

## LITERARY NOTES

## LETTERS TO THE FAMILY.

THE most interesting literary man to visit Canada during 1907 was Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who came, spoke and wrote things in a small red note-book. Mr. Kipling was not a little amused when asked if his visit had anything to do with the Oriental complications in British Columbia or with the attitude of the British Government regarding the Japanese working-man in Vancouver. But everyone suspected that Mr. Kipling had a book up his sleeve, while he talked so wisely and so briefly to the Canadian Clubs. The English papers now make the announcement that Mr. Kipling is writing a series of articles on his experiences during his recent tour in Canada. These will shortly be published by the *Morning Post* under the title of *Letters to the Family*. Mr. Kipling was so remarkably acute in grasping local conditions, as displayed in his luminous addresses, that Canadians will read with eagerness these epistles from a man who showed himself one of ourselves. There ought to be a "Canadian Club" edition of these communications from the "laureate of the Empire."

Stirring to a Britisher as are Mr. Kipling's *Song of the Cities* and *The Flag of England*, his greatest work has the universal note and strikes the deepest chords of human experience. Of such is his latest poem in *World's Work* which is a song of the hearthstones of the earth, with the suggestive title, *The Fires*.

Men make them fires on the hearth  
Each under his roof-tree,  
And the Four Winds that rule the earth  
They blow the smokes to me.

Across the high hills and the sea  
And all the changeful skies,  
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me  
Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes  
And my heart is well-nigh broke;  
For thinking on old memories  
That gather in the smoke.

How can I answer which is best  
Of all the fires that burn?  
I have been too often host or guest  
At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire  
On any man's hearth-stone?  
I know the wonder and desire  
That went to build my own!

How can I doubt man's joy or woe  
Where'er his house-fires shine,  
Since all that man must undergo  
Will visit me at mine?

\* \* \*

DUNA.

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

WHEN I was a little lad  
With folly on my lips,  
Fain was I for journeying  
All the seas in ships.  
But now across the southern swell  
Every dawn I hear  
The little streams of Duna  
Running clear.

When I was a young man  
Before my beard was gray,  
All to ships and sailormen  
I gave my heart away.  
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,  
I'm weary of the foam,  
And the little stars of Duna  
Call me home.

—Metropolitan Magazine.

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## THE CURSE OF MODERN FICTION.

A WRITER in the English *Outlook*, signing himself "O. S.," devotes something over a column to a discussion of Sir Gilbert Parker's recent article in the *North American Review*, entitled "Fiction: Its Place in the National Life." The author of the *Outlook* letter is surprised that the Canadian novelist should care to write "shop."

"You have heard," he remarks plaintively, "of the prosperous head of a great confectionery business who never could be induced to take jam, and once in an expansive moment justified his refusal with the simple words: 'We makes it.' Novelists, as I have known them, have usually acted on the same principle. Apart from his so many words a day for the appeasement of the publisher who holds the contract for his next work, the novelist eschews fiction and attempts to forget it. He would no more write upon it than Henry VIII. would have written a treatise on marriage, or than M. Stolypin would write one on franchise-cooking; it is enough to be obliged to do the thing, without dilating upon it in one's off-time."

The writer declares that the effect on the community of reading fiction is worse than the effect of drunkenness, inasmuch as the latter destroys its victims. "We can do with a large number of dead dipsomaniacs but not with a vast horde of living incompetents whose wills have been addled and whose fancy (not imagination) has been morbidly developed by the excessive reading of novels. . . . We can all say what fiction *should* do. The point is what it does. As for its being 'a reflex of the life of the people,' it is only some of the good fiction that is that; and to my mind the good of all the good fiction is so enormously outweighed by the evil of the bad fiction that it should not save the life of fiction for an hour if wise men had the power to destroy it."

Don't be bothered  
with a table salt  
that cakes.

**Windsor  
SALT**

never cakes, be-  
cause every grain is  
a pure, dry, perfect  
crystal.

**"Not on Morality but on  
Cookery let us build our  
Stronghold."**—SARTOR RESARTUS.  
—Carlyle.

If your food is not right your  
life will not be right.

Dr. Snow, late Senior Surgeon  
at the Cancer Hospital, London,  
wrote in a paper on "The Scien-  
tific Prevention of Disease"—

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nerve equilibrium by scientific  
tissue nutrition like Bovril, will  
do more to stay the ravages of any  
malady than a century of progress  
in drug treatment."

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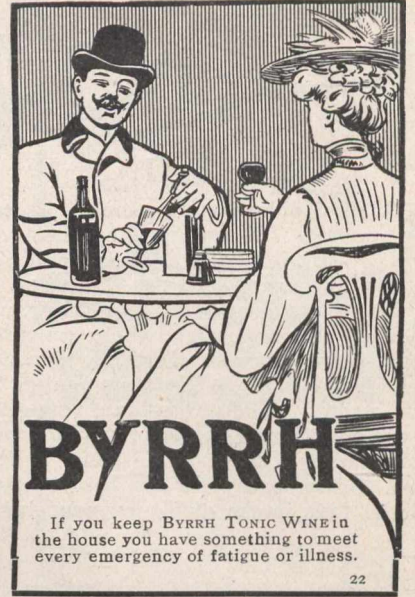
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American and European.

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## The Chateau Frontenac

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