

tured. He escapes when that catastrophe occurs, and appears again with unimpaired ability and attractiveness. Also he disappears with every evidence of finality, only to return in another book with bewildering plots and entanglements.

Before the newest of his chronicles, "813," was sent to a waiting public, *Lupin* had worked his way through his villainies with clean hands, as far as murder is concerned, but in this book he convinces himself that he has at last broken his rule, although the reader will scarcely agree with him. Yet, so assured is he of his fall from grace that he stands in the last few pages at Tiberius's Leap, calmly folds his arms and throws himself down the thousand feet into the sea as one would toss away a match—and later proves that *Sherlock Holmes* and *Raffles* have no monopoly of the re-appearance act. *Lupin* will "come back" for many a book yet, it is promised.

The story is most complicated, sometimes to a wearying extent, and at times crudely disgusting; but the reader makes allowance quite readily owing to the country in which it was written—just as he must do to condone some of the unfortunate blunders in the diction of a Frenchman's translation into English. Perhaps the most striking commendation the story will receive is the fact that one ridicules the deductions and unnatural cleverness of the chief detective in the opening of the story, only to find that, by an unusual *dénouement*, the whole thing was justified as written. The escapes are possibly too numerous, the untimely accidents too common; it is a natural evolution of the

rapid succession of these events that one finds oneself prophesying the obstacles by simply thinking of what would be the most unfortunate and annoying thing to happen. A lover of detective stories will find "813" as absorbing as only a Frenchman can make this style of writing. Paris rhymes with mystery in most minds, and the French writer knows how to take advantage of it. In passing, it might be said that a rather novel advertising scheme is the liberal use of the foot-note to refer to the preceding stories of *Lupin's* career. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

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AN ingenious tale of mystery is always welcome as a time destroyer, and for those who like a tale which can interest without making deep demands upon the intelligence, "The Vanity Box," by Alice Stuyvesant, can be heartily recommended. A beautiful woman is found dead and mystery follows mystery in a way which ought to satisfy the most exacting. To give the slightest hint of the solution would be to spoil a good story. Suffice it to say that once again circumstantial evidence is shown to be a dangerous guide and the life of a good man is appallingly near being sacrificed to this fetish of our law courts. The weakness of the book lies in its characterisation. If we felt more interest in the actors of the drama the drama itself would be more interesting. When a play has a good plot it is disappointing to observe the strings which jerk the puppets. Nevertheless, "The Vanity Box" is a good book for a lazy day. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

