

Books And Their Authors

The February issue of "Black and White," edited by H. M. Nimmo, of the Detroit Saturday Night and a one-time Kingston newspaper man, has reached our desk. It is a welcome visitor, this little, well-printed imitation of Elbert Hubbard's "Philistine," now defunct owing to the drowning of its gifted writer on the Hun-destroyed Lusitania. However, a worthy successor has arisen, and has everywhere been accorded a warm welcome. Mr. Nimmo writes of public matters in a style all his own. He is bright, humorous, critical, or satirical, as the occasion demands, and always interesting. He can present his point of view most strikingly. Some of the notices that adorn the pages of this artistic little magazine are very good. For example:

"The deep, blue sea in February is a warm, pastel tint compared with Brother Bryan's feet."

"My country, peace for thee. What'er the price may be, Don't stop to think: Our fathers fought and died, But we can run and hide; From every steamer's side Let freedom sink!"

THE WHITE ROAD TO VERDUN.

By Kathleen Burke, 128 pages. Price, 50c. Hodden & Stoughton, London and Toronto, publishers. The College Book Store, city.

A well-written story by an American woman who journeyed from Paris to Rheims and Verdun and lunched with Gen. Petain and his staff-major, evidently just to gratify her curiosity, for she seems to have had no other mission. French gallantry made the visit possible, and in return the writer lavishes unstinted praise. All very nice, no doubt, and richly deserved, but serving no earthly purpose. She seems to have spent most

PUBLIC LIBRARY

List of Books on Gardening and Other Kindred Subjects.

- Gardening for Profit—Henderson, P.
- Gardening for Pleasure—Henderson, P.
- Complete Gardener—Thomas, H. H.
- Garden Blue Book—Holladay, L. M.
- Rose Book—Thomas, H. H.
- Season's Food and Feeding—Laurie, D. F.
- Sweet Peas—Thomas, H. H.
- Care of Trees—Forness, B. E.
- Practical Forestry—Gifford, Jno.
- How to Grow Vegetables—French, A. M.
- Vegetable Gardening—Thomas, H. H.
- Sole and Plant Life—Cunningham, J. C.
- Season's Food and Feeding—Laurie, D. F.
- How to Keep Hens for Profit—Valentine, C.
- Beginners in Poultry—Valentine, C.
- Hen-Rearing—Phillips, E. P.
- Cattle, Sheep and Pigs—Barton, F. T.
- Fish Culture—Meehan, W. E.
- Dogs and All About Them—Lalston, R.

of her time in collecting autographs of the distinguished generals and others, which are reproduced in the book, as an evidence of the fact that she was really and truly there. Even Joffre did not escape, and the reader is given the summary of an interview with him. There is nothing really new or important in this little volume, though one must admit that the author's style of writing is good.

EVOLUTION PROVING IMMORTALITY.

By John O. Yeiser. 208 Pages. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50. National Magazine Association, Omaha, Neb., Publishers.

This volume is a revision of "Immortality" established through Science, reviewed on this page some time ago. The author has added a great deal of new matter. It is a book productive of much food for serious thought. It is primarily a scientific search among things known to science for physical evidences of immortality utterly regardless of the dogmas of any church. The author, an able lawyer, displays in this work a great deal of logic and reasoning requisite for success in his profession. He takes the facts of evolution as established by Darwin, Haeckel, Spencer and others, and from these builds up his theory of man's existence after death. The author pictures death as necessary to life, and shows that the living must make room for those who come after. His conclusions are summed up in the following paragraph: "By this process of reasoning I have not only satisfied myself that a future life is possible but the teaching of the Bible is in harmony with such view; they strengthen each other. However any religion and any church which teaches a future life will be an aid to this state of existence. The one which gives you the strongest conviction will be your greatest help."

The value of this book lies in the fact that it does very clearly and succinctly summarize for the reader who is unable or unwilling to delve too deeply for himself into some of the latest results of the teachings of modern science. Mr. Yeiser meets the scientist on his own grounds and aims at showing how the positive results of recent research, so far from disproving, may actually be adduced as a witness to the idea of immortality.

Assuming the truth of the theory that all forms of life, animal and vegetable, have been evolved from a primordial germ through a process of millions of ages, he holds that man has evolved a spiritual life—an immortal soul. The process is, first

of the desire, then the attainment. This is illustrated by the assumed development in lower animals. "The everlastingly necessary and desire produced their organs through the modification of cells."

Speaking of the evolution of phosphoric buds to light the way of deep sea fishes, he says: "The accident of birth in its environment made it necessary to continue a desire for light until the 'prayers' of even the fishes were answered through God's law of evolution." This idea is fundamental in our author's system of reasoning—the intense desire for a thing, which, given sufficient time, evolves the thing desired. The principle of development is the law of persistent desire. It is thus man has come to be a living soul. The author continues: "Assuming all this to be true, and taking into consideration the fact that the next all members of the human race have for generations and centuries been desiring, praying for and believing that they possessed a spiritual and eternal life, or fearing gods, idols and superstitions (which may have the same effect), can the scientist deny the assertion that man has already evolved a purely mental or spiritual existence which will continue after the disintegration of the body? It required thought, faith, desire and practice of man's ancestors, for thousands of generations, studying shadows on the more sensitive pigments, to produce the eye. The theory of evolution, corroborated by entomology, biology, geology and other sciences applied to the theory of a future life holds out more than a grain of hope. It has taken the same kind of faith the Bible mentions to save a soul. We may live on, I am satisfied, if we will."

These essays are full of thought and interest, and are written in a scholarly way by one who has given much study and thought to the question. It is well worth the time and trouble to procure and read this volume.

MEN, WOMEN AND GUNS.

By "Sapper." 314 pages. Price, \$1.25. Hodden & Stoughton, London and Toronto, publishers. The College Book Store, city.

Over 200,000 copies of "Sapper's" two previous books, "The Lieutenant and Others" and "Sergeant Michael Cassidy, R. E.," have already been sold. This conveys some idea of their popularity. The new volume will prove no less captivating. It is not so descriptive of actual fighting as the two previous books; it is not war as pictured by a novelist, but the work of a novelist created by the war. The book is made up of a number of stories. All will draw either laughter or tears, for each has a unique dramatic touch, supported by a rollicking humor or an agonizing pathos. These sketches glow with the atmosphere over yonder. Near every phase of life at the front is touched by this easy-flowing pen. If anyone at home wants to realize that other people are enduring for him abroad, if it be only the cold and the wet and the mud, here is the chance for him. We do not know who "Sapper" may be; at all events he knows what he is writing about, and is not ashamed to deal with the reality of things, to strip bare those emotions which in more conventional times we were taught to hide.

"Spud Trevor and the Red Hussars" and "The Fatal Second" are two of his war stories possessing unusual excellence. They are replete with the grim humor of fate, dramatic to a degree, and rich in many evidences of valor, devotion to duty and glorious self-sacrifice. It would be impossible in a brief review to summarize these stories. There is, however, a thrilling episode in one entitled "The Motor-Gun" which will bear the telling: This gun was hidden in a bush behind the British lines, but could not be discovered. Dick O'Rourke started out on his own to locate it. He did, falling through the top of a neat hiding place. To quote: "Was the gun there?" "It was. Also the Hun. The gun of small variety; the Hun of large—very large. I don't know which of us was the more surprised, him or me; we just stood gazing at one another."

"Halloo, Englishman," he said; "come to leave a card?" "Quite right, Boche," I answered. "A. p. p. c. one."

"I was rather pleased with that touch at the time, old son. I was just going to elaborate it, and point out that he—as the dear departing—should really do it, when he was at me. Bill, my boy, you should have seen that fight. We got each other by the throat, and one of us was for the count. We each knew, him or me, I thought he'd got me—we were crashing backwards and forwards, and I caught my head against a wooden pole which nearly stunned me. And, mark you, all the time I was expecting his pal to come back and enquire after his health. Then suddenly I felt him wince, and I squeezed his throat the harder. It came quite quickly at the end."

"But why in the name of heaven have you kept this dark all the time?"

"For a while he did not answer, and then he produced his pocket, and I from it he took a photograph, which he handed to me."

"Out of that German's pocket I took that photograph."

Many a man's idea of comfortable clothing is the kind his wife won't very pretty girl for a German. Why, let him wear.

It was taken in England. Is it an English girl?"

"Yes," he answered dryly. "It is. It's Moyra Kavanaugh, whom I proposed to forty-eight hours previous in London. She refused me, and told me that she was in love with a German. I celebrate the news by coming over here and killing him in an individual fight where it was man to man."

"But," I cried, "good heavens, man—it was you or he."

"I know that," he answered wearily. "What men? He evidently loved her; if not—way the photo? Look at what's written on the back—'From Moyra, with all my love.' All her love. Lord! it's a rum box up. So I buried him, and I chucked his gun in a pond and said nothing about it. If I did would probably have got into the papers or some such rot, and she'd have wanted to know all about it. Think of it! What the deuce would I have told her? To sympathize and discuss her love affairs with her in London, and then toddle over here and slaughter him. Dash it, my man, she's a Gilbertian. And, mark you, nothing would induce me to marry her—even if she'd have me—without her knowing."

"But," I began, and then fell silent. The more I thought of it the less I liked it. Put it how you like, for a girl to kill her husband a man who has actually killed the man she loved and was engaged to—German or no German—is a bit of a pill to swallow.

PHILIP IN PARTICULAR.

By W. Douglas Newton. 183 pages. Price, 35c. The Museum Book Co., Toronto, publisher. The College Book Store, city.

Newton, in "The Undying Story," gave to the public a war book well worth while and one which gained for him considerable praise. In this more modest volume he recounts the particular story of one Philip, who arrived at the front in most immaculate attire. Introduced immediately to the trenches and a severe shelling, his experiences and impressions are noteworthy, and are here set down with considerable detail and a certain amount of interest. Philip's introduction to the war and his many adventures are no doubt similar to those of several stories, thousands, and doubtless they epitomize the story of the great conflict as many see it.

Here are lurid tales of fights at the front and exciting incidents of soldiers' experiences home on leave. There is much humor, but, alas, there is more pathos. The book concludes with several stories, including the caption of "Tales of Armageddon," which actual incidents at the front are described. Here Newton is at his best. He shows us modern war as it actually is, with all its hideousness—and all its humor. For, no matter how wide a swathe the Angel of Death is swinging, the Anglo-Saxon can always discover something of merriment and joke. Herein is the salvation of the race. Newton has sensed it correctly, and has succeeded in interpreting the idea in a manner that we all can understand. If you want to know what modern war is, stripped of all its glamor and commonplace, read this book.

THE DOOR TO HEALTH

Is Through the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

The blood is responsible for the health of the body. If it is good, disease cannot exist. If it is bad, disease is bound to appear in one form or another. One person may be seized with rheumatism or sciatica, another with anæmia, indigestion, heart palpitation, headaches or backaches, another with nervousness of the many other forms of ailment that comes when the blood is weak and watery. There is just one certain speedy cure—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich red blood, and this good blood strengthens the whole system and brings good health and happiness. Thousands owe their present good health, some, life itself, to the pills. Mrs. Charles Goddard, Chatham, Ont., says: "Four years ago my nervous system was so run down that life seemed nothing but a burden. I doctored for two years with little or no result, but could neither work, eat or sleep well. While in this condition a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before doing so I thought I would consult my doctor and he told me he knew no better medicine for building up the nervous system. I started to take the pills and after a short while found they were helping me. I took the pills for nearly three months and am thankful to say that they completely cured me. Ever since I have kept a box of the pills in the house but have not found it necessary to take them."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or they will be sent by mail postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing "The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

"Made in Canada" Toys.

The toy industry is not only spreading but, which is more to the point, is becoming firmly rooted in Canada. It is already absorbing much of what is called waste in the country. It is employing a great deal of labor. It is appealing to United States importers. There are prospects that elephants, mouse organs, locomotives, tow-headed dolls, five, drums, jumping jacks, and all kinds of gimcrack bearing the brand "Made in Canada," are to become quite familiar to households in the United States in the near future.

Change Playmate. "Willie, you must stop using such dreadful language," said his mother. "Where in the world did you learn it?" "Why, mother," replied the boy. "Shakespeare used it."

"Well, then," said the mother, "don't play with him."

Our mistakes of yesterday are mainly responsible for our worries of to-day.

The Man on Watch

If those 300 hungry New York women were to come to Kingston they could be fed with the military waste that occurs here day by day.

If the City Council wants to stage a real live session it will have to secure pointers from another Council which produced something out of the ordinary here last week.

One does not need a medical school certificate to treat a man for stomach trouble. Many a fellow gets a brace at the hands of the bartender, and pays for it too.

Ploughing is the order of the day in Frontenac county, but it is snow-ploughing.

"Cook with gas" is no longer the appeal of the Utilities Commission to the people, who are now advised to cook with any other old thing that will burn.

Never mind, potatoes will be cheap next summer. But why not grow some yourself in your back lot?

More lights are asked for Macdonald park on moral grounds, but the Lampman thinks the Council should first deal with other places on the ground of safety-first.

The Utilities Commission has come to the conclusion that it does not pay to sell \$1.17 gas for \$1. It will have to take a lesson from Kingston merchants who can sell many a three-dollar article for two dollars.

In view of the fact that Kingston is becoming better and better each day, the Lampman agrees with His Worship the Mayor that the police force might be decreased.

The civic authorities will have a sweet time in getting a register of the cats of Kingston and their owners. Because a pussy chooses to make its home in a house or shed does not prove that it is the possession of the kind housewife who feeds it.

A man is not held responsible for anything he says so long as it is not "declared" in a public place. If an alderman calls another a humbug in the Council chamber, which is a public place, he is subject to a police court fine. If he calls him a humbug while working on a roof, he cannot be interfered with.

Apparently St. James church people do not think their old organ is powerful enough to play the Dead March for the Kaiser when the war comes to an end, as the Lampman notices this congregation has decided to buy a new one that will emit more joyous sounds.

THE TOWN WATCHMAN

THE WOODS IN WINTER

Old Trees Inspire a Feeling of Reverence.

Probably there is no more widely diffused sentiment of the impersonal and unselfish sort than the love of nature. Witness the swarms of summer vacationists who endure not a little discomfort to be nearer to the great out of doors, even though that shall mean nothing beyond country hotel and its contiguous fields and pastures.

To the great majority nature, to charm, must come with a smiling face, green fields and sunlit meadows, cool woods murmuring to a summer breeze, a calm or painful sea, mountains bathed in moonlight and looking properly phantasmic from a snug veranda, with the hum of human voices to temper their wild and fantastic beauty—these bring just the note of reassurance needed to make them pleasurable to the casual excursionist. Those who truly love nature will not be so easily satisfied.

A wild and furious sea, hurling itself headlong upon a lonely beach or jutting headland, in the inky blackness of a starless night, a field seeming to cower beneath the lash of a January gale, mountains half hidden in snowstorms which appear bent upon burying even those colossal forms, or standing revealed in the distinctness under blinding flashes of lightning—these move the adept to heights of ecstasy not to be compared with the bland enjoyment of milder moments.

And so it is with the woods in winter. To those who have the proper Druidical reverence for trees and who can readily understand that a sturdy and majestic oak that has flung its arms fearlessly against the wind for a hundred years should come to be worshipped by the mere weak and grovelling race of men below, a wood is always a sanctuary, to be entered with quiet tread and hushed voice. How much more impressive is it, then, when each individual tree stands stark and cold, like a soul awaiting judgment, when the thin and lifeless rays of the winter sun intrude where the ho' glare of a summer noon could never enter, when all its secrets stand revealed, when the wind tosses its gnarled branches as if seeking in a fury for the leaves to which it whispered secrets in forgotten June.

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Some Ottawa Glimpses

Special Correspondence by H. F. Gadsby.

Knighting the Borden Cabinet.

Ottawa, Feb. 24.—There are now some thirty-nine honorary orders represented in Canada, all of which entitle the beneficiary to wear short pants and a tin sword at the state drawing room. Although this pastime of wearing short pants at state functions is not as harmless as it looks it would not be so bad if social banners were not set up as the outcome of it. This country has long had wealth—it is now, through the efforts of the Borden Government, being burdened with caste.

Looking over the belated list of New Year's honors one wonders on what principles knighthood is awarded. Time was when knighthood was a real distinction. It meant leadership, intellect, zeal in great causes. But that day has long gone by. Knighthood seems to mean now a bit of swagger, a label that will let the world know that the wearer of the title has enough money to support it. We looked on with some impatience while the British Government, egged on by recommendations from the Borden Government at Ottawa, turned judges and high officials into knights and thus created a privileged class in this new land but we could have tolerated it if it had stopped there. But the baneful practice grew with what it fed on and now our knights are largely commercial. They are recruited from the class that can pay for it. Their wives need it in their business of social climbing.

It is freely stated at Ottawa that there is a regular tariff for these honors and that newly-rich millionaires who wish to shine as "Sir" come across to the extent of anywhere from twenty thousand to fifty thousand for the Conservative campaign fund. Moreover such as wish to be baronets or barons not only come across for the Conservative campaign fund in this country but pay an extra ten thousand pounds or so to the honor brokers over in England.

In this connection one of the London newspapers recently remarked that the English people had no idea that there was such much in Sir Max Aitken until they came to shake him down for his new title of Lord Beaverbrook. It may be taken for granted that Canadian lords, whether they live here or in dear, old England, where lords flourish better pay for what they get and that they pay good and plenty. The campaign funds on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean must feel a good deal fatter through the recent contributions of Lord Seepear, Lord Tramways and Lord Merger.

It has not escaped the notice of thoughtful persons that the hereditary title is creeping in. Once we had the hereditary title under perfect control. Only the barren people were made barons or baronets and so there was no social mortgage on

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

Hurry, Mother! Remove Poisons From Little Stomach, Liver, Bowels.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" At Once if Bilious or Constipated.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad, has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the fowl, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative," they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

When a drunken man doesn't think he is exceptionally wise, he is beyond the thinking stage.

Saturday Book News

MY SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR

By Frederick Palmer. \$1.50. A second brilliant war book, by Palmer, more remarkable than the first, of which many editions have been sold. Three chapters devoted to the Canadians, and every Canadian will want to read this first-hand account of the greatest of all war correspondents of the part taken by Canada's sons in the recent fighting on the Somme.

The Chapter Headings of "My Second Year of the War"

- I. Back to the Front.
- II. Verdun and its Sequel.
- III. A Canadian Innovation.
- IV. Ready for the Blow.
- V. The Blow.
- VI. First Results of the Somme.
- VII. Out of the Hopper of the Battle.
- VIII. Forward the Guns.
- IX. When the French Won.
- X. Along the Road to Victory.
- XI. The Brigade That Went Through.
- XII. The Storming of Central Mail.
- XIII. The Great Attack.
- XIV. The Cavalry Goes In.
- XV. Enter the Anzacs.
- XVI. The Australians and a Windmill.
- XVII. The Hatful Ridge.
- XVIII. A Trull Trull Affair.
- XIX. On the Aerial Ferry.
- XX. The Ever Mighty Guns.
- XXI. By the Way.
- XXII. The Mastery of the Air.
- XXIII. A Patent Curtain of Fire.
- XXIV. Watching a Charge.
- XXV. Canada Is Stubborn.
- XXVI. The Tank Arrives.
- XXVII. The Tanks in Action.
- XXVIII. Canada Is Quick.
- XXIX. The Harvest of Villages.
- XXX. Five Generals and Verdun.
- XXXI. Au Revoir, Somme.

Getting Together

By Ian Hay, Author of "The First Hundred Thousand"

The author of this notable book, so timely, in view of the present situation in the United States, was commissioned by the British Government to deliver a series of lectures in the United States to promote a better understanding between these two great English speaking nations.

His book, "GETTING TOGETHER," forwards the same cause.

It is in question and answer form—a Briton and an American alternately asking and answering questions raised by the war affecting the two countries. Thus they come to a better understanding.

Canadians will be particularly interested in reading this able presentation of vital international questions and their solution.

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR
Written in Ian Hay's Inimitable Style, 50 Cents.

The College Book Store,
160-62 Princess St. Open Nights Phone 919.