

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS—Continued.

R. Wilkinson's "Canadian Battlefields and Other Poems" have already been placed. The book will be published early in August.

A work of great value to librarians and of the highest interest to collectors will be Mr. C. C. James's "Bibliography of Canadian Poetry," now in the press of William Briggs. The editor's thorough acquaintance with the poetical literature of Canada, of which for many years he has been an ardent student and collector, insures well-nigh exhaustive treatment of the subject. Biographical notes of each of the poets will be followed by a list, in order of publication, and with dates of issue, of his or her published works. The number of the poets will be a revelation to most people.

Mrs. McAlister's story, "Clipped Wings," has taken so well that a second edition is about to be put on the press. It is a clever, wholesome story, and merits a good sale.

The Canadian editions of "David Harum" have now reached a total of 17,000 copies. It is interesting to note that, in proportion to the population, the Canadian sales have been larger than those in the author's own country. The total issue is now nearly up to the quarter million.

We learn that Wm. Bleasdale Cameron, whose short stories of Indian life in our Northwest have found acceptance with Harper's Weekly and other standard periodicals, and who is one of the survivors of the Frog Lake massacre, that formed a tragic opening to the Indian uprising of 1885, has written the narration of his thrilling adventures in that episode, and his subsequent captivity in the camp of Big Bear. This interesting bit of history, which, we may be sure, is graphically told, Mr. Cameron has entitled "The War Trail of Big Bear." Arrangements are under way for English and Canadian editions.

Henry Cecil Walsh's clever stories and studies of French-Canadian life, entitled "Bonhomme," have attracted the attention of American critics, and come in for some good round turns of praise. Mr. W. D. Howe's makes a strongly favorable criticism of them in Literature, The Boston Times and New York Post both had laudatory reviews, and the following from The New York Nation will be interesting reading to those who find pleasure in recognition from abroad of our Canadian writers:

The Canadian habitant is receiving much attention, in both verse and prose—enough perhaps,

should he hear of his vogue, to make him learn to read English, or even that unscrupulous broken English which some of his interpreters put in his mouth. In a volume of sketches and stories entitled "Bonhomme" he would recognize himself with pleasure. The author, who combines in an unusual degree the powers of accurate observation and sure, sympathetic intuition, has presented several common phases of bonhomme's outward life with graphic fidelity, and his heart with unpretentious frankness and probability. He does not appear as a curiosity or a freak; he is just an average man, who has retained through centuries a primitive naturalness, sometimes pathetic, sometimes passionate, much affected but not set apart from his species by the accidents of ancestry, of a tongue foreign to surrounding communities, and of not

and in grammar imperfect. Nevertheless, "Bonhomme" is an entertaining volume for the story-reader, and a very hopeful one for those concerned to catch a fresh, strong note in fiction.

Robert Barr's new book, "The Strong Arm," has been issued by William Briggs in very handsome covers, with a design illustration of the story, which is laid in Germany in the stirring days when "barons held their sway" and the castles were independent fortresses. Mr. Briggs reports heavy advance orders for the book.

The opening sales of "A Gentleman Player," a story by a new American writer, Robert Neilson Stephens, indicate that it will be well up in the race for popularity among the many strong novels issued this year. William Briggs has presented it in artistic covers.

THE W. J. GAGE CO.'S BOOKS.

The W. J. Gage Co., Limited, have, during the last week, placed on the market a new book by Mr. George Ford, author of "The Larramys." "Postle Farm" is a very interesting west of England story. Two lives are pictured to us from childhood. One, Cathie by name, the beautiful uneducated girl, longing for something better than her present circumstances, and striving in a blind way to attain it, enlists the reader's loving sympathy from the first.

"A Pauper Millionaire" is having a good sale, and Mr. Fryers may be justly proud of the way the public have taken hold of his first book. It is certainly to be hoped it will not be his last.

"Fortune's My Foe," by J. Bloundelle-Burton, is still holding a prominent place with regard to book sales in Canada. The first edition is already nearly exhausted.

The same company have on their list for July, two new books, one by an unknown author, the other by an author of considerable fame.

"A Lunatic at Large," by J. Storer Clouston, who, although unknown to Canadian readers, has been a popular contributor to English magazines. In this, his latest and best contribution, he gives us a bright and witty story which will repay the reading.

"Samuel Boyd, of Catchpole Square," comes from the pen of B. L. Farjeon. He calls it a mystery; and so it is, as all Mr. Farjeon's detective stories are. It is not necessary to say more regarding this book, Mr. Farjeon's name alone commends it. The book contains nearly 400 pages, and



"THE BRAZEN NOTES CLOVE THE AIR."

Specimen illustration from "A Gentleman Player."

knowing how to read. Mr. Walsh shows him in common characteristic occupations, and elects to show him (as a writer of fiction, however realistic, must elect) in interesting and crucial moments. Being able both to see and to divine and to estimate the interchangeable debt of circumstance and character, his people and their milieu appear in separable, they explain and complete each other. The sketches are better than the stories, in which the development is sometimes awkward and the drama a failure. This is probably because the author has not settled down to a narrative method, but is groping and experimenting. His dialogue is perfectly vivacious, being an almost literal translation of bonhomme's native phrase, but, speaking in his own person, he is at times uncertain, obscure,