

Books And Their Authors

MY SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR.

By Frederick Palmer, 404 Pages. Price \$1.50. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.

Did you, friend reader, succumb to the spell of Palmer's first book on the great struggle, "My Year of the Great War?" Did you happen to enjoy the pleasure of listening to his excellent and incomparable address delivered in Kingston a year or so ago? If so, you know something of the man and his mission. He was the only accredited American war correspondent with the British armies in France during 1916. He had the freedom of the field during the battles of the Somme. Early in the progress of this great offensive Sir Douglas Haig told Mr. Palmer that he wished him to have liberty of observation, and to criticize if he chose and that he trusted him not to "give information to the enemy." With these unique facilities Palmer has produced a book which may well be of unique value.

Frederick Palmer has earned an enviable place as America's foremost war correspondent. The reading public has learned to place confidence upon his dispatches and his books. Hence his second book, dealing intimately with the great war, commands our instant attention.

Before criticizing its merits or demerits, let us dispassionately consider some of its many but appealing details. As previously explained, the unreadiness of the British stood out in vivid contrast with Germany's never anticipated such a conflict. To quote Palmer: "New army battalions which reached the front in August, 1915, had had their rifles only for a month. All winter the New Army battalions had been arriving in France. With them had come the complicated machinery which modern war requires. The staggering quantity of it was better proof than figures on the shipping list of the immense tonnage which goes to sea under the British flag. By Jan. 1st, 1915, a large proportion of the officers and men of the original Expeditionary Force had perished. Reservists had come to take the vacant places. An offensive was out of the trenches could do was to hold. When the world wondered why it could not do more, those who knew the true state of affairs wondered how it could do so much. With flesh and blood infantry held against double its own numbers supported by guns firing five times the number of British shells."

Palmer refers to the Somme offensive of last summer, "the greatest battle of all time." That there was then a shortage of shells is illustrated by this incident: "There is a story of how one day a German battery, to vary the monotony, began shelling a British trench somewhat heavily. The British, in reply, put up a sign, 'If you don't stop we will fire on you.' The German replied in the same vein, 'Sorry! We will stop—and they did.' Trench raids, of which we now so frequently read, were initiated by the Canadians, so Palmer tells us. "Credit for the trench raid," he writes, "which was developed through the winter of 1915, belongs to the Canadians."

the Whig staff, Major H. E. Pense, of the 21st Battalion, received several severe wounds. Throughout this absorbing story of conflict tells not how men felt, but what they did. It is a book full of information, of keen character description, of vivid narrative, of sharp pictures. Yet with all its definiteness in setting forth concrete events "My Second Year of the War" is obviously written out of that intimacy that need not put down all it knows. Palmer writes, quietly, clearly, objectively of what happened in the second year; he has identified himself so closely with the great events, with the hopes and fears of the men and their leaders, that his book has become a brilliant and significant record of events at the front, piling up guns and mounds, smashing the German lines, sending back prisoners by the thousand—in fact, all the varied activities of a strong, determined nation at grips with a relentless enemy, are brilliantly pictured. It is a most excellent book, and the Empire owes a debt to an American correspondent who has seen too much and too deeply ever to be anything but pro-British and pro-Allies.

PICADILLY JIM

By P. G. Wodehouse, 363 Pages. Price \$1.40. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers. Here is one of the liveliest, funniest stories we have read in many moons. "There is not a dull line in it; it just bubbles over with innocent, genuine fun. There is "something doing" every minute in "Piccadilly Jim." Jimmy Crocker, the hero, was an impudent newspaper man who earned the sobriquet of "Piccadilly Jim," and finally, after a particularly lurid episode, he gets sick of it all, and decides to go back to America to "hunt for a job." Then the fun begins. A charming, red-haired American girl, a New York millionaire, and his would-be literary wife, or two international spies concerned with a secret of a new explosive, secret service agents, ex-pugilists, housewives and bogus English lords, enter the scene in mad dening confusion, Jim's thrilling love affair, like the rest of the threads in this lively story, comes to a successful conclusion. An unusual genius for creating trouble, but has the happy faculty of getting out of his scrapes with credit, if not with glory. It is a book to chase away the blues; a book to lay aside to read again when you feel a few good laughs are in order.

DAMARIS

By Lucas Malet, 316 Pages. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers. An Anglo-Indian novel like "Damaris" takes one back in thought to the palmy days of Kipling, when such things were much more common. Lucas Malet is the pen-name of the daughter of the late Charles Kingsley, and, as some of her early novels have indicated, she possesses considerable individuality as a writer. "Damaris," like many of her other books, is unusual. It contains a study of one of the strangest little girls ever pictured in fiction.

The pulse of the East—passionate, mysterious, fascinating—throbs hotly in this story of love and passion. It is a picture, etched with splendid detail and clear insight into the workings of human nature, of a strong man—his domineering and not over-scrupulous nature hardened by authority in India, with reins of government, and even powers of life and death in his hands—at grips with Fate. Amidst the horrors and heroism of the Indian Mutiny, Charles Verity—who is madly in love with Henrietta, the wife of a wealthy banker—rescues a young English woman from a terrible fate. In pity for her grief and loneliness he marries her. Resolutely shutting his eyes to the past, he devotes himself to her happiness. Damaris is born. Henrietta becomes a widow, but her death of Verity's wife sets him free who marries again and returns to India.

Henrietta and Verity meet again at the Sultan-i-Bagh, a majestic, but mysterious haunted native palace where Verity lives. Old Mrs. Flame aches—Fate plays strange cards—the station is in an uproar, and in the battle and clash of wills that follow, Damaris and her fanatical Puritan maid play unexpected parts. "Damaris" as an interesting novel by a writer who is too practiced ever to fail completely, but it will hardly be ranked as her best work. As a picture of Anglo-Indian life, however, it serves a valuable purpose.

THE UNKNOWN MR. KENT

By Roy Norton, 278 Pages. Price \$1.35. The Musson Book Co., Toronto, Publishers. After reading this book one cannot but regret that Mr. Kent had not remained "unknown." This bumptious young American is a lame excuse for any story. There is a

type of American novelist who provoke a smile abroad but who must arouse chagrin and anger at home. We refer to the provincial but bombastic writer who transports a smart American youth to Europe, where he straightway confounds and dominates all the kings, emperors and statesmen who cross his path. Herein we see spread-eagleism triumphantly and nauseatingly prominent. European warriors, statesmen and patriots are pignies and puppets beside this square-jawed and clean-shaven young American—the is always square-jawed and clean shaven, if you recollect! This type of bombast, so prevalent in American novels, reminds us of the young countryman who, after buying a bag of peanuts and a pink lemonade, imagines he owns the circus which he has come to town to see.

"I have made and unmade kings," boasts our hero, and here is the keynote of the book. To speak frankly, it makes one tired to read such a book. It is so disgustingly egotistical and ridiculous. Unfortunately, there have been many akin to it, but this is the limit.

THE GREAT POETS OF ITALY

By Thomas D. J. Farmer, D.C.L. 283 Pages, \$1.50. Illustrated. William Briggs, Toronto, Publisher. It is perhaps appropriate that today we should give some attention to the literature—and therefore the life—of one of our Latin Allies, the Italians. This, however, was not the object of the author; he had originally conceived the ambitious idea of writing "The Lives of the Poets," a truly cosmopolitan work, embracing many names, memoirs and countries. As such a massive task was beyond the power of any man, the author decided to issue a separate work, treating of Italian poets and poetry. The result is highly satisfactory. We cursory readers, who may wish to learn something more of the poetry of the land of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, are here presented with a splendid opportunity. To Italy and to Italian verse our own poetry owes much. She it was who had been the foremost to draw the attention of mankind from the dark and cloistered pursuits of the middle ages and by the installation of a more human literature to impress upon them the wealth of their own minds and the importance of human life outside and beyond the teachings of the ecclesiastics. She was the first to proclaim the value of the creation of a fresh spiritual atmosphere of culture and intellectual freedom, which was destined in future ages to form the very life-breath of European civilization.

Dr. Farmer's book bears many evidences of erudition, deep research and painstaking labor. He compresses into one handy volume that which would take long and diligent research of encyclopedias to supply. The contents of this volume may be summarized under the following titles: Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Michel Angelo, Tasso, Alfieri, Leopardi, and the Vision of Dante. That a Canadian, outside of university circles, has not only devoted an enormous amount of time, but has also made a thoroughly serious study of languages and literature for so long of the thing and in the hope that his work may be of value to posterity, is surprising and also a gratifying fact.

CANADA'S WAR LOAN.

Final Announcement Made by Sir Thomas White. Ottawa, April 5.—That the subscriptions to Canada's Victory War Loan totaled 256,748,300, of which \$60,000,000 was received from the chartered banks, and \$18,121,000 represented conversions from the 1915 war loan issue, was the statement made by Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance. The number of subscriptions to the loan exceeds 40,800 which is over three thousand more than in the case of the loan of last year. Subscriptions of less than \$25,000 represent a total of \$22,880,000. Sir Thomas confirmed the announcement that the subscriptions of sixty million dollars made by the chartered banks will not be accepted, this being unnecessary in view of the fact that the subscriptions exceed the \$150,000,000 asked for by more than one hundred million dollars.

DEAD FROM EXPOSURE.

Mrs. Baker's Body Found in a Tree. Brockville, April 5.—Wednesday morning a searching party looking for Mrs. W. H. Baker, who disappeared from her home at Bellamy on Sunday, found her body high up in a spruce tree near Mud Creek Bridge.

The body was in a position where one would think it would be impossible for her to reach. It is thought death was due to exposure.

Indian Brave Falls.

Keene, April 3.—Pte. Austin Henry Beaver, whose relatives live at Chemung Indian Village, is another gallant Indian hero who has died for his country. With a number of other Indians from the same reserve he went overseas with a Peterboro County battalion.

WHAT WILL EDISON DO?

France Looking For Some Great New Invention. Paris, April 5.—The attention of France is fixed intently on Washington, waiting for a vote by Congress on President Wilson's recommendation that Congress declare that a state of war with Germany exists. Among the characteristic newspaper comment is that of the Temps, which says: "It is a great date in the history of America, a great date in the history of humanity. The decision not to mix in the quarrel of Europe had dominated American policy for more than a century. German violence has been stronger than this will, and a new ally joins us. Despite the Monroe Doctrine, despite immigration, and despite all sorts of ties binding two nations, the aggressive policy of the Hohenzollerns has forced war on a people which was firmly decided to remain neutral."

SHOCKED AT EXPENDITURES

ON "ATRIUM" TANGO, BUNNY HUGS AND FOX TROTS. "For the Love of Mike," Says Labor Member When He Heard What Liberal Had To Say.

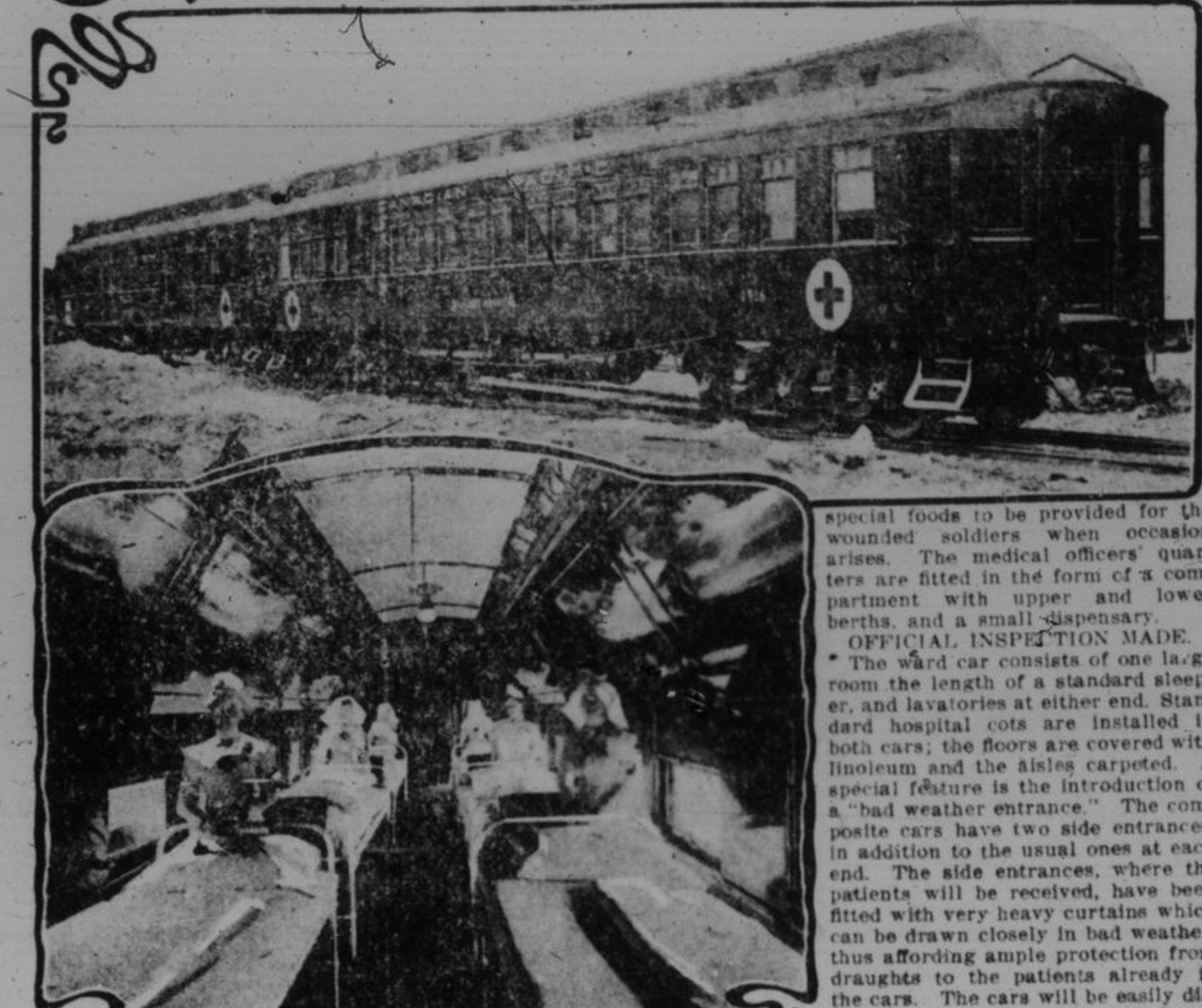
Toronto, April 5.—William McDonald (North Bruce), acknowledged joke-smith of the Liberal party and rival for house honors with A. E. Donovan (Brockville), who holds a similar position in the Conservative benches, turned the vein of his gentle irony on the Government House last night. Both leaders were preaching thrift at Massey Hall.

He came armed with a huge dictionary from which to enlighten the house with regard to the meaning of the word "atrium." "In common or garden language that means front hall," he informed the house. When he read from the public accounts that \$19,872.30 had been expended on the marble work of the "front hall" at the Government House, Allan Studholme was moved to exclaim, "For the love of Mike."

For the floor of the "dancing house" \$1184 had been spent "for your tango and bunny hugs and fox trots. What are they? Ask the cabinet ministers. The attorney-general will know." After going over a list of other expenditures, which he claimed were "wastefully extravagant," Mr. McDonald confessed that it was his habit to help the house by decorating walls and ceilings that "got his goat."

Meanwhile the minister of education was sending out circulars telling the teachers to be careful to save waste paper, and the minister of agriculture was instructing people to till their back gardens and boil their potatoes with the skins on. "Wouldn't that skin you?" quoth the editor from North Bruce. He was "thoroughly disgusted" with this extravagance. And then there were items for retaining walls "to keep the Govern-

Comforts for Returning Heroes



The idea of providing hospital cars for invalided members of Canada's expeditionary forces originated with the Canadian Pacific Railway over two years ago, when floor hospital cars were submitted to the Director-General of Supplies and Transport. At that time it was considered that the time was not ripe for their use. However, it was later found advisable to provide the greatest comfort possible in the transportation of returned invalided soldiers. The Military Hospitals Commission therefore agreed to the Canadian Pacific Railway building six new hospital cars, fitted up on the most up-to-date lines from the point of view of hygiene and medical efficiency. All the necessary points for comfort and easy transport have been considered, as well as the facilities for rendering every medical assistance to the men while travelling. The cars, which were inspected by the Hospitals Commission, were turned out on lines very similar to the original plans submitted to the Director-General of Supplies and Transport, with, however, certain innovations found valuable by the French and British railways in transporting men from the front. There are three units of two cars each, making six cars in all, and the direction of the cars rests with the Hospitals Commission. Each unit comprises what is known as a composite car and a ward car. The former contains six medical officers and nurses, while the latter car has accommodation for fourteen patients. Everything has been provided, not only for the comfort of the returned invalids, but for those in charge of the patients. The accommodation for the nurses is equivalent to that of a drawing-room on a standard sleeper, with a toilet room annex upholstered in leather, and all possible train comforts. Facilities have been provided for the storage of baggage, and there is also a kitchen attached, such as is contained in a tourist sleeper, to enable

special foods to be provided for the wounded soldiers when occasion arises. The medical officers' quarters are fitted in the form of a compartment with upper and lower berths, and a small dispensary. OFFICIAL INSPECTION MADE. The ward car consists of one large room the length of a standard sleeper, and lavatories at either end. Standard hospital cots are installed in both cars; the floors are covered with special fabric in the introduction of a "bad weather entrance." The composite cars have two side entrances, in addition to the usual ones at each end. The side entrances, where the patients will be received, have been fitted with very heavy curtains which can be drawn closely in bad weather, affording ample protection from draughts to the patients already in the cars. The cars will be easily distinguished by the large Red Cross, painted on either side of the words "Military Hospital."

City and provincial dignity and the fact that the money had come from the sale of the old government house. Altogether the both sides of the house, including Mr. McDonald, enjoyed themselves hugely for half an hour. That is all but Hon. Finlay Macdormid, minister of public works, who had to reply. He attempted something of the precious speaker's style, but finding himself unadapted to the vein, confined himself to brevity, and defending the building on the ground of

SENT SUB TO BOTTOM

British Freighter on Trip Over Had Successful Fight. St. John, N.B., April 5.—A British freight steamer, which arrived in port yesterday, encountered a German submarine on the trip over, and after a brief fight, sent the U-boat to the bottom with all the crew. The ship bears the marks of a shell being struck, but escaped serious damage. The engagement took place about 90 miles out of Queens-town, Ireland. Miss Katie Conley left for Ottawa today to resume her position in the House of Commons after spending ten days with her parents on Wolfe Island.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The text describes the benefits of the product for various ailments such as dizziness, nervous indigestion, nerves exhausted, easily fatigued, and sick headaches. It includes testimonials from several individuals, such as Mrs. E. O'Neill and Mrs. F. Robinson, who describe how they regained health and strength after suffering from these conditions. The advertisement concludes with the name of the product, 'Dr. Chase's Nerve Food', and provides contact information for the manufacturer, Edmanson, Bates & Co. Limited, Toronto.

Public Library Bulletin

- List of Twenty Popular Novels for April. Middle Pasture—Hibben, M. Dark Tower—Lorcome, F. Twixt Land and Sea—Carruth, Jos. Regiment of Women—Dane, C. Martin Valiant—Deering, W. Spare Room—Fadden, Mrs. R. Band of the Engineers—Bridgman, H. Pur-Burgoyne—Pootner, H. Bathing Man—Gwynne, A. Wilderness—Hitchens, Robt. Paean for—Hocking, Jos. Curran of Fire—Hocking, Jos. Richard Richard—Mearns, Hughes. Pellet the Conqueror, Daybreak—Nexo, M. A. Corner Island—Oxenham, John. Jerry—Fier, A. S. Postmaster's Daughter—Tracy, Louis. Mark of Cain—Wells, C. Lady of the Palace—Willsie, H. Lord of Understanding—Porter, E. H.