

with regard to the Georgians of today. Wordsworth was all very well in his way, but let "Poetry" draw its reader's attention to the masterly free verse of Richard Vespasian Jones or somebody like that, whose flashing intuitions have the true mark of the new genius. Mr. Faulkner's essay is a good piece of work and gives the reader a fairly comprehensive sketch of what the island continent is doing in the way of verse. Strength of utterance is evidently prized by the editor of "Poetry," though we do not quite agree with the sentiment expressed in one of the poems contributed. Mr. Chas. J. Arnell, in some verses entitled "To All Poets" says:

Keep thy pearls for Beauty's wear,
Let them glisten in her hair,
Not for snout of swine are such,
Blurred by beast's unholy touch.

Keep thy muse for ear of Night,
Rapt listening of seraph's bright,
To the dull senses of the brute,
Ever must thy lyre be mute.

Now that is quite a different idea from that suggested by the mythic history of Orpheus, who used his lyre, instructed by the Muses, to such effect that the beasts became quite sentimental and amiable. Surely one of the missions of poetry is to refine the beast-like element of humanity and to assist the 'ape and tiger' to die. Mr. Arnell may like an audience of seraphs, but is verse like his attractive to seraphs? It seems like a counsel of perfection to tell poets to keep their verses for angelic ears. Surely we poor human beings should have a chance.

ARE ALL MEN ALIKE? By Arthur Stringer.

Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

As a writer, Mr. Stringer has shown himself versatile and facile. The only sort of things he has not written are sermons and treatises on mathematics, but even these he has probably tried his hand on. Successful from the start, an all round man of letters, his physical approach to sphericity coincides with the balanced completeness of his mental powers and temperament. And though being a man of balance, Mr. Stringer can never be a man of genius, since balance is adverse to that strange quality, he is always a delight to readers whether of his poetry or his prose. So from his "Haphaestus" to this last contribution from his pen he gives us all the pleasure of a drive in a high-class automobile through a varied country. The six cylinders work noiselessly, the lubrication is perfect, there is plenty of 'gas' in the receptacle, and we know we shall reach our destination with ease and pleasure.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that this book, which consists of two distinct stories, is marked by much ability of narration, truth of scene, and portraying of character. The longer story of the two gives its interrogative title to the volume, and its question might be amplified into: "Are all men alike in their readiness to fall before the charms of a beautiful though rather conceited girl who apparently is only just discovering that she appeals to the instinct of man?" Here is a subject that plainly needs considerable discretion and taste in the handling of it. That Mr. Stringer gets out of it without disaster shows the accuracy of his balance and the coolness of his judgment. He makes a mature major, an artist who is no longer young, a prize-fighter, a young and ambitious lawyer and an old commodore, successively become as wax in the pretty young lady's presence, and each of these men is drawn to the life. They are thrown on the screen with admirable focus and entertaining reality.

In the second story, "The Lost Titian," our author gives us a study of two puritan old maids and a young girl, and the narrative turns on there being in the lumber room of an old house a nude from the brush of the great artist which is of immense artistic and pecuniary value, but which from the fact that it represents the undraped female form is regarded with horror by the two antique women into whose custody it has come from a former ancestor. They are the aunts of the young girl who excites the interest of a strolling artist in search of landscape subjects. The descriptions in this story are exceedingly good—there is a touch of Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne about them. How the artist discovers the picture and its ultimate fate lead up to a dramatic denouement which is managed with practised skill.

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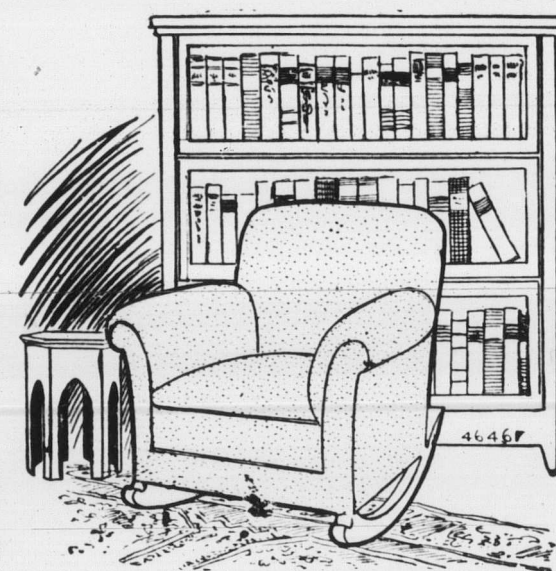
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