

Books And Their Authors

ACTION FRONT.

By Boyd Cable. 295 pages. Price \$1.35. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, publishers. R. Uglow & Co., city.

led by oars and a solitary sail, and with the stout-hearted captain, Leif Ericson, nicknamed Leif the Lucky, came two Viking boys, Eric and Blarne, who had shipped as stow-aways. Landing on the shores of the St. Charles River, in New England, they built a log house and prepared to spend the winter. Here the boys met with many thrilling adventures, including a fight with the white natives, the capture of a pirate ship with much rich booty, etc. On the return to Greenland in the spring, some bad sailors, greedy for the treasure on board, mutinied, but were speedily overpowered. The good ship Valhalla reached Greenland in safety, and was given a great reception. Soon the two boys and their treasure were able to sail for home. Here's a fine story, with historical background, and much thrilling adventure, and just the sort a real boy likes. The lad who loves books wouldn't be a bit disappointed if he found this one in his stocking on Christmas morning. Like all the books put out by the Page Co. it is most handsomely and strongly bound—a credit to the bookmakers' art.

HEARTSTRINGS

By Annie Hamilton Donnell, 187 Pages. Price \$1, William Briggs, Toronto, publisher. R Uglow & Co., City.

"Miss Theodosia's Heartstrings!" But what about the poor reviewer's heartstrings when he has to read such a sickly, wishy-washy, goody book as this? Is there no balm in Gilead for him? After perusing this volume, we can wonder with the poet who exclaimed: "Strange that a heap of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long!" The dedication is "To my husband, who could write so much better a book." Well, if he couldn't be ought to be taken out behind the barn and shot, that's all. Theodosia is an independent young lady, who, after travelling abroad, comes home to find a family of numerous and wonderful children next door. She falls in love with them and likewise with the young doctor, lawyer whose laundry they laundered. Such children they were—why one of them even boasted of six toes! Surely such children never existed outside of a book.

UNDER THE COUNTRY SKY

By Grace S. Richmond, 350 Pages. Price \$1.25. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers. R. Uglow & Co., City.

Lovers of Grace Richmond's stories will be delighted with this tale of a country girl whose courageous spirit and intelligence overcame the moody nature of a quiet life with an invalid father. The heroine Georgiana, who is the only child of an invalid country clergyman, forced by ill-health to resign his parish, and desperately poor. Somehow or other he had contrived to give his daughter a college education, but she was not able to make any special use of it, because she was obliged to return to Elmville and take care of him. A sweet, strong, brave girl, brimming with life and energy, full of longing for all sorts of interesting and beautiful things, no saint, often rebelling inwardly against her hard, narrow lot, she nevertheless did her duty cheerfully and courageously, thoroughly deserving the great reward she presently won. She is a lovable heroine, and indeed all the characters in the book are agreeable people, from E. C. Jefferies, "the literary light" to Jeanette, the literary spoiled young cousin. Her father, too, is a distinctly likeable person, their relations are portrayed with simplicity and tenderness, and the entire novel has a cheery, homelike flavor which is very pleasant.

GENERAL SKETCH OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.

By Hilaire Belloc. 404 pages. Illustrated with maps. Price \$1.50. Thomas Nelson & Sons, Toronto, publishers. R. Uglow & Co., City.

This second volume of Belloc's analysis of the war deals with the second phase of its great struggle—the Battle of the Marne—which marked the defeat of the great initial German strategy, and which may well rank among the decisive battles of the world. This second volume is above all, a clean, wholesome story written with sincerity of purpose.

OUR LITTLE VIKING

By Charles H. L. Johnston, 124 Pages. Price 60c. The Page Co., Boston, Publishers. R. Uglow & Co., City.

Boys, listen! Away back in the dim and distant past, before Columbus dreamed of discovering America and even before the Red Man roamed these wilds, the Vikings—those hardy and adventurous sea rovers from Norway and Sweden and Denmark, had made a voyage of discovery to Nova Scotia and the New England Coast. They came in one of their queer wooden ships, propelled

such superiority in force fully deployed and enjoying similar or superior armaments to its inferior enemy, suffer defeat from numbers so much smaller than its own." The reasons for the French victory were two—the blunder of the Germans and Foch's genius. The Germans overestimated the actual number of men who retreated before their forces from the Sambre and beyond, in consequence, that the French were already using their reserves. Again the invaders overestimated the number of men who held them back at the Grand Couronne, about Nancy, and argued that the more forces were sent French strength was massed there. The Germans attacked, therefore, on the opposite end of the French line, in the northwest, planning to swing around and envelope the French left, which they believed unopposed. They were met by a French force far greater than they had expected; surprised and confused, they drew men from the centre to reinforce their western attacking army; in the face not only of defeat but practically of annihilation, the French army on the west held the enemy as more and more forces were brought up, until at last the German centre weakened and "gapped"—and Foch rushed in and cut the invaders square in two. In strategy, in valor, in endurance, in thought and action incredibly quick, in the details of its fighting, and in its monumental significance, the Battle of the Marne is dramatic almost beyond belief.

Military writers have severely criticized the British inactivity in this battle, pointing out that if Gen. French had played his part, Von Kluck would not only have been defeated, but annihilated. Belloc is non-committal. He says we will know in time whether it was a blunder or whether the demand made upon the British troops was something they found it physically impossible to do after the retreat from the Marne with minute care; he gives to the lay reader the result, tiny bit by tiny bit, of a military expert's examination; he tells the part played by every one of the seven French armies. The volume also includes the Battle of the Aisne, the race to the sea, and the trenchment of the armies. And from first to last it is a remarkable book.

THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT.

By H. G. Wells. 460 pages. Price, \$1.50. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, publishers. R. Uglow & Co., city.

Mr. Wells is in a serious mood in this volume. His ideal of a world rescued and ruled by the few noble spirits is far from Socialist. The volume is less a novel than the biography of an idea embodied in a man. William P. Benham sets out to live what he calls the noble or aristocratic life, and the book is made up even more largely of abstract ideas than of what happened to him in his beautiful obsession. The whole is presented in the shape of a biography of Benham prepared by friends from a vast accumulation of notes left at his death.

BELTANE THE SMITH.

By Jeffery Farnol. 504 pages. Price, \$1.25. The Munsion Book Co., Toronto, publisher. R. Uglow & Co., city.

Jeffery Farnol is well known as a writer of vivid, picturesque romance. His "Amateur Gentleman" and "The Broad Highway" established his pre-eminence in this regard. He has the knack of formulating an interesting and unusual plot and of developing the story with exceeding skill. His scenes are generally laid in the olden days of England, over which he throws the mantle of romance. The hero of this volume is one Beltane, the smith, who is introduced to the readers as he stands besides his forge in the greenwood. His subsequent adventures would be sufficient to reward a dozen ordinary lives. Knights and outlaws, lovely maidens, friars and warriors, dukes and kings and peasants abound in

GERMANY VS. CIVILIZATION.

By William Roscoe Thayer. 238 pages. Price \$1.00. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, publishers. R. Uglow & Co., city.

It has remained for an American, William Roscoe Thayer, biographer of the late John D. Rockefeller, Secretary of State, to pronounce the most severe indictment of the Hun that has yet appeared in print. He goes back to the Goths and Vandals and Huns for the origin of the modern Prussian, and shows how the Prussian has debauched the rest of Germany. For years before the war the Kaiser told his people that he was the king of kings; that he was ruled by Divine right; that his army and navy was the supreme institution in Europe; that the Germans were

chosen people who might look forward to winning world power and even omnipotence; that God was their ally. Commenting upon these pretensions and upon German frightfulness, he says:

"If the Prussian pagan creed is true, then Moloch is god. His orders are the shambles of battlefields. The sacrifices most acceptable to him are the victims of combat and massacre. The hymns of delights in are the shouts of ravishing women in their wild cries of terrified little children the mingled groans and curses of wounded and dying soldiers. His high priests are those who lead the teeming millions to slaughter, Attila and Tamerlan and William II of Hohenzollern. This is the corner stone of Kultur. This is the infernal abyss into which Kultur has dragged Germany and would drag mankind."

Mr. Thayer pays a warm tribute to the manner in which England repeatedly, down through the ages, has stamped world-conquerors in their mad careers, and adds: "For the fourth time in as many centuries England is championing liberty against a would-be world despot." Almost in the same breath Mr. Thayer condemns President Wilson for his Catholic silence in the presence of anguished Belgium, the Lusitania disaster and other barbarous outrages. Towards the close of the book he asks: "Will the American workmen who have been thrown out of employment by the blowing up of their factories feel kindly toward the Teutons who committed these crimes? Will the American business men whose legitimate business and investments have been blocked by German capitalists cherish no resentment? Will American universities tolerate professors who have been slyly preaching sedition? Is it not far more likely that for a generation to come the very word 'German' will be detested in the United States, and that every German will have to show cause why he should not be regarded as a secret enemy of this country?"

NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.

By John Buchan. 288 pages. Illustrated with maps. Price, 45c. Thos. Nelson & Sons, London and Toronto, publishers. R. Uglow & Co., city.

Volume XIII. of this altogether admirable series deals with the position at sea up to the end of February last, the fall of Erzerum, America at the cross-roads and the first battle of Verdun. Each succeeding volume of this history seems to be more interesting than the last. Mr. Buchan's work is a well-ordered, comprehensive narrative of the operations in all fields, done with literary skill and power of unusual kinds. It is at once a readable volume for the present, and as authoritative a record for the future as can be set down now. The appendix in vol. XIII. contains Mr. Balfour's interview on "The Freedom of the Seas" Elihu Root's address on "The Responsibilities of Freedom;" Sir E. Grey's speech on "The Policy of Blockade;" the United States note on "The Rights of a Sea-Power;" and General Doherty's report on "The Conquest of the Cameroons."

THE MAN ON WATCH

In these times the people cannot even "feel" cheap.

Even the temperature refuses to stay low in these times of high prices.

It's too bad that the old toper can no longer have a "high" time, when everything else is having one.

How is it that golf may be played here on the Sabbath as a "quiet" game, while nothing is said about Scotch whist?

The missiles being made in the locomotive works will wind the war up quicker than prayers, although the Lammman does not discount the value of prayers—of the proper kind.

With Salt-stuffed chickens and underweight butter being offered for sale on the market, it is no wonder

that the town council hesitates to abolish the market tolls.

A Belleville policeman refused a drink of whiskey the other day when it was kindly offered to him, and arrested the generous man. The peeler evidently wanted the whole bottle.

The high cost of living has even reached the Home for the Aged and it is announced that "bacy" is dearer. It is not so long ago that dried leaves were panned off on the old folks for tea.

Now that hoose has become a luxury, the W.C.T.U. should start a boycott here on high-priced foods, as the women of New York, Chicago and Montreal have done. They would have the support of the grocers, for the latter are as much opposed to high prices as the consumers.

The death occurred in Montreal on Tuesday of Michael Lappin. The deceased was for years a resident of Perth.

this volume. Stirring fights are recorded with a vividness of portrayal that is in Farnol's best style. The author has studied medieval English to good advantage, as is evidenced by the style of his characters. The story is a long one, but one will be reluctant to lay it down until the last chapter is concluded. Farnol is an entertaining writer at all times, and his admirers will not find cause for disappointment in this book.

RHYMES OF A RED CROSS MAN.

By Robert W. Service. 195 Pages. Price \$1.00. William Briggs, Toronto, Publisher. R. Uglow & Co., City.

It will be recalled how graphically Robert W. Service, now proclaimed in England as "The Canadian Kipling," pictured the wonderful aspects of the Yukon in a way never before accomplished. He has brought something of the same genius to his verse pictures of war conditions and has achieved in "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" even greater success. Mr. Service makes one see not only the pathetic, but also the humorous side of the war as one does in nothing else. His verse in the new book is drawn from first hand experience since he has spent the best part of the last two years in driving an ambulance in the thick of the fighting for the French Government. Here is a sample of one of his most characteristic bits, "The Red Retreat."

Tramp, tramp, the grim road, the road from Mons to Yper; (I've tumbled out this ditty with me bruised and bleeding feet); Tramp, tramp, the bad road, the bit of kiddies cryin' there; The fell birds a-flyin' there, the 'usses all a-flame;

Tramp, tramp, the sad road, the pale Red there, and dead there—Oh blimy, it's a shame! One stanza of his "Foreword" is well worth quoting:

"So here's my sheaf of war-worn verse. And some is bad—and some is worse. And if at times I curse a bit, You needn't read that part of it; For through it all like horror runs The red resentment of the guns. And you yourself would mutter when you took the things that once were men."

And speed them through that zone of To where the dripping surgeons wait; And wonder, too, if in God's sight War ever, ever can be right."

The "red resentment of the guns" is a characteristic Service line, and graphically, tersely paints for us a great picture of the grim battlefield, "The Call" is an especially stirring ballad of war:

"Far and near, high and clear, Hark to the call of War! Over the gorge and the golden dells, Brothers and kinsmen, fathers, sons! Praying and saying of wild farewells: 'War! War! War!'

Rich and poor, lord and boor, Hark to the blast of War! Thinker and tailor and millinaire, Actor in triumph and priest in prayer, Comrades now in the hell out there,— Sweep to the fire of War!"

Prince and page, and cit and sage, Hark to the roar of War! Poet, professor and circus clown, Chimney-sweeper and top o' the town, Into the pot and melted down: Into the pot of War!"

Women all, hear the call, The pitiless call of War! Look your last on your dearest ones, Brothers and kinsmen, fathers, sons! Swift they go to the ravenous guns, The glutinous guns of War!"

Everywhere thrill the air The maniac bells of War, There will be waiting and weeping to-night; Death's red sickle is reaping tonight: 'War! War! War!'

Throughout the book Service depicts in his superlatively graphic style the comedy, the tragedy, the pathos and the heroism of fighting men. He mirrors the human side of war in strong, vigorous haunting verse. The book well repays reading again and again.

The many friends of John A. McKinley, son of W. McKinley, Algonquin, will be sorry to hear of his sudden death on Nov. 20th.



ON OVERSEAS SERVICE. Santa Claus—"I'm loaded up worse than ever since I began to make tracks for the C.E.F."—Toronto Telegram.

Some Ottawa Glimpses

Special Correspondence by H. F. Gadsby.

Parade of Superior Loyalty.

Ottawa, Dec. 1.—People well read in Canadian history smile at the disciples of the party which stoned Lord Elgin and burnt the Parliament Buildings at Montreal, making a parade of the superior loyalty of the Mother Country through the mouth of a pin-head like ex-Alderman McBrien, of Toronto, aided and abetted by a dead one like Honorary Colonel W. K. McNaught. These protestations have disgusted even Toronto, and Toronto in the past has stood a lot of this kind of talk without having her stomach burned.

The fact is that at least sixty per cent. of the officers on active service are Liberal in their politics and the rank and file under normal conditions would divide between the two parties on a fifty-fifty basis. As matters stand, however, there is no doubt that the soldier vote enraged at the wholesale looting at home, and the Ross rifle abroad, would go overwhelmingly against the Government. There are three hundred and seventy-five thousand soldiers enlisted now and the word that is on every man's lips is "graft." When you ask them for corroborative evidence they mention paper shoes, Colonel John Wesley Allison, nine hundred per cent. profit on shell contracts, Camp Borden, and matters like that. Canada has a great reading population.

Our soldiers, both at home and at the front, have kept themselves well informed through Canadian newspapers of the doings at Ottawa. They are fully abreast of all the vagaries of the Borden Government, and are not to be caught with the stale ruse of dumping the sinner to save the rest. Which is to say that the dismissal of Sir Sam doesn't save the Borden Government's bacon with the Canadian soldier, either at home or overseas. This soldier vote on which the Government so obviously reckoned when it made its arrangements for balloting on the field of battle—this soldier vote which both parties agreed should be given its full privileges, has been alienated from the Borden Government by the scandal in regard to war supplies and can no longer be counted on. This being the case, the Borden Government is not anxious for a war-time election, and would willingly accept a reprieve of another year from next October. This soldier vote on which the Government so obviously reckoned when it made its arrangements for balloting on the field of battle—this soldier vote which both parties agreed should be given its full privileges, has been alienated from the Borden Government by the scandal in regard to war supplies and can no longer be counted on.

Indeed, it would be no surprise if apostles of the Borden Government in Toronto or elsewhere began to speak of the soldiers at the front as disloyal to the Mother Country because they are keeping a close enough eye on Canada to be anxious to kick the Borden Government out the first time they get the chance. Ask a soldier at the front, whose life, maybe, has been endangered by the Ross rifle they put in his hands—ask him what he thinks of the boasted loyalty of a Government that allows him to be shot full of holes with our good Ontario nickel and he will say, "Don't make me laugh. I've got a cracked lip."

And just at this point, the Hon. A. E. Kemp, the Fleming Timman, who has just been appointed as Sir Sam's successor, rises to explain that the public mustn't have these naughty thoughts about Canadian nickel. He says that they did all that the British Government requested of them and that the British Government, not the Borden Government, is responsible if the International Nickel Company puts such a broad interpretation on a gentleman's agreement that it sells our nickel to the Germans, who shot it back at us on the battlefields of Europe by land or sea. In short, our War Lord Elect, passes the buck.

This is all sheer buncombe. When the British Government told the Borden Government to make the proper arrangements for regulating the designs of the International Nickel Company with the enemy, it is supposed, of course, that the Borden Government would go about it on a business-like way and would require

something more than the Company's word of honor that it wasn't selling to the Germans—millions of pounds since the war began—is notorious. That it is still selling to the Germans, via the Deutschland and other under-sea boats, also, via German agencies in alleged neutral countries, proved up to the hilt by the Evidance Journal, which is in close touch with the British Embassy at Washington, and receives thence the facts which offset the pro-German propaganda in the United States.

In a word, the Borden Government is responsible for nothing but its request to the Borden Government to make such sensible and effective arrangements with the International Nickel Company as would prevent it assisting the enemies of the British Empire with the chief raw material of modern warfare known of course, a British overseas Dominion. It is not responsible for the Borden Government's slackness in carrying out instructions. Neither is it responsible for the Borden Government's betrayal of the trust reposed in it. The British Government knew, of course, that the International Nickel Company's nickel came from Canada and supposed naturally enough that the Canadian Government having the whole hand, would make the international Company be good.

What the British Government probably overlooked, however, was not aware of, was that the Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways, in Premier Borden's Cabinet, is the International Nickel Company's hand-man for Canada. It was the International Nickel Company that made Frank Cochrane a political possibility. Thus and so, the Hon. Cochrane, who when he passed on to Ottawa, was a nickel-plated Premier, to wit, Hearst, in his place, in Queen's Park, Toronto. This is the deadly truth—Cochrane, Hearst and Ferguson. It seems a great pity that Mr. Kemp should have to do all the explaining. Mr. Cochrane being too sick to talk just now, and being no speaker even when he is well and strong. Indeed the International Nickel Company still has to be looking soon for some more vocal apostles of the Borden Cabinet, somebody who can do the worse appear the better reason. With Mr. Cochrane dumbness is a habit and dumbness can well be overdone. ters into consideration he smiles at the thought of the Borden Government in Toronto or elsewhere began to speak of the soldiers at the front as disloyal to the Mother Country because they are keeping a close enough eye on Canada to be anxious to kick the Borden Government out the first time they get the chance.

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