

prairie provinces—a titanic struggle, the odds all against the farmer; and how, still, the pigmy won. Coming at this time of commercial and industrial readjustments, when the great mass of men are waking to their power, and the Money Masters are granting concessions as never before, the book is doubly significant. It took a brave man to write "Deep Furrows." But Mr. Moorhouse is not only a brave man, he is a humorist—a humorist with an aptness of phrase so rare as to make his humor unique; and humor is so rare, so very, very rare, that if only for his quaint phrasing, his delicious little word paintings of various western things, the work would be of outstanding merit. "Deep Furrows" represents the toil of two years of closest personal investigation, and this, coupled with the writer's long residence and his close personal touch with things political, industrial and financial, has combined to make it one of the momentous volumes of many years.

A typical example of the rare humoristic style which runs a glorious vein throughout the whole book is the following:

"Apparently a farmer was a pair of pants, a shirt and a slouch hat, who sat on a wagon-load of wheat, drove it up the incline into the elevator and rattled away again for another load. As soon as his grain was dumped each of him went back to the land among the dumb animals where the pomp and the vanity of this wicked world would not interfere with preparations for next year's crop."

For its historic value, if for nothing else, "Deep Furrows" should have a place in every public and school library in Canada; as a novel, and a work brimful of rare humoristic touches, no more interesting volume could adorn the reading table in the Canadian home.

"Deep Furrows" is brought out by the George J. McLeod Publishing Company, of Toronto and Winnipeg.

—FRANCIS J. DICKIE.

"Then Came the War"

(Dedicated to the last practitioner of the Eternal Feminine)

By W. H. Bridge

THE phrase is classic. It is the great copulative of history. There is the bridge between the ancient history of 1913—and modern history commencing in 1914. It marks the innings of the prophets—from Jex Blake to A. C. Townley. To begin thinking over the differences is like falling out of an aeroplane, or trying to catch up with H. G. Wells. Shaw is monotonous compared with this epoch.

Yet some of us stand immobile—clothed about in the atmosphere of

our own breath, accumulated and stale, and seeing nothing through the fog of it.

Perhaps it's good we should. Some would suffocate if we knew the speed we are moving at. The tegument of dullness and habit will temper the wind to the shorn lambs—cynicism would have written "asses" and marred the metaphor!

Leaving the main current to the more intrepid swimmers, may we venture a paddle in some more or less