

face of the girl, Glen Weston, that has been Tom Reynolds' inspiration in his strange quest, becomes very familiar and very dear to him as the weeks go on, and he is not only doubly but trebly rewarded for the long journey he so recklessly takes into the great unknown northern wilds.

There is a charm about **In The Mountains**, (S. B. Gundy, Toronto, 288 pages, \$1.90), which defies the description of mere words. The book, though its authorship is a secret, is evidently the work of a practical writer, breathes throughout the wonderful air of the Swiss mountains, whither a woman had fled for the solitude, which alone can bring rest and healing to a tired out and sore wounded spirit. Two chance visitors,—English ladies,—become permanent guests in the chalet, which had been kept in constant readiness for its owner during five years of absence. Against the background of the simple daily life of the three women thus strangely thrown together, the reader follows the subtle development of feminine human nature, as the trio act and react upon one another. On every page there is felt the movement of a brave and buoyant spirit, from which the tragedies of life cannot crush its cheerful humor and audacious gaiety. Not until near the end of the story does a man appear, who, of course straightway falls in love with one of the English ladies. The spirit of the book is expressed best in its closing paragraphs: "This is a place of blessing. When I came up my mountain three months ago, alone and so miserable, no vision was vouchsafed me that I would go down it again one of four people, each of whom would leave the little house full of renewed life, of restored hope, of wholesome looking-forward, clarified, set on their feet, made useful once more to themselves and the world. After all, we're none of us going to be wasted. Whatever there is of good in any of us isn't after all going to be destroyed by circumstances and thrown aside as useless. When I am so foolish—if I am so foolish I should say, for I feel completely cured!—as to begin thinking backward again with anything but a benevolent calm, I shall instantly come out here and invite the most wretched of my friends to join me, and watch them and myself being made whole."

That a town as peaceful to look at as Marlingate, with its orderly rows of green tamarisk trees, which gave the name to Sheila Kaye-Smith's new and very clever book, **Tamarisk Town** (McClelland & Stewart, 393 pages, price \$2.50) should have meant so much to two men, and should inspire so much hate in the hearts of the two women they loved, might seem impossible, were the men other than Henry Moneypenny, and his son, Henry Moneypenny, Jr. At the

age of twenty-eight, the first Henry Moneypenny had seen in a vision all that the seaside town of Marlingate might become, and every effort of his body and brain went into the making of the dream town. Day by day and step by step the town advanced, until, as its Mayor, he looked down upon the artistic place and out across the shimmering sea with a sigh of satisfaction. But a town, no matter how perfect, is only a thing of wood and stone, and it was not until the coming of Morgan Wells that Henry Moneypenny fully realized what love meant. Very cleverly has the author pictured the fight between the fascinating woman and the beautiful decorous English town for the heart of the man who loved them both. But the triumph of the perfect town was not for long, for when once Henry Marlingate had made his choice and lost forever the only woman he could ever love, his love for the town turned to hate and it was the man who had made Marlingate who worked his hardest and did his best to ruin and disgrace it. Almost, but not quite, was this tragedy repeated in the life of Henry Moneypenny's son, and it is this mingled love and hate of the father for the town he had made, the son who was so like himself and the woman he had so nearly won, and lost, that makes the book a very fascinating and haunting one indeed.

Lovers of adventure will be delighted with **Timber Wolves**, by Bernard Cronin (Hodder & Stoughton, London and Toronto, 350 pages, \$1.75), a story in which the scene shifts back and forth between the busy city of Melbourne and the timber tracts of Tasmania. The bitter conflict resulting from the greed of "the big timber men" in the Australian metropolis and their remorseless determination to crush out all competition is vividly portrayed. Every fair-minded reader must have his sympathy drawn out to the brave little group of men who set themselves against the monopolists headed by the unscrupulous Sam Frame. The ups and downs of the struggle are so set forth as to hold the interest to the last. Many of the characters in the story will not soon be forgotten. There is Jack Heritage, the young city lawyer, who discovers that his true place is not in a musty office, but in God's big out-of-doors, and Pete Diamond, the rough bushman who is transformed by the love of Jeannie Salter and, of course, George Judney and Sollum Joe, who provide the element of comedy in the narrative. It is a strange story, abounding in movement and throbbing with real human interest.

A story of very real people, who meet with very real problems, is **Hidden Creek**, by Katharine Newlin Burt (Thomas Allen, Toronto, 311 pages, price \$2.25). With her