

Making New Trails

(Concluded from page 8.)

and we were all laughing when suddenly she put her hand to her side—and into her face there crept the look I had seen in Grandpa's, the day I took them from the old place. It was an appeal, an appeal to me, who had gone to her with all the hard places, both in childhood and age. I shrank and shivered in my helplessness—then I called for a doctor.

He came at once. He did not tell her, but she guessed. We could not hide anything from her.

"How long will it be?" she asked.

"Not more than a month," he said.

She laughed softly. "So I am going home in the spring," she said, "if only Jim"—her voice caught there—for Grandpa was sobbing in a corner.

"Jim, come here," she called tenderly.

He went to her side and knelt down. She put her arms around him, and their grizzled hair mingled. We stole from the room. What they said to each other we do not know. No one will ever know, but from that hour her mantle was on him. He was the strong one. He thought of the things she would like. He encouraged her when the pain was too great. He smoothed her pillow and held her weary frame when she could not find rest. Deep lines of pain showed on his face, but he never complained, and he joked as we never heard him joke.

One evening Grandma said good-bye to all but Grandpa. Then looking out of the window at the setting sun she whispered, "I am going home in the spring."

Grandpa was supporting her, and a light, not of earth, was on her face. "Please leave us," he whispered, "I will call you."

It was only a few minutes until we heard him say "Come." We went silently in and our boy of ten, who had just come in from play, went with us. After a few seconds he said, in the penetrating voice of childhood. "Is she dead?"

JUST then a last ray from the setting sun fell across the pillows, lighting up the peaceful old face, with a look of triumph. It was the doctor's voice that answered. We had not noticed him come in. "No, not dead, my boy. This is life. She is beginning again in the spring."

Our hearts ached for Grandpa, but there was little we could say or do. The night after the funeral, when we were all gathered around the grate down stairs trying to be cheerful, Grandpa grasped the arms of his chair and said, "I think you had best sell the old place. I'll not go back again."

"I think that would be better," I said, "and we are very glad to have you with us."

His hands fumbled with his handkerchief, and he did not look at us as he said, "You are very kind, but I am going away."

"Where are you going?" I asked. "I am going west to take up land. I am feeling strong again."

At that there was a storm of protests. We all showed him how impossible that was. We pointed out how much we needed him to look after our gardens, and we ended by saying that we would not allow him to do such a thing, and it was out of the question for a man his age.

He merely shook his head in mute appeal, but when we had finished, he surreptitiously wiped away a tear with the corner of his red handkerchief, and in a trembling voice he said, "Well, I'll not go against you, but if you understood, you'd let me go."

At that a silence came over us, and someone said, "Let Grandpa explain."

He straightened up and looked around at us. When he saw that we were waiting, he said, "I read a story once about a fellow that was tied to a great rock on the beach, so that he would drown when the tide came in. It was a horrible place to be in, but it wouldn't have been half so bad if he could have put up a fight, although the end would have been just the same. I don't want to be ungrateful, for you are all as kind to me as you can be, and you wish to give me more comforts than I ever had before, but it ain't my home, it ain't my life. You

are tying me up, and you ain't givin' me the chance to fight."

He looked around anxiously to see if he had hurt us, but seeing only sympathy in our faces, he continued, "You do not feel any older than you did at twenty, do you?"

I acknowledged that I did not.

"Neither do I," he said, "folks do not get old with their grizzled hair and shaky limbs. It's only a sign we are getting ready to begin again." The tears sprang to his eyes, and sobs shook his old frame as he said, "I wanted to go with Grandma, but I must wait a bit."

"Go back to the old place," I said.

Books and Their Makers

SIGHING for fresh worlds to conquer, the firm of J. M. Dent and Son, one of the greatest publishing houses in England, with a branch in Toronto that is making great headway, have decided upon a new venture, to be called "The Wayfarers' Library." It is now eight years since these handy little volumes in the "Everyman" library first made their appearance, and no less than seven hundred books have been included in the series. "The new library"—to quote Mr. Dent—"is a sort of modern side to the Everyman series. We shall make a sincere and purposeful attempt to formulate a collection of books which shall adequately represent the romanticism and imagination of our own time."

Fiction, adventure, humour, essays—all these will find a place, and all of them will be represented entirely by modern writers. Names like A. E. W. Mason, H. de Vere Stacpoole, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, H. A. Vachell, Joseph Conrad, Guy Boothby, Marriott Watson, Mark Twain, F. Anstey, Charles Lee, Frank Stockton, Sir A. Quiller-Couch, Barry Pain, John Oliver Hobbes, Thomas Hardy, Pett Ridge, George Gissing, Ruskin, Austin Dobson, G. K. Chesterton, A. E. Gardner, Clement Shorter, and G. W. E. Russell figure in the list. The first issue will consist of a hundred volumes, and the press work will be Dent's—which is all that needs to be said.

The Reverend Sir William Robertson Nicholl has given us of his best in "A Bookman's Letters." (Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. \$1.50 net.) To begin with, Sir William may claim to be a bookman—perhaps the bookman in Britain to-day. What he doesn't know about books isn't worth knowing. As "Claudius Clear," in the "British Weekly," his correspondence has been eagerly sought by all classes in England for many years, and so great a power has he become, so far as his political writings are concerned, that in 1909 a grateful government gave him his Knighthood. I think it must have hurt my lords the bishops to think that a free church minister had been knighted.

The letters deal with all sorts of people and things. There are memories of Meredith, and papers on the literary method of Lord Rosebery, Watts-Dunton and Besant. Towards the end of the book the author deals with his great love, the genius who was known to a not-sufficiently admiring public as "Mark Rutherford." And there is a wonderful chapter on "Gravy," the use of superfluous fat in descriptive writing. Two of the most interesting and instructive chapters in the book deal with reviewing, under the headings, "Seven Ways of Reviewing," and "The Eighth Way," which is the "Right Way." People who dare to review books will be in the paradoxical position after reading Claudius Clear's words on the art of reviewing, of being more sure, and less certain of themselves whenever they tackle the task of sizing up an author.

A month ago, when the writer was in London, the book was attracting a great deal of attention, and it is gratifying to learn that both the Lon-

"He shuddered and shook his head. 'No, I could not do that. I'll give up unless I can get away from the old things. It would be haunted with ghosts of the past.'"

A gaunt old man with grizzled hair, waved his hand from the back of the westbound express, to a small group of people standing on the platform.

"You will write?" we called. "Yes, I will write often," he said, "and do not worry. Whatever happens, remember I am living my life, and death is much the same wherever it finds us."

There were tears in our eyes as we watched the lonely old figure. We wished to share our all with him, but the new trails were calling him.

don house and the Toronto house have had a great success in "A Bookman's Letters."

Miss Leona Dalrymple, the author of "In the Heart of the Christmas Pines," "Uncle Noah's Christmas Inspiration," and "Traumerei," has been awarded the \$10,000 prize in the Reilly & Britton novel contest, for her book, "Diane of the Green Van." Miss Dalrymple is the daughter of Judge Dalrymple, of Passaic, N.J., and in addition to her literary activities in the longer form is a contributor to magazines.

The Copp, Clark Co. will publish the Canadian edition on March 7th.

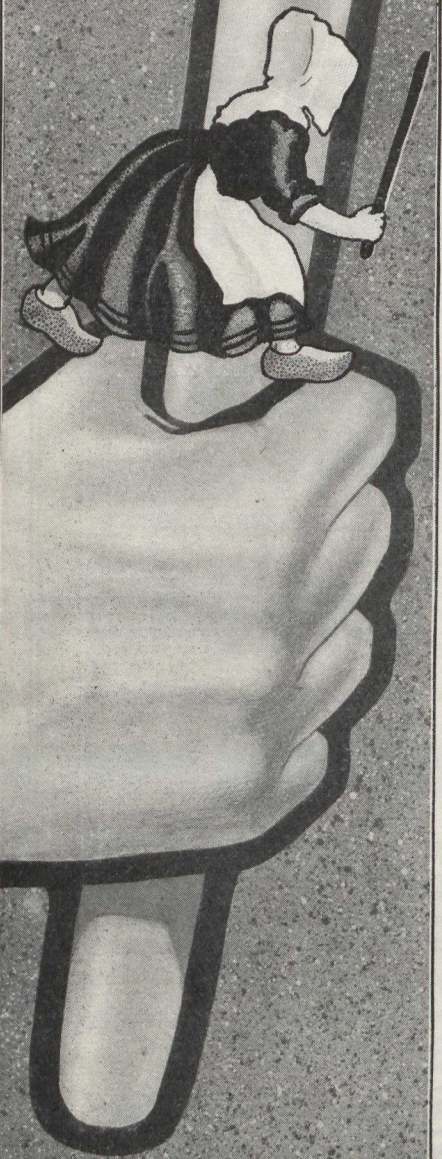
It is not very long ago since these columns contained some remarks on Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's then latest work, a fantastic novel—"The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton." In that novel, the author departed from his usual treatment, and left intrigue alone. In his new book, "A People's Man," he goes back to his old love, and tells the story of a Socialist—a real Socialist, not a saloon politician—who tries to bring the millennium about, but is hampered by his gentlemanly instinct, and by falling in love with a very bewitching lady who is the Unionist Prime Minister's daughter. Maraton is a people's man, but he falls foul of the labour leaders, with red ties and raucous tones, because he is able and willing to wear a dress suit of the latest cut. Eventually, Maraton "starts something" for the workers of England, and labour is disorganized, and the whole country paralyzed. Germany makes ready to invade, and Maraton quells the disturbance he has brought about, and, according to patriotism first place, calls the strike off.

The novel is the best of Mr. Oppenheim's I have read since "Mr. Wingrave, Billionaire." It is not unduly sensational, but is always intensely interesting, and there is a good deal of moral teaching which doesn't irritate since the pill is sugar-coated. (McClelland and Goodchild. Toronto: \$1.35 net.)

Mary Roberts Rhinehart has written a very clever book. It ran serially, in McClure's Magazine, I believe, and is called "The After House." The sub-title describes it as a mystery story, and so excellently well does the author make her puppets dance, that the mystery remains till the last chapter or so. It is a tale about a pleasure yacht, which previously had a sinister reputation. That reputation is not belied in the story, for there are three murders, and two or three other attempts. Suspicion falls on two of the men on board, but ultimately the guilt of a third is proved. He is a religious maniac, and his mania takes the form of avenging himself upon people he doesn't like. It is to be hoped that there are not many such. There is a pretty love story for those who like that sort of thing, and adventure enough to make one's hair stand on end. Altogether, the book is an important contribution to the literature of detective-dom. It is published by William Briggs, Toronto.

A. PAPERKNIFE.

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