

the author is pleased to call it; "Where all unite to sing the song of peace and contentment, where prince and pauper strike hands for the love of the land, while outside, the great heartless world goes rumbling on, without a thought of the rare little principality among the eastern mountains."

We reach this spot after following Beverly Calhoun on her extraordinary travels from St. Petersburg to Edelweiss, the Capital of Graustark, where her dear friend Yotive, the reigning Princess is expecting her. The Princess had married an American, at the very tag-end of the nineteenth century. Yotive and her American husband, having lived for two years in Washington, the Princess and Beverly had become loyal and constant friends. This accounts for her visit to Graustark, and her meeting in one of the perilous mountain passes, a brigand who proved to be a fugitive ruler of a neighboring principality; hearing the Princess of Graustark had gone on a secret visit to the Czar, he mistakes Beverly for the Princess; through Beverly's deceiving him, he accompanies her to Graustark, and after many adventures, regains his throne and marries Beverly Calhoun.

McCutcheon, unlike the author of Richard Carvel and *The Crisis*, makes his heroine use the vernacular usually ascribed to the colored people; while Dorothy Manners and Virginia Carvel have the mannerisms peculiar to the refined southern people. The plot is not complicated. On the appearance of the bandit, one easily pierces his disguise and guesses that he is of much more importance than he seems. We all know, that the heroes and heroines of some tales would have been spared much pain from misunderstandings, had the heroine asked her hero, "What are you mad about?" Beverly very sensibly avoids unnecessary heartache by having an explanation with her lover. The book reads easily enough, it demonstrates the capabilities and ambition of the ubiquitous American Girl, but undoubtedly the reader feels, that after his journey of 357 pages, he has not received all the pleasure anticipated.

C. D.

THE CROSSING, by Winston Churchill. *Copp, Clark Co. Ltd., Toronto.*

Admirers of Winston Churchill must feel while reading his latest book, *The Crossing*, that the three years that have passed since he gave us *The Crisis*, have been excellently well spent and that their waiting has not been in vain. Like his former works,