

Algonquin nation and of the religions and domestic customs of that mysterious people, with sketches of the lives and daring adventures of the early missionaries of the Montagnais tribes and a description of the wonderful scenery that has made the Saguenay famous the world over.

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FLAME AND SHADOW

BY SARA TEASDALE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS gifted woman has been acclaimed by more than one critic as America's greatest woman poet: it is safe to say that she is one of the most popular, that she is the most highly esteemed by discriminating readers who have earned the right to pass judgment. Her methods are very simple, and perhaps it is the sheer simplicity and natural music of her poetry that makes it unusually attractive. Read, for instance, "Blue Squills":

How many million Aprils came
Before I ever knew
How white a cherry bough could be,
A bed of squills, how blue!

And many a dancing April.
When life is done with me,
Will lift the blue flame of the flower
And the white flame of the tree.

Oh, burn me with your beauty, then,
Oh, hurt me, tree and flower,
Lest in the end death try to take
Even this glistening hour.

O Shaken flower, O shimmering trees,
O sunlit white and blue,
Wound me, that I through endless sleep,
May bear the scar of you.

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WINSOME WINNIE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

IN this series of sketches Dr. Leacock prolongs some of his best notes and gives further evidence of his almost inexhaustible flow of humour. The comical aspect of things and situations that we take seriously every day he depicts with

unerring skill, and there is a constant stream of sarcasm, irony and satire that is irresistible. There are in all eight sketches. The first, "Winsome Winnie", introduces a girl who has reached the age of twenty-one years sitting in conference with her lawyer, who is announcing to her that all the several sums of money left to her by relatives (defunct) has been lost. Winnie, who knows nothing but music and French, does not comprehend what he means when he tells her how the money was lost, not even when he says:

"This final item relates to the sum of fifteen hundred pounds placed in trust for you by your uncle. I lost it on a horse race. That horse," added the Old Lawyer with rising excitement, "ought to have won. He was coming down the stretch like blue—but thre, there, my dear, you must forgive me if the recollection of it still stirs me to anger. Suffice it to say the horse fell. I have kept for your inspection the score card of the race, and the betting tickets. You will find everything in order."

"Sir," said Winnifred, as Mr. Bonehead proceeded to fold up his papers, "I am but a poor inadequate girl, a mere child in business, but tell me I pray what is left to me of the money that you have managed?"

"Nothing," said the lawyer. "Everything is gone. And I regret to say Miss Clair that it is my painful duty to convey to you a further disclosure of a distressing nature. It concerns your birth."

"Just Heaven!" cried Winnifred, with a woman's quick intuition. "Does it concern my father?"

"It does, Miss Clair. Your father was not your father."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Winnifred, "My poor mother! How she must have suffered!"

"Your mother was not your mother," said the Old Lawyer, gravely. "Nay, nay, do not question me. There is a dark secret about your birth."

"Alas," said Winnifred, wringing her hands, "I am, then, alone in the world and penniless."

"You are," said Mr. Bonehead, deeply moved. "You are, unfortunately, thrown upon the world. But if you ever find yourself in a position where you need help and advice, do not scruple to come to me. Especially," he saddled, for advice.

"And meantime let me ask you in what way do you propose to earn your livelihood?"