

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

which few outside the service had previous knowledge. There are passages which call for the immediate and serious consideration of all who are careful of the interests of the navy and the young men who serve in it.

THE RED LADY.

By Katherine Newlin Burt. Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.75.

Katherine Newlin Burt's first novel, "The Branding Iron," is still among the best sellers and one of the most talked-of recent books, and she has been hailed far and wide as a bright new star in the literary firmament. "The Red Lady" is entirely different from her first success and shows a remarkable versatility on the part of this talented writer. It is an absorbing tale of the mysterious adventures of an attractive young woman in an isolated country house. There has been a mysterious death in the house, and other weird events follow it. The heroine's red hair seems to have some uncanny connection, which she herself is puzzled to understand, with the web which weaves itself around her. It is a remarkably good example of the type of fiction which has an irresistible fascination for many readers.

THE ISLAND SHEEP.

By Cadmus and Harmonia. Thomas Allen, Toronto, Price \$1.65.

For an illuminating interpretation of what England thinks of peace, the League of Nations, America, labor and economic questions read this book, in which these and other problems of the day are discussed brilliantly by a world-famous Englishman and his wife under the pseudonyms of Cadmus and Harmonia. The feelings of these nations are skilfully brought out through the mouths of the characters in the story representing them. Interest does not flag for one minute. The story is told in such a way as to throw a light on the important questions of the day and the different attitudes taken toward them, without in the least losing its charm or interest as a narrative.

SWATTY.

By Ellis Parker Butler. Thomas Allen, Toronto, Price \$2.00.

The hero of this story is the same human, impish, humorous boy as Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn. The book makes a delightful companion to Mark Twain's works. Swatty passes through a series of adventures, some of them screamingly funny, others pathetic and almost tragic, which would have done credit to the famous Captain

Kidd. The reader is kept somewhere halfway between tears and laughter all the time, with an admiration for the resourcefulness of the young adventurer and his everlasting grit.

IMMIGRATION OF ENEMY ALIENS.

Some interesting light is thrown on the workings of Canada's immigration policy by the character of the incomers during the first year or two of the war. From April 1st, 1914, to March 31st, 1915, enemy aliens—Austrians, Bulgarians, Germans, Hungarians, and Turks—to the number of 8,864, found entrance into Canada. This was just four times the number of Canadians, officers and men, who were killed in the war up till November 30th, 1915. Even more surprising perhaps are the figures as to naturalization. On November 30th, 1915, the total Canadian casualties of all ranks, 13,917. During the approximately parallel war period of 1914 and 1915 Canadian naturalization was given to 13,045 incomers from central and southern Europe, of whom 8,938 were avowedly Austrians, 1,396 Germans, 521 Hungarians, and 590 Turks. Truly we have a Canadian melting pot. These figures are from "A Study of Turquoise," published by W. G. Smith, shortly to be published by The Ryerson Press.

AMEN!

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and the greatest of our race.—Channing.

MAY.

- ♦ Dawn of pearl and of mist
- ♦ From the amethyst—
- ♦ Morning stained with rays
- ♦ Of chrysope—
- ♦ Midday veiled with gauze
- ♦ Spun from turquoise—
- ♦ Afternoon sapphires
- ♦ Skies to admire—
- ♦ Eve a chalice full,
- ♦ Crystal cool—
- ♦ And as a moonstone, light
- ♦ With dim lustre, Night.

Under the title "Learning to Write," a collection has been made of all the remarks Robert Louis Stevenson made in his published works on the art of writing and the Scribners announce the volume for publication this week. His novels, essays and letters have been searched and all his observations on the subject have been culled and brought together.

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the evensong,
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Like to the summer's rain,
Or like the gleam on morning dew,
Nearer to God again.
—Robert Herrick.

Notes of Interest Booklovers.

J. Thomas Looney has discovered who it really was that wrote the dramas of Shakespeare and has written a book revealing the secret, which the Stokes Company will publish this month under the title "Shakespeare Identified." Mr. Looney is very sure that the immortal Shakespeare was William Shakespeare, but Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, and he sets forth a bookful of evidence to prove it.

Prince Wilhelm of Sweden, known in his own country as the "Prince of Peace," has recently finished a volume of short stories entitled "The Old Pine Tree and Other Stories," which will be translated into English by Edwin Bjorkman. The American rights of the book have been secured by the Foreign Press Service, and the previous Wilhelm's fifth volume, the previous books having been poetry, sketches of travel and translations.

Margaret Deland is about to revive the familiar figure of Dr. Lavendar in a new novel dealing with Old Chester upon which she is now at work. It soon begins its serial appearance and will later on be published in book form by the Harpers.

The American Booksellers' Association will hold its next meeting in Philadelphia the middle of May. John Spargo will deliver an address on "How to Reach the Alien Resident Through Books."

The Johns Hopkins Press announces for early publication "Martial, the Epigrammatist and Other Essays," by the late Professor Kirby Flower Smith, edited by W. P. Murard; "Foreign Rights and Interests in China," by W. W. Willoughby, who was constitutional adviser to the Chinese Republic during 1916 and 1917; "An Economic History of Rome to the End of the Republic," by Professor Tenney Frank, and "Public Health and Insurance, American Addresses," by Sir Arthur Newsholme.

Mark Twain's former residence at Hartford, Conn., is being converted into an apartment house and another big apartment building is soon to be erected on the Clemens estate.

A professional psychoanalyst writing in "Mental Hygiene" attempts to explain the sense of failure which readers of "The Education of Henry Adams" have noted running through the volume, and by which they have been puzzled. The psychoanalyst thinks that this pessimism about himself was the result of what psychoanalysis calls an "inferiority complex," due to an attack of scarlet fever from which Henry Adams suffered when a child. It slightly retarded his development and made him seem to himself inferior to his more robust brother and sister, and this feeling, the psychoanalyst explains, may have persisted subconsciously through life.

A new novel by Mary Austin "Twenty-Six Jayne Street," which Houghton Mifflin Company will bring out next month, will transfer the scene of this author's fiction, which has heretofore dealt with the California coast or mountain region, to New York City. It is described as a tale of radical thinkers, artists, leaders in social reform and others who gather around the personality and in the apartment of a young woman in Greenwich Village who has cast behind her the conventionalities and prejudices of a luxurious home upbringing. Mrs. Austin's last realistic novel "The Ford," was a graphic portrayal of ranch life in California, and of the struggle between the owners of the ranch and certain interests in a large city whose purposes if achieved would destroy its value.

"Foster's Russian Bank," which E. P. Dutton & Co. have ready for immediate publication, is by the card expert and authority on bridge, R. F. Foster, and describes and explains a new card game which has been developed to meet the demand for an interesting game for two people. Mr. Foster says that Russian Bank is a development from various forms of solitaire, especially one known during the last few years as crapple, that it presents such infinite possibilities that no two games are ever alike, and that it provides more excitement than euchre, less luck than pinocchio and sufficient intellectual interest to satisfy any card player.

Among the late Spring books Gabriele D'Annunzio's "Tales of My Native Town" went into a second edition before the first one appeared in the book stores and both the "Inside Story of Austro-German Intrigues," by Dr. Joseph Gorica, a February book, and Leon Bazalgette's "Walt Whitman, the Man and His Work," have been printed in second edition.

In light fiction Christopher Morley's "Kathleen," which has been set but a few days, has already exhausted 10,000 copies, and Harold MacGrath's "The Man With Three Names," has run through a third edition.

BALLADE OF THE TRIUMPH OF TIME

Where are the mighty conquerors of old,
Rivals in splendour of the noon-day
Whose august looks and gestures
Seemed to hold
A majesty that might e'en Time
Defy?
Lo! at the last, the base-born and the high,
The rich, the poor, the unjust and the just,
Come to one ending and together lie
Quiet beneath a little scattered
dust.

Where are the knights so debonair, so bold,
Spurring with lance in rest and sword on thigh,
Beneath whose charge both horse and man are rolled
Upon the plain, 'mid thund'ring
battle cry?
Above their grass-grown graves the breezes sigh,
Their scutcheons are defaced, their armour rust,
Forgot they sleep, the pride of chivalry,
Quiet beneath a little scattered
dust.

Where now is Helen, with the hair of gold?
Where the fond lovers of the days gone by,
Troilus and Cressida, Tristan and Isolde,
Or those who lived and loved at Rimini?
In the vain hope of immortality,
In Love's eternity they put their trust.
Where are they now who dreamed
Love could not die?
Quiet beneath a little scattered
dust.

So, lady, let us grasp the hours that fly,
Love and be happy now; for soon we must
Take our repose for ever, you and I,
Quiet beneath a little scattered dust.
—E. H. Bliss.

PUSSY IN POETRY.

Few Sing Her Praises.

It is a significant fact that whereas the praises of the dog, that "friend of man," have been sung by poets innumerable, the "harmless, necessary cat" has had but few minstrels. Perhaps it is thought that pussy can supply her own minstrelsy. Or perhaps our excessive familiarity with this companion of the fireside has bred something not far removed from contempt—cats are cheap. Were there a tax on cats, as there is on dogs, we should probably value them more.

The Silent Poets.

The poets have, for the most part, been silent about the cat. Even when they have condescended to mention her it has been generally in a spirit of supercilious disdain. Here is Calverley, for instance:

They tell me I am beautiful: they praise my silken hair,
My little feet that silently slip on
From stair to stair:
They praise my pretty trustful face
And innocent grey eyes;
Fond hands caress me oftentimes,
yet would that I might die!

An Object of Fun.

The cat, you will observe, is merely

NIBBLES FROM CLEMENCEAU

From "The Strongest." By Georges Clemenceau.

The thing that amuses me most is the variety of ways in which people imagine they can deceive life.

You see, wealth isolates the heart. We get rich and we're surrounded by the selfishness of those who have been beaten, and the worse selfishness of those who have won out.

A curt word of refusal, spoken in the hurry of life; a gesture of disgust with the sordid beings from another world; the common cry, "I can't help everyone," which often expresses lack of will, not lack of capacity, to help; these sink deep into the attentive soul of a child.

The unhappy console themselves by showing their miseries. But supreme felicity shuns display, indifferent to the indifferent world.

"Really," she asked, "what more could our parents do for us if they were our bitterest enemies? When I think of the lies at school and at home, falsifying our souls and corrupting our hearts, I wonder that we have any sincerity and honesty left. Tell me, where are the beautiful things we are taught about the family and society? It seems we are to discover the Higher Will in them. Then why do I see, instead of the advertised beauties, nothing but a battlefield in which the desires of the strongest triumph?"

"Who would have thought that Paris would make you a poet of the fields?" he would say to Henri. "That's the punishment for idleness. Instead of going into ecstasies over an oak tree, get into the stream of action in the world, turn back your cuffs, make me a roll of paper out of this tree, bring up your ignorant workers to some conception of industry, increase the substance of mortal man; these are worth more than plain living and high thinking."

The most beautiful sentiments must be translated into action, into everyday movements, and must be realized by activity in full daylight.

Grief has no words, the heart no sobbing, for irreparable disasters. The consoling peace of the tomb is the temptation for helpless weakness.

an object of fun to the greatest of our nineteenth-century parodists. Cowper, who loved all living things—and cats not least among them—wrote a poem about his own cat. He describes her as

A poet's cat, sedate and grave,
As poet well would wish to have.

He is careful to avoid hurting Pussy's feelings; yet his language is scarcely that of enthusiasm or of affection.

Swinburne's Worship.

Swinburne, on the other hand, was a confirmed cat-worshipper. His poem, "To a Cat," is a noble tribute. He sees in the cat not merely a domestic pet, but the descendant of an ancient, proud, and awe-inspiring race.

Wild on woodland ways your sires
Flashed like fires;

There is an art of using "devotion" and "sacrifice" they call up emotions from those that are more than mortal. What is more, the action is more than help, given without recompense or organized charity, or State, subjecting each and prevailing formula, becoming for ferocious egotists a need for all restraint.

The rich are told to give; the poor to be resigned. The former give meanness; the latter are not resigned. The rich often give to prevent the want of resignation in the poor from being fatal; demanded by the Man of Galilee. Greed that has been satisfied is on the defensive against the greed that demands to be satisfied, and the war of the classes is let loose.

The comtesse was more of a spectacle to the factory than the factory could be to her. She passed with lowered lids under the ironic silence of the distant creatures at whom she would not even look. She went along, with little movements, among incomprehensible things of iron or of flesh and blood, vaguely consoled with the thought that such things had to be in order that she might shine in her glory. What, to her, were these men berrimed with coal or with paste?—these fellows disgustingly stained at the strainer or fouled with motor oil; these men, so prematurely aged; the girls, the children, stupefied with the mechanical grind, twisted into an eternal repetition of the same gesture by which they made their living. No, they were nothing to her. They were at opposite poles.

"To love is to suffer," Uncle says. "Ah, yes. But he will also tell you that it is to know the highest happiness. The egoist is afraid to suffer, and so loses his chance to be happy."

"The only criticism I accept is from experience. A dress must dress you. What are all our frocks but a concession to the infirmities of the masculine heart which refuses to be content with a beautiful soul?"

Fair as flame, and fierce as fleet
As with wings on wingless feet
Shone and sprang your mother, free,
Bright and brave as wind or sea.

Graham R. Tomson—alone among poets, I believe—has considered the cat worthy of the dignity of a sonnet. That quality of mystery which is more characteristic of the cat than of any other member of the animal creation is emphasized in the concluding lines:

Sphinx of my quiet hearth! who
deigned to dwell,
Friend of my toil, companion of
mine ease.
Thine is the lore of Ra and
Rameses;
That men forget dost thou remember
well,
Beholden still in blinking reveries
With sombre sea-green gaze inscrutable.

WEAK, WATERY BLOOD IS THE CAUSE OF MANY SERIOUS TROUBLES

Pale, Weak Women and Girls, Easily Tired Men and Boys Are Victims of Anaemia—Sound, Robust Health Can Only Be Had By Enriching the Blood and Keeping It Red and Pure.

CONDITIONS OF THIN, WATERY BLOOD CAN BE EASILY CORRECTED THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Anaemia is so prevalent, particularly among young girls and growing boys, that every mother should know how to recognize its symptoms, for this trouble makes its approach so gradually and so stealthily that it is often far advanced before it is noticed. Anaemia literally means bloodlessness, and it is thought to be due to a lack of sunlight, improper nourishment, and insufficient out-of-door air. It is most common among those who are confined indoors by their occupations and among those who do not eat regularly or do not select a proper diet.

LOOK FOR THESE SYMPTOMS

The one general symptom of anaemia is pallor. The cheeks gradually lose their color, the lips become white. With this loss of color there is a tendency to fatigue, palpitation of the heart and breathlessness on slight exertion, with occasional dizziness. In ordinary anaemic conditions, including the anaemia that sets young girls in their teens, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are all the medicine required. These, with fresh air, light, proper food and a little rest, will make recovery complete.

NERVOUS TROUBLE

Very severe nervous troubles have their origin in anaemia. It is literary that when the blood is weak, the nerves are starved, and there follows neuritis, sciatica, nervous headaches. When the blood is made rich and red, these troubles speedily disappear, as is the case of Miss Annie L. R. No. 1, Listowel, Ont. "For a long time I was a sufferer from nervous troubles, and long months I had not been able to get on my feet. Medical treatment did not do effect, until finally I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began their use and after a few days I was feeling better. I continued to use them regularly for several weeks, and I am now completely cured, and I can do my usual work."—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BLOOD WEAK AND WATERY

Another case in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored a weak, dependent girl to good health is that of Miss Jessie McLean, Trenton, N. J., who says:—"I was as weak as a kitten, and was unable to do any work, and yet be able to be about. My blood seemed to have turned almost to water. I was pale, the least exertion would leave me breathless, and when I went upstairs I would have to stop and rest on the way. Often had severe headaches, and at times my heart would palpitate alarmingly. A good friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I have reason to be grateful that I took the advice. Soon after beginning the use of the pills I began to get stronger, and by the time I had taken seven boxes I felt that I was again enjoying good health. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blessing to weak girls, and I shall always warmly recommend them."

WEAK AND RUN DOWN

There is no eight-hour day for the woman in the home. Her every waking hour is filled with household duties and cares, and often, under the strain, her blood becomes weak and watery, and there is a complete breakdown in health. Mrs. Milan Bailey, Utterson, Ont., tells what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for her in a health crisis. She says:—"Some two years ago I got weak and badly run down, and could scarcely do my housework. I grew so thin that my friends used to comment upon it. At that time my baby was six months old and the care of it and my housework was almost too much for me. It was at this stage that my husband got me a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before I had been taking them long, I could see an improvement in my condition. For months I had not been sleeping well, and my natural sleep returned and I wasn't so nervous. Then my friends began to comment on my improved condition and I told them how much better I was looking. By the time I had taken six boxes I felt completely cured, and I can do my usual work."—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A TEACHER'S EXPERIENCE

Nervous exhaustion, head-ache, always brought on by anaemia, is one of the most serious troubles affecting men and women of to-day. The only way to bring back sound, vigorous health is to feed the starved nerves, which are clamoring for new, rich blood. This new blood can be had through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which fact accounts for the thousands of cures of nervous diseases brought about by this powerful blood builder and nerve restorer. Through a fair use of this medicine thousands of dependent people have been made bright, active and strong, among these is Miss Bibiane Chlason, South Beach, Que., who says:—"I am a teacher by profession, and probably, due to the close confinement and arduous nature of my duties, I became much run down and suffered from extreme nervousness. The least noise would startle me, and my heart would beat violently. Indeed my condition was an unhappy one. I had often heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for nervous troubles and decided to give them a fair trial. I am happy to say that this medicine completely restored my health, and I can confidently recommend it to all suffering from nervous troubles."

KEEP YOUR SYSTEM TONED UP

Keep your system toned up with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and foods that once distressed you will be harmless, exposure will bring no fears of rheumatism or neuritis and even germ diseases need hardly be dreaded. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills assist digestion, correct the lassitude, the palpitation of the heart, shakiness, and the pallor of the face and lips that are the result of this impure blood. Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for anaemia, rheumatism, neuritis, nervousness. Take them as a tonic if you are not in the best physical condition and cultivate a resistance that will keep you well and strong. Get a box from the nearest drug store and begin this treatment now. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Work is a Pleasure When Health is Good

With lots of rich, red blood coursing through the arteries and veins to keep up nervous vigor and muscular strength, there is a joy in living and work becomes an actual pleasure. If tired at times, healthful natural sleep soon restores the wasted energy and you are happy in being able to accomplish things—to do your work thoroughly and well. It is only when the blood is thin, the system run down and the nerves starved and exhausted that work becomes irksome and you get down-hearted and discouraged. In this condition you do not rest and sleep well, get up tired in the mornings and dread the day's work ahead of you. It is under these circumstances that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be of inestimable value to you.

By feeding to the blood the elements from which new blood is formed, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food builds up the run-down system in the most natural and rational way imaginable. Through the blood stream new vigor and energy is instilled in the nervous system and the benefit is felt throughout the whole body. The functions of the vital organs are resumed, digestion is improved, you sleep and rest naturally and regain gradually and certainly the vigor and energy of health. By using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can to a large extent be master of your health. 50c. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd. Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.