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ONE CAN SAVE ENERGY AND TEMPER BY USING ONLY
EDDY'S MATCHES
THEY DO NOT MISS FIRE IF PROPERLY STRUCK—EVERY STICK IS A MATCH—AND EVERY MATCH A SURE, SAFE LIGHT.



ORDEAL BY BATTLE
By Frederick Scot Oliver. 437 pages. Price, \$1.75. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, publishers. R. Uglow & Co., city.
The author of this interesting volume was long associated with Lord Roberts and others during their efforts in 1912 and 1913 to awaken England to a sense of her danger through unpreparedness. They believed that National Service (a more euphonious name for Conscription) was essential to national security. After the outbreak of war, and the death of that gallant old soldier, the author decided to place in book form the information the committee had collected and the conclusions it had arrived at, adding to it a great deal representing his own opinions and observations.
The book is clearly a well-reasoned and cogent plea for Conscription. International ill-will—especially the irritation felt by Germany—he ascribes to the failure of Britain's foreign policy. Her peace proposals were looked upon as evidence of weakness.
"Until lately," he says "these lapses into excessive amiability were not very frequent. The main cause for German suspicion is to be found elsewhere—in the dilatoriness of our foreign policy—in its inability to make-up its mind—in its changeability after its mind might have been supposed made up—in its vagueness with regard to the nature of our obligations towards other powers—whom we would support, and to what extent, and upon what pleas."
Being a Tory of the old school, the author almost despairs of Democracy—especially when led by Liberals like Asquith and Lloyd George. Listen to this judgment upon its possible failure:
"That Germany will not conquer us with her arms we may well feel confident. But unless we conquer her with our arms—and this is a much longer step—there is a considerable danger that she may yet conquer us with her ideas. In that case the world will be thrown back several hundred years; and the blame for this disaster, should it occur, will be laid—and laid rightly—at the door of Democracy, because it vaunted a system which it had neither the fortitude nor the strength to uphold."
The author outlines the many warnings given the Government that Germany meant to wage war when ever her power seemed adequate and the opportunity for winning seemed favorable. Nothing, in his mind, can excuse the Government's failure to make adequate preparation.
"The favorite plea that the hearts of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues were stronger than their heads," he declares, "does not earn them much respect. Knowing what we do of them in domestic politics, this excuse would seem to put the quality of their heads unduly low. The true explanation of their omissions must be sought elsewhere than in their intellects and affections.
Simple said, I see no danger; Sloth said, Yet a little more sleep; and Presumption said, Every Vat must stand upon its own bottom. We can almost distinguish the tones of their Right Honorable voices."
Lord Roberts, of course, was the Christian who had tried to show them the true way. They would not listen. Had they done so this great war might never have been.
"It was not inevitable," the author concludes, "but the conditions on which it could have been avoided were, that England should have been prepared, which she was not; and

that she should have spoken her intentions clearly, which she did not."
While the author pays tribute to the preparedness and efficiency of the navy, he has nothing but ridicule for the voluntary system prevalent in recruiting the army. To quote again:
"Quite recently I have seen our present situation described glowingly and self-complacently as the 'triumph of the voluntary system.' I must be blind of both eyes, for I can perceive no 'triumph' and no 'voluntary system.' I have seen the territories of our Allies seized, wasted, and held fast by an undefeated enemy. I have seen our small army driven back; fighting with as much skill and bravery as ever in its history; holding its own in the end, but against what overwhelming numbers and by what sacrifices. The human triumph is apparent enough; but not that of any system, voluntary or otherwise. Neither in this record of nine months' 'hard-and-hot-fighting' on land, nor in the state of things which now exists at the end of it all, is there a triumph for anything or any one, save for a few thousands of brave men who were left to hold fast as best they could against intolerable odds."
Mr. Oliver is quite apparently an admirer of German methods, no less than he is believer in the necessity and efficiency of Conscription. The controversial nature of the subject makes it an interesting one, and, whether we agree with his views or not, we must at least confess that he has presented his case clearly, forcibly and readably. The book is beautifully written, and deeply interesting throughout. It will provoke thought and discussion upon a vital subject. There will be many who will disagree with his conclusions for obvious reasons.

ANNE OF THE ISLAND.
By L. M. Montgomery. 326 pages. Price, \$1.25. The Page Co., Boston, publishers. R. Uglow & Co., city.
Canadians have reason to be proud of the fact that a Prince Edward Island authoress has created, in Anne Shirley, a character that will endure. It was only in 1908 that L. M. Montgomery (now the wife of Rev. Ewen McDonald, a Presbyterian minister of Leaksdale, Ont.) introduced Anne to the reading public in that delightful book, "Anne of Green Gables," which is now in its 210th thousand. A year later there followed "Anne of Avonlea," the circulation of which has reached over 100 thousand. The great popularity of these books resulted in the public demanding more of Anne; hence the present volume, "Anne of the Island," here we have a more mature Anne, and a more, a more lovable character still. The story deals with her departure from the charming old Prince Edward Island to come to a college career. Her college life and graduation are delightfully told, leading up to the marriage with her girlhood chum. Sweet and fascinating, bright and sparkling, is the story. "Patty's Place," the girl's charming home during their college days, is enterprisingly described. Such incidents as the futile attempt at chloroform, Rusty, the disreputable cat, are amusingly related. On the other hand, the tender pathos surrounding Ruby's death, and the finding by Anne of a bundle of time-worn love-letters of her long dead parents, would move the hardest heart to sympathy. The author has succeeded in making Anne a very real and a very lovable character—one, it seems, we must have known for long. In these days when so many books deal with the sex problem, or drag their impossible characters through unseemly adventures "in search of their souls," it is a relief and a delight to find such a book as this—simple, wholesome and altogether beautiful. Anne has made Prince Edward Island famous, for the talented author is nothing if not loyal to her island home.

THE BUTTERFLY GUIDE.
By W. J. Holland, LL.D. 237 pages. Illustrated. The Musson Book Co., Toronto, publishers.
The above is the title of a neatly-printed and compact pocket manual for the ready identification of the commoner species of butterflies found in Canada and the United States. It contains 295 colored plates, representing 255 species and varieties. Not only to the naturalist and the Boy Scouts (to whom it is dedicated), but to the lover of the living things of the woods and the fields, will this little volume prove fascinating. The life and habits of these winged fairies of the sunlit places is charmingly told, while the beautiful illustrations lend value and interest to the book. One is impressed with the vast amount of time and study that Dr. Holland must necessarily have devoted to the preparation of such a work.
Twenty Canadian Trees.
The Canadian Forestry Association, Ottawa, has published a useful little booklet under the above caption. It was issued in response to numerous requests for a brief description, free from technical terms, of our most common and most important Canadian trees. It is of a size that may be carried in the pocket on walks through the woods and parks and along the highways. Twenty of the best-known of Canadian trees are described and pictured; most of the illustrations being made from photographs. The book would have been much more valuable and attractive had the quality of the cuts and the letterpress not been so inferior and cheap-looking.

MISFIT MARRIAGES

Humorist's Flippant View Of Matrimonial Alliances.
I would like to make a few useless remarks about married life. I not only would like to, but I am going to.
If you are a tall, sallow, nervous, easy going man with a liliputian income, enormous feet and hands and have an Adam's apple that looks like somebody trying to poke his fist through your neck you will marry a tiny black haired woman, who has all seeing, lashless eyes, a mouth like a knife cut in a dish of cornstarch pudding and a love of jewelry and ancient black and tan dogs with rotten dispositions and hairpin legs. You may say you won't, but you will.
If you are a red headed gentleman you will marry a beautiful girl. I don't know why this is, but you think over the red headed men you know and see if they haven't copped peachesses.
If you are a little runt addicted to morning coats and gardenias, a large, vital, auburn, haired lady will get you yet. She will want all there is in life. And don't sit down calmly after you're married, with a panetela in the corner of your mouth and imagine you are that all.
If you are a home loving man, a man who likes to loiter about in an old suit, a man who gets slightly seasick by merely glancing over a passenger list of an ocean liner, then, by the gods, you will wed a female globe trotter.
If you are a jealous person it is written that you shall marry a girl who will give you every excuse to harbor that ridiculous passion. And by the same token it wouldn't matter whether she did or not—it would seem so to you.
If you put your stomach before everything else in life, physically as well as metaphorically, your wife will be the kind who made a pan of bum fudge once when she was at school, but knows and cares not that mint sauce has nothing to do with veal cutlets and that sea bass gets nervous and fidgety when you pour maple syrup on it.—J. Montgomery Flagg in American Magazine.

THE WESTERN HARVEST

Will Require Many Thousand Men This Season.
Thousands of men will be required from Ontario to help harvest the Western crop, and practically the entire task of transporting this great army of harvesters will fall to the Canadian Pacific Railway.
Excursions from points in Ontario to Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta will be run, and special trains operated, making the trip in about thirty-six hours and avoiding any change of cars or transfers.
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For full particulars see nearest C. P. R. Agent, or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

HAWAIIANS HAVE ODD NAMES

Often Careless Of the Gender Or Appropriateness.
You'll be surprised to learn that the natives of Hawaii are singularly picturesque in their choice of names. Mr. Scissors, The Thief, The Ghost, The Fool, The Man Who Washes His Dimples, Mrs. Oyster, The Warty Lizard, The Husband of Kaneia (a male dog), The Great Kettle, The First Nose, The Atlantic Ocean, The Stomach, Poor Pussy, Mrs. Turkey, The Tenth Heaven, are all names that have appeared in the city directory.
They are often careless of the gender or appropriateness of the names they take. A householder on Beretania street, Honolulu, is called The Pretty Woman (Wahine Maiki); a male infant was lately christened Mrs. Tompkins; one little girl is named Samson; another, The Man; Susan (Kukena) is a boy; so are Polly Sarah, Jane Peter and Henry Ann. A pretty little maid has been named by her fond parents The Pig Sty (Hale Pau). For some unknown reason—or for no reason at all—one boy is named The Rat Eater (Kasnea Oi Oi).

Long Telephone Lines

The telephone line from New York to San Francisco is overhead throughout its entire extent except for a few short stretches of cable in cities and under rivers. Notwithstanding the improvements which have been made in underground cables, it is still necessary in such long lines as this to exclude as far as practicable, all lengths of cable however short. Even with the very best cable and apparatus know to art, the distance through which speech may be clearly and distinctly transmitted is greatly restricted when the wires are placed underground.—Kansas City Star.

Suspicion

"That's a swell umbrella you carry."
"Isn't it?"
"Did you come by it honestly?"
"I haven't quite figured out. It started to rain the other day and I stepped into a doorway to wait till it stopped. Then I saw a young fellow coming along with a nice large umbrella, and I thought if he was going so far as my house I would get a shelter of his umbrella." So I stepped out and asked: "Where are you going with that umbrella, young fellow?" and he dropped the umbrella and ran.



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