

"Deep Furrows"

The Epic Book of the Canadian West

(NOTE.—We welcome this review by Mr. F. J. Dickie, himself a writer of real capacity, resident in Vancouver. We hope, however, that his statement that "practically every Canadian writer . . . had first to turn to the United States to have his ability recognized" has been, or is now becoming, subject to considerable modification.—Editor, BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY.)

LONG have the self-appointed high priests of Canadian literature, those academic and pedantic pompous ones of literary circles, chiefly clustering around Toronto, with an added few in Montreal and Ottawa, denied the merit of any literary production produced west of the Great Lakes. Though many worthy works have emanated from various minds west of the Great Lakes, still have these high priests denied. But at last a book has appeared, one westy of the West, so strong, so epic of the lives of the pioneers, so caustic, so fearless and so true—else never would it have dared the light of print—at last a book has appeared of so outstanding worth that not even those pedants of the East will dare to deny it; rather, one and all must give it the full acclaim its worth deserves. The book is "Deep Furrows"; the author, Hopkins Moorhouse. Like practically every other Canadian writer of note today, Mr. Moorhouse had first to turn to the United States to have his ability as a writer recognized. *Red Book Magazine*, *Munsey's*, and a long line of the other leading periodicals for years featured his work. And now in "Deep Furrows" he has come home to his native soil, and given the Canadian people a book that will bring home to them as never before the romance that lies in their own country. The before-mentioned pedants, academic persons, masquerading in dear old Toronto as the only real, simon-pure authorities on things literary from Homer down, may, and

this with an appearance of justice, claim that, after all, the author of "Deep Furrows" is of the East. True—and giving credit where credit is due, Mr. Moorhouse no doubt owes much to the good old East—for it is a *good* old East; and when all's said and done, even the high priests before mentioned are really not bad fellows—merely suffering from overweening appreciation of themselves and the particular part of the East they have so long upheld. But Mr. Moorhouse has been a long time in the West; only one who had been could have produced "Deep Furrows."

What Frank Norris, that immortal among the few immortal writers of the United States, wrote of California wheat-growers in his "Octopus," and what he portrayed of that same grain's marketing in his "Pit"—this Mr. Moorhouse has done with the Canadian West for subject.

It is history as few people even in this land know it, but history in the form of a novel, a book pulsing with the life of the West, as ten thousand sturdy farmers in the grim pioneering years did live it. Here in the pages of "Deep Furrows" we find the old, old struggle of civilized men for the almighty dollar—the hard-toiling farmer on the one hand, the railway and all its varied allies on the other. As portrayed by Mr. Moorhouse, the average reader, doubtless for the first time, will come to know how bitter and how desperate was this war that has been going on there upon the wide bosoms of the three western