

terribly sanguinary novel. The reading of it, with the unpronounceable names crowding in upon one, is heavy work at first, but the after results are well worth the trouble.

Finally, not because there were no more books to notice, but because one must stop somewhere, there is Conan Doyle's "Tragedy of the Korosko," of 333 pages and 40 illustrations, published by the Copp, Clark Company, of Toronto. The Korosko was a stern-wheel steamer that carried a party of thirteen persons up the Nubian Nile. They, or at least most of them, got off for a ramble on donkey back, some miles from the river, to visit ancient remains. There they were surprised by the Dervishes, some killed and the rest made prisoners. After hair-breadth escapes, the latter were at last rescued, and more than one marriage was the result of the expensive trip. The story is very well told, and the various characters admirably drawn, especially the old dandy Colonel Cochrane, Miss Sadie Adams, the American girl, and Mr. James Stephens, the Manchester lawyer, the Rev. John Stuart, of Birmingham, a stout non-conformist minister, and Monsieur Fardet, the sceptic, who says that Nile Dervishes are a fiction of the British Government. Nor must I omit the Irish Belmonts, man and wife, a warm-hearted and loyal pair from Dublin. It will be safer now travelling up the Nile, since the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener, has crushed the Mahdi's following, so that tourists who want to visit ancient remains up there may do so without fear of such a tragedy as that of the Korosko.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Campbell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom of the page, below the main body of text.