

The Passing Show.

Some few days ago, I chanced to be glancing through the columns of an old periodical, published years ago, and therein I found a paragraph to the effect that a certain Robert Louis Stevenson was then lying dangerously ill. How often, since then, has cause been given for the same report? The writer then went on to say, that he hoped that Mr. Stevenson would recover; for he had given promise of high achievements in letters, which the future would assuredly unfold. I wonder if the writer of that little "par," ever thought of his words, as the wonderful books of the master Romancer came one by one to their place in the hearts of men.

Canada has no reason to be ashamed of her company of writers now. Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Everard Cotes, more familiarly known as Sara Jeannette Duncan, Mr. Bliss Carman, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, the more prominent of our "literary folk," form indeed a very goodly company.

Mr. Bliss Carman is editor of that unique little fortnightly, "*The Chap-Book*." But that, however, is not his best claim for the high place which is his in the world of letters. Mr. Carman is a poet of a high order and a lucky man, for his worth is recognized, which does not always follow. His last book, *Low Tide On Grand Pre*, has run through several editions.