

read, and re-read, and then put on a convenient shelf of your library, and fished out again.

Mrs. L. M. Montgomery's contribution to the year's novels was "The Golden Road," published in Boston by A. C. Page and Company, and handled in Canada by William Briggs, and by McClelland and Goodchild. In some ways this is L. M. Montgomery at her best, and as the *Courier* said in its notice of the book, it is no wonder that the public of this author clamour—like *Oliver Twist*—for more. On another page in this issue "The Golden Road" and its author are treated more extensively.

Charles G. D. Roberts more than maintained his reputation in "Children of the Wild," and readers who expected something good from the author of "Feet of the Furtive" will not be disappointed. As usual with Mr. Roberts, the stories deal with the world of the out-of-doors. "Rippling Rhymes," by Walt Mason, is in its way inimitable. There is only one Walt Mason. Theodore Goodridge Roberts—a brother of Charles G. D. Roberts—wrote "Two Shall Be Born," which, though rather too melodramatic, was a forceful and interesting story. Pauline Johnson, being dead, yet speaketh in "The Moccasin Maker" and "The Shagganappi," both works of unusual power. The loss of this talented lady will be keenly felt, for through her books she stood for much that was beautiful in Canadian literature.

A new novel by a new author, Mr. J. P. Buschlen, is entitled "A Canadian Bank Clerk." It is attracting considerable attention, chiefly because it puts candidly and frankly the case of the bank clerk against the bank. The book cannot be said to be well written, so far as style enters into the matter. But the story, because it is true to every-day life, reads well. The author favours a mild treatment

of his subject, and perhaps lacks "punch" now and then. But that is probably because he thinks the public only needs a hint, and its common sense and fairmindedness may be safely left to do the rest. "A Canadian Bank Clerk" is having a good sale—and rightly so.

THE Rev. H. A. Cody has been responsible for "The Chief of the Ranges." In many ways this story is his best. It deals with the great North-West, and, as all Mr. Cody's work, is picturesque in description and able in characterization. Lawrence J. Burpee gave us "Scouts of Empire" and "Humours of the True North." The latter was noteworthy because of what it did not say rather than because of what it did say. No mention was made of much that is representative in Canadian humour, and, unkindest cut of all, Prof. Leacock was entirely disregarded. "The Law Bringers," by "G. B. Lancaster," is quite one of the best-written Canadian books of the year. Miss Lyttleton, like a good many others, found ample scope for a story in the North-West Mounted Police, and her book, which was exceedingly well done, turned out a best seller. "Jack Chanty," by Hulbert Footner, was another winner in more senses than one. It, too, was a tale of the Canadian North-West. Mr. Footner knows how to tell a simple story really well, and in "Jack Chanty" made the very most of a well-worn theme.

A historical novel of some account was C. H. J. Snider's "In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelves." Mr. Snider is the city editor of the *Toronto Telegram*. "The Way Home" is the latest production of Basil King, a Prince Edward Island writer, and is a charming story. "Empery," by S. A. White, while by no means his best work, more than sus-

tains his reputation as an adventure writer. It had a ready sale. Norman Duncan wrote interestingly, if a little dramatically, in "Finding His Soul," and A. M. Chisholm wrote "Precious Waters," a strong, trenchant novel, which made some people sit up and exclaim.

A book which evoked a good deal of enthusiasm was "William Adolphus Turnpike," by William Banks, junior, of the *Toronto Globe*. In parts it was funny, in parts it was well written, and it was an important contribution to Canadian publications of the year. But if, as Arnold Bennett says, a book is to be judged by its effect on the reader in making him act along new lines, then "William Adolphus Turnpike" is not an overwhelming success, for while it is pleasant reading, it doesn't get you anywhere. The Rev. Hugh Pedley, in Montreal, gave us "Looking Forward," half a novel and half a homily, but wholly worth while. Alan Sullivan's collection of tales of border life under the title of "The Passing of Oul-I-But" are immensely interesting.

For the rest, "The House of Arnold," by Charles Sparrow; "The Company of Adventurers," by Isaac Cowie; "Linked Lives," by D. Kinmount Roy; "The Blue Wolf," by Lacey Amy; "Candle-light Days," by Adeline Teskey; "The Great Gold Rush," by W. J. P. Jarvis; "Greater Love Hath No Man," by F. L. Packard, and "The End of the Rainbow," by Marion Keith, are all good novels and well worth reading.

One other book should be mentioned. "Both Sides of the Road" is the work of Mr. B. A. Clarke, an Englishman resident in Toronto. It is a collection of short stories that have appeared in several of the leading magazines in Great Britain, and is well worth while.

Canadian Genius in Poetry, Humour and Fiction

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

THE three principal Canadian writers of 1913 are Miss Marjorie Pickthall, Mr. Stephen Leacock, and Mrs. Ewan Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery). Many wise persons will consider that it is drawing a long bow to speak of these three writers as possessing genius; but it is an unhappy habit of mind never to be able to achieve enthusiasm over good work. Good work, of course, is not always proof of genius. It is one thing to be hard-working, clever, conscientious, of sterling honesty, and so on. Dozens of books written in a year by Canadians merit these adjectives. But genius is the inexplicable, the little more which is magic. What mystery gave Miss Pickthall the power to write these lines:

Many a shepherd, many a king,
I fold them safe from their sorrowing.
Gwenever's heart is bound with dust,
Tristram dreams of the dappled doe,
But the bugle moulders, the blade is rust;
Stilled are the trumpets of Jericho,
And the tired men sleep by the walls of Troy.
Little and lonely,
Knowing me only,
Shall I not comfort you, shepherd-boy?

A clever verse-writer might labour a life-time and never get nearer to lines like these.



C. H. J. Snider, a Toronto Journalist, Whose "In the Wake of the Eighteen Twelves" is an Important Historical Novel of the Year.

Mr. Stephen Leacock's new book, "Behind the Beyond," has chapters put in for the sake of making the book big enough to appear comely to the pub-

lisher and the public. They are well enough indeed and good reading. There is no deception of the public in offering them such excellent stuff as "Parisian Pastimes," a disquisition on French dogs and children. But the Stephen Leacock who has written "The Dentist and the Gas," number two in "Familiar Incidents," overawes any superior reader. How does he create it, this medium of disabling laughter?

"I think," said the dentist, stepping outside again, "I'd better give you gas."

Then he moved aside and hummed an air from a light opera, while he mixed up cement.

I sat up in my shroud.

"Gas!" I said.

"Yes," he repeated, "gas or else ether or a sulphuric anaesthetic or else beat you into insensibility with a club or give you three thousand volts of electricity."

These may not have been his exact words. But they convey the feeling of them very nicely.

"When are you going to do it?" I said, in horror.

"Right now, if you like," he answered.

His eyes were glittering with what the Germans call Blutlust. All dentists have it.

I could see that if I took my eye off him for a moment he might spring at me, gas in hand, and throttle me.

"No, not now, I can't stay now," I said. "I have an appointment, a whole lot of appointments, urgent ones, the most urgent I ever had." I was unfastening my shroud as I spoke.

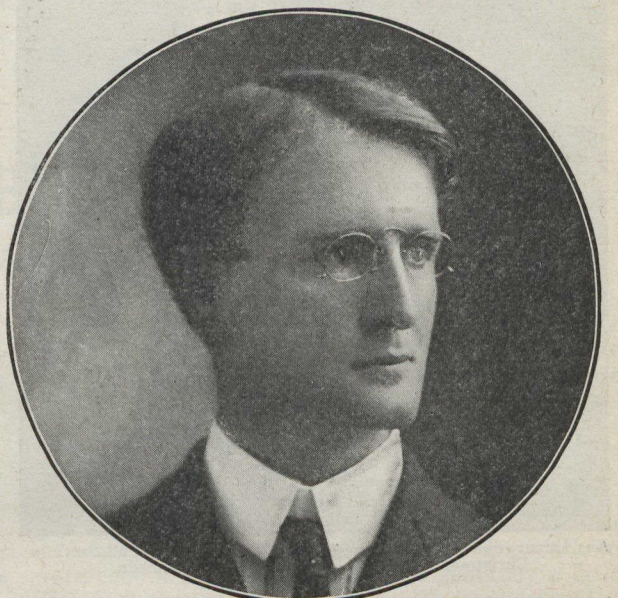
"Well, then, to-morrow," said the dentist.

"No," I said. "To-morrow is Saturday. And Saturday is a day I simply can't take gas. If I take gas, even the least bit of gas, on a Saturday, I find it's misunderstood."

ONE has a confidence that this isn't the professor of political economy nor lecturer on Imperial topics; this particular Stephen Leacock is a gnome, a "possession," in short, which seizes upon the professor of political economy and commands him to write until laughter is satisfied. No one can explain how such writing is done.

Such a book as "The Golden Road," by L. M. Montgomery, seems easy enough to explain. It is a pretty book for girls, the continuation of another work of fiction, "The Story Girl." The author is a lover of her native province, Prince Edward Island. She is a lover, too, of girlhood, and she is a story writer. These facts are simple and sufficient, or they seem sufficient at first sight. But there is a point when the love of one's native country becomes a passion which shuts out other

things. There is an absorption in young life which becomes a genius for understanding youth. There is a quality in such a book as "The Golden Road" which is not just exactly defined as the common light of day. Girls and women care too much about it somehow; they are too much moved. It is not



Prof. O. D. Skelton, of Queen's University, Who Has Written "A General Economic History of the Dominion."

just story telling; there is some magic in it. Only genius of a certain variety can make an old woman feel like a young girl.

These three writers are young: Miss Pickthall is not yet thirty; Mrs. Macdonald is some years over thirty; Mr. Leacock is over forty. Miss Pickthall, who was born in England, brought up and educated in Toronto, is now with relatives in England. Mr. Leacock, as everyone knows, lives in Montreal. Mrs. Macdonald came to live in rural Ontario two years ago. Each of the three writers has a personality which makes itself felt. Miss Pickthall is serious, one who listens; when she does speak it is with the utterance of a richly endowed mind; her appearance is that of a poet, and her eyes have the remarkable beauty of a poet's eyes. Mrs. Macdonald is quaint and picturesque; she has far better playtimes with her thoughts and her dream children than she tells most people. Mr. Leacock is a typical professor who is young, modern and a man of affairs. There is more of a twinkle about his smile than any professor needs. What these writers may yet produce is likely to have a considerable influence on Canadian letters.