

IT must call for much patience and study to master the requirements of the modern novel that deals with the old court scenes. There is a succinctness of dialogue, a veiled repartee, a tangle of intrigue, and withal a courtliness of antagonism that is demanded here as nowhere else. To fail in any part makes the book the worst of failures, to be recognised as such by even the least erudite of readers. In "The Justice of the King" Hamilton Drummond has not attempted his first novel of this kind of life, and the book shows it. Lacking in incident of any degree of novelty and possibly in characters that appeal, the author has mastered the style of the Louis and French Court narrative in a most creditable manner, and one that will commend the book to the many who delight in the semi-historical novel. (The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

A SMALL volume of much better new verse than one usually encounters comes from the pen of Sherman C. Swift. It will be found mostly too conventional for the popular taste of to-day, but there are passages that arrest attention, as, for instance, the sonnet entitled "The Lone Mosquito":

Lone haunter of my midnight-darkened room!

What deep dismay, what craven fears are mine,

As on my ear, athwart the trembling gloom,

The ringing, stinging, pinging, whinging whine

Of thy thin warpipe falls, portentous sign

Of carnage dread, more feared than cannon's boom:

An arrant coward, the conflict I decline
And strive in vain to flee my certain doom.

Like pirate viking on some smiling coast,

Like thieving free-lance on some princely town,

Upon me from the shades thou swoonest down,
Bloodthirsty Pillager! a vampire ghost,
That through the night rich, purple booty rapes,
And with the dawn full-gorged, unscathed escapes.

The sonnets are generally very good, particularly the one entitled "Robert Browning." (Toronto: the University Press).

*

RICHARD REMINGTON, the character developed by H. G. Wells in his late novel entitled "The New Machiavelli," is a person much in discussion just now. That is, of course, because Mr. Wells has presented him deftly to the public. His career is one continuous rivalry between two master passions—the love of statesmanship and the love of woman. In early life *Remington* finds himself married, but he discovers also that he has not yet begun to live, and he begins to seek a career in politics, taking as his model, with some limitations, the early Italian craftsman. But another woman comes into his life, and thereafter he wavers between her and public service. It is a book that has to be read to be understood, and it is one of the literary "sensations" of the season. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen).

*

IN reading "The Path of Glory," by Paul L. Howorth, one is reminded of Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty." But the reminder is not so much in the story and style of writing as in the time and setting. There has always been a glamour of romance around the city of Quebec, and no time in the history of that ancient capital seems to offer the same opportunity for the exploitation of love and adventure as the period immediately preceding and up to the conquest by the English. The "Path of