



FROM William Briggs, Toronto, comes a biography which should be in every household, "The Story of Tecumseh," by Norman Gurd. Canadians are deplorably ill-informed concerning their own history, and in this respect may be compared unfavorably with their cousins in the States. The people of the neighboring republic may have gone too far in their spread-eagle type of patriotism, and may have exalted their great men into figures of impossible and extravagant heroism. However, we have erred on the other side, and have shown a regrettable slowness in acquainting ourselves with the prominent characters of Canadian history. Tecumseh is one of the most admirable and picturesque figures of the War of 1812-15, and showed a devotion to British interests which was not excelled by any of the generals of Saxon breed. He was a born warrior, and his death for the cause he loved gives him a place with the brave soldiers who have been ready to sacrifice all for the Empire. Kipling tells us that it is "on the bones of the English that the English flag is stayed." He might have gone further in his description of British evolution, for the deeds which won the Empire have often been accomplished by those of other race and color.

This story of Tecumseh is well and graphically told by the author, and the narrative is illustrated in spirited and historic fashion by Mr. C. W. Jefferys. In this book, it may be noted that the description of the Battle of Tippecanoe differs very much from the account of the Battle of Tippecanoe hitherto accepted. In the researches by the author he was fortunate enough to come across a despatch signed by Colonel Elliott, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Amherstburg, to Major-General Brock, containing a full account of the battle as related to Colonel Elliott by a Kickapoo chief, who was present at the engagement. His description of the battle is founded on this Indian account, and on the account given in the pamphlet issued by the Louisville Historical Society written by Captain Pirtle of the American army, who had made a thorough examination of the archives at Washington. These accounts corroborated one another in many details, and differed from the account of the battle given by Drake in his Tecumseh, which was published in the early thirties, and by Eggleston, in his later work, published in 1878.

The book is one which teachers and parents should give to Canadian youth as a biography of one of the race which stood manfully by Britain throughout a critical conflict. It will be read with interest by all who enjoy a good story.

From the War of 1812-15 to the dark days of the Vendean War in France, is not such a very long jump backwards. In "Chantemerle," a story by D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor, published by the same firm, we have a romance of the thrilling old-fashioned order. Lucienne, the heroine, is a vacillating but attractive heroine, whose charms win more hearts than one—and then the trouble begins. Gilbert and Louis, both ardent Royalists, fighting valiantly for a lost cause, are well-depicted in their contrasting characteristics, and we hardly know with which lover to sympathize, as the course of true love proceeds on its unsmooth way. The strongest and most memorable personality in this eminently readable story is that of M. des Graves, the priest who ministers to his bewildered and stricken people throughout the horrors of war and pillage. "Chantemerle" is a story you will find worth while.

"My Lady Caprice," also from Briggs, is by Jeffery Farnol, the English novelist who made such a success of "The Broad Highway" last year. This story of a heroine of many moods was written at an earlier date than "The Broad Highway," but is now being republished, by reason, no doubt of the latter's great popularity. "My Lady Caprice" is a dainty bit of fiction which may be read in an hour and which will afford pleasing diversion for those who enjoy a story of love-in-idleness. The Imp

is a small boy of engaging pranks whom we shall hope to meet again.

## The Song of Life

Continued from page 11

"Oh, nothing much," she answered. The sun through the western window, or some other flame, nearly blinded her eyes with joy. "I could see the flowers in that side window, right up there on the road. What daffodils!"

"Eh, they're gay bits of flowers," answered the hostess, joyfully.

"And you grow them here yourself?"

"Where else? My bulbs lie in the dark all winter, ye ken, but by the first of March they get that green you can almost see them pricking up through the earth in these tubs I plant 'em in. They cry out for the sun. And I let 'em have it. They grow so fast there is a windowful by April."

"It's my only way of Easter," she continued gaily. "I never get to the church, as I am crippled with rheumatism. So I send these along to our meeting-house on the next concession. You'd pass it on the way. A fine red building it is. Sam used to carry 'em down every year, regular as Easter Sunday morning came. He was took away last year. It was awful sudden—the only son I had. Neighbors say I'm too old to grieve over Sam like I would if it had been that he and I was both younger. But it ain't that"—she walked over to the side window so blazing in green and gold—"it ain't that. It's just I've got to know something lately—that, *we all go on—through the dark, like these daffodils, to the spring.* He ain't dead. You don't need to tell me that, any more than these flowers will die in a week or so. *They've roots, ain't they? They all come again.* . . . Well, here's your young man I guess. And hope you're warm again. . . . I'm sure I'm glad you came in."

And then—after a breathless proposal. . . . "A story? Me, to have given you a story! And for the *Weekly Sun*! Why, we've took that paper as long as I can remember. They did used to say Pa believed every word of it, like the Bible itself. I guess the *Sun* is about the biggest paper in America. And to put me into it and this kitchen—into a photo—why, I ain't even got it spring-cleaned yet. Come right along to-morrow. The daffodils will look beautiful. Bring your young man, too, I like his looks. . . ."

Back through the deepening day, to their little city-of-life, rode two who had found the springtime through gates of Faith and Work.

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