

And gold the butterfly wings that drift
 O'er the lilies' chalice gold,
 Through a golden haze of rapture swings
 The earth to a joyful tune,
 And my love's gold tresses gleam and dance
 Through the golden days of June."

In a number of the poems in the collection, Mrs. Le-febvre has used certain of the old Continental forms of verse with very graceful and happy effect. In "The Villanelle," which tells how

"The woodnymph, Echo's fairy spell . . .
 First taught Villon the villanelle."

the refrain is most pleasingly handled in that complicated arrangement of lines from which the poem takes its name.

"My Roses Bloom," is a rondeau inspired by a fall of snow in Vancouver. The sonnet, to "The Muir Glacier, Alaska," is a strong piece of work marked by its fine word painting and the full-flowing sweep of its lines with their cumulative effect heightening the climax at the latter half of the sestet.

The relation of Canada to the Mother Country is the subject of "A Daughter's Voice," which strikes a strong Imperial note. Many of the poems treat of the deeper aspects of things and there is not space to deal with them here. Enough has perhaps been said of the collection as a whole, however, to tempt the reader to adventure into its pages himself with the sure knowledge of treasure to be found there.

—Robert Allison Hood.

The Family Affairs of the Freemans

I. PETER FREEMAN'S PREDICAMENT. By Ben Toon.

After spending all the years of his business life as a number in a department of a great store Peter Freeman was leaving the comparatively secure shelter of that blind alley and going West as fast as the Imperial Limited could carry him. Taking all the risks attendant on adventure he was eager and unafraid, for anticipation and hope supplied the sustenance which maintains the zest of the adventurer though disillusion wait on achievement.

Peter himself would have laughed at this point of view being so confident that he pursued no will o' th' wisp of fortune since before him lay the fulfilment of ambition. He was about to become the manager of the Drug Department in one of the leading stores at the Coast.

He had enjoyed every hour of his westward journey, even that unbroken stretch of desolation, the prairie after harvest—stubble as far as the eye could reach and overhead a sober sun following its monotonous round through a cold blue sky. The change had been an agreeable one, and by the time he reached Calgary he felt almost exuberant under the influence of the wine of the prairie air: a splendid provision of nature to compensate for her failings in other respects.

He was already feeling lonely before the train pulled out on its next stage of the journey, for a dear old lady who had been his only but constant train acquaintance since he left Toronto had broken her journey at the city of the Foothills. Many confidences had been exchanged during the short time they had known each other; perhaps their mutual need had drawn them to each other. She had shown a motherly interest in the Freeman family, encouraging Peter to talk of those he had left behind. He had illustrated his story with a picture of the family group of which he furnished the background, looking just what he was, a direct descendant of the 'Industrious Apprentice'; a wholesome sort of fellow and boyishly self-confident. Near him in the picture sat Mrs. Peter, placid, imperturbable, a touch of the inscrutable in her gaze. In her arms was tiny Baby Ruth and sitting near were David the six year old son, fatherlike, and even more serious of expression, and sister Mary, wide-eyed and eager.

Long talks had Peter with Mrs. Mercer about his home, and she had sound advice to offer concerning the care and training of a family. But there were others on the train anxious to pay court to this dear dainty old lady and Peter was none too popular as her favourite. One in particular who occasionally waited on her, always affable and kind, had nothing but dark looks for her companion, though Peter afterwards remembers that he had discovered the same

gentleman looking interestedly at the snapshot of the Freeman family group which had passed into the possession of Mrs. Mercer, and they were both talking very earnestly about it.

When the train finally pulled out Peter sat looking through the window, lost in thought. The book he had been trying to read slipped unregarded to the floor. A man in passing down the aisle came to a halt when he saw Peter and took a closer look at him.

Suddenly aware that he was under observation the dreamer looked up; then as one would expect of friends meeting after years of separation cordial greetings were exchanged between the two, sincere enough if not too elegantly expressed.

"Why—Peter Freeman—well I'll be—" exclaimed the stranger and was interrupted by Peter's joyous response: "Why-y hello Tod o'boy! How are you?"

"But what are you doing out here, Pete? I thought they had you chained to a log in the old store. Where are you heading for?"

"Huh! Thought you were the only guy who could make the break and do better, eh?" retorted Peter, then more serious. "Well, I'll tell you, Tod, I'd been waiting for a long time for a good chance and as soon as it came I took it. Of course, I might have taken a chance and got away long ago but, you know, a man with a family can't afford to take chances."

"You've just taken more chances than most men do, Pete," laughed the newcomer. "But now you've taken the chance where is it taking you?"

"I'm going out to the Coast to take charge of the Drug Department for the L. and C. Benton Company."

"Good enough. There isn't a better firm West of the Great Lakes than Bentions," said Tod Blount, warmly. "They're fine people. One of my best accounts. But I have other than business reasons for thinking well of them. One of the best friends I ever had is their General Manager. I tell you D. R.—Oh Steve, just a minute" and the rest of Tod's story went untold as he introduced Peter to the man he had just hailed.

A few minutes later Peter was made acquainted with another member of this party of travelling men.

"The elite of the fraternity of travelling salesmen," declared Tod Blount, as with a flourish, he mentioned the lines they carried. He himself, known to all and sundry of his friends and business acquaintances as Tod Blount, otherwise Edward Todhunter Blount—representing The Regent Shoe Company. Stephen Paterson travelling on behalf of the Fourex Men's Clothing.