

BOOKS YOU WILL READ

By WAYFARER

DOREEN AND THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE.

IN the long procession of books of a lighter sort that pass through a reviewer's hands there are many that he is glad to see the last of. And there are a few that he welcomes to his heart as old friends and provides a niche for in his book case. Such a book is "DOREEN AND THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE," by C. J. Dennis, published by Mr. S. B. Gundy, Toronto, at 75 cents. The author is an Australian and the scene is laid, naturally enough, in Australia—first in the city of Melbourne and then in the country. The story is told in the slang of that country, but this need deter no reader, for much of the slang is common to Canada and the rest is explained in a glossary at the end of the book.

Mr. Dennis is a master of versification, and uses his medium with excellent effect to tell the story of his hero, Bill, a Melbourne cook, one who

"... 'as done me stretch for ston-shin' Johns,

An' spen's me leisure gittin' on the shick,

An' 'arf me nights down there, in Little Lons.,

Wiv Ginger Mick,

Just 'eadin' 'em, an' doin' in me gilt."

He traces Bill's steady upward development wrought by his love for one pure woman until

"... from the ashes of a ne'er-dowell

A bloomin' farmer's blossomin' like 'ell,"

who, when

"Sittin' at ev'nin' in this sunset-land, Wiv 'er in all the world to 'old me 'and,

A son, to bear my name when I am gone . . .

Livin' an' lovin'—"

can look back over his past and utter from his heart these truly noble sentiments:

"My son! . . . If ther's a Gawd 'Oo's leanin' near

To watch our dilly little lives down 'ere,

'E smiles, I guess, if 'E's a lovin' one—

Smiles, friendly-like, to 'ear them words—my son."

It is no sermon, however, for laughter jostles hard on the heels of pathos as witness the Sentimental Bloke's efforts to secure an introduction to Doreen, or his first meeting with his mother-in-law and his discomfiture at her determination to call him Willy as being more respectable than Bill—

"Willy! O 'ell! 'Ere was a flamin' pill!

A moniker that always makes me ill. "If it's the same to you, mum," I replies,

"I answer quicker to the name of Bill."

I am not going to quote any more, but I cordially recommend the poem "Beef Tea" to all ladies who would discipline recalcitrant husbands. Doreen's handling of her erring spouse on the one occasion he lapsed into the old ways is masterly. If, as Voltaire has said, "One merit of poetry is that it says more and in fewer words than prose," then "DOREEN AND THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE" has this merit in a conspicuous degree, for in the small compass of 65 pages Mr. Dennis has told a story which, in

prose, would have been padded out to four or five hundred pages—and he has told it with humour, with wisdom, with profound philosophy, and with deep spiritual insight.

PICCADILLY JIM.

"PICCADILLY JIM"! The title sounded inviting. By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse! There was rich promise in the author's name, for I had come across his books before and still remember his immortal Psmith. Moreover, the publisher's promise of "a laugh on every page" indicated a rare treat. So I settled down to an evening of uproarious fun and merriment. But alas! I am afraid I am growing old, or it may have been indigestion. Or again, it may have been due to the colour of the cover which is of a rather jaundiced hue. Be that as it may, I could not find much to laugh at except perhaps the fact that one of the characters could raise her eyebrows affectively and could indulge in languid yawns, while another discovered that clams were not on the bill-of-fair—although, of course, these are not Mr. Wodehouse's witticisms.

"Piccadilly Jim" is the kind of book that reminds me of those musical comedies which are alleged to be prepared especially for the tired business man. You sit through the performance, yawn occasionally, laugh at intervals, and preserve a sort of politely bored interest in the fate of the hero. The plot is a trifle thin and the escapades are attempted echoes of the afore-mentioned Psmith. If, however, you don't know Psmith, and don't mind the other trifles I have mentioned you may enjoy whiling away an hour or so in the company of Piccadilly Jim. (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Ltd., Toronto, \$1.40).

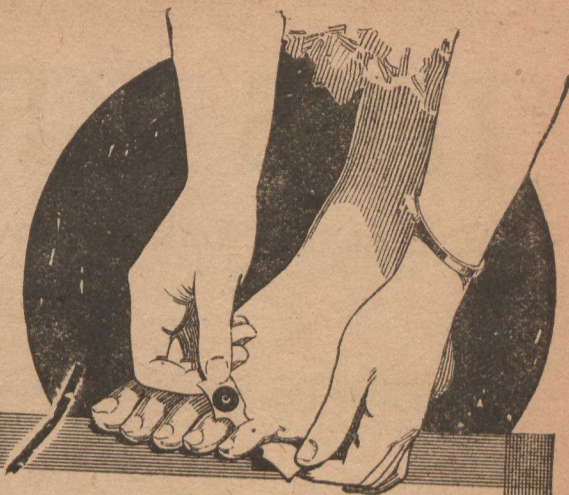
PEBBLES BY THE SHORE.

OF all the varied forms of literary composition the essay is the most charming—not the formal and learned essays of a Macaulay or a Matthew Arnold, although they have their place, but those informal cosy chats by the fire side which Charles Lamb brought to such perfection. They are the desert of the literary banquet, trifles light as air, not taxing the digestion, but leaving a memory of sweetness and a sense of complete satisfaction. Such a volume is "Pebbles by the Shore" (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, 35 cents), by a well-known writer whose desire to hide his identity under the pen-name of "Alpha of the Plough" must be respected. The essays range over a wide variety of subjects, from grave to gay, from simple to sublime, as modern as "The Village and the War," as remote as "Boswell and his Miracle," each one a little gem. We cordially recommend the little volume to all lovers of good literature.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN.

WAYFARING, as is my wont, around the bookstores, I came across the other day, in McAnish's, an annotated edition of Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven," that wonderful, mystical poem in which is beautifully set forth the age-long quest of the human soul for the love that is eternal, the unceasing cry of the human heart for the peace that passeth understanding. The editor, Rev. M. A. Kelly, gives a very sympathetic interpretation of the poem. (Concluded on page 25.)

The Simplest Way to End a Corn



Decide now to master your corn forever. Let today's corn be the last. Blue-jay will free you from the most painful corn. Apply one of these soothing plasters tonight. Pain ends. In 48 hours the corn disappears. Only Blue-jay gives this insurance. Paring is temporary. Harsh liquids are dangerous.

Millions of corns are ended the Blue-jay way. Most corns require but one application. An occasional stubborn one, two or three. Try the gentle, simple Blue-jay way tonight. You will never be the victim of corns again.

BAUER & BLACK, Limited, Toronto
Makers of Surgical Dressing, etc.

15c and 25c
At Druggists

Blue-jay

Stops Pain—Ends Corns

Also Blue-Jay
Banion Plasters

The Beauty of Youth

While you have the healthy vigorous Beauty of youth you should constantly preserve and protect it for the years to come. Neglect has caused many women to look far older than they should. A little attention paid to the skin and complexion now by the use of



121

Gouraud's

Oriental Cream

will be amply repaid by your Youthful Beauty in later years. It not only protects and preserves the complexion for the future but greatly improves your appearance now. Conceals facial blemishes. In use 70 years.
Send 10c. for Trial Size

Gouraud's Medicated Soap

To keep the skin and complexion in a healthy condition you must use a Soap that will thoroughly clear the skin of dust, dirt and impurities. The ordinary complexion soaps are not adequate. Gouraud's Medicated Soap has been guarding complexions for over seventy years. Use it constantly, it is your protection against infection. Successfully used for skin troubles. Ideal for preparing the skin before using Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

Send 10c for Trial Size
FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
Montreal, Que.

