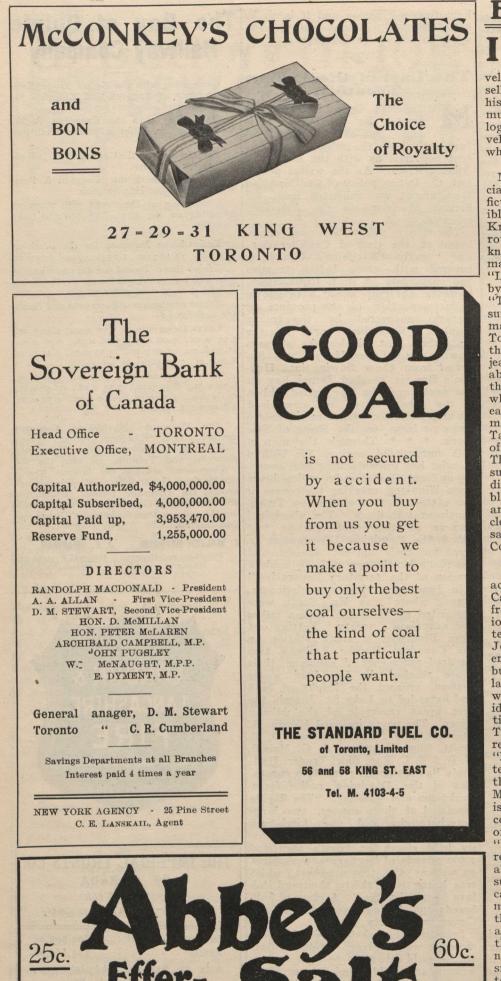
The Canadian Courier



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BOOKS

IN spite of the many prophecies that the public would tire of fiction, the production of new novels goes on industriously, the bookseller's counters being crowded with historical romance, problem novels, muck-raking narratives and psychological studies. Among the new novels are several by Canadian writers which claim early attention.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is associated with poetry rather than with fiction, and the poet is easily discernible in the style of "The Heart That Knows." The story is the old harrowing tale of a woman whose love knows no reserve and who suffers many things because of her folly. "Luella Warden" has been compared by several reviewers to Hardy's "Tess," and this comparison indicates sufficiently the strong impression made by Mr. Roberts' latest heroine. To some readers, "Melissa Britton," through the sheer malevolence of her jealous passion, is the most memorable character in the book. Although the story is of dramatic power, those who are familiar with the writer's earlier work turn with special enjoyment to the description of the tides of Tantramar and the "fir-crested ridge of uplands behind Westcock village." The poet of Acadia reveals himself in such a sunset as this : "The crimson died slowly to cold purple, the orange blaze to tenderest lilac and lavender ; and the zenith took on the green of a clear sea that washes over white sands." (Toronto : The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.)

From Tantramar to Simla takes us From Tantramar to Simia takes us across many a mile of foam, but Canadian writers are going to and fro in true Twentieth Century fash-ion. Mrs. Everard Cotes, who is bet-ter known to Canadians as Sara Jeannette Duncan, has written several novels with an Oriental setting but none of greater interest than her latest story, "Set in Authority," which deals with the effort of an idealistic Viceroy to mete out impartial justice to native and Englishman. The conclusion, however, leaves the reader in doubt as to how much the "little blind Devil of Chance" has interfered with the administration of the admirable representative of His Majesty. The delicate humour which is this Canadian writer's rare gift comes out delightfully in her depiction of such types as "Lady Thame" and "Mrs. Tring." The latter is easily recognized as ultra-modern. "She absorbed London and the time, consumed much social philosophy, be-came a Fabian as strenuously as she might have become a Mahommedan, threw off her convictions in essays and her impressions in poems, rode in and her impressions in poems, four in the very van of progress, was, I have no doubt, the first woman who smoked a cigarette in a public res-taurant. The one stimulant she re-quired was the evening paper." (To-ronto: Wm. Tyrrell and Company.)

There are only twenty-one pages in the dainty booklet, "Via Borealis," which contains seven of Duncan Campbell Scott's latest poems. But the little volume is a casket which contains none but gems of rarest polish. "Spring on Mattagami" is a wonderful blending of Nature's forest freedom and loveliness with the pas-