

Books And Their Authors

THE RISE OF LEDGAR DUNSTAN.

By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. 423 pages. Price, \$1.25. William Briggs, Toronto, publisher.

A strange tale, my masters, is revealed in these pages. It concerns the doubts of one man as to religious truths, but of a man who prosecutes an earnest, faithful search for the realities. His inmost thoughts are laid bare, his longings, his hopes, his doubts, his despair, and finally his triumph. The book is admirably written, and abounds in many a passage of high and lofty thought expressed with rare eloquence and beauty of diction. Ledgar Dunstan is weak and ineffective in everything, and brings, as he believes, misfortune to all who come closely into relation with him. He tries to fight with the man who had taken his wife away from him, and makes him run the gauntlet at the point of a pistol out of the Breton village, followed by the laughter of the wife who left him and their friends. He has not the courage to live. He has not even the courage for suicide. So he sinks through the world, one of God's enemies. At last, after many wanderings, he returns to his little seaside village, and in the chapel where he was made to worship as an unwilling boy, he finds the peace for which he has so long sought.

Some idea of the quest for truth pursued throughout the book and of the charming English in which the chapters abound, may be gleaned from the following quotations: "If you're talking about Christianity, Thomas is the man for your money. Except I feel; you know."

"I am inclined to agree with you about Thomas," said Ledgar.

"And I'm not," said Jeff. "Here you have a little group of men banding round a Master who has revealed a secret to them which has transformed and made beautiful the whole of life and death. They have been with Him on the beach among the nets, and in the boats through smooth and rough weather, among the twisted oars and in the cornfields; in the stormy silences of the mountains, and in the crowded streets and markets. Some of them doubtless have visited with Him in the quiet home-circle of friends; and they have been with Him in the day of triumph, the day of glorious exultation for them, when in the shouting of hosannas and waving of palms their highest dreams seemed realized. And then everything closes in darkness. The crown that should have made Him King indeed has been of thorns. His sceptre a real, His palace, a judgment hall. His throne, Calvary. It is finished. Dead He lies, who should not have died; and His life among them just a story, an unfulfilled dream, sweet and infinitely sad. Broken men, followers of a lost cause, they look at one another in dumb dismay. So this was not the Messiah we waited for! All beautiful, the manger-birth, the guiding star, the parables from birds and flowers and sea, the day of triumph. But an illusion, a lie, a dream from which they wake beneath a tenebrous sky, beneath lightning a gnawing the fierce anger of God above the crosses of three maddened men."

"And then He comes again; and it is no lie, no illusion; the cause is not lost, the glorious dream is not over. He speaks to them, who spake as no man ever spake; and the faith almost crushed out springs up to greet Him. 'It is He! It is He! It is our Master come again, and the message He brought us is true; and the cause He gave us is not lost.' All but one. Thomas was not with them then; and they said to him, 'We have seen the Lord.' But he said, 'Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe.'"

"I think there is something finer, nobler, in the attitude of these humble, broken men, than in that of Thomas."

"Yes," said Calmady at last, "you make out a plausible case—but, after all, it's little more than rhetoric. How often in the world's history have ignorant, superstitious men believed what is known to be a lie and an imposture on flimsy evidence? Because it is flimsy. And on such a foundation to raise so vast a structure!"

"As the Christian faith? But there the fact stares you in the face; this structure has been raised on a rock of granite, and not on a sand of superstition, to undermine, to overthrow, to supersede."

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story, as the outline of the plot might suggest. In it, Basil King is at his best. Briefly the story might be summarized as follows: The young assistant rector of a fashionable New York church receives in his study a visit from a lady whose thick veil hides completely her features, but not her distinction and refinement. She is not one of his congregation, but comes to him for advice. She confesses her past to him, and longs to forget the short interlude in an otherwise correct life and to make a new start. The clergyman widens her spiritual outlook and gives her inspiration. There are many complications following this avowal, and eventually the clergyman meets his veiled visitor and falls in love with her, not knowing he had met her before. At last he is made aware of her identity, and he finds that love must lead him—love to which he trusts, and not in vain.

Though Mr. King is Canadian born, having been educated at King's College, Windsor, N.S., the atmosphere of his latest book is entirely American. It is the American viewpoint he pictures, never the Canadian. True he introduces a Montreal banker and baronet, Sir Malcolm Grant, who eventually wins the lady. Grant is a strong, well-kept character, and perhaps the most interesting in the book. The author has also given us in Rev. Arthur Bainbridge a consistent, well-kept character drawing, a normal, cultured, earnest, spiritual man. The contrast between his outlook on the world and that of the clever but pagan woman who so influences his life and that of others is skillfully portrayed.

"Changing Winds" he shows that

play-writing may be an admirable preparation for the production of fiction. The title of the book is from the famous sonnet, "The Dead," by Rupert Brooke, to whose memory the book is dedicated. Roughly, one may say that its central theme is that "old men make war and leave young men to pay the price of it." The hand of the dramatist shows itself in the particularly fluent and natural dialogue and in the very neat "curtains" with which the chapters and sections are made to conclude. "Changing Winds" will be difficult to surpass as a presentation of the Irish problem. It is extraordinarily impartial as between Ulstermen, Sinn Feiners, Nationalists and Englishmen.

Its hero, Henry Quinn, and his father, are interesting, closely studied characters. Henry becomes a successful novelist, but so shrinks from the physical pain and danger he can picture so well that he becomes convinced of his own cowardice, and despises himself. From his early boyhood he is an out and out coward, but as he grows older the fear of death becomes an obsession. For a while we cannot help admiring the artistry with which the terror is presented, especially when it arises in the course of his first love affair with one of his father's tenants. But as we go through the book we cannot help wondering whether the author is not laying too much stress on this particular obsession. Cowardice is a very common thing, but we doubt whether there are very many men who themselves experience such horrors as Quinn does on hearing of the deaths of his friends. Every time he learns of the death of a man he knows he seems to be paralyzed by the idea that it will be his turn next.

When the war comes his best friend, brilliant, lovable, strong-willed Gilbert Farlow—the most memorable and most likable character in the book—enlists at once, abandoning a promising career. But Henry calls up every possible excuse, trying to convince himself that his duty lies in other directions than "France and Flanders and the fields of blood and pain." Too clever to deceive himself, he realizes with contempt that he has hung back solely because he is afraid to die. Plunged unexpectedly into danger during the Dublin riots, comes the moment when he neither feels afraid nor is conscious that he is not afraid, but is only intensely interested. So at last he realizes that "Life isn't worth while if one is afraid to lose it," that to men is given this choice: "One may die finely, and one may die meanly." And he goes forth to serve—and die.

In "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," H. G. Wells has pictured the tragedy of war as it falls upon people looking, as it were, the other way. Mr. Ervine shows the same tragic force

falling upon four young men who are looking directly and intently at life in all its aspects and who accept war, all but one of them, almost blithely when it comes. These four friends, each with abilities above the ordinary, represent a great deal of what is best and finest in the young men of a nation. There are many delightful passages describing the friendship and the good talks, the arguments and the temptations of Henry and his friends. Much space is also given over, as suggested before, to various Irish questions. Henry becomes convinced after a time that if Ireland is to be "brought to the measure and the stature of a dignified and honorable nation," there are four Irishmen who must be "conquered and controlled."

"Changing Winds," one can safely venture to say, would seem destined to rank high among the best books about the war.

Amen, And Again, Amen! May I never be soft-hearted enough to forgive my enemies until I have battled the sky-piece off the friends of mine who borrow my books and mark therein the over-enthusiastic passages. This day have I taken down books and nearly wept. I am forever lending my best and getting them back not at all or all dabbled up with other people's preferences or comments.

Oh, it is sad enough to make even a philosopher weep, and I pray that I need never suffer this way again. I pray that either my library or all my friends burn to ashes and that I may never see any printing started, asterisked or underlined. Even my Powys Confessions have not escaped and where Jean Christophe is to this day God only knows—From little Tragedies in the Life of Mary Had a Little Lamb.

With the Authors. We have come to look at Evalen Stein, another Hoosier State author who has made a name for himself in the literary world, for beautifully told stories of the middle ages and of foreign lands. Her new book for young readers, "Our Little Frankish Cousin of Long Ago," is the story of a boy of Charlemagne's court, and is told with all that quaint old world charm of which Miss Stein is mistress. The Page Company, Boston, will publish the book in their Little Cousin of Long Ago series during the month of May.

Nevin O. Winter, of Toledo, Ohio, has spent the winter and spring months in Florida, "the land of sunshine and flowers," where he is still gathering material for his new "See America First" book, "Florida: The Land of Enchantment," to be published in the early fall by the Page Company. Mr. Winter's previous contribution to the "See America First"

series, "Texas: The Marvelous," was one of the notable non-fiction successes of 1916.

Major Charles G. D. Roberts, one of the most gifted and experienced of nature writers, recently returned to London from the region of the Somme, where he had spent many months, availing himself of the official historical work for the Canadian war records. Simultaneously his literary brother, Staff Capt. Theodore G. Roberts, has returned to active service in France, where he also had spent several months temporarily to assist Lord Beaverbrook in the Canadian war records office. The race between this brilliant pair of Canadian brothers in the matter of rank has been interesting.

John Buchan, the novelist, war correspondent and editor of the "Scottish Review," has been hard hit by the late severe fighting in France, losing therein both his brother and his business partner. His brother was Lieut. Alastair Buchan, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and his partner in the publishing firm of T. Nelson & Son was Capt. Reison of the Lothian Border Horse. Soon after Armageddon began, Buchan set to work at writing a painstaking history of it, and this history, published by his own house, and looking like running in to a large number of volumes—has found thousands of readers. Quite a few of these volumes have already been reviewed in the Whig.

Early publication is announced of what promises to be a timely book dealing with Confederation, the fiftieth anniversary of which will be celebrated on July 1st. It will be called "Confederation and its Leaders," and the author is M. O. Hammond, a well-known journalist of Toronto. The book will tell the story of the fight for Confederation through the medium of sketches of seventeen of the leading men on both sides, with a background of history before and after that event. There will be a full page illustration of each leader and a double page frontispiece of the Fathers of Confederation. The book will be published by McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto.

ST. VITUS DANCE. Even the Most Severe Cases Can be Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If your child fidgets, restless, or irritable. Are the legs shaky or the arms jerky? Does the face twitch? Do the legs tremble or drag? These are signs of St. Vitus Dance, a nervous disease which is confined chiefly to young children, but which often affects highly-strung women, and sometimes men. St. Vitus Dance is caused by disordered nerves, due to poor blood, and is always cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which fill the veins with new, rich, red blood, strengthening the nerves, and thus drawing out the disease. Here is proof:—

Mrs. John A. Cumming, Lower California, N.S., says:—"When my daughter Myrtle was about nine years of age she became afflicted with St. Vitus Dance. The trouble ultimately became so bad that she could not hold anything in her hands, and had to be fed like a child. She could not even walk across the floor without help. She was treated for some time by a physician, but did not show any improvement. One day a neighbor said she had read of a case of St. Vitus Dance cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we decided to give this medicine a trial. By the time the third box was used there was some improvement in her condition and we continued giving her the pills for about a month longer when she was entirely cured, and has not since had the least return of the trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be obtained from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Tractors in Action. Picton, May 13.—Two motor tractors furnished by the Ontario Department of Agriculture reached Picton on Saturday last and are now at work on farms in this vicinity. District representative A. P. MacVane reports that he has applications from the farmers of this county sufficient to keep both of the tractors engaged or some time. Already about thirty acres has been plowed.

Two Menless Days. Belleville, May 13.—The Daughters of the Empire in this city will observe two menless and potatoes days for the future. A plea sent out from the head chapter urges chapters to practice this economy.

There passed away on May 1st, at St. Alban's rectory, Maberly, Winkfield, Nettle, beloved wife of Rev. J. L. Coles, and only surviving daughter of the late Major-General Drummond of Perthshire, Scotland.

Doctors Advised Operation As Only Cure for Piles

Wife Objected to Use of Knife and Cure Was Effected by Use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Grimsby, Ont., May 13.—Here is the affidavit of a well-known fruit-grower, who was cured of bleeding Piles some years ago by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

His doctor could do nothing for him and recommended a surgical operation as the only means of cure. Luckily his wife had heard about Dr. Chase's Ointment, and complete cure resulted from this treatment.

It is by the cure of extreme cases like this that Dr. Chase's Ointment has won the reputation of being about the only actual cure for Piles—itching, bleeding and protruding piles.

Mr. Samuel Parker, fruit-grower, Grimsby, Ont., has made the following declaration before Mr. W. W. Kidd, Notary Public, of the same place: "I do solemnly declare that I was troubled with bleeding Piles and was advised to go to the hospital to have an operation performed. My wife said, 'No, get a box of Dr.

Chase's Ointment.' I did so and have used it according to directions while living in Manitoba, and obtained a complete cure, for I have never been troubled with Piles since. I am now 70 years of age and want to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all sufferers from Piles. My wife has used it for itching skin and obtained complete cure."

Mrs. A. J. Stewart, 17 Turnbull St., Belleville, writes: "About ten years ago, my husband was troubled with itching Piles. He tried different remedies, but without getting relief. He was advised by friends to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and found that it was just what was required, and obtained permanent relief. We cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from Piles."

Put Dr. Chase's Ointment to the test and it will not disappoint you. Sixty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd