

The Bookman Says

The next generation will study with great zest and zeal the many phases of the great war. We are so near as to be overwhelmed by it. We try to forget about it in work and play, and to our shame are disposed to regard it as an undesirable topic for conversation. The fervour of the first stage has disappeared. The bookseller will tell you how the public eagerly read every magazine article and book it was possible to obtain in the early stages of the war, and then forsook the subject. Occasionally a novel or narrative such as "The First Hundred Thousand," and Palmer's "My Year of the Great War," has revived the interest in war literature, but never to the same extent as before.

As an investment the buying of war books can be strongly recommended. It is not an unreasonable prophecy to state that any book written by a capable writer on the war will be worth far more ten years from now than it is to-day, and its value will increase with the passing of time. This war is going to be a topic of conversation, a subject for thought and study, and a fruitful cause of book-making for many generations, but the books written during the progress of the war will be sought if only to get a reflection of the feelings of the people at the time. Already some important war books are out of print.

Books for the War Library

Mr. Britling Sees It Through.....	H. G. Wells
My Year of the Great War.....	Frederick Palmer
Between the Lines	Boyd Cable
The Undying Story	Douglas Newton
The First Seven Divisions	Lord Hamilton
The First Hundred Thousand.....	Ian Hay
The Vermilion Box	E. V. Lucas
Kitchener's Mob	Norman Hall

It may be rather a fantastic idea, but the writer cannot think of Germany these days without associating that unhappy country with "Red Wull," that strange creation of Alfred Ollivant's, whose history he records in his fascinating story, "Owd Bob," or, as it is sometimes called, "Bob, Son of Battle." "Red Wull" was a big hound of evil disposition, a terror to his kind, who lived in fear of him. "Owd Bob," a canine gentleman of decent habits and serene disposition, aroused his fiercest hatred. "Red Wull," caring for no man but his master, went his own vengeful, murderous way until the day came when the other dogs who had suffered too long his violence and the constant menace of his domineering and vindictive presence, vented their concentrated wrath upon him and he met his fate.

Will the tragic splendour of his downfall find a counterpart this year in the defeat of the terror of Europe?

(We shall quote in next issue the notable description of the final fight.)

NOTE FOR INTERESTED READERS

It is simply because the present income of the "Review" does not permit of our enlarging this number that we have had to hold over "News from the Front," "Church Notes," "One Woman's Way," &c.

Your practical interest in Readers and Advertisers will enable us to enlarge the literary section. In that respect we are seeking to do our part for British Columbia. Will you ask yourself,—How are you exercising "practical interest" in such things?