

parted his profound knowledge in terms of fascinating adventure. The life stories of the bee, the wasp, the spider and the fly are whimsied into fairy tales. And, heightening the illusion that the lessons are being learned out under a blue sky and to the song of the cicades, there are a multitude of fascinating little figures peeping out of quaint sketches which are scattered profusely through the pages of the book.—McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart. \$2.00.

Dreams Come True

"THE WONDER WOMAN." By Mae Van Norman Long.

IN a little Idaho town lived David Dale and Joey, a little waif whom he had found and adopted. Searching always for the wonder woman of his dreams, David saw visions of her not alone in the pine-wood fire, but in the twilight mist rising from the river. But living in dreams unfortunately made him quite astonishingly blind to the attractions of Wanza, his little neighbor—Wanza, whose face was "like a flame in a lamp of marble."

Then Judith Batterly appeared, and David thought that at last his ideal had come to him from out his dreams. Events proved that this was not so, however, and in the end of this pretty and very colorful little tale, he awoke to the appeal of Wanza with the maize-colored hair.—Copp Clark Co. \$1.35.

Notable Book of Verse

"IRISH LYRICS AND BALLADS." By Rev. James B. Dollard.

A VOLUME of flowing verse where every little poem is independent yet related to a theme is an achievement calling for special comment. Father Dollard has long been known as a fine literary artist, and this volume will justly add to his reputation. Not only in expressing the common emotions, but in the realm of the fanciful and the sublime he has shown himself equally an artist. He meets the great test of the sonnet, but far from artificiality, a strong natural feeling runs through it all.

He deals with three themes: the enchantment (magic) in nature, the common people, and the Celtic legends. The spirit of Macpherson's Ossian revives, yet in a more definite imagery. Also we have melodious treatment of fairies, fishermen and sweethearts, as well as of Finn, Osgar and the rest of the mighty men. This is from "The Silver Anvils":

"O clink, clank, clink, hear the fairy hammers go:
Clink, clank, clink, in their caves of gold below;
What were they a-forging in the dun of Closharink,
Upon their silver anvils tapping, clink, clank, clink."

He sings heartfully the "Song of the Little Villages," and patriotically the "Day of the Little Peoples." A delightful bit of free verse declares the essential oneness of the "Orange and Green," showing commendable breadth. The sonnets "Tara" and "Fingal's Cave" could not well be surpassed by any poet. The book, exquisitely printed, as might be expected, is bound in shamrock green.—McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart. \$1.25.

HOW A CITY CAME BACK

(Concluded from page 25.)

ducts, for stock food, and the rapid increase in the number of our private elevators for treating grain, all show conclusively that the city of Fort William is the logical centre in Canada for the grain handling business of Canada, and that there has already begun the process of building up in this city all the different undertakings for the production from the grain itself of all the different classes of food products and high grade commercial articles which can be produced from grain.

The attention which is now being paid to the unsurpassed spruce forests of the district and to the other valuable timber in the district shows that pulp and paper, saw and other mills, and wood working plants, are industries which will mature in the very near future—some of them probably in 1918.

The inventory of the natural resources of the district, which the character of the times has compelled, has revealed the fact that the district possesses a variety and value of natural resources unsurpassed by any portion of Canada.

Additional iron deposits have been located, so that it can be confidently stated that with a bounty on iron ore mined in Canada to overcome the disadvantage of the undeveloped and imperfect facilities for mining and handling ore, it will be found that even the iron of Minnesota does not surpass the iron of the district tributary to this city in quantity or quality.

The industrial plants constructed in 1914, which never started operation owing to the outbreak of the war, are commencing to get into the game. The Canada Car Company, Limited, which has had a force of about five hundred men at work for months getting its plant into shape, expects to have one thousand men at work on cars in the beginning of the year, and it is expected that this force will be increased to double that number. The continued prosperity of the farmers of the West insures the early starting of the wire nail and wire fence plant of the Steel Company of Canada. The first resumption of building here and

in the West will mean the operation of the pipe plant of the National Tube Company, Limited. The Canada Starch Company, Limited, which also constructed its original plant about 1914, and has operated the same at intervals between extensions since, completed, in 1917, another series of buildings, and is resuming operations on a larger scale than ever.

The Canada Iron Corporation, Limited, has resumed its normal payroll and production, and expects still further demands. The Great Lakes Dredging Company, Limited, are actively engaged at their plant in the construction of wooden steamships for ocean carrying trade.

The coal storage and handling plants of the two transcontinental systems located in the city (amongst the most extensive of their kind on the continent) and the private plants engaged in the same line, also on a large scale, have been all carrying on with all the coal and men they could secure.

To our citizens has also come home in a greater degree than heretofore, the realization that as a place for summer residence and tourist travel, and for the fisherman, and hunter, the district has natural advantages in climate, scenery, roads, mountains, lakes, rivers and streams, as well as in the shores, harbors, and waters of Lake Superior, and in fish for food and sport, and in game and fur, equalled but by few places on the continent. The opening up of the International Highway to Duluth, by the volume of the travel from the South that has already developed along it, has brought forcibly to our attention some of the possibilities of this tourist business.

It is the added knowledge of all these foundations for our growth, some of which have been in the past but lightly considered, together with the fact that, notwithstanding the strain we have been passing through, our citizens were able to absorb a large part of Canada's Victory Loan, which has given us the greater confidence than ever that we now have in our city and district and their future.

THE INDIAN DRUM

(Continued from page 19.)

his first realization of the comparatively small land accommodations which a great business conducted upon the water requires. What he saw within was only one large room, with hardly more than a dozen, certainly not a score of desks in it; nearly all the desks were closed, and there were not more than three or four people in the room, and these apparently stenographers. Doors of several smaller offices, opening upon the larger room, bore names, among which he saw "Mr. Corvet" and "Mr. Spearman."

"It won't look like that a month from now," Constance said, catching his expression. "Just now, you know, the straits and all the northern lakes are locked fast with ice. There's nothing going on now except the winter traffic on Lake Michigan and, to a much smaller extent, on Ontario and Erie; we have an interest in some winter boats, but we don't operate them from

here. Next month we will be busy fitting out, and the month after that all the ships we have will be upon the water."

SHE led the way on past to a door farther down the corridor, which bore merely the name, "Lawrence Sherrill"; evidently Sherrill, who had interests aside from the shipping business, had offices connected with but not actually a part of the offices of Corvet, Sherrill, and Spearman. A girl was on guard on the other side of the door; she recognized Constance Sherrill at once and, saying that Mr. Sherrill had been awaiting Mr. Conrad, she opened an inner door and led Alan into a large, many-windowed room, where Sherrill was sitting alone before a table-desk. He arose, a moment after the door opened, and spoke a word to his daughter, who had followed Alan and the girl to the door, but who had halted there. Constance withdrew,

and the girl from the outer office also went away, closing the door behind her. Sherrill pulled the "visitor's chair" rather close to his desk and to his own big leather chair before asking Alan to seat himself.

"You wanted to tell me, or ask me, something last night, my daughter has told me," Sherrill said, cordially. "I'm sorry I wasn't home when you came back."

"I wanted to ask you, Mr. Sherrill," Alan said, "about those facts in regard to Mr. Corvet which you mentioned to me yesterday but did not explain. You said it would not aid me to know them; but I found certain things in Mr. Corvet's house last night which made me want to know, if I could, everything you could tell me."

Sherrill opened a drawer and took out a large, plain envelope.

"I did not tell you about these yesterday, Alan," he said, "not only because I had not decided how to act in regard to these matters, but because I had not said anything to Mr. Spearman about them previously, because I expected to get some additional information from you. After seeing you, I was obliged to wait for Spearman to get back to town. The circumstances are such that I felt myself obliged to talk them over first with him; I have done that this morning; so I was going to send for you, if you had not come down."

Sherrill thought a minute, still holding the envelope closed in his hand.

"On the day after your father disappeared," he went on, "but before I knew he was gone—or before any one except my daughter felt any alarm about him—I received a short note from him. I will show it to you later, if you wish; its exact wording, however, is unimportant. It had been mailed very late the night before and apparently at the mail box near his house or at least, by the postmark, somewhere in the neighborhood; and for that reason had not been taken up before the morning collection and did not reach the office until I had been here and gone away again about eleven o'clock. I did not get it, therefore, until after lunch. The note was agitated, almost incoherent. It told me he had sent for you—Alan Conrad, of Blue Rapids, Kansas—but spoke of you as though you were some one I ought to have known about, and commended you to my care. The remainder of it was merely an agitated, almost indecipherable farewell to me. When I opened the envelope, a key had fallen out. The note made no reference to the key, but comparing it with one I had in my pocket, I saw that it appeared to be a key to a safety deposit box in the vaults of a company where we both had boxes."

"The note, taken in connection with my daughter's alarm about him, made it so plain that something serious had happened to Corvet, that my first thought was merely for him. Corvet was not a man with whom one could readily connect the thought of suicide; but, Alan, that was the idea I had. I hurried at once to his house, but the bell was not answered, and I could not get in. His servant, Wassaquam, has very few friends, and the few times he has been away from home of recent years have been when he visited an acquaintance of his—the head porter in a South Side hotel. I went to the telephone in the house next door and called the hotel and found Wassaquam