

# BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

## JANET OF KOOTENAY

By Evah McKowan. 279 Pages. Price \$1.50. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.

Those who take pleasure in reading of the new strength of the female sex, and of the movement towards the advancement of women to a position of equality with men, will find Janet of Kootenay, a book very much to their liking. It is the story of Janet Kirk, a strong-minded, energetic girl who goes out to the hills of British Columbia in search of an ideal spot in which to build a home and found a fruit farm. This she succeeds in doing and settles down to hard work to prove that she can make a success of this work, in spite of the scepticism of her many neighbors, some of whom find fault with her donning man's attire for convenience in her work, and others of whom declare that she has settled there solely on the purpose to ensnare one of the eligible bachelors of the neighborhood.

The story is told in the form of a series of letters, written by Janet to her friend back on the prairie. The building of the home, the planting and harvesting of the crops, and the other features of her life are all treated in a sparkling manner. The first friend she makes is Captain Fenton, a wounded English officer who occupies the next farm. Their friendship develops very nicely until Janet takes the district school-teacher as a boarder, and that miss immediately sets to work to try to capture the captain's affections. Her plans are of no avail however, for Janet's inborn good humored nature over all the disagreeable and difficult situations, and in the end she herself marries the officer, to the great surprise of some of the neighbors, and the pointed remarks of others. Janet's friendly disposition, however, wins over most of the unfriendly neighbors, amongst them the unpleasant Mrs. Good, who always made a practice of listening in on the party telephone, and who was the first to see further designs in Janet's attempt to make a success of her fruit farm. The book ends very happily, with the wedding bells ringing for more than one couple, and the principal characters quite satisfied with the turn of events.

Apart altogether from the romantic aspect of the story, there seems to be a great lesson in the tale of how this strong-willed girl won out in a stern battle with the wild land of British Columbia hills. The descriptions of the work on the fruit and vegetable farm are true to correct horticultural practice, and are well worth noting. The story is presented in a cheery, optimistic atmosphere, with a background of the wide-outdoors of the west. The farmer girl, the wounded officer and the other interesting neighbors are all characters of much charm, and they keep the story interesting until the very last page.

In response to a request for some information about herself and her work, Evah McKowan, the author of this entertaining book says: "I have early and delightful recollections of a pleasant home near Hamilton, Ontario, and later my education, per books, was gotten in the East, but I am of the West, having lived twenty years in the valley between the Selkirk and the Rockies. My father has a fruit farm in the Kootenay valley; I wish you could see it now. At twenty-one I gave up my dream of attending Toronto University and married. Since then I have led the usual busy existence, twelve years of it."

## FLOWER OF THE LILY.

By Baroness Orczy. 416 Pages. Price \$1.50. George H. Doran, New York, publisher.

The newest Baroness Orczy book is a departure from the popular Scarlet Pimpernel series, and takes its readers back to the days of Queen Elizabeth and her bold buccaneers, although the scene is laid in old France, and the characters involved are some of the old French cavaliers who followed their sovereigns and served their queens devotedly without question or thought of reward. Such a man was Gilles de Grohyn, Sire de Froimont, who comes into the story in the middle of a battle between the Spaniards and the French defenders of the Netherlands. He is grievously wounded, and as he lies unconscious, he has visions of an angelic form and a sweet voice inquiring as to whether he will recover. Then he loses his senses, but the sound of that voice remained in his mind, and he remembers, with him ever afterwards, so that when he next heard it the memory of that night of battle always came back to him.

Some time elapses, and the reader is next introduced to Marguerite de Navarre, and her brother Duke d'Alencon and Anjou, who are hot in argument concerning the project to marry the Duke with Jacqueline de Brovart, heiress of the Netherlands and mistress of the city of Cambrai. The Duke protests to this marriage to an unknown girl, although she is reputedly beautiful and young, and a compromise is reached whereby he will woo the maiden under a guise to marry her if he thinks her suitable. The Queen of Navarre is delighted with this bargain, and she sends off the duke, accompanied by his henchman, the good Gilles de Grohyn, to do his wooing of the beautiful Jacqueline. But the duke has no heart for this kind of thing and he breaks the bargain, so the faithful Gilles is sent to act the part of the duke, unknown to

say but himself and the Queen of Navarre.

The plot succeeds. Under the guise of a foreign prince, Gilles wooed the lovely Jacqueline, but, alas for the plans of their superiors, their wooing becomes real and the couple fall in love with each other. Then on a fateful day, Gilles is led forth to become betrothed to Jacqueline, who is ignorant of his identity. Just as there is danger of trouble, the Spaniards attack the city, and Gilles leads the defence to such purpose that they are driven off. This decides the heiress, and she becomes publicly betrothed, not to the Duke of Anjou, but to the missing Sire de Grohyn. But he comes back again with a vengeance, and drives the enemy out completely, and sets free the Netherlands and the city. Then comes a message from the duke that he will accept the sovereignty of the Netherlands, but he will not marry Jacqueline. This upsets the counsellors who had planned this wedding, but it suits the plans of Jacqueline, who still adheres to her betrothal to the "defender of Cambrai," and weds her beloved Sire de Froimont.

This is a fine old-world tale, told in the usual enjoyable style of all Orczy books. The story is full of thrilling incidents, of duels, of royal festivities and of the wooing of handsome maidens by strong men, as it goes on in those days of the middle ages. A pleasant story to read, and one that will provide entertainment to many readers. "Flower of the Lily," is deserving of commendation.

## A BOOK.

A log cabin in the still north woods. A man stretched out on a bearskin rug, reading by the crackling fire. No sound but the wail of a coyote, off in the great white silence. No living being but the faithful dog dozing at his feet. He reads—and reads—a wondrous tale of the city. And the flickering oil lamp blazes into a thousand dancing lights, and the lonely cabin is thronged with hundreds of laughing, chattering people, who lead him from the bleak solitude to the golden land of pleasure.

Back in the crowded town another man, city-tired, business weary. The lamp shines softly on his careworn face. Through the closed window comes the muffled city rumble of jangling street cars and tramping feet. He reads and forgets the turmoil of a racking day. For it is a book of the great outdoors—of sweeping plains and purple-shadowed mountains. He breathes the fragrance of a thousand firs; he follows the river through roaring canyons and every fibre of his being thrills to the call of the wild.

A book—the wonder, the witchery of it. The magic wand that weaves its golden spell, transforming the land of grim realities into an enchanted isle of dreams.

## Extracts From New Books.

### England Upside Down

Sir Hugh saw England living through a terror of the soul. She had thrown over her old chivalric ideas; in the hour of her need she found decency didn't pay and grew determined to be decent only if it paid. To the sound of her new war cry: "A Bolo! A Bolo!" at the behest of her Billings and Bottomleys who crowded her music-halls, her railway carriages and especially her Kensington drawing rooms, she was asking for the revision of naturalization certificates, that was for the dishonouring of her notes of hand. The world was upside down; blunt England had made secret treaties. Lloyd George, ex-radical, was accepting Protection; the partisans of free labour were establishing an embargo on the right of skilled-men to move from firm to firm—they were building a world armed and tariffed, a world which delighted in hostility and hatred. Wilson, the only hope of civilization because he wanted to tear weapons from the bloody hands and unite them in a league of peace that had no respect for the vested interests of slaughter. Yet in America pay the only hope. They, the youngest children of the world, were not bound close by the bounds of hatred on which the old Empire had been nurtured. No doubt they too had their covetousness, their flaunting Roosevelt, their greedy Rockefeller, but they had moral dreams; they were not the slaves of cocked hats, orders, epaulets, flags, sigulletes, the things for which men die. Wilson expressed all that, that desire to establish a stable world, where the individual would be free from the quarrels of the State.—From "Blind Alley," by W. L. George.

Encourage your children to read. They will gain information as well as pleasure from their reading, and often when they are shut in by bad weather, illness or other causes, the question of "What to do" can be solved by the provision of a good home library of children's books. History has value and meaning only, or very largely, in so far as it is biography. It is the life lived that counts, that brings the response from us, and that sets the old, dead world dancing again.

Men and women, grown as we are, are still Tam Samson's bairns, and most of us are very tired. "Tell us a story," we say to the novelist, "and we will endow you with riches and bless you with thanksgiving. Make us forget our sorrows; lighten our hearts; give us new interests and new meanings for things; brighten our dreams; give us hope, and you shall abide in our midst as one of the great ones." Is it any wonder that so many writers have taken to the telling of tales?

Miss Anna Smith Balestier, mother-in-law of Rudyard Kipling, died at Brattleboro, Vermont, in the latter part of March, while at the dinner table. She was eighty years old, and

## Biographies of Well-known Authors.

### Rudyard Kipling

Fifty-four years ago in a Bombay bungalow an Anglo-Indian boy was born, named Rudyard Kipling. When he was old enough to go to school he was sent to England to a military training school in Devon. At school young Kipling was an all-round sport and athlete, but he was also a good student, and early developed a taste for journalism, being for some time editor of the school paper. Instead of going into the army he joined the staff of the "Civil and Military Gazette," of Lahore, India,—in fact, he was a very large portion of the staff; for he was reporter, sub-editor, proof reader and general assistant. His busy life did not keep him from seeing the stories which lay around him on every hand. He began writing poems and short sketches, and these were copied by papers all over the country. Then he thought of making a book of his poems, and started out as his own publisher. His own story of his start is this: "I was in the army and government service wrote me that my rhymes might be made into a book. Some of them had been sung to banjos around camp fires, and some had run down the coast as far as the station and up to Mandalay. A year later I was out of the question, but I knew the office plant was at my disposal, if I did not

al Ditties" and "Barrack Room Ballads," the only first-class doggerel. Flights like this, "Recessional," are, unfortunately, rare with him. The imperialistic note is strong throughout all his poetry.

Kipling has travelled extensively in Canada, the United States and in South Africa. He lived for several years near Brattleboro, Vermont, and married an American lady, Miss Balestier. His novel, "The East and West," was written in collaboration with his brother-in-law, Wolcott Balestier. He lives now in Surrey, England.

### Making the Day End Right.

There are days when everything just won't go right. Whatever you do seems to go wrong; by the time night comes you are nervous and irritable. Everything looks gloomy; the little troubles and worries have grown into mountains of care. So you say to yourself, "I'll go for a walk and see if I can't get rid of this."

As you walk up the street you happen to pass a bookstore. There, displayed in the window of books, is an inviting sign, "All the newest books on sale—step inside." But of course that does not matter to you; this is one of your unlucky days. You say in your mind, "Oh! there won't be anything I'd care to read." Hesitatingly you pass into the store.

You turn over book after book listlessly, then—a wonderful thrill goes through you—you pick up another book, and a struggling smile begins to chase away the gloom. This is something you would like to read—a new book by your favorite author. "I'll take this one," you say to the clerk.

When you get outside an atmosphere of cheer envelopes you and bears you homeward. Unconsciously the grip of your hand tightens on the treasure that it carries—the treasure that already is radiating enjoyment.

So you hurry home; you settle down in your most comfortable chair; you lean back with a long sigh of content. Ahead of you, hours of good, wholesome enjoyment. "None are the cares that infest the day." There's nothing like a good companionable book to make the day end right.

### Now "The Ryerson Press."

A rather interesting change in trade name took place recently with the printing of the venerable Rev. Dr. Briggs from the position he has held for two score years as book steward of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. During the last score of years of his administration at least, the name "William Briggs" has been used as an imprint on the House publications. With the assumption of the book steward's office by Rev. S. W. Fallis, the trade name becomes "The Ryerson Press," thus very fittingly commemorating the name of the founder of the institution. Dr. Briggs' friends will be glad to know that he is not by any means withdrawing his interests from the institution, but as Book Steward Emeritus, to which position he was elected by the general conference of the church last October, continues to be in his office daily. The new name, "The Ryerson Press," will be used in future on all publications handled by the house.

### Suggestions For Holiday Reading

- For the members of the Senate; Oranges and Lemons (with a dash of spirit.)
- For Street Railway Companies; The Curious Quest (or, Finding the Money).
- For Strike Leaders; Twelve Men, (Good and True.)
- For Labour and Capital generally; The Idea of Public Right (the public be hanged).
- For War Profiteers; The Knack of Managing (to squeeze out 300 per cent.)
- For the United States; Who Giveth Us Victory (why, the U. S. of course).
- For Summer Flirtationists; The Eyes of the Blind (Danny Boy).
- For the Wets; More Cargoes (From Montreal, or anywhere you can get it).
- For Sir Robert Borden; Travelling Companions (and other wild animals I have met).
- For Examination Candidates; Field and Study, (O, that we had done less fielding and more study.)

## Notes of Interest For Booklovers.

Philip Gibbs, the noted British war correspondent, has returned to England, after a two months lecturing tour in the United States.

Ottavious Roy Cohen, author of "The Crimson Alley," is only twenty-seven years of age, gave up a budding law practice in Charleston, S.C., four years ago, and moved to Birmingham, Alabama, to devote himself exclusively to the writing of short stories and novels.

Marie Botkareva, author of "Yashka," to whom Theodore Roosevelt gave \$1,000 from his Nobel Peace Prize Fund during her recent visit to America, has devoted the money to the relief of thirty women of her Battalion of Death, who were reduced to acute suffering through the loss of health and home in military service for their motherland.

Mary S. Saxe, author of "Our Little Quebec Cousin," is librarian of Westmount Public Library, Montreal.

Kenyon Butterfield, who recently wrote "The Farmer and the New Day," is president of Massachusetts Agricultural College.

A new book by Gene Stratton Porter concerns itself chiefly with the dooities of bird life and contains the gleanings of a lifetime of experience with the feathered folk of the woods.

The present Queen of Roumania has followed her predecessor, Carmen Sylvia's example, and before the war had finished both a book and a musical play.

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