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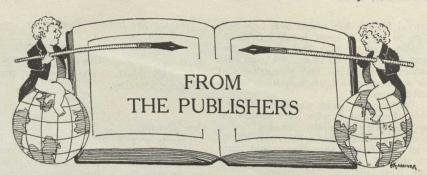
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ANADIANS have a healthy love of medium—and of these is Mr. Madison outdoor life and the diversions which belong thereto. Urban life is not the typical sphere of the Canadian and few studies of what is vulgarly termed the "smart set" appeal widely to Canadian readers. "Love of the Wild," by Archie P. McKishnie, is an unusual story of rural life which emisses her the which the story of rural life. story of rural life, which eminently justifies its name. The adventures of "Boy" are sufficiently exciting to hold the reader's interest to the inevitable the reader's interest to the inevitable close, when Boy forsakes the Brotherhood of Untamed Bachelors and takes upon himself the responsibility of the welfare of Gloss, as winsome a maiden as ever gladdened the Wild. The author's sympathy with unspoiled Nature is evident on every page, and his intimacy with the woods and ponds shows that he is undoubtedly a member of the Lodge of the Open Door. Those who know Kent County and the shores of Lake Erie will recognize many a stretch of reedy water, many a glimpse of woodland. Every Ontario boy will welcome this opening scene, with its whiff of autumn forest.

welcome this opening scene, with its whiff of autumn forest.

"The hazy October sunlight sifted through the trees and lay, here and there, golden bits of carpet on the mossy woodland. A glossy black squirrel paused on one of these splashes of sunlight, and, sitting erect, preened his long fur, then as the harsh scolding of a red squirrel fell on his ears he sank on all fours again, and bounded into the heavy shadows of the wood. A pair of pursuing red squirrels sprang from an opposite grove, and with shrill chidings crossed the opening to the snake fence. By taking this fence they might intercept the quarry's flight, their object being to make short work of the black, whom they hated with an hereditary hatred, harking back to the dim past.

"In and out they flashed, their yellow-red bodies painting zig-zag streaks of

and out they flashed, their yellow-red bodies painting zig-zag streaks of gold upon the forest background of green. Suddenly they halted, and with tails slashing angrily, poured out a tirade of abuse upon the human frus-trator of their designs." Toronto: Mc-Leod & Allen Leod & Allen.

A MOST artistic booklet, "The Evolution of a Store," has recently been published, setting forth the story of the enterprise which is now known throughout the Dominion as "Eaton's." The record of development from 1869 to 1911 is one of steady progress on a "strictly cash" basis. The late Mr. Timothy Eaton was a man of great business sagacity, with a foresight which enabled him to provide for such an expansion as no other Canadian such an expansion as no other Canadian business firm has known. Mr. John C. Eaton inherits his father's financial gifts, and it is difficult to prophesy the dimensions of the Eaton business for 1920. The little volume recently published is a gem in coloring and style, in which every artifice of modern illustration contributes to the description of tion contributes to the description of this vast departmental system. The modern union of art and commerce, in which the most trained and delicate skill of pen and brush is used to explain and depict mercantile success is most happily exemplified in "The Evolution of a Store."

that poetry is unpopular—that a book of poems is, so far as publishers' profits are concerned, a failure. When we read of the poetic fury of a century ago, when "all London" was reading was reading Scott and Byron, we begin to feel as if ours were a painfully material age. However, as Keats told us in a summertime sonnet: "The poetry of earth is never dead." The young men who never dead." The young men who would have been writing cantos and serenades a century ago are to-day putting their creative forces in mines, railways and bridges-and pre-eminently in aero-The Wrights and their fraternity are poets born, who fly rather than write sonnets and madrigals. In spite of this poetry of motion and commerce, there are a few men of imagination who still cling to the written word as

Gawein, whose poems have just been published by the Macmillan Company.

In the foreword by William Dean Howells we are informed concerning the poet: "He is of the kind of Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth and Coleridge, in that truth to observance and experience of nature and the joyous expression of it which are the dominant experience of nature and the joyous expression of it, which are the dominant characteristics of his art." A poet of German descent, born in Kentucky, has a curious inheritance. There is no State in the Union with a more romantic history than that of blue-grass acres, there is no State where meets more strikingly to-day the New South and the Old. Mr. Cawein, in his sensitiveness to the joyous aspects of Nature, reminds one of certain poets of the older school—Timrod, Hayne and Lanier.

The present volume will prove a delight to those to whom woods and streams are dear, for the poet has entered the woodland with "that joy of life unquestion'd," which brings one very near to the heart of the Great Mother. There is youth eternal in these poems, and, even as his New England critic says, it is the youth of tender

Mother. There is youth eternal in these poems, and, even as his New England critic says, it is the youth of tender regrets, of vague aspirations, of pensive longing. It may be that the poet who feels most keenly the rapture of the sea and the stars, feels also the pathos of fleeting humanity, so much frailer than the oak, so much weaker than the waves.

No doubt can be entertained regarding the narrative, "Is It Just?" by Minnie Smith, published by William Briggs, Toronto, and dedicated to the National Council of Women. It is the National Council of Women. It is a story with a purpose, and that purpose is to show how altogether abominable and unjust are the laws regarding the property rights of married women in British Columbia. Now, why cannot the writer, who is setting out with such a serious end in view sign a more senthe writer, who is setting out with such a serious end in view, sign a more sensible name than "Minnie" to such a production? If women are to expect to be taken seriously as writers they should give up such absurd "pet" names for their work. What would be thought of the man who signed "Johnnie Milton" or "Ollie Holmes"?

We are introduced to the Pierce family, living on a Manitoba farm. Mrs. Pierce is a toil-worn, patient wife, with all the virtues except firmness and self-respect. Mr. Pierce is a lazy, conceited, good-

virtues except firmness and self-respect. Mr. Pierce is a lazy, conceited, good-looking scamp, for whom she cherishes an abject and foolish affection, and the children are ordinary young human beings, who are fortunate enough to resemble the maternal parent. There enters this comparatively peaceful home a real estate agent from British Columbia, with the result that the family is bia, with the result that the family is removed to the Okanagan Valley, where the good-for-nothing Pierce neglects a fruit ranch (which he has bought with his wife's monor in his programs) his wife's money in his own name), falls in love with a wily widow from Chicago, deserts and divorces his faithful and industrious spouse, and betakes himself to the United States with the person who has ensnared his errant fancy. His wife is left almost destitute and is aided in her need by Philip Hastings, who has secretly adored her all these weary years. She refuses quite properly to marry him and suffers the T has been asserted frequently of late misunderstanding of the community in a mournful silence. But the erstwhile widow wearies of the idle Pierce, who makes a virtue of necessity and returns to the broken-hearted wife, who forgives him in a meek and maudlin fashion, dy ing in his sturdy arms. Such is the lurid tale told by Minnie, whose surname is Smith. In answer to the title "Is It Just?" we would say that British Columbia laws regarding women's property rights are certainly in need of readjustment. But we should also remark that no laws on earth can protect a woman who is fool enough to love a cad and so lacking in proper spirit as to forgive his insults and sub-mit to his belated caresses. The next time, Minnie, give us a heroine who is a woman-not a mixture of mush and