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BOOKS

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Published by the Bankers Trust Company, New York.

With the idea that so many have had in mind during the past few years, and which has met with such success, the Bankers Trust Company of New York is putting out this valuable work on the resources of the Dominion of Canada. The idea is to cement closer the friendship between the two countries and promote greater intercourse and understanding, still in the business and financial world.

The book itself is a review of Canada. It tells the story of its growth and achievement, its relation to the British Empire, its form of government, its natural and developed resources, its home and foreign trade, its national finances, its banking and currency system, and its railroads and its shipping. All the splendid work of the Dominion during the war is reviewed in full and facts and figures interesting to Canadians even, are given about the forces contributed by Canada, both men and money, during the recent conflict.

The work of Canada along naval lines also, information not generally available or known, is given in full in this valuable little volume. Few people are aware of the fact that at the termination of hostilities in 1918, Canada had a naval force of her own consisting of over seven hundred officers and about five thousand men. Of course, this is small, but when the number of men serving in the British Navy is taken into consideration and the small population of Canada allowed for, the representation is very creditable.

A copy of the book has been sent to the presidents of over 4,000 of the most prominent banks in the United States, with the idea of showing the leaders of the American financial world how a closer and more friendly intercourse will be of mutual benefit to the countries.

As the volume stands it is of great value to Canadians as well as to their friends across the border. It is refreshing in that it appreciates to the full the tremendous forces not yet released in the Dominion and points out how each country can best serve itself by cultivating the other. Without doubt the continent of North America is the land of the future and will one day practically control the affairs of the world. It is then necessary for the good of the world that the two big factors in North America should co-operate.

A PRIVATE IN THE GUARDS.

By Stephen Graham. 340 pages. Price \$2.50. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, Publishers.

Graham served eighteen months in the ranks of the Guards. He describes the social life and the spirit in these historic regiments of the British army. The Bill Browns are the Grenadiers, the Jocks are the Scots Guards, the Micks are the Welsh Guards, the Coals are the Coldstream. Among the rank and file they are only referred to by their nicknames. So also in this book.

An intense rivalry reigned among these regiments, and comparisons were nowhere more odious. The presence of the young Prince of Wales in the Grenadiers no doubt gave that regiment more prestige, but the Scots Guards yielded to none. The record of each and all for the forty years of conflict was most remarkable. Some stirring details of that record are given in this book. The author dwells more upon the men than upon the war. To quote: "We had amongst us a number of those American volunteers, the advance party of America's great manhood, who were feted in London in 1917. 'Fitz' of Virginia, and 'Red' and 'H'—who yearned to charge with the Guards, and 'Gurt' who died through ministering to a fallen comrade, and 'B'—the Hamlet of comrade, who was always being punished for talking too much, and 'Will' who would rather take the medicine of punishment than pay in coin, all were very fine fellows full of character and interest. Two of these boys died, all shone one way or another, all suffered."

The author tells us something of the drastic discipline maintained in the Guards. He declares that if all had been trained like the Guards the Germans would have been defeated earlier. Here is a little incident of the barracks square, with the drill sergeant speaking, or rather barking: "What's the first duty of a soldier?" "Obedience, sergeant."

"Well, mind you do. Take that smile off your dial. If you laugh I'll run you to the guard room. You're in."

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"I was in the York militia. No use your coming here and trying your hand on. I'll break yer. I'll break yer blooming heart. I will. I've seen plenty of your sort come in at that gate. I'm not afraid of you, big as you are. Not of twenty like you rolled into one."

He was not afraid because he had the army behind him, and it was no use saying a word in reply. Some weeks later a Canadian backwoodsman was brought straight from his native haunts to this barracks and was addressed in the same way. He flared up, and replied: "You can speak like that to Britishers if you choose, but you're not going to pass it off on a Canadian. I didn't come four thousand miles to be treated worse than a dog." And he offered to fight. But the sergeant's course was quite simple. He called for an escort, and the recalcitrant recruit was marched to the guard-room. There the Canadian tore the buttons off his tunic and stamped on them, and was thrown into a cell. A few days later, but was recaptured, and soon the sergeant had him "eating out of their hands." No, no, when you are in you are in—very much in.

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF.

By Margaret and H. De Vere Staepool. The Macmillan Co., Toronto. Price 82c.

Imagine your crotchety old uncle suddenly "getting gay" at the age of sixty-five. Picture one of the foremost and most respected barristers of London and all England arrested for poaching. Think of a sober and respected English gentleman of three-score and five years, suddenly found in a notorious cabaret, dressed in a light gray suit, purple socks, white shoes, red cravat, straw hat, with striped band, carrying a tasseled walking stick, flirting with every girl near him at the time gloriously drunk. These are only some of the situations which arise in this clever sketch by the Staepools.

Simon Pettigrew was a well-known lawyer in modern London, who, in his daily habits, clung to the traditions of the Victorian days of his youth, forty years before. Although apparently keeping to himself without taking any part in social life, and although he kept his offices in a style that was more clients than he could handle, he knew everything about everybody who was anybody in England. Family skeletons were all in his daily business. Therefore he was at many times invaluable as the trusted adviser to members of some of the greatest families in the country, and prospered according to such a position.

Unfortunately, however, Simon became afflicted with a curious malady. This took him into its care for about a month in every year and made him feel and act as he had done forty years before, in the rather wild days of his youth. Under its influence he would desert his usual life and haunts with a goodly sum from his bank, would buy a whole new outfit of the latest things in clothes and outfittings, engage a suite at the most fashionable hotel he could find, and then go forth from his newly established base to paint the town of London a bright red.

Into his train he gathered his worried young nephew, Bobby Ravenshaw, Captain Fugate of the Guards, Julia Delyse, an authoress, Mme.

Rossigol, a charming French lady, and Cerise, her equally charming and very beautiful young daughter. His escapades finally ended in a "triple-header" matrimonial ceremony, with none complaining.

The book, besides being a side-splitting series of humorous situations, is also a clever study of dual personality, and here and there a good comparison of London life in the reign of Victoria and in the present times.

THE BLOWER OF BUBBLES.

By Arthur Beverley Baxter. 338 pages. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.

Baxter is a young Canadian who has achieved the remarkable distinction of capturing the reading public of Great Britain. The Bookman, of London, says he has a charm of style, vivid descriptive power, and what is much more precious, a very searching knowledge of humanity. The present volume includes five short stories of love and adventure.

"The Blower of Bubbles" tells the story of that charming, delightful character, Basil Norman, a modern Fucci in many ways, of his pre-war experiences and how they and the fact that he had a weak heart dominated his life, took him into the great war. It describes how he came out of the grim conflict helpless, yet the happiest man in the world, with that bright vision characteristic of the prizefighter which our new world must be built.

"Mr. Craighouse, New York, Satirist," tells of a young newspaper man from New York who went to England to write up a series of satirical articles on the people there. Then the war broke out, and he saw the true heroic England that always lay underneath her staid exterior, so that he tore up the articles that were to hold her up to scorn and he himself did his bit for her great cause.

"Petite Simunde" is the tale of Capt. Dug Campbell, and the way he got the Cobalt gang of French Canadians to join up, especially that rough lumberman, Jacques Des Rosiers. Jacques made a splendid soldier, but then he fell in love with a little French girl, Petite Simunde, and deserted because he couldn't see her the night before he went up to the front line. Capt. Campbell got him back and took him out on the dangerous mission that cost the captain his life but reinstated Jacques so that he and Simunde could marry.

"The Man Who Scooped" is a tale of social condition in America.

"The Alry Prince"—a young airman takes a Picardy peasant girl to fight a sergeant in his plane, and through her unsophisticated eyes tells a charming and humorous story.

EYES OF THE LAW.

By Ethel Penman Hope, McLelland & Stewart, Toronto.

Although at first glance the plot of the story seems to be unique, and certainly is in many respects, yet the separate scheme of Robert and Alice had been tried many and many times before by people who feared to take the blind step into matrimony. In their case they had taken the step before and had suffered and their, or rather her, doubts and misgivings about the second trial of married life can easily be forgiven.

Into their little plan, which involved a stay of two months at the same summer resort without any other recognition, that that usual between distant acquaintances, stepped people with post-matrimonial troubles, and others with no serious doubts at all. The business-driven husband who repented just at the time when his wife had resolved that his neglect was caused by another woman, had betaken himself to the same resort in a fit of rage. His wife, to make sure that she was right, followed him even to the same resort. Robert of the story ran into the discontented wife, while Alice proved to be an old friend of the neglectful husband. Under the circumstances both the parties mixed the wrong way, expected that the other party was guilty of the mistake.

The theft of a pearl necklace and the coincidence of three names brought Winkler, on the scene with his many deductions and conclusions about criminals. In the end he was rather disappointed but it was worth while to have even the great Winkler baffled—when it helped in reuniting three couples who had every reason in the world to be happy.

The title at once impressed the reader as one of those "hand-of-fate" affairs but rapidly turns out to be more the hand of humor and of love.

THE OLD HUMANITIES AND THE NEW SCIENCE.

By Sir William Osler. Price, \$1.25. Thomas Allen, Toronto, publisher.

This is a production of that gifted and beloved Canadian physician's inaugural address as president of the British Classics Association, which proved to be a classic work of preservation in permanent form. In it Sir William takes account of stock of the humanities and of science following the war, and explains the interdependence of the two branches of learning. The freshness, vigor and wisdom of this last book by one of our greatest modern thinkers makes this a volume sure to be widely discussed. It is full of learning, of humor, of feeling, of eloquence and it contains suggestions of real weight with regard to the interconnection of science and the humanities. One cannot read it without being impressed by his width of outlook, by his easy mastery of great tracts of literature and learning, by his all-embracing humanity and the widest sense of the term. It should tend to make many students of science anxious to extend their knowledge of classical literature. Osler himself was a well-situated perfect example of the union of science and the humanities, which to some is the ideal of educational progress, and his address embodies the whole spirit of this ideal.

Clubs may be all right, but I notice that clubs often drive men to matrimony, while matrimony often drives men to clubs.

When rightly conducted, the church school, and the newspaper are mighty powers in the uplifting of the human race.

This old world is full of men and women engaged in trying to keep in style on a limited capital.



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"YOU'RE not looking up to the mark. I know your duties are heavy at present, but you're too valuable a man to have on the sick list. When you're looking better, I have an advance to discuss with you. This box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will start you on the road to health and strength. They pulled me right back to increased energy and vigor after the most trying time in the history of my business."

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Public Library Bulletin

- BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
Happy House—Abbott, J. D.
Martin Crusoe—Bridges, T. C.
Scott Burton on the Range—Cheyne, K. G.
Little Acrobat—Duggan, J. P.
Mark of the Knife—Ernst, C. H.
Bath Anne Herself—Gunter, M. P.
Madcap Judy—Oldemadow, K. L.
Bonnie Prince Peitar—Saunders, M. Bruce—Terhune, A. P.
Furtag of Apache Chief—Tomlinson, B.
Old Granny Fox—Burgess, T. W.
Christmas Stories—Dickinson, A. D.
Second Book of Aeroplanes—Collins, T. A.
Harpers Wireless Book.

MATTRESSES

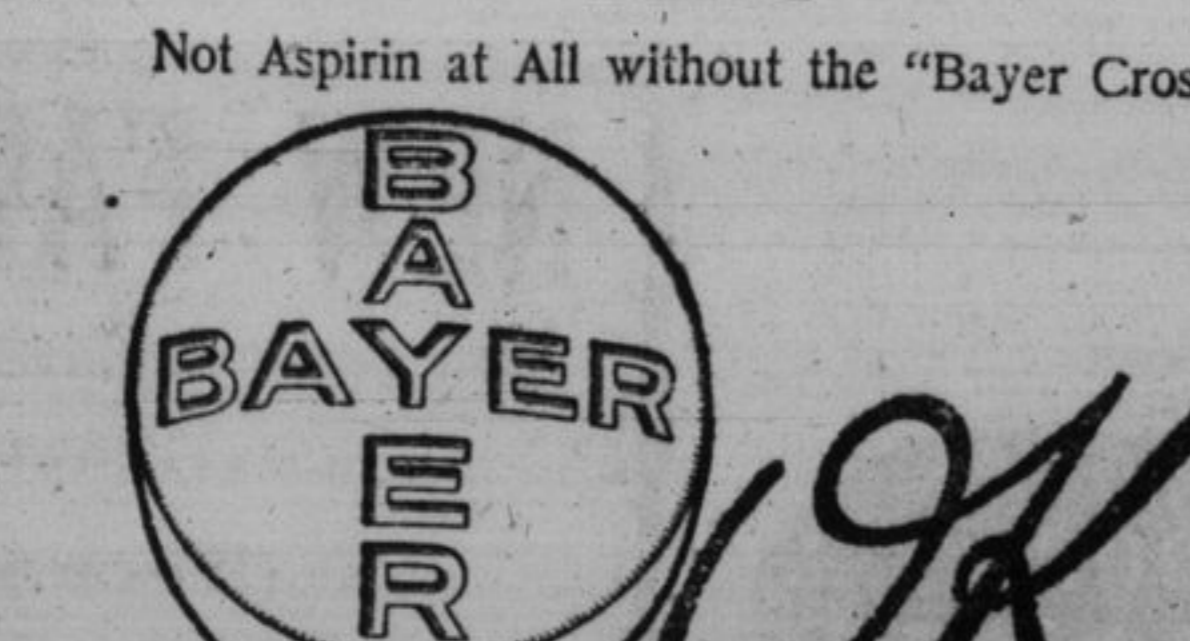
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