By what seems to be a sort of false logic, stories dealing with the loneliness and privation and suffering of arctic winters are usually issued in midsummer, the theory seeming to be that narratives of snow and frost form as grateful a relief in the heat of August as a ride upon an ice-wagon. Where the false reasoning comes in is just here: the whole force of this class of stories lies in making you feel the utter misery of cold; and in mid-August it is difficult to think of snowy plains and frozen rivers as anything else than a priceless boon. The time to read Jack London's Alaska stories or Lawrence Mott's sketches of the fur country is not in summer, but in December, by a glowing fireside, when even the genial glow from blazing logs cannot make you quite forget the driving sleet and nipping frost outside. That is why such a book as Arthur Heming's *Spirit Lake* is not, properly speaking, a Hammock Novel, although it contains undeniably good reading, whether in a hammock or elsewhere. If you are looking for a carefully constructed story, you will be disappointed. It is nothing more than a series of episodes bound together by no stronger thread of unity than that they all depict the adventures of a single family of Canadian Indians during a prosperous season of fur-hunting in the far North. Mr. Heming might, had he chosen, cast the same material in the form of a treatise on Indian customs, Indian psychology, Indian folk-lore. But he chose instead, and perhaps wisely, that wider popular appeal exerted by fiction. No, the book is not properly a novel, but it has an abundance of dramatic force, and there is a simple directness in its style that makes you feel that you are getting pretty close to the truth about the red man of the Canadian fur-lands.

"Spirit Lake"