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FROM THE PUBLISHERS

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY'S first novel, "The House of Windows," has been published during the last month, and the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is proud of the fact that this work of fiction was introduced to the public as a serial in its columns. Our readers became deeply interested in the fortunes and misfortunes of the beautiful heroine, as the months went by, and were anxious to see whatever would become of Christine, who had been kidnapped in her infancy and brought up by a genuine benefactress in the person of Celia Brown, the girl who worked in the great "Stores." Aside from the genuine story interest in the book, there is a sketch of the conditions under which the shop girl lives and works, which should give pause to the modern student of economics and social service. The style in which the narrative is told proves that Mrs. MacKay has the novelist's gift of lifelike portrayal and narration. Of all the characters, that of the blind girl, Ada, is the most delicately and convincingly presented. Her imaginary garden is one of the "truest" things in the story and suggests a world of dream joys. There is a glimpse of Western Canada in the story, which makes the Eastern reader ardently desirous of buying a through ticket for Vancouver. We are sure that the popular schoolgirl loves. Lastly, there was the careless boy, Marc Dupre, the *beau ideal* of trapper and voyageur, who took life lightly until he looked into the dark eyes of Maren Le Moyne. The story of the journey to the Whispering Hills is graphically told, and there are no dull moments in this romance of long ago. The charm of outdoors—the outdoors of virgin forest and sun-kissed lake is never far away. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

INDIANA is a state which has lately made a great name for itself in American letters. James Whitcomb Riley is the poet who has made it famous for homely verse, such as you place in your scrap-book and remember for many a year, when more imposing rhymes are forgotten. Our latest story of Indiana is "A Hoosier Chronicle," by Meredith Nicholson, which is a story of love and politics, with the ingredients blended judiciously. Mr. Nicholson is one of the "best-selling" novelists, although, from the artistic standpoint, he is hardly among the first or even second American novelists of the day. Mr. Tarkington, for instance, far excels him in smoothness of literary execution, while Mr. Nicholson is very far below the "Dean" of American literature. However, "The Hoosier Chronicle" is



MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

larity which "The House of Windows" enjoyed as a serial will be extended to the volume in which the complete novel appears. (Cassell and Company.)

IT has never been decided just how much a book's title has to do with its selling qualities? There are certain titles which attract us at once, there are others which make us believe that the books bearing them must be dull or uninteresting. A title which must have been chosen in a happy moment is "The Maid of the Whispering Hills," which belongs to a prettily-bound novel, written by Vingie E. Roe. This is a book for the girl who loves a romance, to read and enjoy. It makes no pretence to being anything but a simple tale of love and adventure. It deals with no problems, exploits no new theories for the world's upheaval, but narrates the stirring events which took place in the lives of certain adventurers in the Far West of Canada, about the year 1796. We are taken back to the days of feud between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company, which became bitter war, indeed, before the end was seen. There is a heroine of the traditional marvellous beauty, Maren Le Moyne, whose brunette charms turn at least three masculine heads in the community and create an immense amount of mental havoc. Anders McElroy, the Hudson's Bay Factor, is the foremost of these suitors, with "a mouth that was all Irish and a square Scottish jaw." Then there is Alfred de Courtenay, chivalrous and gay, a hero of the gallant, old, fascinating type, which every

a thoroughly entertaining story, with a heroine of somewhat unusual qualities, and a hero of the right order, the modern young American with a strong jaw and a determination to "get on" and be fair and square. The cheery warmth of the "Chronicle" is its most attractive quality, and the reader becomes a "personal friend" of Mrs. Owen, who winds up the story with the comforting reflection: "It's all pretty comfortable and cheerful and busy in Indiana, with lots of old-fashioned human kindness flowing round; and it's getting better all the time. And I guess it's always got to be that way, out here in God's country." (Toronto: William Briggs.)

WE are glad to see that "Seranus," whose verse appears all too rarely, has published "In Northern Skies," a booklet of poetry which gives us some old favorites and introduces several recent works. "In Northern Skies," the first poem, is a brilliant description of those lights in the Arctic regions which compensate for much dreariness and the desolation of white stretches:

"Shields of silver, studded with fires of topaz,
Harps that are silver-strung, rimmed pale with pearls."

These poems are essentially of Canada, in subject and atmosphere, yet are written with a breadth of feeling which prevents the slightest taint of that provincialism which mars so much of latter-day verse.

Muskoka

The wide expanse of waters and the marvelous beauties of Muskoka can only be realized by a journey along the shore of the lakes. The Canadian Northern Ontario Railway runs through the heart of the district, with wharf-side stations at Bala Park and Lake Joseph.

THE LAKE SHORE LINE