

YOU'LL GIVE WAR BOOKS, OF COURSE

This year books on the war will be given largely for Christmas, remembrances. They are easily selected and eagerly read. Here are five of the best and newest published this fall.

MILITARISM—By Dr. Karl Liebknecht.

This was written for Germans by a German—the only man in the Central Empires who had the courage to speak out—and for this was imprisoned. The book is creating a wonderful stir in England and the United States, and will be read with extreme interest. \$1.00

ALL IN IT, KJ CARRIES ON—By Major Ian Hay.

Following up the same author's "The First Hundred Thousand" Mr. Hay writes in romance form actually of the war as only he can do it. \$1.50

OVER THE TOP—By Arthur Guy Empey.

Stories of actual war experiences, telling most precisely of the lives of our boys as they are in the trenches and on the field. Some of the most gripping and exciting stories starting this book has, during the past few weeks, become the best seller in America. \$1.50

THE SHELL—By A. C. Stewart.

Look for a reproduction of an 18-pound shrapnel shell in actual color on paper boards. This is "The Shell." Splendid material for a Canadian writer appropriate to its subject. The novelty of the book makes it a most acceptable gift. \$1.25

A GREEN TENT IN FLANDERS—By Maud Marston.

Extraordinarily vivid impression of hospital life. A most appealing book reminiscent of "The Hilltop on the Marne." \$1.25

Choose these in comfort at your bookseller's.

William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

Public Library Bulletin.

Some Closed Books for December—These are free to all citizens.

First Canadian in France—McK. Bell.

British Campaign, 1915—A. Conan Doyle.

All in It—Ian Hay.

My Home in the Field of Mercy—E. W. Huard.

Italy At War—Alex. Powell.

Passing from the Front—W. Pym.

More Letters from Billy.

No Man's Land—Sapper.

At the Front in a Flier—W. Y. Stevenson.

Note Book of Intelligence—C. H. P. Wood.

My Four Years in Glee.

Over the Top—Arthur Guy Empey.

Greater Italy—Report for the Committee—August 20th. The report contains 486.46; expenditures, \$1.00; and receipts, \$96.42.

Victims of all kinds of needful articles also some good donations and handkerchiefs. From \$1.70 to \$2.00 and expenditure, \$191.

N. D. Anglin; vice-pres., Miss C. Lake; secretary, Mrs. H. M. Assier, sec., Miss Lillian Ennis; assistant, Mrs. F. Matthews.

Life would not be worth a farthing without the plans for to-morrow. Tuition rates in the school of experience often prove exorbitant. Too many forget that freedom of speech does not include profanity.

MAS advertisement with image of a product and text: "Life would not be worth a farthing without the plans for to-morrow. Tuition rates in the school of experience often prove exorbitant. Too many forget that freedom of speech does not include profanity."

ATTENTION! United Grocery 138 Princess St. First shipment of government food to arrive this week. Call and get particulars. Also a large shipment of the famous Chinese Lilies. SPECIAL THIS WEEK: Marlin's Potato Flour, regular price 25c, sale price 15c. Corn starch, regular price 15c, sale price, 2 for 25c. 500 lbs choice dairy butter, 47c lb. Overcast Boxes, all sizes. See our window for Christmas candies, stockings and chocolates. United Grocery. BEN LEE & CO.

Books And Their Authors

THE SOUL OF A BISHOP.

By H. G. Wells. 341 pages. Price, \$1.50. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, publishers.

Mr. Wells is a prolific writer and a daring thinker. Already this year he has given us three books dealing with religion, and each of them original, somewhat controversial, but all written with courage and clearness of vision. Wells is not a plunger in the sea of the mystical and the unknown. Whether we agree with him or not, we must admit his fearlessness and his originality. In the first of this trilogy of books (pray excuse the word you derive, Mr. Wells!), "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," he teaches that "salvation is the first thing and the last thing, and until man has found God and begun to work for no end." Then in "God the Invisible King," Mr. Wells sets forth the religious belief to which Mr. Britling had come. In his latest volume, "The Soul of a Bishop," he strives to reveal that the unrest and the awakening in matters spiritual are working not only in the minds of the people, but in episcopal minds also. Mr. Wells takes his bishop and leads him through much painful pondering, much ecclesiastical research. Wells seems never quite so happy nowadays as when he is dissecting a soul. As the vivisectionist watches the quivering of his victim, so does Mr. Wells observe and take note of every tremor of the human soul. Hitherto he has been content to demonstrate his physiological investigations with the aid of lay souls, but this time he lays violent hands upon the clerical soul—the soul of a bishop! And he lays it, quivering, upon the operating table of his amazing imagination and bares it so that all may see, as through a microscope. Edward Scrope, Bishop of Winchester, is a simple, easy-going, clerical soul—he finds himself in a state of nervous unrest, due partly to irritations in diocesan work, partly by the growing spirit of unrest in the world around him. From unrest he passes to uneasy questioning, such as most men who lead a spiritual life must inevitably face at some crisis or another in their career. But in the case of Bishop Scrope, the questioning cannot be by a process of mental and clerical soul—the soul of a bishop! And he lays it, quivering, upon the operating table of his amazing imagination and bares it so that all may see, as through a microscope. Edward Scrope, Bishop of Winchester, is a simple, easy-going, clerical soul—he finds himself in a state of nervous unrest, due partly to irritations in diocesan work, partly by the growing spirit of unrest in the world around him. From unrest he passes to uneasy questioning, such as most men who lead a spiritual life must inevitably face at some crisis or another in their career. But in the case of Bishop Scrope, the questioning cannot be by a process of mental and clerical soul—the soul of a bishop! And he lays it, quivering, upon the operating table of his amazing imagination and bares it so that all may see, as through a microscope.

MORE LETTERS FROM BILLY

By the Author of "A Sunny Subaltern." 121 Pages. Price, \$1.00. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.

Billy is one of the humorists of the war—not the professional sort, but the kind that just keeps on looking at the slyer lining no matter how threatening the cloud. In this second collection of his vivacious, spontaneous and delightfully real letters to his Canadian mother, and comrade of the spirit, he revels in the educational lark afforded him by the war. He has a valet, of "me own." In the house of English aristocracy, where he is convalescent, and enjoys a solemn butler who was no quick-lunch "hasher." He tells of old English shrines, dungeoned castles, literary gardens, dungeoned castles, the glory of fortifying baths, the field of mud, the Red Cross hospital train and rambles in quaint old London. About all that we know of the author is that he is a Canadian lad who had some newspaper training. His former books, "A Sunny Subaltern" and "Billy's Letters from Flanders" have been favorably reviewed on this page. The third volume is no less favorable. These natural, spontaneous letters of a frank, stout-hearted Canadian boy beautifully reveal one of the most sacred relationships of life—a mother's love for her son and a son's love for his mother.

THE SHELL

By A. C. Stewart. 70 pages. Price, 75c. William Briggs, Toronto, publisher.

There seems to be a hidden personal story in the publication of "The Shell," a book of poems by A. C. Stewart, recently issued. The writer is inclined to fall far away from his subject at times in his attempts to find engaging phrases and metaphors. He has, however, produced some good verses which make a deep appeal. The inspiration of the book is shown in one of his poems entitled, "Personal and Private," which provides an answer to the question, "Why spinning words when there's desperate work to do?" He says: "I tried, Meighen, Bennet—all, 'Sam had said, 'I like his shape, But...' burst cash and pride and gail Stumbling through their mealy Well! I sickened—acting ape. Pull would drive a Moses mad. Blast them! Well—I'm wearing crape. Just through politics, beaded! The book is printed with a cover shaped as a shell and bears the colors and markings of an explosive. This is cleverly done and we recommend the inside pages to those who are interested in Canadian poems.

OF WATER AND THE SPIRIT.

By Margaret Prescott Montague. 56 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, publishers.

This story, which originally appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, is related by an American woman who was in Belgium when the German invasion took place. It tells, in her own vernacular, of a small country people who have made up their minds to resist the invader. The author was left alone ministering to a lot of wounded English Tommies on the battlefield. She bears testimony to their cheerfulness and courage, and draws many a sad little picture of intimate war. Do you care to know what a bloody battlefield looks like? Then read this small volume.

THE WAR, MADAME.

By Paul Gerald, 96 pages. T. C. & E. C. Jack, Ltd., London, publishers.

This little volume, which has enjoyed a popularity in France, and has now been translated into English, bridges the gulf between those at home and those in the ranks, interpreting the one class to the other and revealing that robust philosophy of the trenches which is common to the best fighting men. The writer pictures his few days' leave in Paris, to which he belongs with admiration and anxiety. How would the people of the capital comport themselves under the strain of war? "Well," he writes, "I know what awaits me. Many shutters will be up at front windows which I loved. I shall find the city in a mournful mood, but I shall enter it as one enters the room of a beautiful woman who has been gravely ill." The gay capital of France as she appears in Paris, which I was told was so lugubrious, is hardly and at all, and quite curiously charming. Having got rid of the excessive noise and bustle of her carriages, she has taken on in addition to her usual splendor a sort of provincial gravity which suits her better than it does the provinces. Everything is silent and calm. There is no longer an air of offering foreigners an almost embarrassing plenty, but a feeling of contemplation, and of having remade an inner life. The mental attitude of the men in the trenches is depicted in vivid sentences. To quote: "We don't think merely about it. Action eliminates the poison which comes from over-much thought." "When we have marched and advanced we feel that the people who want to translate these precise words into more grandiose ones are rather stupid. We have gone back to a great simplicity."

ON THE FRINGE OF THE GREAT FIGHT.

By Col. George G. Nasmith, C.M.G. 254 pages. Price, \$1.50. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, publishers.

This volume reveals to us how a doctor sees life at the front. In his admirable book, "The First Canadian in France," Dr. Fred McClelland, of the First Canadian Army, gave us an interesting story of hospital work, enlivened by many a narrative of anecdote and description. Dr. Nasmith goes further, and presents a picture of the war from an expert's viewpoint. The author, who is on the medical health staff of the city of Toronto, is a specialist on water purification and sanitation. His choice, as officer commanding the Canadian Mobile Laboratory with the First Contingent, was therefore a happy one. His work was carried on for eighteen months, always just in touch with the firing-line—"on the fringe of the great fight"—and his book is packed with description and information of an unusual character. He was near St. Julien at the time of the first gas attack. He

who have no country and no sense of the country. What do they not lose out of life?

I know well the disadvantages charged against country life at its worst. At its worst there are long hours and much lonely labor and an income pitifully small. Drudgery, yes, especially for the women, and loneliness. But where is there not drudgery when men are poor—where life is at its worst? I have never seen drudgery in the country comparable for a moment to the dreary and lonely drudgery of city tenements, city mills, factories and sweat shops. And in recent years both the drudgery and loneliness of country life have been disappearing before the motor, and trolley car, the telephone, the rural post, the gasoline engine. I have seen a nubile work in the country in one day as a man, at hard work, could have planted in a week. While there is, indeed, real drudgery in the country, much that is looked upon as drudgery by people who long for easy ways and a soft life, is only good, honest, wholesome hard work—the kind of work that makes for fibre in a man or in a nation, the kind that most city life in no wise provides.

A Striking Tribute.

One of my officer comrades had gone insane, and another had been so shell-shocked that he was of no further use and had been sent to England. Two of my friends had been buried out in the front one night with two other officers—all in the one shell hole. Wood, conducted the burial without candle or book. The green white light from the German flares and the red flashes of the guns was the only light to show the sad little party where they, erstwhile comrades, lay. The lay person, exhausted with seventy hours' continuous work, and unable to recall a single word of the burial service, broke huskily into this rugged commendation: "Well, boys, they were four damn good fellows; let us repeat the Lord's Prayer," but they couldn't manage to say even the Lord's Prayer among them. What a setting for a soldier funeral! The black night, the roar and flash of the guns, and the green flare of the German star shells silhouetting the bowed heads above the soldiers' grave. What a fitting tribute to a soldier! The broken voice with the rough and ready commendation: "They were four damned good fellows. What more could be said? What more would any soldier desire?" —Col. G. G. Nasmith in "On the Fringe of the Great Fight."

The Man on Watch

Good night to the new system of making out the voters' lists! Who ever evolved the system should be interned. If the Queen's professors had known what was in store for one of their number they might have made up a theatre party for the performance at the Grand on Wednesday night. According to the "super-mind" at the Grand this week, his girls respond only to requests for performances that they can do with propriety. It develops, therefore, that the kissing of bald-headed men is proper—if you kiss and run—says the Lampan. A certain church, which advertised a communion service last Sabbath, apparently does not want any sinners around, for it invited as welcome only the stranger who are communicants. The strangers who are sinners feel slighted. A clerk in a Princess street store the other day heard a farmer's wife, in what was intended to be a secret whisper, say to her husband: "Well, James I got rid of those stale eggs for fifty-five cents a dozen." There's an honest woman for you. So "Bill" McCammon, the market clerk, at last has found a lightweight bag of potatoes and sent it down to Baldwin's castle. It weighed only about one-quarter less than it should have. William should not have been so cruel to the potato vendor when spuds are so cheap! The Lampan would suggest to William that he try and locate some of those bags that are said to weigh only sixty-five pounds instead of ninety, and the market is not the



ON THE EDGE OF THE WAR ZONE From the Battle of the Marne—The Continuation of 'A Hilltop on the Marne'

Illustrated from photographs—by Mildred Aldrich \$1.25 Net

SPOILT as readers have been of late years by tons of slipshod English made into books, it is something of an achievement to write a book like "On the Edge of the War Zone" that immediately obtains praise and recognition of the purity of its language, as well as applause for the spirited, yet womanly, descriptions which hold one's interest throughout.

Speaking of forgetting, it is interesting, occasionally, to go out on the observation platform and watch the effect that perspective is having on the books that we are being whisked away from. It isn't only that we get a sort of individual judgment of posterity on them. We get a kind of ancestral view of ourselves, too. Try the experiment on that busy bunch, the war books of the past three years. The chances are good that one of those that remains changefully meaningful to you will be Mildred Aldrich's "A Hilltop on the Marne." Somehow that gets less and less like a book and more and more like an experience. Miss Aldrich's subsequent letters, from September, 1914, to the declaration of war by the United States last Spring, have just appeared under the title of "On the Edge of the War Zone" (\$1.25.) And they have the same quality. —J. B. Kerfoot in "Life."

Price \$1.25. At your Booksellers, Boxed in Sets with "A Hill Top on the Marne," \$2.50 per set.

THE MUSSON BOOK CO., LIMITED Publishers For Sale by R. UGLOW & CO., TORONTO

20% DISCOUNT Commencing Dec. 1st, we will give a reduction of 20% on all Fit-Reform OVERCOATS Good fitting, up-to-date garments. Inspection Invited. Crawford & Walsh Tailors. Princess and Bagot Streets.

only place where they may be found. Let him make a complete round-up of the market on a Saturday and more than fifty per cent. of the bags offered for sale will be found to be underweight.

With the mystery of the Bagot street dump solved, surely the City Council can retire from the field and give old Santa Claus a chance to have his say.

The idea of a "bush league" contest for municipal offices, after the big event to be staged on the 17th, does not appeal to most people. Whatever mayor and aldermen are to be elected let them be chosen by acclamation.

"Her only ornament was a pearl necklace," says a rural correspondent. Too bad her face was so unworthy of mention. Anyway a pearl necklace is some ornament, if it is genuine.

Doctors who think that nurses' fees are too high might first revise their own. Nurses have to spend their whole years in study and practice as against two and a half by most doctors, whose college term is but six months. The modern nurse

Did Fine Ser... The Battersea... has just issued year ending... capita were \$390.02; ba... The ladies... long list o... sles for t... There we... of socks... August... were \$8... 60. ... styles Kingston, Ont.

MAKE THIS A MUSICAL XM. With music in the home, especially from a recently introduced musical instrument, there is pleasure for everyone in the house. This is especially true if it's a Williams New Scale PLAYER PIANO, or a "New Edison" Phonograph, on which any member of the family can play the finest selections. You can instal either on a small down payment and Easy Terms. The Williams "New Scale" Piano. The artist's choice of a piano for their own personal use, in private and public. We are making a very special opportunity for our customers this Christmas season, both in a favorable price and easy terms. Your old instrument taken in exchange on a liberal basis. The "New Edison" Phonograph. With the "New Edison" Phonograph, you have the perfect re-creations of the world's best in music. Either vocal or instrumental, you have the choice of thousands of selections. Anyone can use it. It is ideal as a Christmas gift to the home. We make our terms to suit purchasers. The J.M. Greene Music Co., Ltd. Corner Sydenham & Princess Streets Kingston.