

Canadian novel, "Every Man For Himself." The boys were fresh from the front. They were talking about books and said one:

The kind of book I like is a mystery story with speed to burn—something doing on every page—so blame swift it'll make me forget things. An' I WANT IT CANADIAN without a word in it about the War. I want to go back to the time before the War was ever heard of. Say, what's the matter with Canadian writers anyway? Why've I got to always take my detective stories with things happening in New York or Chicago? Why not right out here?" and he hunched the stump of an arm towards the Algoma spruce woods that flowed by the window.

A quiet young man with prematurely gray hair was sitting in the corner. He smiled and relighted his pipe. His name was Hopkins Moorhouse.

Returned soldiers are going to make a rush for this novel. So is every red-blooded Canadian. "Every Man For Himself" by Hopkins Moorhouse is *everybody's* book. Get ready to do big business with it by *ordering it to-day*. Don't be caught without it.

There is an electric wire running from the box office of every movie house to the cash register of every bookstore. A new connection has just been made in the circuit—for Mark Twain's famous HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

No story has been dearer to the hearts of the Canadian people than HUCKLEBERRY FINN. The moving picture which is being released by the Famous Players-Lasky Company, has already begun to take the country by storm, and will create a great revival in the demand for the book.

A big new edition is on the press at present to supply the orders we have already received. Every young boy will want to read it, and grown-ups will gladly pay the price of the book to touch back on that pure spirit of the boy. The days of the "gang"—and the