

writes primarily for his fellow countrymen to give them some adequate idea of what they are up against. He succeeds admirably. Like his fellow countryman Empey, he has a profound admiration for British ways, and, like Empey, he will make a strong appeal to Canadians. He narrates his own adventures, with many a humorous and enlightening touch, from the time he came across the border to enlist till he was visited in the hospital by King George.

To the amateur gardener, a book that will be of special interest this month is *The Canadian Garden Book*, by Dorothy Perkins (Thos. Allen, Toronto, 116 pages, \$1.00). The author is a Canadian who has made gardening a success. One of the features of this book is simply the fact that it is intended primarily and solely for Canadians. It does not instruct us how to grow things that are foreign to our climate. In view of the urgency for increased production, a chapter on *The Kitchen Garden and Production* will be serviceable. An account is given of how a number of Toronto women took over a nine acre lot and actually realized, out of garden produce, \$1,000 in one year. Most people, who have tried to grow roses, will find the chapter on *The Rose Garden* illuminating. Any who never have had an interest in gardening may by reading this book catch something of the gardener's vision and joy.

The author starts by arousing an enthusiasm for gardening, then goes on to a consideration of the kinds of soil, the situation and to the plan on paper. The vexed questions as to ugly fences, proper bulbs, shrubs, creepers, are intelligently discussed. *Rockerries, Wild Flowers and Birds in the Garden* is the subject of one chapter. The book gives the average reader a new vision of the possibilities of a garden, a fresh impulse to try again and will be useful as a book of reference when choosing seeds and roots.

In Eleanor H. Porter's new story, *Oh Money! Money!* (Thomas Allen, Toronto, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, 321 pages, \$1.50 net), Mr. Stanley G. Fulton, a Western multi-millionaire, seeks a way to dispose of his money. Suddenly recollecting his three Blaisdell cousins in the East, he resolves to give each of them \$100,000 and to observe the effect which the sudden acquisition of wealth will have in each case. To carry out his plan, he goes to the village of the Blaisdells under the colorless name of John Smith, a genealogist in search of information about the Blaisdell family, and takes up his abode there. The use to which their money is put respectively by the "Jim" Blaisdells and the Frank Blaisdells and the poor little dressmaker, Miss Flora Blaisdell,

is described with many a humorous touch. But "John Smith" found something on which he did not reckon. He met "Poor Maggie" Duff, whose mother, indeed, was a Blaisdell, but who was not herself reckoned as one of the family unless one or other of them wanted the sympathy and help which she was always ready to give. The millionaire soon discovered that Maggie's heart of gold was worth far more than his dollars, and was wise enough to seek her, and lucky enough to win her, as his partner in spending the rest of his money in a thousand kindly and helpful ways.

The Gift Supreme, by George Allan England (George H. Doran Co., New York; McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto, 352 pages, \$1.35). Bradford Vinton, enjoying life at the expense of a millionaire father, and with a bent towards literature, wanders into a sailors' mission, in east end Boston, where he becomes attracted to a beautiful singer, who occasionally gives her voice towards the purpose for which the mission should, but does not, stand. How Bradford set out to win the girl, how his father disowned him and set unscrupulous men to the work of breaking his attachment to Sylvia, how Bradford found himself and started what he considered a real mission, conducted on straightforward, sensible methods and how in the end love triumphed over every obstacle, is the exciting, humorous and tragic tale of this book. The supreme gift was a transfusion of blood at the risk of her life from Sylvia to Bradford who had been stabbed, almost to death.

William McFee reminds one of William de Morgan. He tells his story with many a little "side-line" excursion, each of which, however, tells mightily in the main interest of the tale. Like de Morgan, too, his characters are real, *living* people, drawn with consummate skill, as they wrestle with, or yield to, the common even the grosser temptations of life. His *Aliens* (Mussion Book Company, Toronto, 416 pages, \$1.35) was published in England some years ago. It has now been re-written, and the story of the first writing and the re-writing is rarely told in a preface of eleven pages; incidentally also there is a glimpse of the author himself, an engineer on ocean going ships, and a wanderer in many lands but fond of books and art. The hero of *Aliens* is likewise an engineer, and a wanderer, born at sea of a New England father and a French-Canadian mother, reared in England, and finally making a home for his Italian wife and their two thoroughly "American" boys within sight of New York. A sinister, dare-devil brother, who never enters the narrative directly, but exercises an extraordinary influence on some