

SOME NOTES

about

C. J. DENNIS

with

Extracts from

**DOREEN and
GINGER MICK**

Not since Kipling's Sensational Advent has the literary world given its praise and homage to any other writer so fully as to the author of Doreen.



**S. B. GUNDY
TORONTO**

INTRODUCTION

To the First Canadian Edition of

DOREEN

TO THOSE WHO HESITATE

Of Making Many Books,

There is no end.

Brief is the Life of Most,

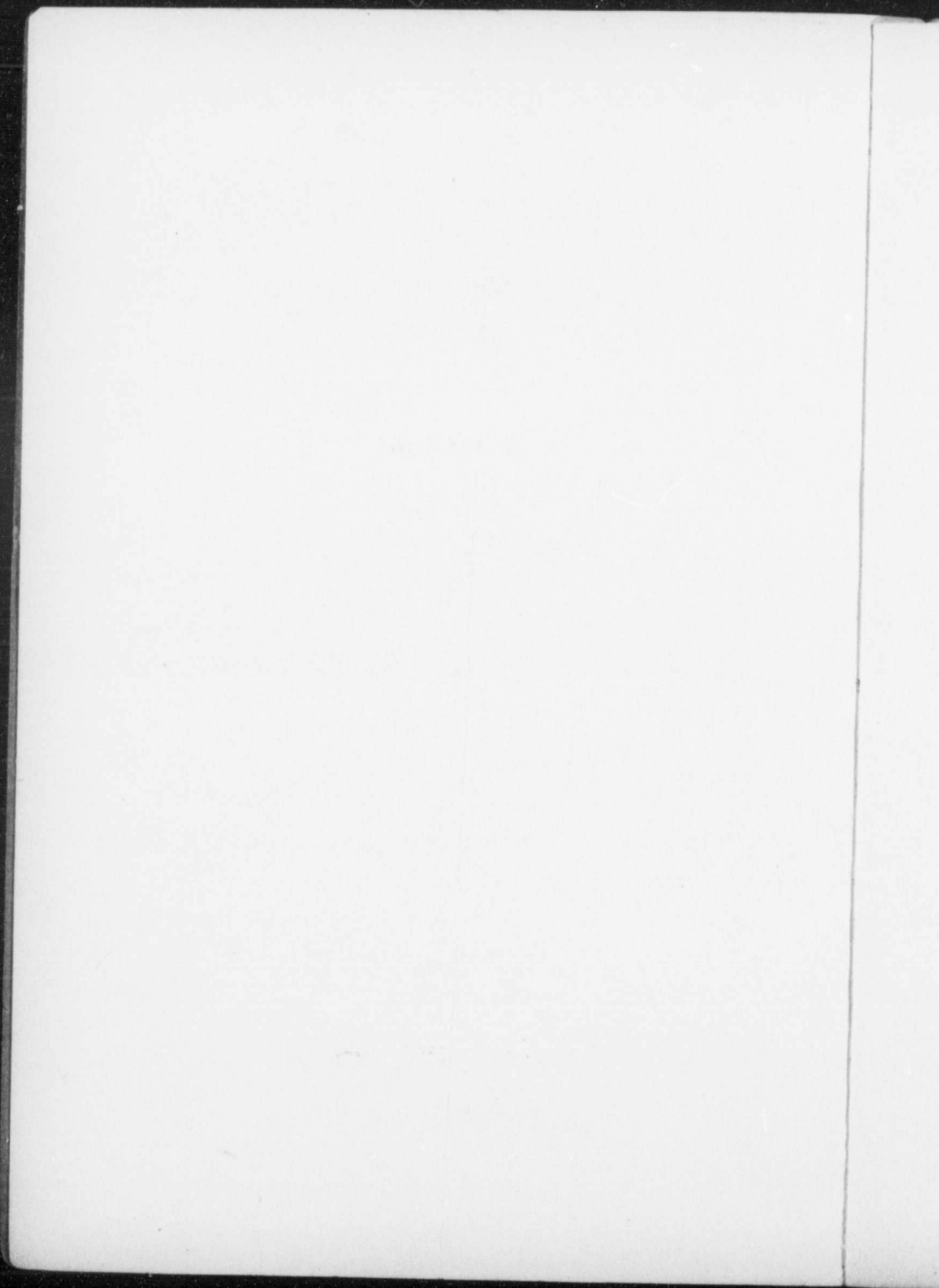
Doreen will Live, for The Sentimental Bloke
has, with Genuine Skill, set chords
Vibrating which are Eternal.

As David Harum said,—“There is as much
Human Nature in some Folks as there
is in others, if not More.”

S. B. G.



C. J. DENNIS



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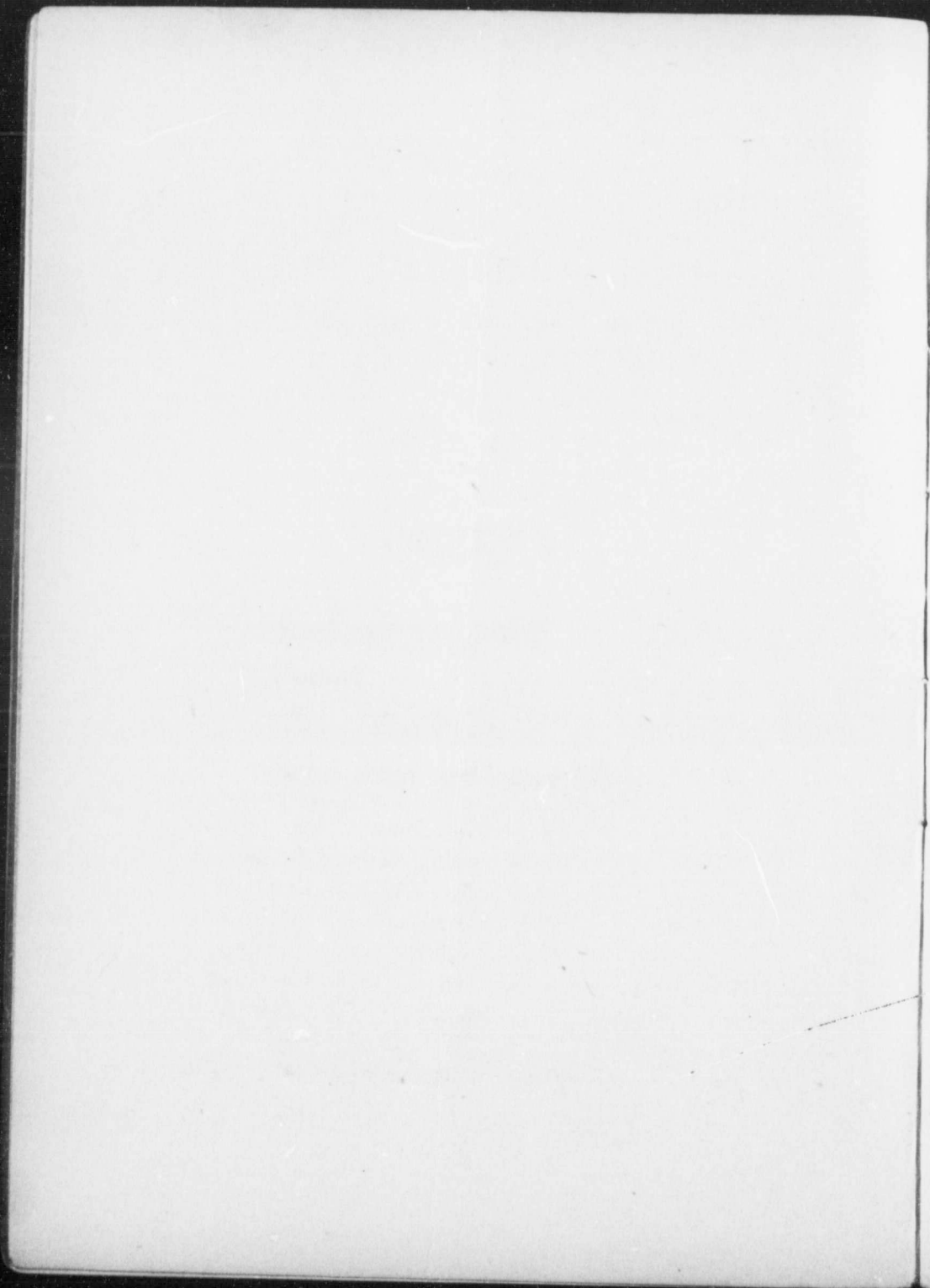
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Sentiment and Slang

An Australian Poet's Work.

(By Guy Innes).

Slang, Gelett Burgess has said, is the illegitimate sister of poetry. That the relationship between the two is closer and of greater honor has been proved by Clarence James Dennis, the most widely read Australian poet of to-day, who, abandoning journalism to give full rein to his Muse, has made vocal the heart of his people in "Backblock Ballads," "Doreen and the Sentimental Bloke," and "Ginger Mick."

"Backblock Ballads" sing the people of the Australian bush, the settled districts beyond the towns, and the cities themselves. They are written for the most part in colloquial Australian, and deal with the Australian counterparts of John Hay's Pike County Folks, James Whitecomb Riley's Hoosiers, and Will Irwin's Hoodlums. Yet they owe nothing to these writers, and are in every sense original Australian.

"Doreen and the Sentimental Bloke" is a verse-cycle which deals with the love-story of a Melbourne larrikin who woos and wins a factory girl. It is true poetry in which the human appeal, in all its touching insistence, comes home to all who

have loved a lover. It is a colloquial masterpiece, and upon this achievement Dennis' reputation would rest secure even if he had never written another line.

“The Moods of Ginger Mick” is a sequel to “The Sentimental Bloke.” Mick is a peddler of rabbits—a hawker, as he is called in Australia—who has been best man at the wedding of Bill, the Sentimental Bloke, and his bride Doreen. When war breaks out, he is much exercised in mind as to whether it is any affair of his, but eventually he decided that, being a man, it behoves him to march in step with men. He goes to the front and dies like a hero in Gallipoli, where so many Australians shed their blood to make indelible the red badge of courage on the banner of their nationhood.

A fourth volume of verse, “The Glugs of Gosh,” of an entirely different character from any of the foregoing, is now in preparation.

A brief personal sketch of C. J. Dennis may be given here. He combines the personality of satirist, humorist, and philosopher; the capacity of pressman and poet; and the outlook of one who believes that men must work out their salvation in the solitudes of the bush rather than amid the crowded clamor of the cities where they struggle for their bread. He is a clean-shaven, unassuming Irish-Australian of 41 years of age, and for all his sentiment—or perhaps

because of it—is still a bachelor. Having had acquaintance with the capital cities of three States, he has withdrawn to the bush, and here, in a cottage of Australian timber embowered amid the towering gums and feathery wattles which make an Arcady of this Southern land, he looks down from the summit of the Main Divide upon the toiling ants of the cities of the plain. His chosen dwelling place is at Toolangi, in the State of Victoria, and here he hopes to end his days.

Dennis was born in 1876 in the little South Australian town of Auburn, where his father, James Dennis, a retired sea captain, kept an hotel. His mother's maiden name was Katherine Tobin, and she was born at Killaloe, in Ireland. Neither of Dennis' parents are now living. The poet's boyhood was spent in the agricultural and pastoral country of his native state. Horses were the chief topic of thought and conversation. He himself owned a pony, and it was his boyhood's ambition to become either a jockey or a larrikin, but Fate decided otherwise. He received his education at the Gladstone State School, the Mintaro Convent, and the Christian Brothers' College at Adelaide. He wrote his first verse at the age of six years. Fond of reading, he absorbed any book to which he had access, his favorite writer being the English poet Tom Hood. He was keenly interested in such comic papers as came in his way. **At the**

Christian Brothers' College he and three school-mates produced, in laborious pen and ink, "The Weary Weekly," which eventually received official sanction and became a school journal before it died. Its demise was due to a rather too personal cartoon which won Dennis a black eye.

Leaving school at the age of 17, Dennis became a junior clerk in an Adelaide stock and station agency and wool broking firm. He spent his first week's salary in "David Copperfield" and another of Dickens' works, but was discharged because he neglected his work for Rider Haggard's novels. He went home, and until he was 21 assisted his father in the conduct of an hotel at Laura, South Australia. Here he read Kipling's poems for the first time, and was stimulated thereby to the production of several verses in what he describes as "Australianised Kipling." These were discovered by the local doctor, who sent them to "The Critic," an Adelaide paper, which paid for them at the rate of three cents a line and asked for more. "You will never make your living at it," said his father. Encouraged, however, by Alfred McKain, the editor of "The Critic," Dennis joined the staff of that paper at the age of 22. "The Critic" was an illustrated weekly which dealt with social, theatrical, political and mining topics. Dennis remained with the paper for a year, and then made his way to the New South

Wales silver mining centre of Broken Hill. He arrived with the equivalent of 42 cents in his pocket, and remained for 18 months, working by turns as miner, carpenter, railway construction laborer, photographer's canvasser, and insurance agent. It was a hard life and a thankless, and he suffered severely, despite his pluck, for he was not endowed with the physique of a laborer. On one occasion he nearly perished of thirst and exhaustion while traversing with a companion the saltbush wastes which lay between Broken Hill and Poolamacca, where he hoped to obtain work. He was rescued by a traveller in a buckboard. Coming back to Broken Hill, he returned thence to Adelaide, and secured a fresh engagement with "The Critic." He became editor, and after having successfully held the position for 18 months, he left it to found a new Adelaide weekly, "The Gadfly."

The first number of "The Gadfly" was published on February 14, 1906 (St. Valentine's Day). It was a bright and entertaining production, modelled on the lines of New York "Life." It dealt with literary, theatrical, artistic and political subjects; it comprised about 30 pages, and its price was 3d. (6 cents). It was started on a capital of £150 (750 dollars), which was exhausted after the second issue had been printed. Nevertheless it struggled miraculously on for eighteen months, when, after the failure of an attempt to obtain sufficient capital to trans-

fer it to the more congenial city of Melbourne, it came to an end. It was too frivolous for the quiet city of Adelaide, and in any case its conductors were not sufficiently familiar with the business side of journalism to ensure its success. With Dennis on "The Gadfly" were associated several writers and artists who afterwards became famous beyond Australia, one of them being Will Dyson, the cartoonist.

After spending a month or two in Melbourne, Dennis came to Toolangi, where he took possession of a sawmiller's disused hut and kept loneliness at bay by writing political and topical verse for the Sydney "Bulletin" and playing a banjo which he made out of native blackwood, galvanized iron, the skin of a cat, and the sinews of a wallaby. Visiting Melbourne, he made the acquaintance of the then Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, the Hon. Andrew Fisher, who complimented him on his work. About this time "Backblock Ballads" was published, and "The Sentimental Bloke" was begun. It was completed at the country home at Sassafras of Mr. J. G. Roberts, a well-known Victorian bibliophile. Portion of the work was done in a disused omnibus, brought up from Melbourne as a week-end cabin, and fitted as a writing-room.

Having been refused by a Melbourne firm, "The Sentimental Bloke" was published by Messrs. Angus and Robertson of Sydney, and was an immediate success, 50,000 copies being sold

in the first twelve months from the date of publication in October, 1915. It went all over the world, and was welcomed with enthusiasm by the Australian soldiers in the fighting line. The author and publishers received hundreds of laudatory reviews, as well as letters of appreciation from H. G. Wells, W. J. Locke, William de Morgan, E. V. Lucas, Anthony Hope, H. A. Vachell, Jeffrey Farnol, Jane Barlow, Wiliam Canton, J. J. Bell, and others. The book was brought out in Canada by the Oxford University Press, and in the United States by John Lane.

Shortly before "The Sentimental Bloke" was published, Dennis took a position in the Navy Office in Melbourne, and was afterwards transferred to the Federal Attorney-General's Department as Confidential Secretary to Senator E. J. Russell. He was severely injured in a tram accident and while in hospital made the acquaintance for the first time of the American "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." It was interesting as showing that he had not been the pioneer in this field of literary work, but "The Sentimental Bloke" was independently conceived, and owed nothing to Irwin's work.

Dennis completed in hospital the writing of "The Moods of Ginger Mick." This also was produced by Angus and Robertson, 20,000 copies being sold before it was published in October,

1916. Like its predecessor, it was especially popular with Australia's fighting men.

In view of the pressing demands of his literary work, Dennis resigned his departmental position, and retired to Toolangi, where he is improving the property he has purchased and is devoting himself to the successful production of books. Despite a suggestion by H. G. Wells that he should go to England, he has determined to remain in the land of his birth, for, as he says himself, "England has many writers; we in Australia have few, and there is big work before us."

It is amusing to recall that on one occasion, when Dennis found himself penniless, he telegraphed, "Going Broken Hill. Send £10," to his father, who replied in characteristic fashion, "Sending nothing. Go to hell"! Fortunately Dennis did not follow the paternal advice. He lived on to give the world in "Doreen and the Sentimental Bloke" a book of poems which has gained not only the highest praise of the critics, but has formed the subject of a Sunday evening sermon delivered to his congregation by the Rev. J. Frederic Sanders. In part, the reverend gentleman said: "This evening I have no text. My subject is 'Doreen and the Sentimental Bloke,' written by an Australian writer and poet, C. J. Dennis. My chief interest in the book lies in its ethical rather than in its artistic value, though

both in its artistry and its ethics the book is worthy of the highest praise.

“The songs abound with Australian slang, with sparkling humour, with homely sentiment; but beneath the slangy, bushman style there are gems of wisdom, profound philosophy, and deep spiritual insight. In the slang there is nothing vulgar, in the sentiment nothing mawkish; it is clean, healthy, wholesome as bush breezes, fragrant with spiritual truths from the Hills of God.

“It is the story of a pure-hearted woman’s ascendancy over the life of a man who truly loved her. It preaches the gospel of love and chastity, the cleansing, elevating, transforming power of a woman’s love, as shown in the reformation of the Sentimental Bloke.”

This is, indeed, high praise, but it was not called forth because the author was an Australian, like the preacher, and had “struck a national note.” It was because, in the words of Mr. E. V. Lucas, who devoted a whole essay to the book, “by virtue of truth, simplicity and very genuine feeling, the result is convincing and often almost too moving to be comfortable.”

In the following pages we give a few extracts to illustrate (again we quote Mr. Lucas) “not only the sound human character of the book, but to show also that Mr. Dennis has a complete mastery of his instrument. In no stanza could prose have been more direct, and yet there is music here too, a great command of cadences and a very attractive use of repetition.”

DOREEN.

“I wish’t yeh meant it, Bill.” Oh, ’ow me ’eart
Went out to ’er that ev’nin’ on the beach.
I knoo she weren’t no ordinary tart,
My little peach!
I tell yeh, square an’ all, me ’eart stood still
To ’ear ’er say, “I wish’t yeh meant it, Bill.”

To ’ear ’er voice! Its gentle sorter tone,
Like soft dream-music of some Dago band.
An’ me all out; an’ ’oldin’ in me own
’Er little ’and,
An’ ’ow she blushed! O, strike! it was divine
The way she raised ’er shinin’ eyes to mine.

’Er eyes! Soft in the moon; such *boshter* eyes!
An’ when they sight a bloke . . . O, spare me
days!
’E goes all loose inside; such glamor lies
In ’er sweet gaze.
It makes ’im all ashamed uv wot ’e’s been
To look inter the eyes of my Doreen.

The wet sands glistened, an’ the gleamin’ moon
Shone yeller on the sea, all streakin’ down.
A band was playin’ some soft, dreamy toon;
An’ up the town
We ’eard the distant tram-cars whir an’ clash.
An’ there I told ’er ’ow I’d done me dash.

“I wish’t yeh meant it.” ’Struth! And did I,
fair?
A bloke ’ud be a dawg to kid a skirt
Like ’er. An’ me well knowin’ she was square.
It ’ud be dirt!
’E’d be no man to point wiv ’er, an’ kid.
I meant it honest; an’ she knoo I did.

She knoo. I've done me block in on 'er, straight.
A cove 'as got to think some time in life
An' get some decent tart, ere it's too late,
 To be 'is wife.
But, Gawd! 'Oo would 'a' thort it could 'a' been
My luck to strike the likes of 'er? . . . Doreen!

Aw, I can stand their chuckin' off, I can.
It's 'ard; an' I'd delight to take 'em on.
The dawgs! But it gets that way wiv a man
 When 'e's fair gone.
She'll sight no stoush; an' so I 'ave to take
Their mag, an' do a duck fer 'er sweet sake.

Fer 'er sweet sake I've gone and chucked it clean:
The pubs and schools an' all that leery game.
Fer when a bloke 'as come to know Doreen,
 It ain't the same.
There's 'igher things, she sez, for blokes to do.
An' I am 'arf believin' that it's true.

Yes, 'igher things—that wus the way she spoke;
An' when she looked at me I sorter felt
That bosker feelin' that comes o'er a bloke,
 An' makes 'im melt;
Makes 'im all 'ot to maul 'er, an' to shove
'Is arms about 'er . . . Bli'me? but it's love!

That's wot it is. An' when a man 'as grown
Like that 'e gets a sorter yearn inside
To be a little 'ero on 'is own;
 An' see the pride
Glow in the eyes of 'er 'e calls 'is queen;
An' 'ear 'er say 'e is a shine champeen.

“I wish’t yeh meant it,” I can ’ear ’er yet,
My bit o’ fluff! The moon was shinin’ bright,
Turnin’ the waves all yellin’ where it set—

A bonzer night!

The sparklin’ sea all sorter gold an’ green;
An’ on the pier the band—O, ’Ell! . . . Doreen!

—From *Doreen and the Sentimental Bloke*.

DOREEN AND THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE. By C. J.
Dennis. Cloth. 75 cents net.

PILOT COVE.

“Young friend,” ’e sez . . . Young friend! Well,
spare me days!

Yeh’d think I wus ’is own white-headed boy—
The queer ole finger, wiv ’is gentle ways.

“Young friend,” ’e sez, “I wish’t yeh bofe
great joy.”

The langwidge that them parson blokes imploy
Fair tickles me. The way ’e bleats an’ brays!

“Young friend,” ’e sez.

“Young friend,” ’e sez . . . Yes, my Doreen an’
me

We’re gettin’ hitched, all straight an’ on the
square,

Fer when I torks about the registry—

O ’oly wars! yeh should ’a’ seen ’er stare;

“The registry?” she sez, “I wouldn’t dare!

I know a clergyman we’ll go an’ see” . . .

“Young friend,” ’e sez.

“Young friend,” ’e sez. An’ then ’e chats me
straight;

An’ spouts of death, an’ ’ell, an’ mortal sins.

“You reckernize this step you contemplate

Is grave?” ’e sez. An’ I jist stan’s an’ grins;

Fer when I chips, Doreen she kicks me shins.

“Yes, very ’oly is the married state,

Young friend,” ’e sez.

“Young friend,” ’e sez. An’ then ’e mags a lot
Of jooty an’ the spiritchuil life,
To which I didn’t tumble worth a jot.

“I’m sure,” ’e sez, “as you will ’ave a wife
’Oo’ll ’ave a noble infl’ince on yer life.”

“’Oo is ’er garjin?” I sez, “’Er ole pot”—

“Young friend!” ’e sez.

“Young friend,” ’e sez, “oh fix yer thorts on
’igh!

Orl marridges is registered up there!

An’ you must cleave unto ’er till yeh die,

An’ cherish ’er wiv love an’ tender care.

E’en in the days when she’s no longer fair
She’s still yer wife,” ’e sez. “Ribuck,” sez I.

“Young friend!” ’e sez.

“Young friend,” ’e sez—I sez, “Now, listen
’ere:

This isn’t one o’ them impetchus leaps.

There ain’t no tart a ’undredth part so dear

As ’er. She ’as me ’eart an’ soul fer keeps!”

An’ then Doreen, she turns away an’ weeps;

But ’e jist smiles. “Yer deep in love, ’tis clear,

Young friend,” ’e sez.

“Young friend,” ’e sez—an’ tears wus in ’is
eyes—

“Strive ’ard. Fer many, many years I’ve lived.

An’ I kin but recall wiv tears an’ sighs

The lives of some I’ve seen in marridge gived.”

“My Gawd!” I sez. “I’ll strive as no bloke
strived!

Fer don’t I know I’ve copped a bonzer prize?”

“Young friend,” ’e sez.

“Young friend,” ’e sez. An’ in ’is gentle way,
’E pats the shoulder of my dear Doreen.
“I’ve solem’ized grand weddin’s in me day,
But ’ere’s the sweetest little maid I’ve seen.
She’s fit fer any man, to be ’is queen;
An’ you’re more forchinit than you kin say,
Young friend,” ’e sez.

“Young friend,” ’e sez . . . A queer ole pilot
bloke,
Wiv silver ’air. The gentle way ’e dealt
Wiv ’er, the soft an’ kindly way ’e spoke
To my Doreen, ’ud make a statcher melt.
I tell yeh, square an’ all. I sorter felt
A kiddish kind o’ feelin’ like I’d choke . . .
“Young friend,” ’e sez.

“Young friend,” ’e sez, “you two on Choosday
week,
Is to be joined in very ’oly bonds.
To break them vows I ’opes yeh’ll never seek;
Fer I could curse them ’usbands ’oo absconds!”
“I’ll love ’er till I snuff it,” I responds.
“Ah, that’s the way I likes to ’ear yeh speak,
Young friend,” ’e sez.

“Young friend,” ’e sez—an’ then me ’and ’e
grips—
“I wish’t yeh luck, you an’ yer lady fair.
Sweet maid.” An’ sof’ly wiv ’is finger-tips,
’E takes an’ strokes me cliner’s shinin’ ’air.
An’ when I seen ’er standin’ blushin’ there,
I turns an’ kisses ’er, fair on the lips.
“Young friend!” ’e sez.

—From *Doreen and the Sentimental Bloke*.

DOREEN AND THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE. By C. J.
Dennis. Cloth. 75 cents net.

THE KID.

My son! . . . Them words, jist like a blessed song,
Is singin' in me 'eart the ole day long;
Over an' over; while I'm scared I'll wake
Out of a dream, to find it all a fake.

My son! Two little words, that, yesterdee,
Wus jist two simple, senseless words to me;
An' now—no man, not since the world begun,
Made any better pray'r than that. . . My son!

My son an' bloomin' 'eir . . . Ours! . . . 'Ers
an' mine!
The finest kid in—Aw, the sun don't shine—
Ther' ain't no joy fer me beneath the blue
Unless I'm gazin' lovin' at them two.

A little while ago it was jist "me"—
A lonely, longin' streak o' misery.
An' then 'twas "'er an' me"—Doreen, my
wife!
An' now it's "'im an' us" an'—sich is life.

But 'struth! 'e is king-pin! The 'ead serang!
I mustn't tramp about, or talk no slang;
I mustn't pinch 'is nose, or make a face,
I mustn't—Strike! 'E seems to own the place!

Cunnin'? Yeh'd think, to look into 'is eyes,
'E knoo the game clean thro'; 'e seems that wise.
Wiv 'er an' nurse 'e is the leadin' man,
An' poor ole dad's amongst the "also ran."

"Goog, goo," 'e sez, an' curls 'is cunnin' toes.
Yeh'd be su'prised the 'eaps o' things 'e knows.
I'll swear 'e tumbles I'm 'is father, too;
The way 'e squints at me, an' sez, "Goog,
goo."

Why! 'smornin', 'ere 'is lordship gits a grip
Fair on me finger—give it quite a nip!
An' when I tugs, 'e won't let go 'is hold!
'Angs on like that! An' 'im not three weeks
old!

“Goog, goo,” 'e sez. I'll swear yeh never did
In all yer natcheril, see sich a kid.
The cunnin' ways 'e's got; the knowin' stare—
Ther' ain't a youngster like 'im *anywhere!*

An' when 'e gets a little pain inside,
'Is dead straight griffin ain't to be denied.
I'm sent to talk sweet nuffin's to the fowls;
While nurse turns 'and-springs ev'ry time 'e
'owls.

But say, I tell yeh straight . . . I been thro' 'ell!
The things I thort I wouldn't dare to tell
Lest, in the tellin' I might feel again
One little part of all that fear an' pain.

It come so sudden that I lorst me block.
First, it was, 'Ell-fer-leather to the doc.,
'Oo took it all so calm 'e made me curse—
An' then I sprints like mad to get the nurse.

By gum; that woman! But she beat me flat!
A man's jist putty in a game like that.
She owned me 'appy 'ome almost before
She fairly got 'er nose inside me door.

Sweatin' I was; but cold wiv fear inside—
An' then, to think a man could be denied
'Is wife an' 'ome an' told to fade away
By jist one fat ole nurse 'oo's in 'is pay!

I wus too weak wiv funk to start an' rouse.
'Struth! Ain't a man the boss in 'is own 'ouse?
"You go an' chase yerself!" she tips me
straight.
"Ther's nothin' now fer you to do but—wait."

Wait? . . . Gawd! . . . I never knoo wot waitin'
meant
In all me life, till that day I was sent
To loaf around, while there inside—Aw, strike!
I couldn't tell yeh wot that hour was like!

Three times I comes to listen at the door;
Three times I drags meself away once more;
'Arf dead wiv fear; 'arf filled wiv tremblin'
joy . . .
An' then she beckons me, an' sez—"A boy!"

"A boy!" she sez. "An' bofe is doin' well!"
I drops into a chair, an' jist sez—" 'Ell!"
It was a pray'r. I feels bofe crook an'
glad. . . .
An' that's the strength of bein' made a dad.

I thinks of church, when in that room I goes,
'Oldin' me brea'f an' walkin' on me toes.
Fer 'arf a mo' I feared me nerve 'ud fail
To see 'er lying there so still an' pale.

She looks so frail, at first, I dursn't stir.
An' then, I leans acrost an' kisses 'er;
An' all the room gits sorter blurred an'
dim . . .
She smiles, an' moves 'er 'ead. "Dear lad!
Kiss 'im."

Near smothered in a ton of snowy clothes,
First thing, I sees a bunch o' stubby toes,
Bald 'ead, termater face, an' two big eyes.
"Look, Kid," she smiles at me. "Ain't 'e a
size?"

'E didn't seem no sorter size to me;
But yet, I speak no lie when I agree;
"'E is," I sez, an' smiles back at Doreen,
"The biggest nipper fer 'is age I've seen."

She turns away; 'er eyes is brimmin' wet.
"Our little son!" she sez. "Our precious pet!"
An' then, I seen a great big drop roll down
An' fall—kersplosh!—fair on 'is nibs's crown.

An' still she smiles. "A lucky sign," she said.
"Somewhere, in some ole book, one time I read,
"The child will sure be blest all thro' the years
Who's christened wiv 'is mother's 'appy
tears'."

"Kiss 'im," she sez. I was afraid to take
Too big a mouthful of 'im, fear 'e'd break.
An' when 'e gits a fair look at me phiz
'E puckers up 'is nose, an' then—Geewhizz!

'Ow *did* 'e 'owl! In 'arf a second more
Nurse 'ad me 'ustled clean outside the door.
Scarce knowin' 'ow, I gits out in the yard,
An' leans agen the fence an' thinks reel 'ard.

A long, long time I looks at my two 'ands.
"They're all I got," I thinks, "they're all that
stands
Twixt this 'ard world an' them I calls me own.
An' fer their sakes I'll work 'em to the bone."

Them vows an' things sounds like a lot o' guff.
Maybe, it's foolish thinkin' all this stuff—
 Maybe, it's childish-like to scheme an' plan;
 But—I dunno—it's that way wiv a man.

I only know that kid belongs to me!
We ain't decided yet wot 'e's to be.
 Doreen, she sez 'e's got a poit's eyes;
 But I ain't got much use fer them soft guys.

I think we ort to make 'im something great—
A bookie, or a champeen 'eavy-weight:
 Some callin' that'll give 'im room to spread.
 A fool could see 'e's got a clever 'ead.

I knows 'e's good an' honest; for 'is eyes
Is jist like 'ers; so big an' lovin'-wise;
 They carries peace an' trust where e'er they
 goes.
 An' say, the nurse she sez 'e's got my nose!

Dead ring fer me ole conk, she sez it is.
More like a blob of putty on 'is phiz,
 I think. But 'e's a fair 'ard case, all right.
 I'll swear I thort 'e wunk at me last night!

My wife an' fam'ly! Don't it sound all right!
That's wot I whispers to meself at night.
 Some day, I s'pose, I'll learn to say it loud
 An' careless; kiddin' that I don't feel proud.

My son! . . . If ther's a Gawd 'Oo's leanin' near
To watch our dilly little lives down 'ere,
 'E smiles, I guess, if 'E's a lovin' one—
 Smiles, friendly-like, to 'ear them words—My
 son.

From *Doreen and the Sentimental Bloke*.

DOREEN AND THE SENTIMENTAL BLOKE. By C. J
Dennis. Cloth. 75 cents net.

WAR.

'E sez to me, wots orl this flamin' war
The papers torks uv nothin' else but scraps,
An' wot's ole England got snake-'eaded for, an'
wot's the

Strength uv callin' out our chaps?
'E sez to me, struth don't she rule the sea?
Wot does she want wiv us? 'e sez to me.

Ole Ginger Mick is loadin' up 'is truck
One mornin' in the market feelin' sore.
'E sez to me, well, mate, I've done me luck;
An' Rose is arstin' wot about this war;
I'm gone a tenner at the two up school;
The game is crook, an' Rose is turnin' cool.

I tells 'im; an' 'e sez to me, so long.
Some day this rabbot trade will git me beat,
An' Ginger Mick shoves thro' the markit throng,
An' gits 'is burrer out into the streets,
An' as 'e goes I 'ears 'is gentle roar,
Rabee, wile rabbee! blarst the flamin' war!

—From *The Moods of Ginger Mick*.

THE MOODS OF GINGER MICK. By C. J. Dennis.

Cloth. \$1.00 net.

THE PUSH.

Becos a crook done in a prince, an' narked an
emperor,

An' struck a light that set the world aflame;
Becos the bugles east an' west sooled on the dawgs
o' war,

A bloke called Ginger Mick 'as found 'is
game—

Found 'is game an' found 'is brothers, 'oo wus
strangers in 'is sight,

Till they shed their silly clobber an' put on the
duds fer fight.

So the lumper, an' the lawyer, an' the chap oo
shifted sand,

They are cobbers wiv the cove oo drove a quill;
The knut oo swung a cane upon the block, 'e
takes the 'and

Uv the coot oo swung a pick on broken 'ill;
An' Privit Clord Augustus drills wiv Privit
Smarty Jim—

They are both Australian soljers, wich is good
enough fer 'im.

So I gits some reel good readin' in the letter wot
'e sent—

Tho' the spellin's pretty rotten now an' then;
I 'ad the joes at first, 'e sez; but now I'm glad
I went,

Fer it's shine to be among reel, livin' men,
An' it's grand to be Australian, an' to say it good
an' loud

When yeh bump a forrin country wiv sich fellers
as our crowd.

—From *The Moods of Ginger Mick*.

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