

THE BOOK PAGE

The Golden Road, by L. M. Montgomery (L. C. Page Co., Boston, Mass., 369 pages, frontispiece in colors, \$1.25 net), is the glad way of youth, carefree and unclouded. The little group who travel it are the lovable children from *The Story Book Girl*, L. M. Montgomery's preceding book, grown a little older.

William Adolphus Turnpike, by William Banks (J. M. Dent and Sons, Toronto, 260 pages, \$1.00 net), is distinctly one of the season's hits. From the opening chapter, in which the hero appears as office boy to Mr. Charles Whimple, a Toronto barrister, telling with a vocabulary of slang that never fails, the story of a political meeting in the city's foreign quarter to the boy from the next-door office to the closing one, in which he starts from the Union Station on his first engagement as the comedian which he had always dreamed of becoming. William Adolphus holds our hearts.

Theodore Goodridge Roberts is at his best when he writes of the woods and the men who live in them. In **Two Shall Be Born**, by Theodore Goodridge Roberts (Cassell & Co., London and Toronto, 319 pages, \$1.25 net), the scene is laid at a H.B.C. Post in Northern Canada. David Westley, a New Yorker, has gone North in order to forget a woman; Donald Grant, the factor, has buried himself to escape disgrace for an act of cowardice. How the tangle which Westley has made is straightened out through the loyalty and courage of his sweetheart; and how fame and freedom come unexpectedly to the factor, have been well told by Mr. Roberts. The scene of Joseph Hocking's story, **The Spirit of the West** (same publishers, 339 pages, \$1.25), is laid in Cornwall, the land of Tre, Pol and Pen. Veryan, a tired out London journalist, goes down to the "Delectable Duchy" for rest and renewal. A native of the county, as his name indicates, the spirit of the place takes possession of him and the story ends with his taking possession of Penarth, the home of his ancestors, and along with it, as his wife, Thirza Penarth.

One of the most powerful pieces of temperance advocacy ever written is Jack London's latest book, **John Barleycorn** (The Century Company, New York, Bell and Cockburn, Toronto, 343 pages, price \$1.30 net). The book is a frank autobiography, telling how one who "was no hereditary alcoholic," who "had been born with no organic, chemical predisposition toward alcohol," comes at last, coolly and deliberately, to the decision that he will continue to drink to the end.

Two particularly good stories come to us from the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto. **Deering at Princeton**: A Story of College Life, by Latta Griswold (380 pages, \$1.35 net), follows the hero of the author's former story, *Deering of Deal*, to the historic New Jersey seat of learning. The period is that in which the famous President Patton ruled, his marked personality being thinly veiled under the name of Farquharson. The narrative shows how Deering made his way in the little world of University life by sheer force of manliness and good temper and self-control. **Happy Acres**, by Edna Turpin (363 pages, \$1.25 net), has for its heroine little Anne Lewis, who, in *Honey Sweet*, Miss Turpin's earlier tale, so completely won

the hearts of younger readers. The present story tells of Anne's visit to her Virginian cousins. Both books are well and generously illustrated.

Stewart Edward White's latest book, **Gold** (Musson Book Company, Toronto, 437 pages, illustrated by Thomas Fogarty, \$1.35), is a tale of the Gold Rush to California in '49, and the first of a series of three stories of California to be written by Mr. White.

Arnold Bennett is nothing if not both whimsical and pungent. These qualities are abundantly manifest in his latest book in social philosophy, **The Plain Man and His Wife** (Mussons, 110 pages, 75c.). He deals with the trivial,—some of them ludicrously trivial—every day problems of the home life of the ordinary, every day man, who is apt to wake in the morning with the groan—"O Lord! Another day! What a grind!" but who ought to, and might, live his every day life "against the background of the world's destiny."

The point of **Making Over Martha**, by Julie M. Lippmann (McClelland and Goodchild, Toronto, 292 pages, \$1.25 net), is that the delightful Martha of the earlier book, *Martha By-the-Day*, was not made over. In spite of the well-meant efforts of her new neighbors in a New England village, Martha remains the same big-hearted, wise, humorous helper of everyone, that she was as a charwoman in New York. A book to make blue people gay and happy folk happier. How two lads of a Wisconsin town, cousins and like enough to have been twins, join the Northern army in the civil war in the United States, to return, the one seriously wounded, the other sick, and how they disappear, after a quarrel about sweet Betty Ballard, in which each thinks that he has killed the other, is told in the opening chapters of **The Eye of Dread**, by Payne Erskine (same publishers, 503 pages, \$1.35 net). The terrible mistake, of course, is at last rectified,—and how, makes a story of tense interest.

In **Doc Williams**: A Tale of the Middle West, by Charles Lerrigo (Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto, 330 pages, \$1.25), the central figure is the doctor of the old school, with a genuine faith in the healing properties of his oil spring, the secret of which is cleverly kept until the very close of the tale. Quack the "Doc" was often called, but there was none of the quack's trickery and insincerity in his make-up, and his abounding common sense wrought many a cure attributed to the remedial qualities of the spring. From the same publishers comes, **The Lady Elect**: A Chinese Romance, by Norman Hinsdale Pitman (308 pages, \$1.25 net), a professor in the Peking Normal College. It is a story, not of present-day China, but of China before the revolution, and tells of a girl who rebelled against the marriage arranged for her, by her parents.

The Poison Belt (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.25), is just such a title as one would expect from Conan Doyle. It piques one's curiosity. "Another good detective story," one exclaims. But a first-class surprise awaits the reader. The "poison belt" is a wave of deadly "datmon" which sweeps enswathingly around the world, and brings, in old England at least, where the scene is laid, universal suspension of life. Every one is "dead," except a delightfully contentious