

tell. In a word, the young man loses all, but gains his own soul. But the book is not an evangelistic tract; it does not draw conclusions; it does not preach or dogmatise—it tells a story—and makes one think! (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

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A SOUTHERN story of stormy old times in North Carolina and Tennessee, is "The Prodigal Judge," by Vaughan Kester. One is so accustomed to prudence, poise and all other estimable virtues in association with the office of "judge" that the title proves suggestive and piquant, thereby fulfilling the author's ideal. The story of the criminal clan and its doings is as thrilling as the most ardent lover of adventure could desire, while the delineation of the *Judge* and his incorrigible friend, *Solomon Mahaffy*, is an excellent blending of boldness and delicacy. The villains of the tale are of the requisite blackness, without the vestige of redeeming virtues, and it affords the gentle reader pure joy when they are tumbled over cliffs or into dark rivers, to meet due punishment. *Betty Malroy*, the heroine, is of the traditional Southern type—sweet, spirited and most daintily feminine. She has the old-time tribulations and is almost carried off by the darkest of the villains. However, the reader will follow all these diverting adventures for himself. But the unforgettable feature of the book is the reprobate old judge, whose tragedy is never without its comic aspect. To read the book is to fall under the spell of a crumpled and yet pathetic character, and it is quite impossible not to love *Judge Slocum Price*—whose final name would betray the secret of the story. The illustrations of the modern novel are not, as a rule, either suitable or inspiring. In this matter, the artist of "The Prodigal Judge," M. Leone Bracker, is a joyous exception,

and one recognises with gladness an illustrator who is actually in sympathy with the spirit of the narrative and the essential humanity of the character. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen).

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THE society of modern London appears to afford an inexhaustible field to the novelist. The latest writer of fiction to reap a harvest of epigrams and character study from this soil is Patrick Rushden, whose first novel, "The Sea Lion," is much better than the average "best seller." There is the old situation of amazing physical similarity between two characters, who belong to different moral hemispheres. How the fastidious heroine, *Sybil*, is so purblind as to mistake *S. Thornfield* for the original "sea lion" is difficult to explain, and one is strongly tempted to expostulate with that young lady concerning her infatuation with an absolute "bounder." However, as she has her eyes effectually opened in time to save her from matrimonial disillusion, the reader is consoled by the escape from *S. Thornfield's* enthralling power. *Sir James Ripley* is, perhaps, the most arresting character in a group where no one is commonplace. His uncanny influence over his wife—who is a rather tiresome and flabby personality—and his desire to play the *deus ex machina* in the affairs of his acquaintances lead to dramatic consequences. The occult element in the plot is subtly and not sensationally handled. The book arouses unusual interest. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

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DIOGENES'S celebrated pervestigation has furnished the basis for many a later occupation. *Gilead Balm*, in the book of the same name, by Bernard Capes, undertook something of the same task in his Quest—don't forget the capital—for the