

### THE BOOK PAGE

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"Day came like a dove  
To the apple trees and the wheat,  
Her feathers were golden as love  
And silver her feet."

Thus daintily does Marjorie Pickthall sing of the "gold dawn." This young Canadian writer "has a remarkable mastery of poetic expression, an individuality and an imagination of her own, a delicate and elfish fantasy, a power of transfiguring the common things of nature, and perhaps above all, the singing voice." This estimate is illustrated and fully borne out in her delightful little book of poems, *The Lamp of Poor Souls*; And Other Poems, just issued by S. B. Gundy, Toronto, 140 pages, \$1.25. The book includes all the poems that appeared in "The Drift of Pinions," as well as a number of new poems heretofore not published in book form.

L. M. Montgomery is the poet of "The Island," and, as all the world knows, it is in Prince Edward Island that the fairies dwell. Nothing of Miss Montgomery's will perhaps quite equal *Anne of Green Gables*, which is a human story of exquisite charm; but in *The Watchman and Other Poems* (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto, 150 pages, \$1.25) we have the setting of *Anne of Green Gables*, the sweet "Island" atmosphere in which she grew. In the Songs of the Sea, Songs of the Hills and Woods, and the miscellaneous additional poems which make up the volume, the reader is kept always close to nature's heart, and joyously, for the poems are mostly of the glad aspects of nature and of life.

Those who have read *A Vagabond in the Caucasus*, by that poet wanderer, Stephen Graham, noticed on this page last September, have no need to be told where Little Russia is—the Ukraina of Florence Randall Livesay's *Songs of Ukraina*; with Russian Poems (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, 175 pages, \$1.00)—lowlands and highlands, "seven feet deep of black soil," bleak, wind-swept mountain peaks: tropical summer and broad winter snow fields. Add to this a simple-hearted and yet valorous people, hunted and oppressed through centuries by foes from every side, and you have the conditions and material for a rarely interesting collection of ballads and folk-songs, of songs of weddings and of war. The celebrated Russian music is the music of the Ukraina. Apart altogether from the merit of the poems as translated by Miss Livesay, of Winnipeg, they are of special interest because of the numbers of Little Russians who have come to our Western Provinces. Their songs will aid us in knowing these loveable people.

*A Sunny Subaltern* (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, 175 pages, \$1.00) has for its subtitle, *Billy's Letters from Flanders*. The book contains the letters which one of our soldier boys wrote to his mother, and which she has been prevailed upon to give to the world. In the letters we have a picture

from life of the experiences of our Canadian soldiers on the way to the battle front and in the trenches. There is plenty of fun, for Billy has a keen sense of humor,—but there is more, as the following quotation will show: "So, dear, don't fear for me. Your God and mine, whom I know you trust, is just as present here as in the quiet solitude of your bedroom. . . He will watch o'er me as he has done over millions of other sons. How wonderful the boys are! And what wonderful mothers they have!" From your list of War books to own and read, do not omit a copy of the *Sunny Subaltern*.

Readers of William J. Locke's previous stories will find in *The Wonderful Year* (S. B. Gundy, Toronto, 364 pages, \$1.40) all those qualities which have attracted them in previous books by the same author. Fortinbras, Merchant of Happiness, who plies his trade in the Quartier Latin in Paris, is a distinctly new character worthy of a place alongside of the creations for which Locke is famous. It is indeed a "wonderful year" that is described in this book for the hero, Martin Overshaw, a young Englishman who had been teacher of French in an obscure boarding school. The year begins with a migration to France, where Martin becomes a waiter in a little provincial inn, where he learns to know Felise, the daughter of Fortinbras and niece of Bigourdin, the innkeeper, of whose establishment she is the manager. His adventures take him also to Egypt, and at last he, like Bigourdin, enlisted in the great War. But at last, he,—and not only he, but also Corriana Hastings, the daughter of an English clergyman, whose ambitions for an artistic career in Paris, had been bitterly disappointed—found the happiness promised them by Fortinbras, happiness which carried with it that of Felise and Bigourdin, and the story of it all is delightfully told.

*The Worn Doorstep*, by Margaret Sherwood (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto, 196 pages, \$1.25 net), holds a place all its own. Amongst the multitude of War books which have appeared it is unsurpassed in delicacy of treatment and in the strength of its human appeal. The American girl, whose lover, a young Oxford professor, was killed early in the War, goes in search of such a home as she and her lover had planned to find in an old cottage in an old English village, does not carry out her purpose of shutting herself up with her grief, but finds its true solace in entering into the life of the simple community and in helping the needy,—baby waifs, Belgian refugees and separated lovers, all of whom find their way across her worn doorstep. It is interesting to see how this genuine American, transplanted to English soil, gradually comes sympathetically to understand the British character and ideals. The pathos of the narrative is deepened by its being addressed throughout to the dead lover, whose very grave is unknown. Altogether the book is one which the reader who has opened it will not easily lay down till he has read its last page.

The scenes of Stewart Edward White's new romance, *The Leopard Woman* (The Mussion Book Co., Toronto, 313 pages, \$1.35 net), are laid in the interior of Africa. In view of the appointment of an International Boundary Commission, it becomes desirable for