

## The Story of "Just One Blue Bonnet"

As culled from the reviews.

One sometimes comes across the memoir of one who is unknown to fame in the popular sense of the word, and finds the history of a life so true and beautiful, that the wonder is, its praises were not sung far and wide before death has made an aftermath of appreciation.

Florence Kinton was the youngest daughter of a scholarly Professor in London. She early showed a taste for poetry, art and music, and as she grew older, her passionate love for beauty was surpassed only by her pity for the erring and neglected. Fitted by a long and arduous course of training at the South Kensington School of Art, for an art career, it would seem as if her life should have been devoted to interpreting Nature's entrancing and fickle moods. On her father's death she came to Huntsville, Muskoka, where her brothers were living. Her journal tells the impression the new country made on her, and some of the most charming passages in the book are descriptions of scenes around her new home. Muskoka at that time was not the playground of rich people from all over America that it is to-day. It was then an almost primeval wilderness; and the impressionist pictures of the winter land of snowy forests, and icebound lakes, which Miss Kinton gives us, in the clever letters which went back to England, are perhaps the first writings that ever presented the magic charm of our Ontario Highlands.

While in London she had aided in the work of helping the "submerged tenth" and had a personal acquaintance with the family of General Booth. On coming to Canada she continued her artistic work, and was appointed principal of the Art school at Kingston and later of the Toronto Art School. In both places she was very successful and made many friends; but nothing could silence the little voices calling to her to help the neglected poor and to rescue the little ones exposed to suffering and sin. This call she answered and without a thought of self she gave up her lucrative position to join the Salvation Army. In Toronto, in Australia and later in the United States, Miss Kinton devoted all her talents to the Army's work, doing a great deal of literary work and making herself essential and beloved "behind the scenes".

At length the frail body worn out, but the spirit still dauntless, she returned to the home of her sister in Huntsville, to die. On the morning of May 27th 1905, she passed away very quietly. When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

The book is both humorous and pathetic and both with a certain charmingly homely quality, which must be read to be appreciated. Those who believe with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man" will find this diary of the human heart as interesting as anything they have ever read.