

ROBERT J. C. STEAD,

Mr. Stead has done well to include in this volume a number of poems which indicate his *ante-bellum* point of view. Like one of those relief scenes in the drama, they serve as a contrast to the burden of tragedy in the first part of this collection of song. At any rate, they will turn the mind of the reader back to those years of sunny peace on the western plains when the very thought of war seemed to be a laughable impossibility.

In the earnest, almost solemn, utterance of these new war poems, more than in the local colour of his verse, Mr. Stead seems to me to be worthy of the sobriquet bestowed upon him, "The Poet of the Prairies." He is now thirty-seven years of age, and has spent nearly all his life in the prairie country. Born on a boulder-run Ontario farm, he was taken in his infancy to the Turtle Mountain district of Southern Manitoba. There his parents "homesteaded it," one hundred and twenty miles from a railway and miles distant from the nearest neighbour. Although in his early manhood Mr. Stead imitated the pushful rising generation by going farther west, he has been on the prairies practically all his days. Bracing summers, grim winters, big distances, colour, movement, the free life of a new country, have entered into his make-up,