

and belief, had been violated. In view of this, Sun-Yat-Sen's release was requested, and the demand was finally complied with.

The English press is very indignant

over what is conceived to be the attempt to do away with a British resident by a foreign power in the heart of the capital of England.

BOOK NOTICES.

Effie Hetherington. By Robt. Buchanan.
Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto:
Wm. Tyrrell Co.

The design upon the cover of this book is uniquely indicative of its contents. The binding is in myrtle linen, and sprays of purple heather wreath about the coils of a glittering serpent and span the name of "Effie Hetherington." One need not glance within to divine a promise of great beauty strangely intermingling with depths of hatefulness and guile. The heroine is a blue-eyed wanton of a sufficiently frequent type and without one redeeming trait of character. That her name is allowed upon the title-page is, we think, a mistake on the part of the author. The book would be more acceptable if known by the name of its one attractive personage, Richard Douglas, of unfortunate heredity and strong passions, who wrests victory from defeat, and to whom a noble life becomes possible even through his unrequited love for an utterly worthless woman. The story is of commanding interest and weirdly pathetic with the heart-cries and mysteries of the life depicted in border ballads. In bringing his tensely dramatic conceptions into strong relief, the author fulfils the expectations of those who know his earlier work.

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The Wood of the Brambles. By Frank Mathew. London: John Lane.
Chicago: Way & Williams.

If this contemporaneous record of the Wexford Rising is to be regarded from an appreciative point of view the reader will remember to exercise the courtesy extended to a picture which is hung in the best light. Looked at from one angle "The Wood of the Brambles" is a blur

of complicated methods utterly void of plot, with confusion worse confounded in each succeeding chapter. But for one's own enjoyment it will be well to cultivate a receptive and intelligent sympathy for the disconnected but truly delightful character sketches found at intervals as the general riot grows, and for the aromatic absurdities and unobtrusive beauties which grace almost every page. In laying the book down we cannot define just the power which held us to the last sentence, but we know we would be sorry, indeed, to have missed the acquaintance of that comical despot, Sir Tim Desmond, with his terrific brogue and his fixed conviction that he could not rid himself of the English accent acquired during a week's stay in London. And we most truly commiserate the poet-philosopher, Theophilus Considine, whose surroundings were so incongruous that when he said: "The fairies are festooning the shadows with the perishing wealth of the threaded gold of laburnum," his neighbors wondered what on earth he could mean.

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Summer In Arcady: A Tale of Nature.
By James Lane Allen. New York:
Macmillan & Co.

This story first appeared under the title of "Butterflies." The present edition is enriched by a preface which is a remarkable piece of work and a distinct contribution to contemporary literature. In this plea for the defence Mr. Allen tells us that his story is designed as a protest against the black, chaotic books of the present day and the exposures of the eternally hidden which these books have made. To this end he has taken two robust young people in the sunlit splendor of the early summer