The Mating of Lydia

Ruth Underwood is the writer of this fascinating story and Thomas Langton is the publisher. It concerns the lives of a marvelous girl with strong, clear views of life and duty, and a big broad-minded open-hearted man, who does big things in a big way. The girl is Mary Farnham: the man John Brown. The friendship of the two is inherited; the living legacy comes to the hero of the tale by the will of Dick Farnham, Mary's father. In one of those heart-to-heart' talks sometimes indulged in by the old college chums. Dick and John, the former had expressed, a wish that in case of his death John would take care of his little child. John would take care of his little child. John would take care of his little child. John in the bigness of his heart had promised, and the time had now come for him to take full charge of his legacy. The last sad rites had been performed and John and Mary left the old hcuse, so full of sweet and melancholy memories. The child, now sixteen, was sent to boarding school, and even at that age the spearation from her guardian made her miserable. John busied himself with his profession. The greatness of the responsibility of acting as guardian to such a beautiful young girl, to know what was best for her womanly up-building, gave his first which only wore off as the months.

The Penalty

Gouverneur Morris, author of "The Spread Eagle," "The Footprint" and other stories, in this, his latest novel, has chosen a beautiful, wilful and clever sirl for his heroine, one who allows he tromantic imaginations full play, and tho she is drawn into deep water occasionally her escapades furnish the life and interest of the tale. The number of love affairs which intervened between Barbara Ferris' eleventh and twenty-second birthdays could not have been counted on the fingers of her two hands. At 16 she was considered a heartless, filrtatious, unstable, illing sort of girl. At 22 she was a gifted sculptor. Going to her studio one day, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Washington square, a legiess beggar attracted her attention. He had a tortured look, the look of a man who had fallen from unknowable heights, to which the way back is irrevocably barred by the degradation and the sin of the descent. Barbara Ferris felt that she was looking upon Satan. If her plastic training was a soul to the same and the same sooth, caughter of the plastic training was sould to the same sould to the first of October.

With men and women. Alt those squatting the troes squatting that those birdike figures to black-faced and solemn-eyed humanity to black-faced and solemn-eyed humanity to them twenty-five and thirty miles. They had brought of them twenty-five and thirty miles. They had brought of them twenty-five and thirty miles. They had brought of them twenty-five and thirty miles. They had brought find the same solemn-eyed humanity to a the trees, all those blanding the trees, all that mas so the deading the trees, all that mas of black-faced and solemn-eyed humanity to and thirty miles. They had brought from them twenty-five and thirty miles. They had brought from them twenty-five and thirty miles. They had brought from them twenty-five and thirty miles. They had brought of them twenty-five and ther trees, all thate mass of them them then they for the meeting rolled their mat Barbara Ferris felt that she was looking upon Satan. If her plastic training was equal to catching and fixing that expression in clay or marble, she would be made according to the mould of her ambition. The flame of art burned within her. She saw before her, not a man being, but an inspiration. This loathsome character became her m The statue made her famous. His bit-ter life was touched by her sweetness. Blizzard, for such was his name, had rithin him, lying dormant, the love of he beautiful. Music and art awakened the beautiful. Music and art awarened in him tender memories. Even as Bliz-zard thought, so he played. He was not even conscious of his thoughts. They came and went without deliberation, and were expressed as they came, and dismissed as they went, in the terms of his extraordinary improvisation. At such times he thought only of beautiful things, so that even his face was stripped of wickedness, and his fingers sed one by one the voices of angels, until it seemed as if the whole room was full of them-all singing. When he played Chopin, brooks and pools of sound came from the plano, to which you did not listen, but in which you bathed. And in his sell the legless will prove a valuable aid to every man was playing only for Barbara and only to Barbara. And so powerful was the obsession that it stole out of him If one of my readers should be very the obsession that it stole out of him like some hypnotic influence. A man, his face full of unhappy yearning, his soul quick with genius, was making love to her thru the keys of the piano; basking her to forget his shortcomings. But for all others, the book I to forgive his sins, to give him a hand asking her to forget his shortcomings. ing. to forgive his sins, to give him a hand have to forgive his sins, to give him a hand have reviewed will be a splendid help upward out of the dark places into the lit is published by the Ewart, Seymour

McLeod & Allen are the publishers. | cents.-E. M.

The Woman in Black

In Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel, "The Mating of Lydia," she portrays, as few writers can, the characters of a young woman of decided opinions, and a woung painter, whose family are poor and of u. distinguished origin. The tale has its setting in England. It was a May evening, and Lydia Penfold, aged twenty-four, was sketching in St. John's Vale, that winding valley which, diverging from the Ambleside-Keswick road, divides the northern slopes of the Helvellyn range from the splendid mass of Blencathra. She was a professional artist to whom guineas were just as welcome as to other people, but despite her methodical views swho what hefore everything, one of those who what hefore everything, one of the second of the seco

beattiful young girl, to know what was best for her womanly up-building, gave him a sense of heaviness at first which only wore off as the months passed by but her respect for her friend was so great that, under his care, she became plastic and listened most attentively to his superior advice and judgment. Around the two is woven a love story which grips and carries the reader almost breathlessly thru the climax. The natural motherly jealousy of Mrs. Brown, when she sees the affection of her son being drawn away from herself, as she thinks, by the charming young girl, whom she afterwards learns to love, is the experience of all mothers of only sons, when it first dawns upon them that the object of their love is gradually, even tho unconsciously, breaking the old home ties for those that exist only between husband and wife. The sentiments of the story are noble; the characters live and the reader is taken into their friendship. to his soul." To win India for Christianity was the master thought of this fakir. His first act was to adopt the native dress, to follow native customs. He brought his mission into as close touch with the traditions, habits and manners of India as the nature of Christianity would allow. The invasion of the Salvationists was looked upon with consteration. The fakir had scarcely landed in Bombay when he was arrested and cast into prison. He was soon released and, clothed in turban and dhoti, he set out barefoot and unaccompanied on a journey as romantic as anything adventured by the Cervantes hero. He wandered about begging curry and rice at the doors of the ging curry and rice at the doors of the peasants, sleeping under the shade of village trees, and speaking Christ and the new, life to the water-drawers at the well and to the reapers in the rice field. Troubled and uphappy was the heart of India. The banks of the sacred rivers were thick with pilgrims seeking peace of mind and rest of soul. In describing a meeting at Trivandrum he says: "When we arrived we found the trees surrounding the sun-flooded compound filled in all their branches with men and boys; the great compound itself being densely occupied by men and women. All those squatting

The Young Mother

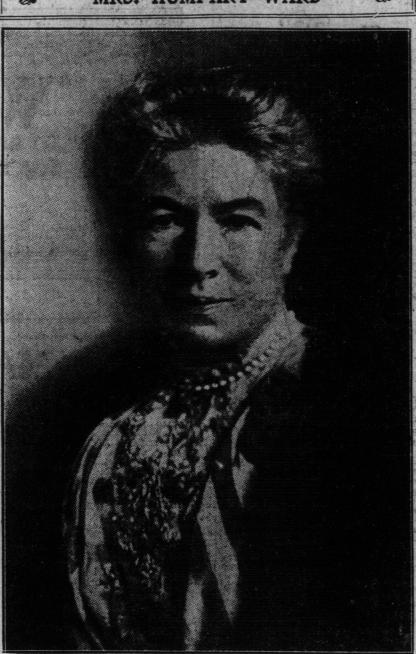
"A practical guide for the mother

For some mysterious reason, a girl is allowed to assume the responsibiliis provided with every possible means that country as seen by the writer. of information, but into this most important one she is expected to go in

Knowing the dangers and heartaches that may result from this state of affairs, the author of The Young

Company, London, and costs fifty

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD



WHOSE LATEST NOVEL "THE MATING OF LYDIA" IS BEING WIDELY

BOOK NOTES

Since the death of the Hon. James this region. It is being prepared by Young of Galt, his work, issued by William Briggs, in two volumes, Public Men and Public Life in Canada, has been in great demand. These volumes contain the only real history of our courties. tain the only real history of our country from a political standpoint that has ever been issued. It treats of both sides city and vicinity. many instances given in reference to the public men of the country of an anecdotal nature make the volumes splendid reading. Every one who desires to know accurately the history of Canada from the political economic standpoint will find in this work much interesting information.

Mr. J. M. Dent, proprietor and founder of the J. M. Dent Publishing Company, London, and the creator of Everyman's Library, is expected to visit Toronto early next month. His trip will combine business and pleasure, and will extend from Montreal to Edmonton and perhaps to the coast. This noted English firm has recently established a branch in this city, with Mr. H. Button as manager. as manager.

The April Scribner reproduces very fine portraits of Charles Dickens, George Ellot, Burne-Jones, Carlyle, and other eminent writers, as they appeared more than forty years ago.

The publication of Frank J. Mumby's
"The Youth of Henry VIII." and Robert
W. Garden's "Michelangelo," which have
been announced for early publication by
Houghton Mifflin, has been postponed until a later date.

Miss Mary Johnston, author of the
great Civil War novels, "The Long Roll"
and "Cease Firing," and of several other
successful works of fiction, is actively
interested in the new feminism, and frequently speaks as well as writes for the

quently speaks as well as writes for the cause. She recently spoke on the subject, "The Woman Movement" before the Political Education League at the Hudson Theatre, New York.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggins, who makes

A collection of short notes by Alan Sullivan, Toronto, is soon to be publish-ed by the J.M. Dent Company. Each story will be prefaced by one of Mr. Sullivan's poems and the book will be beautifully illustrated by J. W. Beatty,

Three cities in the United States pension a widowed mother who is un-able to support her minor children, provided that she is a proper guardian. Other cities take her children away from the mother and support them at the public expense. In the April Home Progress, Clara C. Park, first vicepresident of the Massachusetts Conin the care of herself both before and after birth of the baby" is the comprehensive title of a new book by Dr. Bernard Dawson of London.

A new volume now being issued by ties of wifehood and motherhood with the William Briggs Company, is enno other knowledge than that which titled "The Outlaw and Other Poems," comes from instinct and common and is by Alanson L. Buck, of Find-For any other profession she later, Sask: 'The poems depict life in

> John Burroughs, the greatest living nature writer, celebrated his 76th birthday on April 3. An illuminating study of his life and works, illustrated with photographs of Woodchuck Lodge, the naturalist's favorite retreat, has just been written by Charles S. Ol-

The Miracle and Other Poems, by Virna Sheard, Toronto, will soon be on sale. J. M. Dent is the publisher.

book of the natural conditions of our

"The Lad Felix," by Henry Milner, who

"A Builder of Ships," by Charles M. Sheldon, is the latest from that writer's pen. In it the author of "In His Steps" tells the story of a powerful man who becomes unscrupulous in his ambition, but is later reformed and led into the higher life. It comes from the press of George H. Doran, New York.

"Pride of War," by Gustaf Janson, franslated from "Lognerna," the Swedish original, deals with the Turko-Italian war in Tripoli, and is a strong plea for international page. lea for international peace. shers are Little, Brown & Co., Boston

The Home Poultry . Book

E. I. Farrington has supplied, in his Home Poultry Book, just the information Brook back the way you came required by a person who wants to keep you will find it leads to a few hens to supply the table with fresh eggs. No elaborate or expensive fixtures eggs. No elaborate or expensive fixtures are advocated. It is elementary, and purposely so. It is designed for the amateur and is neither technical nor semi-technical. It aims to tell the interested person what to do and how to do it. Its contents are based upon personal experience with poultry in both extensive and limited ways. Sound common sense is the keynote of every chapter. Detailed plans and photographs of successful small houses are given, together with specific information covering every phase of poultry keeping. The book is thoroly practical as it is written by a man who understands the business. McClelland and Goodchild are the publishers. From the same firm have just lishers. From the same firm have just been issued Practical Tree Repair, Old-Fashioned Gardening, Flower Gardening Book of Annuals, Book of Perennials and The Gardener and the Cook.

Empery

ling tale of the wild, outdoor life of the fur-trading days in Canada, when there The coming of the great Geological Congress in Toronto in July is responsible for the publication of a volume soon to be issued, which will probably be called Toronto and Vicinity. The work is being prepared under the auspices of the Canadian Institute, and will treat of the natural history of

Best Sellers of The Week

ers, Henry Frowde.
"Bobbie," by Olive Prouty, publishers, Henry Frowde.

THE DAILY STORY FOR CHILDREN

Brown Bear

One bright morning Little Brown Bear felt thirsty and went to the Brook to drink. He watched the fallen leaves float on the water, twisting and twirling about when the stream ran fast, sailing slowly and stream ran fast, sailing slowly and the stream ran fast, sailing slowly and slowly slowly and slowly slo steadily when it ran slowly, until the Brook turned a corner and ran

gathering dew and a noot owl was calling from a nearby tree.

Little Brown Bear was not afraid of the dark, but he remembered that Mother Brown Bear had often told him not to wander far from home, their nerveless fingers—and, sitting that the would be looking for Brends Macras Among the Stars. "The Lad Felix," by Henry Milner, who is none other than Harry M. Wodson, one of the most talented journalistic writers in Toronto, has been placed in the reprint list of William Briggs, his publisher. This book, which embodies a tragedy of the Ne Temere, is, outside the subject treated a very interesting. of the subject treated, a very interesting a long walk by himself. So he thought he would start for home.

gan to cry.

the old Owl.

Brown Bear," said the wise old Owl. "You might follow the Brook for many days, and you would not come to the end of its journey. It runs at last into the river, and the river runs into the sea. But, if Little Brown Bear thanked the wise

old Owl, and started to follow the Brook back again. He trudged on and on. At last he came to the For-est, and finally he came to the cave where he and Mother Brown Bear lived. He was tired and cold and hungry and frightened and ashamed. You can imagine how glad Mother

Brown Bear was to see him. She almost forgot to scold him. But Little Brown Bear did not need a scolding, for his long journey had shown him that Mother Brown Bear was right when she told him Bear was right when she told him not to wander far from home.

"Anyway," said Little Brown Bear, "I know this: If you follow the Brook away till you are lost, just turn around and follow it back again, and it will lead you safely home.'

"George Washington," by Woodrow Wilson, is a beautifully printed edition of the president's charming blography of his illustrious predecessor. It is not only a brilliant narrative but affords a demonstration of the literary skill of a man who is figuring prominently in the affairs of the present time.

"George Washington." by Woodrow Wilson, is a beautifully printed edition of the president's charming biography of his illustrious predecessor. t is not only a brilliant narrative but affords a demonstration of the literary skill of a man who is figuring minently in the affairs of the pre-

"RAGGS" WRITES FROM NEW YORK

the Brook turned a corner and ran out of sight.

"I wonder where the Brook is running," thought Little Brown Bear as he laped the water. "I think I will follow it and find out."

So Little Brown Bear began to trottalong by the side of the Brook. It wound in and out among the trees, and sometimes ran down hill or leaped over a big rock. Little Brown Bear followed it in and out among the trees, and sometimes ran down hill or leaped over a big rock he, too, scrambled over the rock. Finally, the Brook and Little Brown Bear as he followed: "I wonder the Brook turned and began to roll of the Brook bear felt titled and single where it led him.

Brown Bear followed: "I wonder how much farther we have to go?"

Of course the Brook could not answer title Brown Bear felt titled Brown Bear felt titled and burghy. He gentlemen all dashed for course the Brown Bear felt titled and burghy. He gentlemen all dashed for course the Brown Bear felt titled Brown Bear felt titled and burghy. He gentlemen all dashed for course the Brown Bear felt titled Brown Bear felt titled and burghy. He found some in the part of a pretty girl? I be care to the burght bear of the broke tree and bugget to the burght bear of the broke tree and bugget to the burght bear of the broke tree and bugget to the burght bear of the broke tree and bugget to the burght bear of the broke tree and bugget to the burght bear of the broke tree and bugget to the burght bear the broke tree and bugget to the burght bear to the careless of the finer feelings of the the exception of the proper was not the proper was the more—well and A. S. M. Hutchiason, whose latest book. "The Happy Warrior," was recently published by McClelland and Goodchild, has poetic ambitions. In fact it was as a poet that he first appeared in print, for he dates his career from the day when a monthly magazine published two of his poems. From that time he continued to court the muse, and at length was commissioned to write four or five comic verses for a weekly paper, for which he was paid five shillings. He says those five shillings when its first himorous a relief was accepted by Punch and activative the day when a month of the first himorous a farticle was accepted by Punch and activative was rising on the other state of the provision of the valley, and the moon, cool and shillings when his first himorous is article was accepted by Punch and activative was resided that he read it thru'a hundred times.

By and by Little Brown Bear felt tired and hungry. He found some must and berries by the side of the side of the side of the protesting little woman in her vacated sat. She was just in time too. A strap-hanging male made a dash for the protesting little woman in her vacated sat. She was just limitime too. A strap-hanging male made a dash for the protesting little woman in her vacated sat. She was just limitime too. A strap-hanging male made a dash for the provers walked backwards into some or strap-hanging male made a dash for the provers walked backwards into some or the proversting little woman in her vacated sat. She was just limitime too. A strap-hanging male made a dash for the proversting little woman in her vacated sat. She was just limitime too. A strap-hanging male made a dash for the laws at the limit has the step with the proversting little woman in her vacated was time time to the proversting little woman in her vacated was time time to do strap have beautiful the proversting little woman in her vacated was time time to the made of the freedom by militant methods in

Brenda Macrae Among the Stars. Raggs dashed into Bohemia and out again on Saturday evening. Rosalie Chalio, Spanish opera singer, and the But poor Little Brown Bear was lost. He looked about him at the strange valley, and wondered where the Forest could be. Then he be-"I followed the Brook, to see where it was running," said Little Brown Bear.

"Then follow it back again, Little Brown Bear," said the wise old brown Bear brown Bear, and the wise old brown Bear, and the wise old brown Bear, said the wise old brown Bear, and brown Bear, and brown Bear, but determined to hear her sing anyway, and brown Bear, and so women fight.

The Week

New York, April 11, 1913.

Dear Toronto-Onters:

What the daily press terms a "purity wave," is sweeping over New York. The Judginent House, by Gilbert Parker, publishers. Copp Clark.

The Heart of the Hills, by John Fox, ir., publishers, McLeod and Allen.

The Amateur Gentleman, by Jaffrey Farnol, publishers, The Musson Book Company.

The Mating of Lydia, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Publishers, The Musson Book Company.

The Life Mask, by M. L. G., publishers, the ban of our excellent mayor's dispers. Henry Frowde.

Stella Maris, by W. J. Locke, publishers, Bell and Cockburn.

The Flirt, by Booth Tarkington, publishers, Thorwas Langton, with the languages whather they use it in dancing. ers, Henry Frowde.

Stella Maris, by W. J. Locke, publishers, Bell and Cockburn.

The Flirt, by Booth Tarkington, publishers, Thomas Langton.

American Nobility, by Pierre de Coulevain, publishers, McClelland and Goodchild.

American Nobility, by Pierre de Coulevain, publishers, McClelland and Goodchild.

All this hullabaloo is for the purpose of advertisement, grandstand pose of advertisement, grandstand pose of advertisement, grandstand propose of advertisement at the remark-dumb with amazement at the remark-dumb with ama

Propped stiffly the worse resorts will be promptly arranged. Gaynor knows as well as anyone that when he puts the lid on the civic sauce-pan, the bottom will of course it was a lamentable waste The civic sauce-pan, the bottom will of course it was a lamentable waste promptly fall out. For example: Very of lucre, and, had we been possessed of a sufficient anxiety to get our money's worth, we could have taken one Sunday they were closed. Before the next the police had been "fixed," and from that day to this, every delicatessen store in the city quite openly. sells its butter and eggs, sardines and dill-pickles, from early Sunday morning until midnight.

ance of The Gesta. The sister-particle and the sells its butter and eggs, sardines and dergarten) agreed with me that we might as well sit it out, because the orchestra was all O. K. and the scen orchestra was all O. K. and the scenical

interests in real reform, is the worst enemy in New York of the men and the exception of Frank Pollock, whose women who are fighting, to better conditions among the criminal classes.

Why, Oh Why?

The exception of talk the exception of the convergence was lovely and his diction perfect, there was not one principal in the company who had not something in the company who had not

they are governed by laws which the have no hand in making, whether those laws be wise or not. But in England the slavery of women is doubly degrading, in that a certain percentage of England's women is set aside, with the evident approval and sanction of the throne and gov-sa ernment, that England's manhood may steep itself in vice, and pass that viciousness on to succeeding generas ations. You understand, of course. that I refer to the white slave traffic. These conditions can be rem-Raggs was charmed to receive an in- edied only thru the government. "What's the matter?" hooted the old vitation, firstly because there is no sweeter, better little woman under Every day innocent young girls are and secondly being stolen in England for this manner. "Tm lost!" blubbered Little Brown Sear.

"Where do you live?" questioned he old Owl.

"In the Forest," sobbed Little Brown Bar.

"How did you get here?" asked the old Owl.

"In the Forest," sobbed Little Brown Bear.

"How did you get here?" asked the old Owl.

"In the Forest," sobbed Little Brown Bear.

"How did you get here?" asked the old Owl.

"In the Forest," sobbed Little Brown Bear.

"How did you get here?" asked the old Owl.

"Brenda Macrae?!" I exclaimed.

"Brenda Swellie, as was—"why I know her—she was an old college chum(n).

"In the Forest," sobbed Little Brown God's olue sky than this gracious lady of the operatic stage, and secondly because Mme. Challo informed her that Brenda Macrae of the—"oh, so beautiful voice," was going to be among the distinguished artists who would sing.

"Brenda Macrae?!" I exclaimed.

Brenda Swellie, as was—"why I know her—she was an old college chum(n).

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BRENDA MACRAE.

NTROI SLIGH

ult." Sa

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Jobs All

esolution orary com athetic co ivic work en insister ution is th m themselseveral civi rtments. the capab the alder as Ald. Wood the board Controlle

is perfect cil should nittees wit their conte on is to the end on the Controller lot unless to on the pol-ulated," s vote ag e others the work on upon the erty depar l to give legal, fin Will he city ha ading stre

ning prop in unimp coller McC g bylaw d in. 18-foot for future be presse om the nittee was sing very donation o sufferers f d. Dunn's expense of sent of t forces and outsi ration c e report

adian Mar the board party of of Germs Aug. 9 to e propert t congestion t the locati le elsewhere t that the c risoners are: Previously In the bui r street v accelerat delay.

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ALBAN'S Will Pread Church, 1 ow that oceed with us the final assured, an ose wno wi enduring r st prac: diding are turposes for temselves of the menduring less who sleed apter in the eccedents of the menduring temperature of the menduri ose of our tates, and we tate and we tate and we tate and we tate and we take and