

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

MOTHERS OF GENIUS.

Some Tender and Tragic Stories.

For the most part, all records of the mothers of our early writers are lost. Even Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, is little more than a shadow. Cowper's mother is immortalized by his own love for her. She died in 1737. Fifty-two years later, a cousin sent him her picture. He acknowledged it in a manner which shows that his affection had not been lessened by the passage of more than half a century. Almost his best-known lines, and certainly his finest, are written upon the subject of the receipt of this picture, and the memories it recalls:

"The nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might know me safe and warmly laid;
The morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum . . ."

Pope was his mother's only child. She and her husband were both forty-six when he was born in 1688, and she lived until 1733. She was an affectionate mother, and he responded with the strongest love he ever felt, entirely untouched by the bitterness which characterized his later life and writings. His words upon her death were the kindest and most charming he ever uttered. Speaking of her as she lay dead, he said that she was "the finest love of a man's heart that painter ever drew" and he begged a friend to come and make a picture of her on her death-bed.

Shelley's mother seems to have been one of those typical Englishwomen, who, being devoid of any startling personal intelligence, yet have a genius for motherhood. Shelley found her "irresistible eloquence on the subject of the weather" very hard to bear, but she was the best friend of his youth, constantly interposing herself as a buffer between her son and her narrow-minded, irritable husband.

The influence of Byron's mother upon his life is tragically unmistakable. She was a capricious, hysterical woman, treating her son in every excess of violence and tenderness in turn. Byron always declared that the malformation of the feet from which he suffered was largely due to her foolishness, the constant torture and injudicious treatment of quacks having greatly exaggerated the original deformity with which, as he reminded her when she taunted him, he was born. A frank, but not particularly courteous school-fellow once observed to Byron, "Your mother is a fool." "Yes," agreed Byron calmly, "I know that." In his eighteenth year, she concluded one of their fierce quarrels by hurling the poker and tongs at his head. He fled to his London lodgings to be free of her, but she followed him and another pitched battle ensued, in which he routed her and had peace for a time. In 1811, when he was of the illness which ended her life,

he was so embarrassed financially that he had to borrow money to go to her, but she died before he could reach her side. In spite of all, he seems to have felt her loss very deeply, and showed his grief in the tempestuous fashion inherited from her.

Had it not been for Dickens' mother he would probably have had no education at all, for it made no difference to his thriftless, affectionate Micawberish father, whether his son was taught his letters or not. Dickens was a small and sickly child, and his mother taught him to read at a very early age, afterwards allowing him to browse at large among his father's books, of which he preferred Smollett's novels. As Charles grew older she tried to improve the family fortunes by opening a school, but this was a dead failure and eventually the whole family except Charles found themselves in the Marshalsea prison for debt. Dickens at this time was working as a sort of general drudge in a bookbinding shop, and he was shilling a week. He was, therefore, not included in the Marshalsea house-party, but lodged with an old woman in Camden Town. Later on, when the family fortunes improved, he was sent to school, but the overworked, overtaxed, delicate child who had been in these grey and desperate years, the materials for his prodigious life work. He seems to have inherited something of his capacity from his father's mother, who, according to the first Lord Houghton's wife, was at one time the mistress of the painter, and was famed for her powers of story telling.

TWO BOOKS OF HUMOR.

"We Need the Business"—By Joseph E. Austrian, 74 Pages, Price \$1.00. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, Publishers.

"The Line's Busy"—By Albert Edward Uilman, 118 Pages, Price \$1.00. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, Publishers.

The tremendous run of success which greeted the "Dere Mable" books has spurred other writers of the same kind of literature to effort and the Ryerson Press has just produced two more of the same kind. The first, entitled "We Need the Business," is a book of letters from the senior partner in a firm of waist manufacturers to his associates and salesmen, and they are brimful with good humor and human nature. Philip Citron, the head of the concern, is one of the old school of hard-headed business men, but he sometimes makes a false move, and his explanations are productive of many a smile. He is a firm believer in the principle of keeping in close touch with the salesmen on the road, and in a series of imitable letters he tells the whole story of the inside history of the business. These stories are not only full of laughter, but they overflow with shrewd philosophy, and are a running fire of comment on the various conditions which the writer meets from day to day in his business. They are very human and will awaken a responsive chord in many

hearts. Here is a sample paragraph. "Some thirty years I am in the waist trade as operator, contractor and manufacturer, and in all directions this was the hardest year I ever went through. We had a 100 per cent. share of troubles from the war adjustments with strikes and high prices. One of our designers left us just before the spring season and took along some of our best ideas. We had our usual amount of bankruptcies with fifteen per cent. settlements. Our quid pro quo rate of cancellations and returns was larger than ever. We lost a lot of profit on business we lost by introducing our business sufficiency. More than ever we had troubles and expense with salesmen, and yet, I am glad to tell you, Citron, Gambler and Co. will show a clean net profit of \$52,000."

The second of these breezy publications takes the form of a series of letters from Goldie, the telephone operator in a large hotel, to her bosom friend Myrtle. It is entitled "The Line's Busy," and it tells the amusing incidents which happened around the switchboard of the hotel from day to day. The stories are full of a spicy, spontaneous humor, and are most entertaining. At times Goldie helps out a friend in a difficulty and shows her sympathetic and kind nature. Love affairs play a large part in the little volume, for Goldie seems to be a real matrimonial bureau in straightening out the tangles of romances. And in the end she finds her own happiness, and tells of it in a breezy, attractive letter to her friend.

Both these books are splendid tonics in these days of stress. They leave the reader in a lighter frame of mind, and drive away the cares of home and business. Of the two, the first is perhaps the better, but both are well worth while, and although following the same scheme as adopted by Streever in his "Dere Mable" series, they are full of originality of phrase and idea, and are in a separate class.

April Hearst's Has New Novels.

The new April Hearst's magazine brings a veritable April shower of literary riches. Last month's Hearst's presented the first chapters of "The Master of Man," a new novel by Sir Hall Caine. Now—in the April issue of the same name—comes the first installment of "The Enemies of Women," a new novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez, whose "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Mare Nostrum" are still breaking all records as best-sellers for novels of such high literary quality.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the great Belgian philosopher, and author of "The Blue Bird," now touring America, who has been having some trouble in delivering his famous lecture on "Immortality" because of his difficulties with the English language, has overcome these obstacles by having his lecture translated and published in Hearst's. It will appear in four installments under the title "Eternal Life or Eternal Death." The first of these appears in Hearst's for April.

George Bernard Shaw's article

"The Betrayal of Ulster" deals with the complicated political situation in Ireland. "The Right to Think Wrong" by Charles Edward Russell, is an eloquent plea for freedom of thought and speech and a warning against the dangers of reaction and repression. "Into the Muds of Poland" by ex-Premier Clemenceau of France is a vivid description of Poland as it is to-day—dealing not so much with its politics as with its people. A new poem by Rudyard Kipling—the uncrowned poet-laureate of England—is always an event, and "The Clerks and the Bells" in the April Hearst's is Kipling at his best. In lighter vein are the humorous articles of Walt Mason, Kenneth C. Boston and Bert Lester Taylor. Fiction is well taken care of, with stories by Robert W. Chambers, Larry Evans, Arnold Bennett, Arthur Somers Roche, Maurice Level and Bruno Lessing. Besides all this there are, of course, the regular monthly departments, The Art, Book, Play and Science of the Month.

Literary Activity in British Columbia

Far away from Canada's centres of advanced thought and of publishing companies, the people of the Pacific province have been long when one considers the aesthetic opportunities of their surroundings, in finding utterance upon the printed page. Until recently, the only productions of importance were those of one or two conscientious historians—notably R. E. Gosnell and P. W. Howay—the poems of Sir Clive Phillips-Wolley, and the later work of Pauline Johnson. Only in the last year or two has B. C. begun seriously to invade the intellectual sanctuaries of the east.

In action, setting aside Isabel Ecclestone Mackay who does not write about her adopted province, the first novel of importance appeared, in 1918: "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester" and "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman." The author of the latter, Robert Watson, was represented again in 1919 by "The Girl of the O. K. Valley," to which almost a companion volume is "Jaet of Kootenay,"—fit for the province, for a time the home of R. W. Service, is this season represented by a volume of the Yukon singer's school—"The Royal of Vancouver," by Charles

Tentative efforts are also being made, in spite of obstacles, to publish locally; these include volumes of verse by Ronald Kenyon, Lionel Hawes, and R. F. Adams, and a volume of prose experiences by Major J. C. Thorne. More ambitious is a compilation by various local writers entitled "The Gold Stripe" and published by the "Amputation Club"; three numbers of this have now appeared. It has a companion in "Scarlet and Gold" more ambitious toward the west, edited by Rev. R. M. Asbath, the well-known historian.

The latest news of literary interest announces the formation of an Authors' Society in Vancouver. It is to be hoped that this will result in a measure of solidarity for the literary exploitation of British Columbia.—Lionel Stevenson.

The Education of the Adult.

We should not cease to learn when we leave school, even though the school age may be raised in due time to sixteen. We should always be disciples in the school of life. We should "die learning." The education of the adult must lay a greater and growing part in the democracy that is safe for the world. Democracy makes heavy demands on the intelligence, integrity and interest of the citizen body.

If our educational system made no provision for the adult, it would be a measure of defeat. The opportunity is as great as the need. Adult education is carried on mainly by the efforts of the adult himself, and is on that account very lasting and delightful. In providing the opportunities for the continued education of our citizens the public library is the chief factor. The great "popular university," or educational extension institution is the friend and helper of home education and of self-development.

Realizing the potentialities of the library, librarians and library boards will be ambitious to provide the best books, and to give the best service to their communities. The modern library is not a mere repository or dormitory for ancient tomes; nor is it only an intellectual shrine to which the keen book lover resorts. It is an aggressive and missionary institution. It seeks to promote circulation. It tries to bring the right books to the right people at the right time. Librarians are the guides or directors of popular reading.

It will be well to offer ample facilities for general culture reading and for special vocational studies. The relatively small number of those who pursue a course of serious and systematic reading should receive the librarian's most helpful attention. The majority of readers, however, can be guided into less formal courses of reading, and led to read books that are worthy of their time and effort.

The public libraries are a part of the general educational system of the province of Ontario. The department of education assists them with legislation and grants, and through its public libraries' branch stands ready to give advice or investigation to all library efforts. In their buildings, equipment, selection and classification of books, service of trained librarians, circulation of timely literature, the public libraries of the province of Ontario are taking their full share in the general educational advancement of the times.—Hon. H. J. Cody.

Random Reflections.

Many modern fiction writers preclude their work with the statement that such of their characters are

taken from life. This seems in many cases an unnecessary precaution.

Major MacKenzie Rogan, bandmaster of the Guards, is about to publish his reminiscences. It is announced that he will strike a humorous note. Being a bandmaster probably gives him confidence in the matter of striking the right note.

Canon Masterman's suggestion of a lethal chamber for the uneducated appears at first sight an original conception, but it is not so. It is a Bolshevik idea,—reversed.

H. A. L. Fisher states that most of the intellect of the world springs from the mind of the middle class. Possibly a delicate sugar coating to the unpalatable fact that most of the money proceeds from them, too.

The project to shoot a rocket to the moon and thence to make a giant flash into the middle class. It succeeded most people would refuse to regard the whole thing as anything more than moonshine.

H. S. Nicholson, organist at Westminster, has stated that a superman is wanted to produce a hymn book of two hundred of the best tunes. Another want is a philanthropist who would eliminate the two hundred hymns with the worst words.

A reviewer of Marmaduke Pickthall's "Sir Limpidus," says that it is pitched at exactly the right note of delicate solemnity that amuses the humorous, while evading the apprehension of the merely facetious. The pleasure received from reading this is overshadowed by the dread of being one of the "merely facetious." A correspondent to a contemporary remarks that in Berlin the goose-step is set to music—that is the German idea of the fox-trot. Surely only as beginning. The fox-trot will surely come after the goose-step in the natural way.

Contemporary is offering prizes for "Beauty and Brains" in many entrants for these prizes are probably doubtful on which to concentrate.

Nibbles From New Books.

It is in the midst of life that we are in debt.

"What is fame?" The nettlesome hands at which thou clutchest, which ends in a gold plate on thy coffin-lid, my friend.

Nature has endowed women with their lack of physical strength; that is why women fear no rival but woman.—Dorota Flatau, in "Seven Journeys."

"It seems to me," said Martha; with the wisdom that the simple in heart acquire in pain and travail, "that in this world a woman's only chance of happiness is if she loves. Love's love does not make her . . . Love's a fire, so it must have fuel to keep it alight, but a woman's fire needs very little, and that is rather a good thing perhaps, for she seldom gets much."—Sylvia Lethbridge, in "The Journey Home."

There are really only two classes in the world—the bouncers and the others.—Wing Commander, in "The Odd Hint to the R.A.F."

An average young man in the

THE CONTENTED MAN.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields
With bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield
Him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly
Find
Hours, days, and years slide
Soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease,
Together mix'd, sweet recreation
And innocence, which most doth
please,
With meditation.

Thus, let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus, unobscured, let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.
—Alexander Pope.

shade is better than a hundred fairy princesses in the clouds.—Baroness von Hutten, in "Happy House."

A woman in love is—just a woman in love. At heart, when you get right down to fundamentals, all women are the same.

He addresses all women under thirty as "my dear." This he does partly on principle and partly because he thinks, being women, that they like it. So they do, unfortunately, most of them.—Beatrice Kean Seymour, in "Invisible Tides."

She is pretty, you know. I love to look at her, and I want to tell her that whilst she has a mouth that every man will want to kiss it doesn't matter what absurd things it says.—Sylvia Campbell Lethbridge, in "The Journey Home."

Notes of Interest to Booklovers.

Rider Haggard has written a new novel about his famous character, Allan Quartermain, and it is to be published next month under the title, "The Ancient Allan." The book will be an innovation in stories of reincarnation, for it will deal with the life of Quartermain in a long-ago existence in ancient Egypt.

"Celia and Her Friends," is the title of a novel by Ethel Brunner, which has been published by the Macmillans. This book has had a considerable vogue amongst the book-loving public of England.

A new book of poems by Siegfried Sassoon is announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton Company. It will be called "The Picture Show."

Public Library Bulletin

Now that the By-law has passed, call at the Library and see the plans for the

NEW FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

its title having reference to the mood in which a man back from the war looks on the life, at first seeming so unreal, that is going on busily all around him.

Meredith Nicholson thinks the reading of fiction unprofitable for the writers of it, and himself reads but three novels a year, which are chosen for him by his wife. Instead, he reads much in the fields of social and political discussion, biography and poetry, his special interest being Italian literature and history.

Ocell Roberts, a collection of whose selected poems has just been published in this country, has come from England to lecture and give readings from his works. He will make an extensive tour.

A complete edition of O. Henry's stories is being set in Braille, and the American Brotherhood of Free Reading for the Blind plans to place sets of them in public libraries which have departments for the blind. Some of his separate stories and small collections of his tales have been for some time accessible in Braille, but this is the first time his complete works have been so printed.

"The Foolish Lovers" is the provocative title of a new novel by St. John G. Ervine, which the Macmillan Company will publish this spring. They promise also a new American edition of his play, "John Ferguson," to be published in March.

Henry James Forman, one-time managing editor of Collier's Weekly, is the author of a novel bearing the title "Fire of Youth."

Scribner's announce for early publication two books concerning Tennyson by Dr. Henry Van Dyke. One will contain a selection of representative poems by Tennyson and an introduction by Dr. Van Dyke, and the other "Studies in Tennyson," will have a series of essays on the growth of Tennyson's mind and the perfection of his art.

The George H. Doran Company announces for early publication new editions of three of Sir Oliver Lodge's important works, "Reason and Belief," "Man and the Universe," and "The Survival of Man." The last named one will be revised and enlarged by the author.

Herbert Adams Gibbons, whose latest book, "The Map of Asia," was a recent publication, has been chosen by Princeton University to resume the Spencer Trask lectures which were interrupted by the war.

Little, Brown and Co. announce that they sold nearly 500,000 copies of Thornton W. Burgess' books for children during 1919.

A TONIC IN SPRING

AN AID TO EFFICIENCY

You Can Lay the Foundation of Good Health Now by Building Up Your Blood and Strengthening Your Nerves

BADLY RUN DOWN. Mrs. J. N. McNeil, Glace Bay, N.S., says: "For years past my home has never been without Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have good reason to praise them highly. Following an attack of la grippe, I was left in a badly run down condition. I had no appetite and felt so weak I could scarcely go about the house. I was taking medicine, but it was not helping me, and a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used them for a time with the most beneficial results. My appetite improved, my strength returned and I was soon able to do all my household work. I now use the pills every spring and find them a splendid strength bringing tonic. I have recommended the pills to other friends who have used them with good results."

NEVER FELT SO WELL. Miss Beatrice Bishop, Fendale, N. B., says: "I have never felt so well as I do since taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began their use I was very much run down. I had no color, no appetite, could not go up stairs without stopping to rest on the way. I had frequent headaches and a feeling of despondency. I took Pink Pills regularly for about eight weeks and while I felt a benefit from them almost from the first, at the end of that time I was in better health than I had ever enjoyed before. I freely give you permission to publish this letter as by experience may be the means of pointing the way to new health to some other weak and run down girl."

BILIOUS HEADACHES GONE. Mr. D. C. McClure, Hefley Creek, B. C., says: "As a spring tonic I know of nothing else that can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Last spring I felt weak and run down and suffered a great deal from bilious headaches. I got a half dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking them I felt like a new man. The lassitude from which I suffered had disappeared. I had a better appetite, and was in every way stronger and better than before I began the use of this medicine. Almost everyone

PALE, WEAK GIRLS. When your daughter's strength falls and pallor, breathlessness, and backache disclose her anemic condition, remember that you can make her well and assure her healthy development by giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make good red blood. Remember, too, that for women of all ages Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially helpful in the many ailments that result from watery blood. They make women and girls well and keep them well. This is amply proved by the case of Miss Eva McKinnon, Glamis, Ont., who says:—"As a school girl I grew very pale and would take dizzy spells and sometimes vomiting. My condition was such that I was not able to attend school regularly, and my mother was very much worried about my condition. Finally she decided to give me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I took these for a considerable time, gradually gaining strength, until I was perfectly well. It is some years since I took these pills and I have since enjoyed the best of health and I am certain pale, sickly girls will find new health if they give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

HAS A BETTER APPETITE. Mrs. M. D. McLeod, Caledonia, P. E. I., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a spring medicine with satisfactory results. Before I began their use I was subject to weak spells, but these have now disappeared, and I find that my appetite is better, and I have new confidence in your pills as a blood purifier."

A MEDICINE WORTH TRYING. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic, not a stimulant. They build up the blood, and through their effect not only the disastrous after effects of influenza but also troubles due to poor blood, such as anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion and the generally worset feeling that affects so many people, disappear. You can get these pills through 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.



The Human Clock usually Breaks Down instead of Runs Down

"It has long been a favorite idea of mine to compare the human body with my old clock here."

"Without proper attention the old clock gets run down and stops until I wind it up again and then it ticks away just as heartily and regularly as ever."

"And so it is with the human body, but the great difference I find is that the human clock usually breaks down instead of runs down because people neglect to take proper care of their health."

"Through all these years I have managed to keep well and to keep young by using restorative treatment whenever there are indications of the system becoming run down."

"Fortunately I learned the value some years ago of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and

to its use I largely attribute my healthful condition at this age."

"When I hear people talking about being unable to sleep or of suffering from nervous headaches, indigestion or worn-out feelings I ask them, 'Why do you not use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to increase your nervous energy?'"

"So many people, as age advances, suffer from a lowering of the vitality, from high blood pressure or hardening of the arteries, but I have found that the use of this restorative treatment, when required keeps my health at the high water mark."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine there is the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.