



THE reader who is satiated with the ordinary modern novel will find a cure for ennui in "The Gates of Hell," a story of frontier life in the United States and Canada, by Alfred Fitzpatrick. Those who are familiar with the revolting conditions which prevail on our frontier will recognize that a master hand has portrayed the scenes in this book. To those unacquainted with the frontiersman's modus vivendi the book will prove a revelation. It is a thrilling narrative, full of unique incidents, and has a charming love story running through it. The author of the book is very generously donating the proceeds to the betterment of the frontier toiler. It will be ready for the Christmas trade. Copies may be secured from the Reading Camp Association, Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, and from all booksellers.

For eleven years this association has been doing its utmost to improve the lot of our frontier toilers. The method is to send an instructor, usually a college graduate or undergraduate, to a camp, where he works with the men during the day and conducts informal educational classes in the evenings. On Sundays he holds a song service. They provide current magazines, books and usually an organ or gramophone.

A DELIGHTFUL story, with two old sweethearts for hero and heroine, was "The Loves of Pelleas and Elarre," by Zona Gale, which won popular favor some years ago. There followed "Friendship Village," by the same author, in which forced cheerfulness played almost too overwhelming a part. Now, we have another contribution from this vivacious writer in "Mothers to Men," in which the chief "speaker" is Calliope Marsh, a philanthropic old maid, who appeared in "Friendship Village" also. Calliope is a vivacious creature, withal, who is too deadly sentimental for daily food. The activities of the Friendship Married Ladies Cemetery Improvement Sodality are the subjects of the various narratives which make up the volume. This kind of book invariably introduces a deserted baby or a forlorn child, who in real life would be sent to an orphan asylum, but who furnishes a whole community with material for philanthropic endeavor. In this case, the forsaken child is a small boy, whose drunken father betakes himself to life in the open, leaving his offspring to make the best of a lonely lot. The child, Christopher John Bartlett, is adopted by Miss Eleanor Emmons and her niece, Robin Sidney, who regard him as a gift of Providence. There is a masculine philanthropist, who sets himself to playing an all-the-year-round Santa Claus to Friendship Village, and who preaches on every occasion in an improving fashion, although he seems to have no regular work to do. There is a good deal of homely philosophy in the stories of the various enterprises undertaken by the Friendship ladies, and many will find the book quite readable. There is too much of the saccharine element in most of the "workers," and one turns with some relief to Alex. Proudfoot, a young man who is alleged to be selfish and worldly, but who seems to be the most sensible citizen of them all. There is also a chapter on the woman suffrage question, in which an ultra-modern young woman bears a prominent part, enlightening the village fathers after a fashion to strike awe to the masculine heart. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, of Canada.

MOST Canadians have heard of Father Lacombe, the missionary who went to the Blackfeet in 1849, and who has seen a great, lone land become the Golden West of transcontinental trains and vast prairie provinces, with a welcome such as no other land extends to the newcomer from crowded Europe. Miss Katherine Hughes, one

of Canada's capable journalists, has written the story of the life of this "Black Robe Voyageur" with a sympathy and vivid charm which make its four hundred and fifty pages a most interesting narrative. Here will be found the record of a life of simplest and yet most heroic endeavor, among the Indians of the West, a life full of romantic and moving incident, in a country where only the strong and fit are needed. Father Lacombe is presented as an essentially human and lovable ecclesiastic, who has given of his lavish affection to the dusky "Children" among whom he ministered, and whose twilight days are gladdened by the establishment of the "Home" on which he had set his heart. This is a book to be read by all who are interested in the development of our wonderland—the West. Toronto: William Briggs.

"THE HEALER" is a novel by Robert Herrick, who is one of America's foremost writers of fiction. Mr. Herrick is always in earnest, and usually has an obvious purpose in his novels. "The Healer" is concerned with an unconventional and even extraordinary character, who possesses the gift of healing, as if it were a possession akin to musical or literary genius. This gift becomes obscured through the vices of "The Healer," who betakes himself to a lonely northern wood, somewhere in Canada, and leads a primitive existence among lumbermen and miners. He encounters there the daughter of a rich man, who has all youth's charm and helplessness. Their marriage is a romantic incident in "The Healer's" career, but his wife is too conventional to understand his wild longings for "unspoiled Nature," and the inevitable drifting apart begins. "The Healer" becomes a fashionable physician and eventually becomes addicted again to drug habits. He is rescued from this condition by an unattractive spinster of doubtful virtue, and turns finally to his early aims of true healing. The book is of more than ordinary interest, and is written in a style which possesses far more of clarity and terseness than that of the "popular" magazine serial writer. Yet there is a lack of unity in the narrative which leaves the reader with an impression of incoherence. Mr. Herrick's later novels have not equalled in poise and finish one of his earlier efforts. "The Common Lot." But "The Healer" deserves careful reading and is very much up-to-date in its study of the psychic aspects of disease. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ANOTHER novel with a maternal title, also a Macmillan publication, is "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, a much more wholesome and refreshing story than the Zona Gale production. The young heroine, Margaret, rebels against her lot of monotony and hard work, as one of a numerous family, when along comes a "millionaire lady," who whisks Margaret away to a life of luxury and idleness, which that young person naturally enjoys. She learns to regard her mother with compassion, as a toiler without recompense, and reflects with half-contemptuous compassion on the sordid trials of such a lot. After years of travel and novelty, Margaret returns to her father's house, where, by a process of gradual enlightenment, she comes to see that her mother is leading a broader and more useful life than her friends of more pretentious aims. There is a tender little romance inwoven with Margaret's home-coming, and the story closes in the conventional fashion, with a prophecy of wedding bells. Perhaps the reader might desire a happy medium between the "Mother's" household, with the shabby furniture and unremitting toil, and the luxurious inanity of the Carr-Boldt's existence. "Mother" is a charming story, brightly told.



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