



A YOUNG MAN'S YEAR, By Anthony Hope. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers. Price, \$1.35. R. Uglow & Co., City.

It has been some years since Mr. Hope published a book, and the present volume shows that the interval has been devoted to the painstaking production of a book worth waiting for. The grace of diction, the mellow ripeness of style, the careful selection of detail, the sense of proportion—in fact, all that goes into the making of a worth-while book, are here to be found. Admirers of Anthony Hope will find this volume very agreeable reading.

It certainly was a glorious year for this particular young man. When it opened Arthur Life was a briefless bachelor waiting in his unpaid office in The Temple for something to turn up. At the end of it he found him married to an eminently suitable if somewhat ironical young person and with several good briefs in sight—in a word, with his feet firmly planted on the ladder.

The book is noteworthy and enjoyable for the variety and number of its men as well as of its women. From the young, big, handsome and aggressively masculine, as well as somewhat vulgar, Sidney Barlow to the elderly, refined and worldly-wise Justice Sir Christopher Lamee, they are all so real, so much alive and presented with so much good-humored tolerance for their foibles and such genial acceptance of them as they are, that the reader welcomes each one whenever he appears with liking and pleasure.

Anthony Hope, here as in the "Dolly Dialogues," shows himself as still a master of the art of clever conversation, as many happy passages in his new novel attest. These days when so many novelists strain after effect, and exhaust the English language in explaining the revolts of erratic youths of both sexes, it is a pleasing relief to turn to a book so sensible, so cleverly written and so readable.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE By Owen Johnson. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers, 256 Pages. Illustrated. Price, \$1.25. R. Uglow & Co., City.

Most writers of war books have endeavored to cover the whole subject—a stupendous undertaking even for the most versatile war correspondent or the most erudite author. The present volume deals almost exclusively with France and her indomitable spirit of courage and optimism, and thus differs from the majority of war books. To discuss one aspect of the great war, and to cover that ground thoroughly, has been Mr. Johnson's object, and we must confess, he has accomplished his work in a commendable manner.

Our author has been at the front, he has seen France as she is to-day, and he bears gallant testimony to her brave and unconquerable spirit. The spell of this once gay and sunny land, now in the throes of a death grapple with the relentless enemy, has been cast upon this American, and he can find nothing but words of praise for the nation and her splendid sons.

In this book we have the truth about France. It is a vivid and interesting dramatic account of a famous novelist's experiences and impressions in Paris, at Rheims, and Arras, and in visits to the trenches at the front, where he was actually under fire. Included in the volume is the interview with General Joffre which created a sensation when it was published in Collier's Weekly. We of the British Empire are perhaps too prone to regard the great conflict as simply a war between England and Germany, overlooking to some extent at least the great part that France is playing. Therefore, it is well that our thoughts should be directed to this gallant people who are to-day putting forth the supreme effort to resist and beat back the bloody barbarians. This service Mr. Johnson has admirably rendered. Revealing as it does the wonderful spirit of a people who are playing a greater part of heroism and self-sacrifice than most of us have realized, Mr. Johnson's book is

PULLED ABOARD SUBMARINE Which Sank British Ship in Bay of Biscay.

New York, May 6.—Landing in New York with \$10 in his pockets from the Anchor liner Tuscania, which arrived here from Liverpool, John D. Harrison, a high school graduate of Chicago, told a story of having been pulled aboard a German submarine in the Bay of Biscay, after the ship on which he was steward had been sunk; then cast adrift on a life raft, to be picked up two hours later by a Scotch patrol boat, and finally landed at Falmouth wearing a rough suit of clothes which was given to him by the German submarine commander.

Everything he owned, including some high school pins and souvenirs,

a notable contribution to the literature of the war. Not the least valuable part of this volume are the many excellent reproductions of photos taken at the front, and often secured under great difficulties and dangers.

LIFE AND GABRIELLA. By Ellen Glasgow. The Musson Book Co., Toronto, publishers, 529 pages. Price, \$1.35. R. Uglow & Co., City.

"The story of a woman's courage," is the apt way the publishers announce this book. Gabriella faced problems that many a woman is facing to-day, and the brave and dauntless manner she met and overcame them should prove a help to others. She believed that no life was so hard that one could not make it easier by the way one took it. She declared to herself: "I want to be happy, I have a right to be happy, but it depends on myself." How she achieved this happiness, solely through her own exertions and her own optimism, the book reveals. Gabriella stands for faith in life—for the courage that takes all odds, and survives.

Behind her lay the collapsed fabric of her house of dreams. Before her—whatever she could make of life, turning her back resolutely upon the outworn traditions of Southern gentility in which she had grown up, a gentility that was penniless and resigned, Gabriella set about building a new life of usefulness which would achieve for her two precious possessions: independence and happiness. Thousands of girls live just the life that Gabriella lived; they face life bravely and alone. But just when success was within her grasp, like many another, she married the wrong man. She loved a dream. She married a reality. It is the picture of this dauntless Southern spirit finding herself and making life over to meet her great needs that Miss Glasgow impresses so lastingly on the reader's imagination. The theme—faith in life—is worked out in a natural way, and both people and events become a reality that holds the interest of the reader through all the varying phases.

STEPS TO CHRIST. By Ellen G. White. Review & Herald Pub. Assn., New York, publishers. C. D. Terwilliger, city, agent. Price, 75c.

This is a neatly printed and attractively illustrated little volume, dedicated to a good cause. The book points to Jesus as the only one who is able to meet the needs of the soul, and directs the feet of the doubting and the halting to "the pathway of peace." It leads the seeker after righteousness and wholeness of character, step by step, along the way of the Christian life. The instruction found in these pages will doubtless bring comfort and hope to many a troubled soul, and enable many followers of the Master to walk more contentedly and more joyfully in the steps of their divine Leader. To young people especially the volume should prove helpful, clearly and fully treating, as it does, such subjects as Repentance, Confession, Consistency, Faith and Acceptance, the Test of Discipleship, the Privilege of Prayer, etc. A well-arranged scriptural and general index add much to the value of the volume.

THE ROUND TABLE. MacMillan & Co., Ltd., London, publishers. A Quarterly Review of the Politics of the British Empire.

The last issue of this review is an intensely interesting one. The articles are ably written, and deal with many problems of vital interest to the Empire. Few reviews are more invaluable to the reader who wishes to keep informed concerning the great questions of the day. The war for public right is treated under several heads—Prussianism vs. Commonwealth, the two views of international relations, the liberty of nations, the freedom of the seas, etc. Among the other subjects discussed are: Production in Peace and War, the Problem of Women in Industry, America's Reaction to the War, Canada, Recruiting, Manufacturing and Production, Economic Problems, etc. There are special chapters devoted to Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, their parts in the great war, the social and economic conditions of these overseas dominions and their governmental development.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Catarrh being generally influenced by constitutional conditions. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by assisting up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Cure that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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STUNG This is the story of a man in an Indiana town. He sent to an out-of-town house for his bathroom outfit. When it arrived—several weeks later—no plumber in the Home Town would take the job of tapping the main and connecting the pipes. So he hired an unlicensed "jack-of-all-trades" to make connections. This fellow did a poor job, naturally the connection leaked, and the city officials had him arrested for tapping a water main without a license. If you wish to verify this story, just write to the Mayor of Rochester, Ind., and he will tell you it is true. But what concerns us is: Are there any of our citizens who, for the sake of a FANCIED bargain, will risk sending away from home for goods so easily handled by the home dealer? And for less money than the out-of-town concern charges for the same thing?

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CLARION CALL TO CANADA TO DO ITS FULL DUTY

There Must Be No Backing Up --Future of the Empire Rests With Canada to a Greater Extent As We Have Increased Our Responsibility.

Last year Canada responded magnificently to the call of the Empire. The soil was cultivated to its utmost limit, with the result that a bountiful harvest was reaped. Boys and girls united with their parents in showing the good will and the proud national spirit that they possessed. They bent their energies towards making the land produce all that it was capable of doing. The times were not financially good, and bitter experience had been had with crop failure in the previous year. Nothing daunted, they went to work with determined will and persistence, and they reaped where they had sown. When the crops were gathered granaries were full to overflowing. Canada had cause for the celebration of the greatest, most intense, most earnest thanksgiving she had ever known. That there was no unmindfulness of the source from which all blessings flow was shown in action as well as in words. Patriotic gifts came from many directions in many ways. The women worked with life and love. They gave the fruits of their labors, and they gave their offspring. The men devoted their acres and their services to the cause of the Empire. Boys and girls cultivated what they termed war-plots, the yields from which went towards filling the exchequer of patriotism. There were slackers then, there were Scrooges then, there are the same elements to-day, but the evidence of sympathy far overshadowed the discordance, and such a front of union was displayed as commanded the respect and admiration of the world.

This year there must be no backing up. Even the unwilling of last year, the Scrooges and the men and women who put personal profit before love of country, must, if possible, be brought into line. The situation is more intense than it was. There is more suffering, there are more widows and orphans, and there are twice as many men on the fighting line as under arms. As the war progresses the slaughter becomes greater, more shipping and more property are ruthlessly destroyed, and the cry for help is keener. Were it not for the British navy our allegiance would be under attack. Were it not for the united forces and the organization for protection from assassins, traitors and incendiaries

that exists in our own land, we should be at the mercy of the same cruel and barbarous forces that have overrun and laid waste Belgium, Poland, and Serbia. We should be taxed beyond all bearing. We might even practically be slaves, working not for ourselves, but for tyrannical taskmasters, for men compared with whom, judging from some of their actions, Legree, the novelist's type of a brutal, cruel slave-driver, was, in deeds of villainy and harshness, no worse.

The future of the empire rested in a large measure with Canada at the beginning. It rests with us to a greater extent now. We have increased our responsibility. We have voluntarily added to the weight of our share of the titanic burden. We must bear the self-imposed load cheerfully and generously. We must show our worthiness of the trust assumed. We must prove our appreciation of the high and honorable partnership into which we have entered. We must do all this, and we must perform our tasks with, if at all possible, increased zeal. To halt or pause would be fatal. Our works of charity must continue to the full, and be added to. Our eye, not only on the present, but also on the future, must never hesitate or waver. When peace comes our granaries and our stalls must be full. To-day we are called upon to do our share of the fighting, to care for the sick and wounded, to honor the dead, and to admire the living hero—and they are all heroes who go forth to-morrow we may be summoned to replenish the earth, to help in the arts of peace, and to do all we can to assist in repairing the terrible ravages of a war that has taken on such proportions in magnitude and savagery that even "Armageddon" is scarcely thought a fitting descriptive term. In short, it is our duty to be prepared for any and every eventuality, both present and future. At war, we are yet not at war. We can plough, sow and reap and tend our flocks and manage our farms, and the thunder of artillery. We can carry on our industries without let or hindrance. We can win glory on the battlefield or we can live our own lives amid peace and plenty. All that is demanded is remembrance of our country and its interests to ourselves. That is the clarion call.

The Man on Watch There are some miserable landlords in Kingston, the Lampman admits, but very few who would turn soldiers' wives into the street. In order to control landlords the Lampman would license them. So Lieut. John Welch has gone to the front in command of the 3rd Canadian Field Butchery. The Lampman hopes that his corps will waste right in and butcher the enemy, many of whom are no better than cattle. Councilman Couper wants none of the Woodrow Wilson "watchful waiting policy" in connection with the Kingston street work. A vigorous offensive is his plan, and he is right. The old English hospital is certainly putting on airs. Recently it appointed a permanent operating room nurse, and now it has secured a matron, and also by screens for the Empire wing. There's nothing too good for this ancient institution. Which is the greater—the City Council or the Board of Education? The score board shows the Council to be master, for it has been able to cut off the Board's source of supply, and that is a very important thing. Not many days ago two aged Kingston women were laid to rest. They had been close friends for many years, and when those friends would die without the other, one did not survive the other long, and on the same morning their mortal remains were lowered into two graves at Cataraqui. If some people think the Kingston police force is a back number, they have another think coming. The capture of the khaki forger is as important as the police station as the capture of an enemy position by the Allies, and is a feather in the cap of "Bill" Baillie's brigade. University avenue is again in trouble. The residents up there are paying high taxes, and yet they are enduring the afflictions of Job. It is high time that their corduroy roadway was made smooth. Trinity College, Dublin, will be a shining mark in Irish history of 1916 when its students saved it from destruction by shooting down the rebels. The Lampman can imagine the St. Paul's vicar, had he happened to be present at his old college, leading a charge against the traitors as he used to do against his opponents on the Rugby field. The Portsmouth Philosopher tells the Lampman that out in Reeve Halliday's barge to a man without a keen sense of smell 30-cent butter is just

as good as the 40-cent brand. The value of butter, he claims, depends entirely upon one's sense of smell. Those people who are burdened with a cultured nose must suffer by paying high prices. The post-office garden promises to be as flowery as ever. "Joe" Keble is deserving of credit for this beauty spot, which separates the church from the lawyers' office. The Lampman understands also that despite the troubles in old Ireland the customs collector will again display Killarney roses, and that the old apple tree in the customs yard will again yield fruit, not yet being an unprofitable tree. —THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

NEW STRENGTH IN THE SPRING Nature Needs Aid in Making New Health-Giving Blood. In the spring the system needs a tonic. To be healthy you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap to renew their vitality. Nature demands it, and without this new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have the twinges of rheumatism or the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disfiguring pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely a feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has lessened your vitality. What you need in spring is a tonic medicine to put you right, and in all the world of medicine there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills actually make new rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new blood drives out the seeds of disease and makes easily tired men, women and children bright, active and strong. Mrs. Eugene Cadorette, Amherstburg, Ont., says: "I suffered for a long time from dizziness, pain in the back and sick headache, and nothing I took did me any good until I began Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These cured me after taking six boxes and I now feel better than ever I did in my life. I had fallen off in weight to 82 pounds, and after taking the Pills I had increased to 100 pounds." These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or can be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. The month of February, 1916, was the largest single month in export flour trade that the millers of Canada have ever known, according to The Northwestern Miller. Total shipments to all countries were 918,207 barrels, of which considerably more than half went to Great Britain.