

essional theologian. She strives to accept doctrines which are forced on her by her husband, till too late she discovers that she is mismated. Marital complications with tragic results follow. It is a daring book with no glossing of hard facts, but with reverential treatment of religion as distinguished from dogma, and skilful handling of matters which

relieve it of the taint of "suggestiveness." The plot is complicated but not entangled, and of absorbing interest. There is excellent characterization and plenty of humor. By some it will be called immoral, others will pronounce it moral in a high degree. Though the story has its sombre side, it ends pleasantly with wedding bells.

THE AUTHOR OF TO-DAY

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

"**L**ADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER," as was anticipated in most quarters, has been easily the leading book of the past month in the Canadian book market. Its undoubted strength as a novel, coupled with excellent methods of publicity, have combined to secure for it a well deserved success. From Halifax to Vancouver it has been the principal theme of conversation in literary circles, and the controversies which its peculiar plot have aroused have served largely to augment its sales.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, who steps into renewed prominence as its author, inherits literary ability of no mean order from both her father and her paternal grandfather. The former was Thomas Arnold, a brother of Matthew Arnold, and the latter was the famous master of Rugby. Mrs. Ward was born in 1851 at Hobart, in Tasmania, where her father, at the time of her birth, held an educational appointment. Only the first five years of her life were spent in the Pacific, so that her recollections of colonial life were dim. She received her education at English boarding schools, and while still a girl went to live with her father at Oxford, where, under his guidance, she began her literary career. When only 22 years of age Miss Arnold became the bride of Humphry Ward, a Fellow of Brasenose. For eight years the couple resided at Oxford, and Mrs. Ward wrote critical essays for the reviews and essayed fiction in a story for children, entitled "Milly and Olly." Removing from Oxford to London, she shortly published "Miss Bretherton," a light

and pleasing novel. Two years later appeared "Robert Ellsmere," a book which attracted the attention of no less a personage than Mr. Gladstone. His appreciation of it gave its authoress a new status in the world of letters.

In 1892 "David Grey" was published, followed by "Marjorie" in 1894 and its sequel, "Sir George Tressady," in 1896. Two years later "Hellbeck of Bannisdale," a powerful though sombre tale appeared, which won instant recognition as a work of merit from the critics. Since then Mrs. Ward has written "Eleanor," which was published in 1900.

Mrs. Ward personally is tall and distinguished-looking, with dark, wavy hair, simply arranged, and brown eyes. She has a sweet smile and a melodious voice. Reserved in public, she is pleasant and bright in the presence of intimates. Her social tastes are not of the fashionable world, and she prefers the company of cultured and sympathetic souls to the gay and hardened throngs of society.

Her latest novel is set within the magic circle of England's aristocracy. Not to be a peer or the relative of a peer, a Cabinet Minister or a gallant officer is an unheard-of thing in this book. The purpose is obviously to give greater facilities for the working out of the plot, which involves conditions and situations only attendant on the ruling classes. In a few words, the theme of the novel details the gradual yielding of brilliant, fascinating Julie le Breton, the child of a woman who has loved where her heart lay, to the same temptation that had snared her mother, and her ultimate salvation by the hand of Jacob Delafield—strong-willed and sternly righteous in his strength.

Though "Lady Rose's Daughter" may never raise the controversies that stirred the pulpit and the press when "Robert Ellsmere"

was published, it has yet within its pages topics for discussion of as vital interest. It is no superficial attempt at an explanation of the workings of the human heart. It is rather an earnest, face-to-face examination of a phase of life that is as striking as it is important.



"FOR MY ROSE'S CHILD," HE SAID, GENTLY.

Illustration from "Lady Rose's Daughter"