is one of these. Born in South America and spending the playtime of his youth amid the Scottish heather, he is particularly fitted for broad spaces and windswept peaks. Through this summer the more direct parts of Mr. Niven's work may be gathered up in the essays he has written for the Nation and Athenaeum; the Sphere; the London Daily News; the World's Work (British edition); the Scots Pictorial; the Bookman (American), etc. They are chiefly articles on Canada—at least Canada may be said to be the foreground through which Mr. Niven trails his hopeful philosophy. But they know no geography of Mine and Thine. As the author himself says, "If they have any aim apart from the aim of trying to capture in words something of the robust beauty of the world, perhaps it is an aim to suggest that the world is not a collection of walled pens". Of their spirit he adds, "It is, I think, contrary to that view of patriotism which makes patriotism a matter of hatred of the others. The arbitrary boundaries are not in them". Mr. Niven has at present no new novel actually on the stocks, but two reprints have been arranged for, and his latest book, which is not exactly a novel but a record of a trip on a cattle boat, is on the British market now. If British Columbia has anything to give Mr. Niven, there is no doubt but that her giving will come back to her, articulate in a singing magic of beautiful words.

The British Columbia Branch of the Authors Association is honored in having as a member of its committee the veteran author and playwright, Charles Mair. During this winter Mr. Mair expects to be absent upon a trip to New Zealand, but it is hoped that upon his return he will take up his residence in Vancouver. Although over eighty years old, this dean of Canadian letters is as young in interest and enthusiasm as the youngest of the Association's members. Nor is his devotion to the loveliness of nature dimmed by advanced years. Speaking of his stay at Lakewood, he writes:—"I do nothing but lounge and drowse on the romantic lakeshore in this beautiful spot and wonder why the newly discovered fairies are not visible here. But I catch glimpses, through the older

mythology, of faun and dryad and even of great Pan himself at his ease under the branches. It is easy to recall them to a place like this".

Robert Watson of Vernon, author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman", has a new book in the hands of his publishers entitled "Spoilers of the Valley". People who have read the manuscript claim that it is by far Mr. Watson's best effort, and it deals entirely with conditions and incidents in connection with the delightful fruit country of British Columbia known as the Okanagan Valley. It is said to be a western story of distinctive type, clean, fast moving and humorous.

The first attempt in Canada to give illustrated addresses on Canadian authors has been made in British Columbia. A collection of slides of Canadian authors and their homes, from Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick) down to the present day writers, has been made by A. M. Pound of Vancouver. The collection consists of over 75 slides, and has been used in a number of places on the Pacific Coast. Mrs. C. M. Bowman of Salmon Arm, B. C., has used the collection in the towns of the Okanagan District, and arrangements are now being made to have them shown in the Prairie Provinces, and next winter may see them in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. This has proved very effective in directing attention to Canadian literature, and it is Mr. Pound's intention to have the work published in book form next year.

Francis Dickie has been spending the summer months in Northern British Columbia, a long distance back from civilization, gathering material for a further series of short stories to be published in the magazines this winter. Mr. Dickie's stories are attracting wide attention, and are the result of direct contact with nature in the out-of-the-way places of this new country.

Frank Burnett, Sr. is spending a year exploring in Peru and other parts of South America, and on his return will publish a book relating his experiences. "Through Polynesia and Papua" by the same author was a very valuable work, and his new publication should be of more than usual interest.

The author of "The Romance of Western Canada", Rev. R. G. MacBeth, has completed his history of the Royal North West Mounted Police, and it is now in the hands of the publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, London, England. "Policing the Plains" is the very attractive title chosen. Mr. MacBeth has been engaged on this work for some considerable time, and has had access to official sources of information as well as private libraries and personal records, and it should prove a valuable addition to the history of this country. The author has a personal knowledge of the West and its people, and his aim is to link up the Mounted Police with the historical development of the Great North West.

It is now two years since the publication of "Mist of Morning" by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, and readers who who enjoyed that book will be glad to know that Mrs. Mackay's new novel, "The Window-Gazer", will be on the market this autumn. In this book Mrs. Mackay has followed herself westward and part of the action takes place upon the Pacific Coast. As the author is a transplanted Easterner the contrasts which exist within our own wide boundaries should be entertainingly dealt with.

British Columbia is well represented in the publishers' lists this autumn. Mr. Robert Allison Hood, author of "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester", is one of the several writers who are bringing out new books this fall. Mr. Hood's novel is entitled "The Quest of Alistair", and it is a typical story of ranch life in the Kamloops District of B. C. There are, we understand, many exciting incidents, plenty of fresh air, a charming heroine and a hero who does his manly best to be worthy of her. There is much local color in the tale, including an "up-country" fair with all the "trimmings".

The Canadian Authors Association includes several playwrights among its numbers. The March number of "Drama" contained "The Rose of Persia", a three-act play by Mr. Lionel Haweis, Assistant Librarian of the University of B. C. Mr. Haweis lived for some years in

the East, and drank deeply of its wonders. In "The Rose of Persia" he brings to us most delicately the color and perfume of that romantic land. It is a most charming love poem as well as a drama of much promise.

A set of little pamphlets which should be much more widely known throughout Canada is the Nova Scotia Chap-Books of Archibald MacMechan, "published for the author by H. H. Marshall at his shop over against the Province House in Halifax, N. S." at 25 cents. Professor MacMechan's scheme embraces at least sixteen of these twelve-page-and-cover brochures, each dealing with some historical event or natural beauty of the peninsular province; but only some half-dozen have thus far made their appearance. Those who know Professor MacMechan's admirably careful style and intense enthusiasm for Haligonian history will not need to be told what a vivid picture he makes of "The Orchards of Ultima Thule", nor with what spirit he narrates his "Three Sea-Songs" and his "Log of a Halifax Privateer". We can imagine no more charming token of remembrance for a sea-coast Canadian to send to his friends than these artistically printed booklets.

In the absence of any Baedeker or other guidebooks for Canada we are compelled to fall back, as for so many other vital services, upon the Canadian Pacific Railway. The new "Across Canada" annotated guide, just issued by this railway, and edited by Mr. C. W. Stokes, is a charming brochure of 150 pages, containing in condensed and accurate form most of the information required by the ordinary traveller, together with many sketch-maps and photographic views of points of interest. Travellers will find it very advantageous that this guide can be obtained in either a west-bound or an east-bound edition.

Mrs. Mary K. Ingraham has published in pamphlet form her "Acadia" a play in five acts which was presented by students of Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, in October of last year.

The eleventh novel from the pen of the Rev. H. A. Cody, M. A. of St. John, N. B., will appear this fall, entitled "Jess of the Rebel Trail". It is a story of the St. John River, and Mr. Cody states that as many of his leading incidents are drawn from actual experience he is confidently expecting the critic to declare them unreal and impossible. For later publication he is working on a story of the United Empire Loyalists who came to New Brunswick in 1783, and who include several of his ancestors. The scenes are laid on the St. John river, and the narrative deals with the cutting of masts for the King's Navy, the harrying of the Loyalists by the Indians, and the opposition shown to them by disloyal Acadians who were already settled along the river banks. As Mr. Cody is writing at his summer home at Oak Point, on the St. John river, among the very trees under whose shade many of the Loyalists landed, he should find little difficulty in securing the proper atmosphere.

The English-speaking public will shortly be not merely introduced to what is generally regarded as the finest piece of prose fiction ever written concerning French Canada, but also have the additional excitement of expressing its preference between two different translators. The novel in question is "Maria Chapdelaine", written by the late Louis Hemon, who perished in a railway accident in the very flower of his youth, and left little behind him except this one work which has been hailed as a masterpiece by the critics of that old France to which he belonged, and accepted as substantially truthful and sympathetic by the intelligentsia of that New France which he undertook to depict. The work of rendering this admirable piece of style into English was undertaken by two prominent Canadian literary craftsmen in collaboration, but after a time, for reasons which the public will probably be left to conjecture, they ceased to collaborate, and each will shortly offer his own version upon the Canadian market. One version, to be printed in Montreal and published by A. T. Chapman of that city, is the work of Sir Andrew Macphail, whose mastery of English style needs no commendation to Bookman readers. The other to be published in Toronto by Macmillan, is by W. H. Blake, whose "Brown Water" was a distinct success several years ago. Specialists in style should be able to

have a lot of fun by purchasing and collating the two English versions and the original French—which is now fortunately again available in the series published by the Librairie Grasset, Paris, and called "Les Cahiers Verts", 6f. 50c.

The June number of the Canadian Historical Review contains several very important articles, of which the most interesting to Bookman readers will be either Col. Wood's "New Provincial Archives of Quebec" (an admirable thirty-page account of the work now being carried on under Mr. P. G. Roy) or Prof. R. Hodder Williams' "Literature of the Peace Conference" (a critical and at the same time entertaining analysis of the large mass of literature already available concerning the proceedings at Paris). Prof. W. S. Wallace, the editor, takes note of the fact that Sir Robert Borden's speech in the House of Commons on April 21 constitutes an historical essay on the subject of Canadian representation in the United States and refers also to the very large amount of work now being done in Canadian history and economics in American universities, as illustrated by a list of no less than eleven "doctoral dissertations in history", now in progress at important American universities and dealing with Canadian subjects.

Some important correspondence relating to the early history of Canada was sold at Sotheby's in February last and the bid of the Canadian Archives was outdone by an English bidder who is understood to have been animated by a patriotic desire to have the collection retained in England. The Archives' bid was £4,600. The collection included the official correspondence of Robert Monckton, Governor of Annapolis and Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia, and Second Brigadier under Wolfe at the siege of Quebec. They refer to the campaigns in North America in 1752-63, and include a great many papers relating to Nova Scotia. Copies of about a third of the papers are already in the Archives, and a number have been printed. In the collection there are over thirty autograph letters of Wolfe, some of considerable interest, also a number of journals and military papers which throw new light on the campaigns. Dr. Doughty examined the entire collection in January, 1919, with a view to purchase, but the value then paid upon them by the owner was so high as to be prohibitive.

Ray Palmer Baker, whose "History of English-Canadian Literature to the Confederation" has taken a definite place as the most authoritative book upon its subject, is Professor of English and head of the department in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. He is, as might be suspected from his book, a product of U. E. L. stock. He is a son of the Rev. Jacob Johnson Baker, a well-known educationist, and his wife, Ida Emma (Fitch) Baker. Born at Font Hill, Ont., in 1883, he received his earlier education in the Maritime Provinces, and entered Western University, London, Ont., in 1902. After graduation in 1906, he taught for a time at Highfield School in Hamilton Ont., and in the college at Okanaga, B. C. In 1909, he went to Chicago and began the post graduate work in English literature which gained him a Chicago M. A. and later a Harvard doctorate. His published books are: "A Tale of Rothenburg and Other Poems", Toronto, 1906; "Croynan Hall, The Maid of the Mask, a Tale of Rothenburg", Toronto, 1908; "History of English-Canadian Literature", Cambridge, Mass., 1920. He has published poems, sketches and articles in various periodicals, notably "Prairie and Proverb" in the Westminster, January to June, 1913. He has edited "Engineering Education; Essays for English", New York, 1919,

and "Feathers with Yellow Gold", by Mrs. Eva Rose York, Toronto, 1920. Prof. Baker wrote recently to a friend that his family had been established in Canada for a century and a half, and that he hoped to return to the Dominion if a suitable opportunity should ever occur.

There is no reminiscence in Canada like George Ham the famous C.P.R. press agent, humorist, entertainer and general asset, and for a generation the most widely known personality among Canadian writers. His "Reminiscences of a Raconteur" (Cloth \$3, profusely illustrated, will shortly be issued by Masson). They cover nearly seventy years, and if Col. Ham gives them a decent index it will include the name of practically every prominent Canadian during that period.

The attention of all friends of French literature in Canada is drawn to the fact that the French Exhibition Train, which commences its tour of Canada from Montreal on Thursday, September 1, will include among its eight cars of exhibits one entitled "La Pensée Française—The Thought of France"—comprising literature, science and the arts, and arranged by a committee under the presidency of M. Raymond Poincaré, ex-President of the Republic. The train will be in Toronto at the Exhibition Grounds from September 6 to 10, Winnipeg 13 to 15, Vancouver 19 to 22, Calgary October 1 to 2, Fort William 9 to 11, Ottawa October 29 to November 1, Montreal again November 4. Short stops will be made in the intervals between these dates at practically all centres of population in the Dominion. While the entire train will constitute in itself an exhibition of the highest interest, the car devoted to literature and the arts promises to be a revelation of the achievements of modern France in this, her most important field of endeavor. The train is the result of an effort inaugurated by Hon. C. P. Beaubien as far back as 1916.

A. H. Mundy, Toronto, has under consideration with a Canadian publisher his novel, "The Testing of Danny Red".

C. W. Bell, Hamilton, author of "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath", is a member of the Toronto Branch of the C. A. A.

Professor W. T. Allison, the Manitoba Vice-president of the Authors Association, has recently undergone an operation, and is recovering quite satisfactorily. On June 18, Dr. Allison spoke at Brandon on behalf of the Association, and laid the foundations of a sub-branch in that city.

Miss Kenneth Haig, Winnipeg, recently addressed the National Convention of Federated Women's Institutes at Edmonton on the League of Nations.

Mr. Will E. Ingersoll has returned from his summer holidays which he spent at his old home in St. Catharines, Ont. He says that when walking in Prospect Park, Niagara Falls, N. Y., he gave a Canadian quarter to a man who needed dinner. The man remarked on the rate of exchange. Evidently Mr. Ingersoll was not the first Canadian to donate.

Mr. Hopkins Moorhouse's "Every Man for Himself" is running as a daily serial in the Manitoba Free Press. The book which he is now completing is entitled "The Gauntlet of Alceste". It is an out-and-out detective story on new lines, and is said to be exciting and original. The characters are Canadians, and the scenes include New York and several parts of Canada.

Books for the Ordinary Man

A NEW COMPACT ENCYCLOPEDIA.

THE latest and in some respects the best of the small-size encyclopedias is that produced by Thomas Nelson and Sons, Limited, under the title of "The New Age Encyclopedia," in ten volumes of about 500 pages and sold in Canada at ten dollars. So far as its size allows it to go, it is a true encyclopedia in the old-fashioned sense—a reservoir of information put in the most condensed form and without any attempt to stimulate the interest of the investigator, upon the assumption that anybody who looks up any given subject in a work of this kind is already sufficiently interested therein. The distinguishing feature of this compilation is probably the pronounced effort that it makes to be up-to-date in respect to the war and the changes resulting from it. The Editors are to be commended for giving brief but well selected bibliographies for all their more important subjects. While it is not to be expected that a work of such moderate size will answer all the requirements of those who have occasion to apply to an encyclopedia, it is difficult to imagine any means by which a larger amount of information could have been compressed into the available space. The editorial work has been in the hands of Sir Edward Parrott, whose experience in this kind of work has been very wide; he has been Chief Editor to the Nelson publishing house since 1898, and was responsible for the Standard Encyclopedia of Funk and Wagnall as also for "A Pageant of British History" and "A Pageant of English Literature." The volumes are freely illustrated with maps, diagrams and photographic reproductions, but the value of the maps is limited by their necessarily small scale. The page is about the size of the ordinary "shilling reprint," which the firm of Nelson have made so familiar; it may be the most saleable format for this type of work but one cannot help thinking that the purpose of a work of reference would be just as well served by a smaller number of volumes possessing pages of at least twice the size. After all, nobody wants to carry an encyclopedia in his pocket.

BOOKS ON VERY CURRENT PROBLEMS.

CANADIANS appear to have an unreasonable prejudice against books which are not bound in showy cloth covers, a prejudice which they share with, and possibly derived from, their cousins across the line. Readers in England, France and Germany suffer from no such foolishness. The prejudice is particularly deplorable when it discourages the use of such an invaluable series of texts as "The World of To-Day: a Guide for All through Current Problems and Events," published by the Oxford University Press and placed on the market in Canada by S. B. Gundy at fifty cents per volume.

The purpose of this series, which is edited by Victor Gollancz, is to provide a fairly condensed and thoroughly scientific account of the facts relating to those "current problems and events" which are so fresh as to obtain practically no treatment in the most up-to-date encyclopedia or in any text-books available to the ordinary reader. Each book is about sixty-four pages in thickness, at about 320 words to the page in delightfully clear type. The books now to hand are all written by authors who could scarcely be bettered for their knowledge and power of exposition concerning their respective subjects: Sir Harry Johnston on "The Backward Peoples and our relations with them;" A. C. Pigou on "A Capital Levy and a Levy on War-Wealth;" F. W. Pethick Lawrence on "Why Prices Rise and Fall;" Arthur Berriedale Keith on "Dominion Home Rule in Practice;" Emile Burns on "Modern Finance;" Basil A. Yeaxlee on "An Educated Nation;" and the General Editor, Mr. Gollancz, on "Industrial Ideals." The last named book is perhaps the best example of the purpose and policy of the series, embracing as it does a concise and highly impartial statement of the teach-

ings of several different brands of socialism, of syndicalism, of the guild, of the Soviet system and of profit-sharing and Whitley Councils. We should like to see this book in the hands of every one of those persons who use the term Soviet as an epithet of hatred or as the battle-cry of a new religion. Up-to-date knowledge on these subjects is exceedingly desirable and for most people very difficult to obtain. Other volumes shortly to appear include "Coal Production for Private Profit" by an unnamed author, "Increased Production" by E. Lipson, "Official Statistics" by A. L. Bowley and "The Programmes of the English Political Parties" by the Editor. We know of no other publishing effort which is doing so much for the clarification of thought upon the very latest and consequently least illuminated problems of this problem-ridden age. Tell your bookseller that you have no objections to a stiff paper cover provided that the inside of the book is strong enough to stand alone.

RECENT REPRINTS.

THE house of Nelson has performed a very useful service in popularizing the three volumes of G. M. Trevelyan on Garibaldi, whose work in the formation of the Italian nation has naturally come into public attention again with the successful participation of that kingdom in the Great War and the overthrow of her hereditary tyrant the Austrian Empire. These books "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic" (1907), "Garibaldi and the Thousand" (1909), and "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy" (1911) are now available in a handy form, relieved of the mass of the notes, appendices and illustrations, at two shillings and sixpence per volume.

Canadians should be proud of the fact that the beautiful little volume of essays and sketches entitled "Open Trails" by Emily Ferguson (now Judge Emily Murphy of Edmonton) has been included in the Wayfarer's Library of J. M. Dent & Sons—probably the most charming of all the popular priced reprints of the present period. We do not know which are to be the more congratulated, those who read these essays when they first appeared in 1912 and come back to them now as to a cherished memory, or those who approach them for the first time to experience the inevitable thrill of surprise that anything so fresh, so frank and so free from economic preoccupation could have been produced in Western Canada during the very climax of the boom. We strongly suspect that in the long run "Open Trails" will bring more and much better immigrants to the prairies than all the official "literature" of the three prairie governments and the Dominion combined.

Another recent "Wayfarer" is "Leaves in the Wind," the famous collection of casual columns by Alpha of the Plough, while an illustrated edition of the equally charming "Windfalls" of the same author is to be had in a slightly larger format. A smaller series known as the "King's Treasury of Literature," has lately been enlarged by the addition of "Selections from a Child's Book of Saints" by William Canton. We know of no particular reason why the "Book of Saints" should be subjected to the process of selection, especially for the purpose of reprinting the selected portions in an unnecessarily large and thick black type; but the illustrations in strong and delicate line by T. H. Robinson go far to allay our feelings of resentment. Perhaps the child who reads these selections will be irresistibly impelled to demand a copy of the whole book.

The "Shown to the Children" series of T. C. & E. C. Jack, Ltd. (in Canada, Nelson's) continues to place knowledge before the youthful mind in so fascinating a form that the adults of the family are likely to be continually stealing from the juvenile library. The color-photography plates in the "Microscope" by Captain Ellison Hawkes are a revelation of the beauty of the infinitesimal.

Association des Auteurs Canadiens

Formation de la Section Française

Pour faire suite au vœu exprimé au dernier congrès de l'Association des auteurs canadiens, tenu à Montréal, en mars dernier, une section française de cette association a été formée, au cours des réunions qui ont eu lieu, à la bibliothèque municipale de Montréal, le 17 avril, le 1er mai et le 14 mai, 1921.

Une minorité n'ayant apparemment pas bien compris le but de l'Association, s'opposa à la formation de cette section, préférant une association indépendante, mais la grande majorité des auteurs présents vota en faveur de la section française et en approuva les statuts.

Les membres qui constituent actuellement cette section française ne forment à vrai dire qu'un noyau, mais tout indique qu'après les vacances, alors que le recrutement sera terminé, leur nombre sera beaucoup plus considérable.

Voici un résumé fidèle des délibérations qui eurent lieu au cours des différentes séances:

BIBLIOTHEQUE MUNICIPALE. Séance du 17 avril 1921.

L'Association des auteurs canadiens (The Canadian Authors Association), fondée le 6 mars dernier, à Montréal, avait émis le vœu que des sections canadiennes-françaises, parfaitement indépendantes et autonomes, fussent créées à Ottawa, Québec et Montréal. Par suite, un appel lancé par la voie des journaux, réunissait, le dimanche après-midi, à la Bibliothèque municipale, les personnes dont les noms suivent: M. Victor Morin, Mme. Huguenin (Madeleine), M. Olivar Asselin, M. Alphonse Beaugard, Mme. Côté (Colombine), Mlle. Atala Valois, M. Michel Helbrenner, M. Donat Lactance, Mme. Lactance (Tante Annette), Mme. Donat Brodeur (Louise de Bienville), M. Casimir Hébert (Pierre Héribert), Armand Leclaire, M. l'abbé Olivier Maurault, M. Arthur Saint-Pierre, M. L. R. de Lorimier, Mme. E. P. Benoit (Monique), M. Gustave Comte, M. et Mme. Parrot, M. Henri Comte, M. P. H. Lefebvre, M. Alfred Bienvenu, Mme. G. Lemaire, Mlle. Idola Saint-Jean, M. Emile Venne, Mme. E. Ranger, M. Arsène Bessette, l'abbé Etienne Blanchard, M. Edmond Montet, et M. Hector Garneau. Le président de l'association des auteurs canadiens, M. Murray Gibbon, et le secrétaire, M. B. K. Sandwell, s'étaient également rendus à cette assemblée. Choisi pour présider l'assemblée, M. Victor Morin s'acquitta de sa tâche avec courtoisie, tact et modération, et M. Hector Garneau fit l'office de secrétaire.

Après lecture du texte de la constitution provisoire, le président invita M. Murray Gibbon à donner des explications sur l'objet de l'Association des auteurs canadiens. M. Gibbon, ainsi que M. Sandwell, s'exprima en français, puis en anglais. Non sans véhémence, M. Olivar Asselin s'opposa à la nouvelle confédération intellectuelle, et il développa la thèse d'une association canadienne-française, totalement séparée et distincte de l'autre, mais qui entretiendrait avec cette dernière d'amicales relations. MM. Morin et Sandwell relevèrent et rectifièrent certaines affirmations de M. Asselin, qui avait tenté de placer la discussion sur le terrain politique. "La preuve qu'on nous traite avec générosité, dit M. Morin, c'est qu'on nous demande de constituer une section distincte et autonome, encore qu'affiliée à l'association principale".

MM. Alphonse Beaugard et Arthur Saint-Pierre parlèrent dans le même sens que M. Asselin, tandis que M. Gustave Comte et Mme. Huguenin soutinrent avec énergie l'opinion contraire.

M. Asselin, appuyé par M. Beaugard, déposa la motion suivante:

"L'assemblée reconnaît en principe la nécessité d'une loyale co-opération entre les deux groupes principaux de la famille canadienne, dans le domaine intellectuel. Vu l'expérience que les Canadiens français ont fait du régime fédéral, en d'autres domaines, cependant, elle ne croit

pas de devoir souscrire au projet de constitution qui lui est soumis. Elle exprime l'espoir qu'une association de auteurs canadiens-français se forme bientôt, qui coopèrera avec l'association anglo-canadienne similaire, dans toutes les questions d'intérêt commun."

M. Gustave Comte, appuyé par M. Garneau, fit à son tour, la contre-proposition ci-dessous:

"Attendu que les auteurs présents sont en petit nombre et qu'il ne serait pas sage de prendre à la hâte une décision aussi importante, il est proposé que l'assemblée s'ajourne au 1er mai prochain, à trois heures, à la Bibliothèque municipale".

Cette motion de MM. Comte et Garneau fut remportée par un vote de dix-neuf voix contre six.

Mlle. Claire Daveluy et M. Edouard Chauvin s'étaient excusés de leur absence.

Ces minutes furent signées par M. Hector Garneau, secrétaire pro-tempore, puis approuvées par l'assemblée et le président. M. Garneau avait annexé à son procès verbal, le texte du projet de constitution provisoire.

SEANCE DU 1er MAI 1921. Sous la présidence de M. Victor Morin.

Alléguant le fait qu'il faisait déjà partie du bureau fédéral de l'Association des auteurs canadiens, M. Hector Garneau céda le secrétariat provisoire à M. Gustave Comte.

Afin de renseigner les personnes présentes qui n'avaient pas assisté à la réunion précédente, M. Gustave Comte résuma les débats de cette séance, ajoutant qu'il n'y avait pas lieu de chercher à faire bande à part, puisqu'il s'agissait en somme de la protection d'intérêts communs et d'ordre purement matériel, et que c'était une curieuse manière d'entendre et de pratiquer la bonne entente que de repousser la main qui se tendait loyalement vers nous. Mme. Huguenin appuya fortement ces remarques.

M. Lionel Léveillé insista pour la formation d'une association canadienne française indépendante, et M. Arthur Saint-Pierre parla aussi dans le même sens. Seulement il ajouta qu'il avait fait une campagne en faveur d'une association canadienne-française indépendante et qu'il avait dans sa poche des adhésions qu'il demandait à lire.

Le président lui demanda s'il venait faire une campagne en faveur de son projet, et MM. Barbeau et Garneau lui dirent qu'il avait une curieuse conception des règles de l'hospitalité en cherchant à imposer un nouveau projet alors qu'il avait été convoqué comme tout le monde à se prononcer sur le projet actuellement sur la table.

M. Désilets, de Québec, demanda si les intérêts intellectuels des auteurs canadiens-français seraient protégés dans l'Association des auteurs canadiens? En réponse à cette question le président donna les renseignements les plus complets et les plus clairs à tous, et il insista sur le fait que la fondation d'une section française serait un excellent moyen de nous faire connaître du public anglais. Il avoua que plusieurs auteurs anglais lui avaient déclaré ne connaître de nos auteurs que Fréchette et Garneau. "Nous avons donc tous intérêt à nous rencontrer et à nous mieux connaître les uns les autres."

La discussion se poursuivit encore quelque temps, puis M. Gustave Comte, secondé par Mme. Huguenin (Madeleine) proposa la motion suivante:

"Que les auteurs canadiens-français, groupés en assemblée, le 1er mai 1921, en la Bibliothèque municipale de Montréal, décident de faire partie de l'Association des auteurs canadiens, en tant que section canadienne-française autonome et indépendante, quant à son mode d'ad-

ministration, avec voix délibérante au chapitre fédéral de l'Association dans une proportion équitable".

Le vote donna le résultat suivant: POUR—Albert Dreux, Hervé Gagnier, Victor Barbeau, Arthur Homier, M. B. de la Bruyère, Edmond Montet, N. Désilets, Léopold Houlé, F. Roby, Narcisse Arcand, M. Grondin, Tancrede Marsil, Hector Garneau, Mme Huguenin, Mlle. R. André, Mlle C. Noel, Arthur Letondal, Mme Donat Brodeur, Mme Côté, Mme. Georgine Lemaire, Victor Morin, Gustave Comte, G. W. Parent et René Chopin; 24 voix. CONTRE—J. A. Loranger, Lionel Léveillé, Arthur Saint-Pierre, Hervé Major, Milles. Idola Saint-Jean, Claire Daveluy, Angers (Laure Conan) et Mme. Ranger; 8 voix.

Tous ceux qui ont voté comme cidessus constituaient la liste de présence de cette réunion.

MM. Gagnier, Barbeau, Houlé et Roby proposèrent que MM. Victor Morin, Hector Garneau, Edmond Montet, Gustave Comte et Mmes. Côté et Huguenin fussent chargés de préparer les statuts de la section française de l'Association des auteurs canadiens.

Ce dernier comité se réunit le dimanche 8 mai, chez M. Victor Morin, et les statuts, déjà provisoirement préparés par M. Morin furent étudiés et mis au point, pour présentation à la prochaine réunion générale de la section française de l'Association des auteurs canadiens.

SEANCE DU 14 MAI

Adoption des statuts et élection des officiers.

A cette séance du 14 mai, en la Bibliothèque municipale, M. Louvigny de Montigny d'Ottawa, était présent, et il prit part activement à la discussion qui accompagna la rédaction définitive des statuts de la section française de l'Association des auteurs canadiens, dont on trouvera le texte plus loin. Hâtons-nous de dire que cette discussion fut des plus amicales et des plus courtoises, toujours sous la présidence de M. Victor Morin.

On procéda ensuite à l'élection des officiers pour l'année. Ce sont:—

M. Victor Morin, président.
Mme. Huguenin (Madeleine), première vice-président.
M. Narcisse Arcand, deuxième vice-président. [te.
M. Gustave Comte, secrétaire.
M. Edmond Montet, trésorier.

Membres du comité: l'hon. sénateur L. O. David, M. Fernand Rinfret, député, MM. Victor Barbeau, Arthur Letondal, Mme. Côté (Colombine) et M. l'abbé Desrosiers.

Délégués au bureau fédéral de l'Association: M.M. Hervé Gagnier, Fernand Rinfret, Gustave Comte, Mme. Donat Brodeur et le président qui en fait partie ex-officio.

Assistaient à cette réunion: M.M. Victor Morin, J. E. Marier, Mme. Huguenin, Mme Tassé, Mme. Donat Brodeur, Mme. Côté, M.M. Louvigny de Montigny, G. W. Parent, Gustave Comte, Philippe Roy, Narcisse Arcand, O. Maranda, Hervé Gagnier, Edmond Montet et Hector Garneau.

Sont déjà membres de la section française de l'Association des auteurs canadiens:

M. Victor Morin, 97 Saint-Jacques.
Gustave Comte, 1296 Saint Hubert.
Hervé Gagnier, 210a de Montigny Est.
Victor Barbeau, rue Saint-Hubert.
René Chopin, 80 Saint-Gabriel.
Narcisse Arcand, 285 Garnier.
Léopold Houlé, 133 Laval.
"Madeleine"—G. Huguenin, 710 Saint-Hubert.
Mme. G. Lemaire, deuxième avenue Viauville.
Tancrede Marsil, 177 Berri.
Madame Donat Brodeur.
Hector Garneau, Bibliothèque Municipale.
Fernand Roby, 993 Saint Hubert.
G. W. Parent, 15 Square Saint-Louis.
Montarville Boucher de la Bruyère, 455 Dorchester-Est.
Arthur Letondal, 1034 ouest rue Dorchester.
Mme. Côté (Colombine) 634 Plessis.
Edmond Montet, 273 Esplanade.
L'hon. sénateur L. O. David, rue Saint-Hubert.
M. Fernand Rinfret, le "Canada".

La campagne de recrutement est commencée et cette liste sera beaucoup plus complète après la vacance.

Le texte officiel des Statuts de la section française de l'Association des auteurs canadiens, a été entièrement approuvé par le bureau fédéral de l'Association, à une réunion qui eut lieu, le 11 juin, au bureau de M. Gibbon. Assistaient à cette réunion du bureau fédéral: M. Gustave Comte (représentant M. Victor Morin, retenu ailleurs) Louvigny de Montigny, Mme. Huguenin, Hector Garneau, Edmond Montet et MM. Murray Gibbon, B. K. Sandwell et deux autres membres anglais du bureau fédéral.

Statuts de la Section Française

I CONSTITUTION.

Cette section française, fondée le premier de mai 1921, fait partie de l'Association des auteurs Canadiens, et elle est soumise à sa constitution et à ses règlements, mais régie pour ses affaires internes par les présents statuts.

II COMPOSITION.

Elle comprend tous les membres de langue française de l'association des auteurs canadiens qui, bien qu'ils puissent relever directement de l'association générale ou d'une de ses succursales, auront été admis à faire partie de cette section aux termes de ses statuts.

III ATTRIBUTIONS.

Elle jouit d'une autonomie complète et exclusive dans l'administration de ses affaires ainsi que dans la direction des intérêts de la littérature canadienne-française. Elle coopère avec l'association des auteurs canadiens dans les questions d'intérêt général. Elle a notamment pour but la défense morale et matérielle des intérêts généraux des auteurs canadiens français. Parmi ces auteurs sont compris nonseulement les écrivains mais aussi les artistes.

IV SUCCURSALES.

Elle peut créer des succursales et groupes de langue française, qui relèvent d'elle à l'instar des succursales de l'association générale, dans les centres ou elle compte au moins cinq membres réguliers. Les présidents de ces succursales ou groupes sont *ex-officio* vice-présidents adjoints de cette section.

V ADMINISTRATION.

L'administration de ses affaires est confié à un *conseil* composé d'un président, d'un premier et d'un second vice-présidents, d'un secrétaire, d'un trésorier, de cinq conseillers et de trois délégués pour chaque succursale ou groupe, au nombre desquels se trouve *ex-officio* le président de telle succursale ou groupe qui est vice-président adjoint de cette section.

Les cinq premiers officiers de ce conseil en forment le *comité exécutif* muni des pouvoirs qui lui sont attribués par les statuts ou qui lui sont délégués par résolution du conseil.

Le *comité d'admission* établi pour cette section par la constitution de l'association générale se compose des

membres du comité exécutif.

Le conseil peut en outre constituer, par résolution, tous autres comités qu'il juge nécessaire à l'administration des affaires, et en nommer les titulaires parmi les membres réguliers de cette section.

VI ADMISSION.

Les candidats à l'admission dans cette section doivent présenter une demande par écrit établissant leurs titres à en faire partie. Avis des candidatures est transmis par le secrétaire à tous les membres de la section qui peuvent lui adresser leurs objections motivées par écrit contre toute candidature dans les dix jours qui suivent l'envoi de cet avis. Ce délai expiré, le comité d'admission se prononce sur les candidatures, après avoir pris connaissance des objections.

L'admission régulière d'un membre emporte son adhésion à la constitution et aux règlements de l'Association des Auteurs Canadiens et aux Statuts de cette section, ainsi qu'à tous amendements qui pourront être apportés à l'avenir aux uns et aux autres.

La radiation d'un membre de cette section peut être prononcée par un vote des deux tiers des membres de cette section, sur recommandation du conseil; à cet effet les abstentionnistes sont comptés comme appuyant cette recommandation du conseil.

VII ASSEMBLEES.

Les assemblées sont convoquées par le président, par les comités, par le conseil, ou par les membres, suivant le cas, à défaut les uns des autres dans l'ordre indiqué ci-dessus, et si l'avis de convocation n'est pas émis par le président il doit réunir le nombre de membres voulu pour délibérer dans l'assemblée ainsi convoquée.

L'assemblée peut délibérer valablement si elle réunit, suivant le cas, un quart des membres de la section, un tiers des membres du conseil, ou la majorité des membres du comité convoqué. Pour cette fin, ceux qui ont donné leur consentement par écrit, pour chaque cas, sont comptés comme présents.

VIII SIEGE SOCIAL.

Jusqu'à l'adoption d'un lieu permanent, le siège social de cette section est fixé au domicile du secrétaire, à l'adresse indiqué par lui. Les réunions peuvent cependant se tenir à tout autre endroit choisi par le président ou par le

groupe qui en fait la convocation et indiqué dans l'avis de convocation.

L'adresse officielle des membres est celle qu'ils font inscrire dans le registre du secrétariat, et à défaut d'indication, celle qui se trouve à l'almanach des adresses.

IX CONTRIBUTIONS.

Le trésorier de cette section perçoit, à titre de représentant du trésorier de l'association générale, la contribution, dont il verse les deux cinquièmes à l'association générale pour ses frais d'administration et pour abonnement à l'organe officiel; les autres trois cinquièmes restent acquis à cette section pour l'administration de ses affaires.

Dans le cas des membres de cette section qui font en même temps partie d'une succursale bilingue relevant directement de l'association générale, cette section verse en outre à telle succursale locale un dollar pour chaque membre faisant partie de cette section, et ce dollar tient lieu de toute contribution due par eux à leur succursale locale; cette section reçoit ensuite de l'association générale un remboursement de cinquante sous pour chaque membre de succursale dont elle a ainsi acquitté la contribution.

X EXERCISE.

L'exercice financier se termine le 31 décembre, et l'assemblée annuelle se tient le deuxième samedi de janvier pour la présentation des rapports, l'élection du conseil et l'expédition générale des affaires.

XI INTERPRETATION.

Les questions qui ne sont pas touchées par les présents statuts sont régies par la constitution et par les règlements de l'association générale.

Les statuts de cette section ne peuvent être révoqués ou amendés que par ses membres réguliers, et en la manière prescrite pour amender la constitution de l'association générale; ces modifications sont soumises à la même approbation que les statuts originaires.

(Adoptés par la section française de l'Association des Auteurs Canadiens, à son assemblée générale et régulière du 14 mai 1921, tel qu'approuvés par le conseil général de l'association à son assemblée régulière du 11 juin 1921.)

Canadian Authors Association

Application for Membership

(Applications may be forwarded to the officers of any branch of the Association, or to B. K. Sandwell, General Secretary, Canadian Authors Association, c/o McGill University, Montreal. Cheques should be made payable to Canadian Authors Association, and may be drawn on any Canadian branch of a chartered bank.)

I hereby make application for election as

Regular Associate Member of the Canadian Authors Association, and in the event of such election I agree to conform to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association.

My qualifications are:

(Give name of publication or publications in book or magazine form, with date; or play or scenario or other qualifying work.)

Name in full (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address

Date *Signed*

I am a Regular Member of the Canadian Authors Association, and I hereby endorse the above application for Membership.

Signed

Address

(Note: Endorsement by a Member is not necessary, but it naturally facilitates the consideration of the Application.)

EXTRACTS FROM CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 3. Membership.

Section 1.—The membership shall comprise three classes, viz.:

- 1.—Regular Members.
- 2.—Associate Members.
- 3.—Life Members.

Any writer, dramatist or scenario writer, or other creator of copyrightable literary material of recognized position in his or her profession as author may be admitted at the discretion of the Executive Committee as a regular member.

Other writers, publishers, booksellers, etc., who may have sympathy with the objects of the Association, but who are not considered by the Executive Committee as qualified for full membership, may be admitted, at the discretion of the Executive Committee, as Associate Members, who shall receive the published reports of the Association and have the privilege of attending its General Meetings, but shall not have a vote

EXTRACTS FROM BYLAWS.

ARTICLE 6.

Section 1.—All members shall sign the Constitution and By-laws of the Association either in person or by agent, proxy or attorney as the Council may by resolution provide.

Section 4.—The annual dues of the Association shall be \$5.00, and shall be paid on the first day of April of each year. Members who shall fail to make payment within thirty (30) days thereafter shall cease to be in good standing, and, furthermore, shall be notified of such failure by the Secretary. If within fifteen (15) days after said notice is mailed said dues shall remain unpaid, the Council shall have power to take such action as it may deem proper, and until such action is taken all rights of the member are suspended.

Section 5.—The dues of persons elected to Associate Membership in the Association on or before March 31st, 1921, shall be \$3.00 per fiscal year. Associate Members shall have no vote in the affairs of the Association.

Section 6.—Any person elected to membership in the Association shall pay his dues within thirty (30) days thereafter, otherwise his election shall be void.

Section 7.—A regular member may become a life member upon the payment of (\$100.00) one hundred dollars. Such payment shall exempt the life member from any further dues and assessments.