

Ta Tsing" of different grades. This is following Western fashions, indeed, with the only difference that women in this country may give—but they don't get.

Toronto, although a comparatively small city, boasts no fewer than 338 women taking a university course. Contrary to the views held by many objectors to higher education for women, their health is far better than that enjoyed by their stay-at-home sisters.

A Book of the Week.

DOCTOR LUKE.*

Mr. Norman Duncan is like Mr. Jack London—one of the fashionable school of writers with a locality of his own, which it is his mission to describe. But he is much more than this, as the reader will gladly allow when she has penetrated but a very short way into this book, which fascinates by its very simplicity. I once heard a man say that he did not know which thing in religion struck him more profoundly—the simplicity of God's Mysteries, or the Mysteriousness of His Simplicity. In a more limited sense, one might use these words in speaking of Norman Duncan. The tragedy of life, out in the wastes of the world, beyond reach of the mitigations of civilisation, seems simple enough. If you have enough to eat, and you can keep well, you live. If food runs short, or you fall ill, you die. There is a doctor on board the Government mail ship that visits the remote Labrador stations in fine weather. He is paid by the Government to go ashore if required and treat the sick.

"We'll have the doctor to you," says Skipper David Roth to his adored wife, when in winter she sickens. "Please God we'll have him here by the beginning of June."

The woman's strong desire to live sustains her until the moment when her distracted husband hears the gun-fire which tells him the mail-boat has arrived, and rushes from the house to secure the dealer out of life and death.

He finds the doctor too hopelessly drunk to come ashore!

Words are used so sparingly by the author, yet with such cunning, in describing the awful simplicity of this life drama. The excited, pathetic mother, hastily donning the best frilled night-gown which has been for months lying in the drawer, ready against the doctor's visit. Her look, her famished, eager eyes turned upon the broken-hearted husband who has brought her no help! It is hard to describe the deep effect produced upon the reader.

And a short time after a ship is wrecked upon the reef of the Thirty Black Devils, and aboard of her is a doctor who could have saved the woman's life!

"Not necessarily mortal. An operation, just a simple operation—easily performed with what you have in hand—would have saved the woman."

"An' you could have saved her," my father went on. "You could have saved her! She didn't have to go. She died for want o' you! God Almighty," he cried, raising his clenched hand, "this man come too late, God Almighty. God Almighty, does you hear me, God Almighty? The man you sent come too late. An' you," he flashed, turning on the stranger, "could have saved her! Oh my dear lass!

* By Norman Duncan. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

An' she would have been here the night! Here like she used to be! Here in her dear body! Here!" he cried, striking his breast. "She would have lain here the night, had you come afore! Oh, why didn't you come?" he moaned. "You hold life and death in your hands, zur, to give or withhold. Why didn't you come—to give the gift o' life to she?"

The story is told by Davy Roth, the son of the dead woman; and the rest of it is concerned with Doctor Luke, who makes up his mind to stay among these wild folk and minister to their wants, and bring the gift of healing where he can.

Skipper Tommy Lovejoy would alone make the success of a moderately ambitious book. Mr. Duncan has a future, there is no doubt, and may lay his stories in Labrador, or wheresoever else pleases him. We shall not complain of the *where*, now that we have sampled the *how*. G. M. R.

New Year's Precepts.

President Roosevelt: "All I ask is a square deal for every man. Give him a fair chance, do not let him wrong anyone, and do not let him be wronged."

Mr. Hay: "If the Press of the world would adopt and persist in a high resolve that war should be no more, the clangour of arms would cease from the rising of the sun to its going down, and we could fancy that at last our ears, no longer stunned by the din of armies, might hear the morning stars singing together, and all the sons of God shouting for joy."

A City Garden.

God's-acre turned to open space—

Flat stones, and flowers, and garden-seat,
A shabby, cheery resting-place
Where children play and tired folks meet.

Those little nameless level'd mounds,
And they who wept or knelt beside,
How would they like those pleasure grounds,
The ones who wept, the ones who died?

Forgotten! But to feel again

The joy of use. Maybe they know,
And we, remembering, feel the pain,
And they, forgot, would have it so.

—K. M., *Westminster Gazette*.

What to Read.

- "The Blue Moon." By Laurence Housman.
- "The Farm of the Dagger." By Eden Phillpotts.
- "The Progress of the German Working Classes in the Last Quarter of a Century." By W. J. Ashley.
- "James I. and VI." By T. F. Henderson.
- "The White Man in Nigeria." By George Douglas Hazzledine.

Coming Events.

- Matrons' Council Winter Meetings:—
February 5th.—Miss Amy Hughes on "The Work of County Nursing Associations."
March 10th.—Miss Helen Todd on "The Affiliation of the Smaller and Special Hospitals for Training Purposes."

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