

YEAR 84, NO. 202

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1917

ALL IN IT KI CARRIES ON.

continuing "The First Hundred Thousand" by Major Ian Hay...

THE BEST SELLER IN AMERICA Over the Top—By Guy Empey...

THE STORY OF BELGIUM'S TRAGEDY. A Journal From Our Legation in Belgium—By Hugh Gibson...

ANOTHER KATHLEEN NORRIS BOOK. Marie, The Unconquered...

NOT "MRS. WIGGS" BUT—Custary Alley—By Alice Hegau Rice...

A RACE FOR A MAN. Ladies Must Live—By Alice Duerr Miller...

William Briggs, Publisher, Ontario.

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Books And Their Authors

A CANADIAN TWILIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. By Bernard Freeman Trotter. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, publishers, Toronto.

As one peruses through this charming volume one must surely be impressed with the irreparable loss that Canadian poetic circles have sustained in the passing of this talented young man.

Like Rupert Brooke, this gallant Canadian poet made the supreme sacrifice, and the product of his promising genius will be treasured not alone in remembrance of that lofty spirit and high heart evident in every line of his verse, but as a memorial of his gallant death for us on May 7th last.

When at the beginning of the war he realized that Britain and his native land were fighting for liberty and justice, and he was sorely distressed, that frail health prevented his enlistment in the forces of the King—a feeling keenly expressed in the final lines of the title poem:

Oh God, the blood of Outram in these veins shames upon the doom that dams in useless impotence, while the red torrent runs in furious haste for Liberty and Right!

Oh, to have died that day at Langemarck! In one fierce moment to have paid it the debt of life to Earth, and Hell, and Heaven!

Unattained, unpolished, undimmed, By the dark world's corruption, to have passed, A flaming beacon-light to gods and men!

Peace... Peace... not thus may I find Like a caged leopard chafing at its bars actual movement, this clogged spirit must find its life out, an unwilling martyr, in safety and in comfort, at the best achieving patience in the god's desert.

When, however, he became attached to the 11th Leicester Regiment his spirit soared, and in his last poem, "Ici Repose," the manuscript of which reached his parents the day after he was killed, his supreme happiness in his participation in a worthy cause can be felt. A few stanzas are quoted:

A little cross of weather-silvered wood Hung with a garish wreath of tin-soldiered wife, And on it carved a legend—thus it runs: "Ici Repose." Add what name you will, And richly by thousands; in the fields, Along the roads, beneath the trees— A dozen there, to each its simple tale Of one more jewel threaded star-like on The sacrificial rosary of France.

O happy dead! who sleep embalmed in glory, Safe from corruption, purified by Ask our our pity—ours, mud-grimed and sorry, Who will must strive, grimly dearest, We shall grow old, and faint with the rotter Effluvia of the peace we fought to win. The bright deeds of our youth will be forgotten, Effaced by the later failure, sloth, and sin;

But you have conquered Time, and sleep forever, Like gods, with a white halo on your brows. Your souls our lodestars, your death-crowns our endeavour, The spur that holds the nations to their vows.

The poems are prefaced with an appreciative tribute to the worth of the deceased officer by W. S. McLay, M.A., professor of English and dean in arts, McMaster University, Toronto, of which the late Lieut. Trotter was a graduate.

GREAT POSSESSIONS. By David Grayson. 208 pages. Price, \$1.50. The Munsie Book Co., Toronto, publishers.

Grayson takes us back to the simple, unspiced life of the open fields, the inviting woods, the country lanes, white-starred with bloom, and shows us how we may enjoy more fully these bounties of nature. His books are becoming a regular feature of the holiday season. "Great Possessions" is a fitting successor to "The Friendly Road" and "Adventures in Contentment." It offers a perfect escape from the stress and worry and overwork of the twentieth century city-dweller's life. The Grayson themes are well known; the sights and sounds of the country road, the charm and the beneficence of com-

mon things and common men, the gentle delights of a life lived close to nature—and these are the "great possessions" of the new Graysonian book. A word should be said for Thomas Fogarty's delightful drawings, which are entirely in harmony with the text.

One is tempted to quote many beautiful and appealing paragraphs from such a book. A few must suffice: "I rarely walk in my garden or upon the hills of an evening without thinking of God. It is in my garden that all things become clearer to me, even that miracle whereby one who has offended may still see God; and this I think a wonderful thing. In my garden I understand dimly why evil is in the world, and in my garden learn how transitory it is."

"As for the odor of the burning wastage of the fields at evening—I scarcely know how I dare say it—I find it produces in the blood of me a kind of primitive emotion, as though it stirred memories older than my present life. Some drowsy calls of the brain awaken to a familiar stimulus—the odour of the lodge-fire of the savage, the wigwag of the Indian. Racial memories!"

I love the unfolding beeches in spring, and the pines in winter; the elms I care for afar off, like great stoof men, whom I can admire; but for friendly confidences give me an apple-tree in an old green meadow.

"So much of the best in the world seems to have come fragrant out of the fields, gardens and hillsides. So many truths spoken by the Master Poet come to us exhalting the odours of the open country. His stories were so often of sowers, husbandmen, herdsmen; His smiles and his frowns so often dealt with the common and familiar beauty of the fields. Consider the lilies how they grow! It was on a hillside that He preached His greatest sermon, and when in the last agony He sought a place to meet his God, where did He go but to a garden? A carpenter, you say? Yes, but of this one may be sure: there were gardens and fields all about; He knew gardens, and cattle, and the simple processes of the land; He must have worked in a garden and loved it well."

MARCHING MEN. By Helena Coleman. 40 pages. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., publishers, Toronto.

In these days when so-called poets vie with each other in their attempts to burn the public with their war verse through the newspapers and countless books, with what pleasure do we pick up a sheaf of verses such as these and perceive in them the inspiration of a poetic soul. Technically correct in detail the verses of Miss Coleman, who is a sister of Prof. Coleman, of Toronto University, manifest the true spirit of a poet. In the too few pages of the little volume one can feel the sincerity of an author imbued with a love of the beautiful, and fully cognizant of the loftiness of her task. Here is a being filled with patriotic zeal and an unbounded admiration for those who are fighting so valiantly.

"Out on the tortured field of France Where Belgian deeds are flaunted, A face to the Rhine on the firing line To stand with a heart undaunted."

Yet with all her lusty calls to arms and her marching songs with their swing and dash there is displayed the woman's pathetic heart-ache at the sorrow of parting and the distress in the long hours of waiting.

"But with the night—the night that used to be Filled with such deep serenities of Din shapes of terror stretch their hands to me, And dread in shadows lurk in every place; I shiver from even the starlight lest I see In its pale gleam a silent, upturned face."

There is tender sympathy for the souls torn by anguish in the loss of loved ones in every line of her poems, and yet above it all there is the glorious note of triumph in the knowledge that the sacrifices shall not be in vain, and that through the efforts of

"A great white company Marching up to God, The world will be made safe for democracy and life will be worth the living.

Throughout the book there are the exquisite descriptions of a poet who has communed with Nature, and who in every pulse beat has felt the joy of an inner love beauty. A touching epitaph is the following verse from one of the longer poems: "In France's Flowered Fields."

In France's flowered fields they lie, And she will hold them close and dear, Above their graves her trees will sigh, Her grasses cover them year by year.

On summer noons the sun will stream In cheerful warmth across their beds, By night the moon's slant, filmy beams Build scarrofs about their heads.

The soft winds will make them moan in grief and plaintive melodies, And they shall lie apart, alone, Through all the coming centuries; Dwelling in silence so vast No thought to that high tower may climb, An austere beauty shall their fast-bound boundaries of time.

They were to us mere laughing boys, But in the passing of a breath They turned from life's scarce-stated joys To this high majesty of death.

THE MAJOR. By Ralph Connor. 383 pages. Price, \$1.50. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, publishers.

This stirring story from the prolific pen of Ralph Connor, tells of the development of a Canadian youth from the time he enters his teens until he marches off to take his place on the firing line. The writer seems to have made a diligent study of the forces which influence the life of the Western Canadian, and the result is shown in Larry Gwynne, whom we find at the outset fighting against what his school chums had called cowardice. His fight with the school bully proves that he is no coward. And the author takes us through the various stages of his development until with the coming of the great war he offers himself to his country and makes good. Ralph Connor has given us some wonderful types of Canadian womanhood, but none finer than the deeply religious and courageous mother, Mrs. Gwynne, and her two daughters. He shows us what a tremendous influence these good women have upon the lives of the hero, and his associates, and throughout the book there is an exquisite love story, told as only the writer can tell it. The story ends with the departure of Major Laurence Gwynne and his young bride for "overseas," and leaves the reader wondering how he will fare "over there." He leaves behind, however, the feeling that his combination of patriotism, self-restraint and initiative will carry him through and will enable him to live up to the noblest traditions of our glorious Canadian army. Ralph Connor, who recently returned to Canada after being on active service with the 43rd Cameron Highlanders of Winnipeg, has certainly enhanced his reputation in his latest production.

THE EYES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY. By Flight Lieut. A. H. Munday. 227 pages. Price, \$1.50. The Munsie Book Co., Toronto, publishers.

A noted military authority has spoken of this book as "a unique and similar handbook on military aviation he adds, exists in the world, because the author has condensed into each chapter all the essentials gleaned from a host of technical handbooks. It is very gratifying to realize that Canada, which at the beginning of the war was far behind other countries in the science of aviation, has produced an aviator capable of writing so complete and thorough a work. The author is a resident of Toronto.

The book is practical and terse, and contains over fifty illustrations, and diagrams; it deals with the intercepting of aircraft of all classes, including Zeppelins; aerial fighting is treated in an absorbing manner; the care and maintenance of machines and engine is told of in as entertaining a manner as the construction of the machines and their material. Cross-country flying and the kind of weather which is best for flying are explained; how wireless telegraphy and semaphore signalling are carried on comprise another chapter.

In a chapter on "Night Flying" the many intricacies are described. The various types of bombs and their functions, the method of arming bombs, the method of carrying and releasing bombs, bomb dropping and its theory, are given with many valuable tables. Other chapters deal with aerial photography, theory of flight, map reading, charts, aeroplane and airship instruments and the medical supervision of aviators—the book, in brief, is a complete, non-technical exposition of the science, and of absorbing interest to all classes.

SONGS IN YOUR HEART AND MINE. By Thomas Harkness Lister. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, publishers, Toronto.

That the author does not present his effort with the idea that it shall be regarded as a collection of poetry is evident from the title, and the seventy heart songs and khaki rhymes which comprise the book may rather be thought of as verses expressing the genuine sentiment and sincere feelings of the writer.

Several of the heart songs, which show an intense interest in the activities of young children, possess marked poetic merit, and a commendable effort towards simplicity and naturalness in their expression may be observed.

The khaki rhymes, which form the second part of the volume, have a swift, flowing metre, and are intended to arouse the patriotic spirit of the reader. Moreover, the majority of them accomplish the design of the author to bring the Canadian people to a realization of their duty at the present time when confronted with crises arising from the Empire's participation in the war.

The author was formerly a Toronto vocalist and a member of the Queen's Own Rifles, and one of the poems in the volume, "The Call of the Empire," has been set to music by Dr. Albert Ham, of Toronto. Viewed as a whole, the collection has much to commend it to the reading public, and it is inspiring at a time when the need for inspiration is everywhere evident.

GOOD MORNING, ROSAMOND. By Constance Skinner. 384 pages. Price, \$1.35. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, publishers.

Rosamond Mearley, at the age of eighteen, married a wealthy art collector of fifty-three. At the age of twenty-four, on casting off her second mourning for her departed husband, she finds herself dissatisfied with life and with things in general. At this critical moment she is described by the grim old family retainers, who have supervised her life since she became a widow, released from their supervision, she returns to

spend what she intends to be a "wonderful day." But the sedate little town of Roseborough provides little in the way of adventure, and as midnight approaches the "wonderful day" looks like being a fiasco. But the nocturnal wanderings of a "vagabond" bring complications which threaten to cover the lovely Rosamond with shame and to cause the only scandal the village has ever known. The intervention of one of the oldest inhabitants, who recognizes in the vagabond her former husband's ward and favorite pupil, quiets the tongues of the scandal-mongers, and paves the way for the conclusion of a most speedy romance. The young widow, who had married for the money and position her husband could give her, learns that love is greater than riches and finds her soul mate in the vagabond.

The whole story is enacted within twenty-four hours and the rapidity of action makes it somewhat amusing and farcical. The vagabond becomes in turn a burglar, a chauffeur, a passing traveller, a prince in cognito, and an anarchist, before being revealed in his true character. But all's well that ends well, and this story ends, perhaps rather quickly, in the conventional manner. It is the lightest of light fiction, and has no particular plot, and so is specially adapted for filling in idle moments. The reader will find in it much that is absurd, but amusing, and will lay it down greatly refreshed by the bubbling vivacity of the heroine, Rosamond.

THE NEXT OF KIN. By Nellie L. McClung. 257 pages. Price, \$1.35. Thomas Allen, Toronto, publisher.

"The Next of Kin," or "Those Who Wait and Wonder," is a book of stories right out of the heart of Canada. The fact that some of it appears in fictional form does not change the truth that lies behind all of it. Of this we have the author's assurance. The volume is made up of sixteen brief tales, bound together by the same thing which draws close the

people who figure in them—the war. For the author is concerned with the way in which war, and the sacrifices made for it, the burdens borne in it, touches those whom she knows best, the women and children of Canada. The book is essentially a book for women, written for those who wait and wonder, by one who, herself, waits and wonders what message the telegraph wires are carrying. For the call came to her eldest born, "not," as she says, gladly, "in the intoxication of victory, but in the dark hour of apparent defeat, when the news from the Dardanelles was heavy on our hearts."

Though the book is naturally full of the tragedy of war, it is relieved by the author's nice sense of humor and by the thread of suffering argument running boldly through it. These lend it a certain charm. Of the sixteen tales in the volume, one called "Permission" has a unique appeal. It is the story of an English boy boarded on in Canada by his people overseas, who have found him "not quite right" in his head. Growing to young manhood the chap years for his home and the things he remembers there. He is denied leave to make a visit. Then comes the war and he forces his way into the Expeditionary Force. Mortally wounded on a Flanders field, and the winner of a decoration for gallantry, he earns with his life the "permission" to enter into a long rest at home.

No little bit of Mrs. McClung's book is more characteristic of her disregard of convention than the first verse of the poem called "At The Last." This reads: O God, who hears the smallest cry, That ever rose from human soul, Be near my mother when she reads My name upon the Honor Roll; And when she sees it written there, Dear Lord, stand to, behind her chair!

FLIGHT-LIEUT. A. H. MUNDAY, The Clever Author of "Eyes of the Army and Navy."



FLIGHT-LIEUT. A. H. MUNDAY, The Clever Author of "Eyes of the Army and Navy."

HIS LAST BOW. By A. Conan Doyle. 308 pages. Price, \$1.35. Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, publishers.

In this collection of the later reminiscences of Sherlock Holmes the writer goes a long way towards satisfying the demand which exists for mystery stories. These stories are told vividly and crisply and grip the attention of the reader from start to finish. The book abounds in puzzling situations, seemingly inexplicable mysteries, and sensational denouements. The reader is led from one grotesque incident to another, and is thrilled by the almost supernatural powers of deduction of the great detective. Conan Doyle gives a wonderful demonstration of his powers in analysing human nature. "The Adventure of the Dying Detective" is especially good as a study of criminology. In it the writer tells how a murderer, brought by strategy to the bed of the detective, whom he has tried to poison, is induced to confess another murder, and is used to bring about his own doom. In the concluding story, "His Last Bow," Conan Doyle tells how Sherlock Holmes emerges from retirement for his country's sake, in order to foil the plans of one of the greatest of German spies. How he accomplishes this and succeeds in his purpose on the eve of the outbreak of war is told in the writer's best style.

We would not advise people with weak nerves to read these stories. But to all lovers of the mysterious, to lovers of high-class detective stories, and to all who are looking for something removed from the ordinary type of fiction we would highly recommend these "Later Reminiscences of Sherlock Holmes."

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS. The Companionship of Books. The best partners of solitude are books. I like to take a book with me in my pocket, although I find the world so full of interesting things—sights, sounds, odours—that often I never read a word in it. It is like having a valued friend with you, though you walk for miles without saying a word to him or he to you; but if you really know your friend, it is a curious thing how, subconsciously, you are aware of what he is thinking and feeling about this hillside or that distant view. And so it is with books. It is enough to have this writer in your pocket, for the very thought of him and what he would say to these old fields and pleasant trees is ever freshly delightful. And he never intrudes at inconvenient moments, nor interrupts his thoughts upon yours unless you desire it.—David Grayson in "Great Possessions."

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