

BOOKS YOU WILL READ

By WAYFARER

A ROMANCE OF FAR CATHAY.

A REVIEWER'S life is just one damned novel after another, but in the flotsam and jetsam thrown up on the Sea of Time there comes to shore every now and again a pearl of great price. Such a pearl is *THE WANDERER ON A THOUSAND HILLS* by Edith Wherry, which has just been received from Mr. S. B. Gundy, Toronto. Mrs. Wherry—who, by the way, is in private life the wife of a well-known Montreal physician—has laid the scene of her book in China, not the Chinatown of New York nor San Francisco, but the China that is as remote from our civilization to-day as it was when first fashioned by Time in the misty ages of the past. With consummate skill and exquisite charm she has brought very vividly before us the quaint home life and the curious social customs and religious beliefs of these strange people—so interesting yet so unlike ourselves.

Recently we read in an evening paper that a lady of our city expressed a horrified surprise on learning of the respect paid by the Chinese, both adult and juvenile, to their parents. That lady would be still more horrified did she but know that this filial piety is, perhaps, the dominating feature of home life in China, and that during the life time of his parents a son—daughters are of little or no account—has no will but their will, knows no way but their way. It is this filial piety on the part of the son, this contempt for the daughter that furnishes the theme of "A Wanderer on a Thousand Hills." Tung Mei, a young Chinese girl—a very lovable type of young woman—suddenly bereft of her husband and her baby and driven from home by her cruel parents-in-law, wanders out into the hills and finds the still living body of an English boy to whom she had been nurse before her marriage. He had lost his way in the terrible storm raging at that time and was nearly dead from fright and exposure. Clasp him to her bosom and thanking her gods for a son who would perform the prescribed rites for the repose of the soul of her dead husband, she carried him off to the home of her own father. Henceforward she devotes her life to the memory of her husband and the upbringing of Hsie Chin, the Divine Child, as she calls the precious foundling. How he grew up, how he attained the coveted honour of scholar-laureate, the highest academical honour in China, and what ultimately became of him and his foster-mother are told by Mrs. Wherry with a deftness and grace of diction all too rare in books written by residents of our country.

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MR. KIPLING'S LATEST.

A NEW book by Rudyard Kipling is always an event in the literary world. For some time, in fact, since the war broke out, he has been busy, first rousing his countrymen to their awful danger because "the Hun is at the gate," then chronicling the doings of our splendid fleet which has successfully—and for all time, we hope—slammed the gate in the face of the murdering Hun.

His new volume, *A DIVERSITY OF*

CREATURES, published by the Macmillans in Canada, is a collection of stories, some written as far back as 1908, some as recently as 1915, which reveal Mr. Kipling's extraordinary versatility and his wonderful literary skill. The poetical summaries of the stories, so distinctive of his work, are models of compression and correct versification.

The first story in the book, "As Easy as A. B. C.," is somewhat cryptic. It deals with aeroplanes, with heat, light and sound, and electricity and mag-

netism in the wonderful manner in which Algernon Blackwood writes about these forces. It is very realistically done, however, for when Mr. Kipling writes about machines or machinery he is an expert engineer, and when he deals with physics he is a physicist—but always with a magical pen. So, too, in his military stories like "The Honours of War" he is more the soldier than even the fussiest old martinet. "The Friendly Brook" is a story of the soil of England which is flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone. When he writes of England, that wonderful little island that has mothered such a breed of mighty men as the world has never known before, then Mr. Kipling is at his best. He becomes

line, Archie dreamed he saw a Zepplin. He awoke, stood to, and pointed his nose straight up in the air. Far above him, many thousands of feet aloft, a silvery, menacing sphere hung in the rays of the searchlights. And he barked his loudest and longest, but without avail, for the distance was too great. And the imaginative French folk heaped unintentional infamy upon him when they spoke quite placidly of "Archie baying at the moon!"

Win-the-War Mulloy

(Concluded from page 6.)

that. We differ mainly as to the form of unity and how much tinkering it will stand from the Oxford group. The unity of Canada has not been as yet achieved. The war has that also on its programme. The war is yet to burn up bigotries in this country—unless those bigotries are asbestos. The Win-the-War convention in Montreal next week, beginning with Empire Day, is the first big step in that direction with the impetus of Bonne Entente behind it.

Mulloy is a big enough man to be backed up by the country. If ever Canada rose it should be now. We have gone up on our hind heels over parish politics and howled ourselves hoarse over party leaders. Happily we don't need to make that sort of demonstration over the Win-the-War Idea based upon the Bonne Entente. It's no occasion for an uproar. It's more a case for silent prayer.

But then we forget; there are those who do not believe in national unity. One thinks about it as a wedge. The other as a club.

The Garden of Roses

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disappear at the first sound he made. The girl followed him until the four people were close together, and then she spoke again.

"You did not kill them. My mother was only slightly wounded, and my sister fainted as you fired."

"They are alive," he said, dully, "and the others . . . they are alive, too."

The old lady bowed gravely. "The French have retaken the town as you slept," she said, contemptuously. "You had better go."

"I went before," he said, wonderingly, "and then I came back and everything is changed." Then he caught a glimpse of his own face in a mirror. "My hair was black and now it is white," he said, with a hoarse chuckle. "Yes, I will go. It is time." And he walked out of the room, still laughing to himself.

Hodge Up Against it

(Concluded from page 17.)

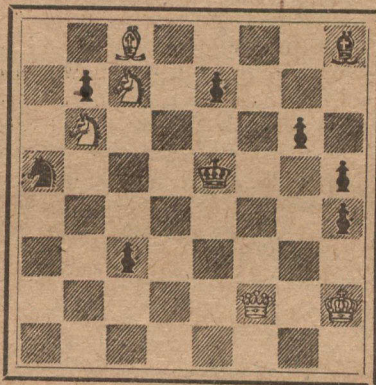
It was the weather. The poor devils were homesick for walls and crowds and clack. They were clean hungry for somebody to heave along in a club-room and talk bunkum about saving the country—along with the Empire. All right. But they're properly stung. When the weather lifts they'll all be so sick of bank and other forms of smug, unprofitable insincerity that they'll put their eyes on sticks to look at a good hay job on this farm. They've got the soil in their souls. They'll never get it out. It's like the North—or falling in love."



Address all communications for this department to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM NO. 137, by I. Smutny. (1910.)

Black.—Nine Pieces.



White.—Five Pieces.

White to play and mate in 3.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 134, by A. J. Fink.

1. Qc6, BxPch; 2. Kt—B7 mate.
1. . . . KtxBP; 2. Kt—B3 mate.
1. . . . KtxQP; 2. R—K3 mate.
1. . . . P—B4; 2. Kt—KKt6 mate.
1. . . . Kt—KB6; 2. R—Qsq mate.

Problem No. 135, by H. Fischer.

1. R—Kt3, P—R5; 2. R—B3, P—R6;
3. B—Kt6, Pxp mate.

TORONTO LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Toronto Ladies' Championship for season 1916-1917 has been won by Miss Florence E. Spragge, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Spragge, who has done much to promote organized interest in chess amongst lady players in the city. Miss Spragge tied with Miss Elsie Banks in the tournament, and the three games were necessary, in the play off, to decide the issue—a hard-won victory, upon which the winner is to be congratulated.

To Correspondents.

(W.J.F.) Thanks for solutions. Your latest compound self-block, as you suggest, has rather lean strategy. A difficult task.

R. A. Fradkin, Lethbridge). No. 133 is a self-mate. See solution, last issue.

Correct solutions of problems No. 132 and 133 received from W. J. Faulkner, Toronto, and of No. 132 from G. Marler and D. Loomis, Lennoxville.

A CHESS BRILLIANT.

Played in 1907 at Lodz between Rotlevy and the great Russian master, A. Rubinstein.

Queen's Gambit Declined.

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|--------------------|-----------------------|
| White.
Rotlevy. | Black.
Rubinstein. |
| 1. P—Q4 | 1. P—Q4 |
| 2. Kt—KB3 | 2. P—K3 |
| 3. P—K3 | 3. P—QB4 |
| 4. P—B4 | 4. Kt—QB3 |
| 5. Kt—B3 | 5. Kt—B3 |
| 6. PxpP | 6. Bxp |
| 7. P—QR3 | 7. P—QR3 (a) |
| 8. P—QKt4 | 8. B—Q3 |
| 9. B—Kt2 | 9. Castles |
| 10. Q—Q2 (b) | 10. Q—K2 (c) |
| 11. B—Q3 | 11. Pxp |
| 12. BxBP | 12. P—QKt4 |
| 13. B—Q3 | 13. R—Qsq |
| 14. Q—K2 | 14. B—Kt2 |
| 15. Castles | 15. Kt—K4 |
| 16. KtxKt | 16. BxKt |
| 17. P—B4 (d) | 17. B—B2 |
| 18. P—K4 | 18. QR—Bsq |
| 19. P—K5 | 19. B—Kt3ch |

Canada in War Paint

(Concluded from page 23.)

of range, rounded up and driven down the iron-cross birds, and, having dropped their "cartes de visite" at the railroad, are returning by ways that are swift and various to the place whence they came. All of which is most unsettling to the soul of Archibald.

In the evening, when the west is pink and gold, Archie's eyes grow wearied. He sees dimly many aeroplanes, here and there, going and coming, and he has been known to bark at the wrong one! Wherefore the homing aeroplane drops a star-signal very often to let him know that all is well, and that no German hawks menace the safety of the land over which he is the "ethereal" guardian, in theory, if not always in practice.

At night Archie slumbers profoundly. But the birds of the air do not always sleep. Many a night one hears the throb and hum of a machine crossing the line, and because Archie is asleep we pay him unconscious tribute: "Is it ours, or theirs?"

Once, not a mile from the front