

Town" reminds us irresistibly of that classic line, "The time has come, the walrus said, to talk of many things!" In fact, a more curious literary mixture one could seldom come across. "Hash" is a word which applies itself naturally to the result—but hash with a necessary flavour lacking—perhaps Mr. Crockett forgot the salt! The ordinary constituents of Mr. Crockett's fiction are all there—the gossips, the kirk, the learned doctor, the pretty tease, the low-comedy serving maid, with her many lovers; the motherly landlady, the interesting (and conceited) young man; but added to these we have an hypnotic revivalist who is really quite shocking! Unfortunately, this revivalist is not a good mixer. His atmosphere and Mr. Crockett's atmosphere refuse to mingle. He is so outside the picture that it is impossible to believe in his reality. We are told that *Jan* who is on the verge of falling in love with the interesting young man, is taken captive by the mesmeric force of this revivalist. Having one wife already, he cannot marry her, and she is saved from running away with him only by the old ruse of a substituted letter. He goes alone, or, rather, with his proper wife, but distance does not dissipate the enchantment and in the end poor *Jan* loses not her honour but her life. Her death occurs at the same moment as that of the evangelist. This ought to be impressive, but the incident is not well managed and the effect is lost. It is melodrama ill-staged and poorly acted. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

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THERE can be no doubt from title or illustrated cover that "The Girl on the Other Seat," by Henry Kitchell Webster, is an automobile story. It is a great deal more than that, since, in addition to a trip of the hero and heroine, there is an automobile race, and the car itself enters

as a character in the plot. *Tony Longstreet* is a gentleman professional, who has won the "Grand Prix" and a number of Vanderbilt cups with his ninety-horse-power car. *Clarissa Ellsworth* is another prize he wins with it; and this is the victory the story narrates in a most interesting way. The girl was worth winning, even if there was little new in her or her conquest. She is the type of much-loved heroine—innocent, frank, and an outdoor girl. He is just as ordinary a hero—big, strong, steady, stupid enough to make complications, and an outdoor man. She is rich and he, having invented an engine to use as substitute for gasoline, saves himself the humiliation of borrowing from her. The conversations are unusually well handled, and the author has grasped the wisdom of length to suit his theme, making the book a good one for summer reading. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company, Limited).

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IN England family counts for everything when family means anything. With this fact in mind, John Galsworthy, whose novel, "Fraternity," earned for him a splendid reputation as a writer, conceived the basis for a romance that appeared recently as "The Patrician." The central story is that of a young statesman whose misfortune it is to fall in love with one of the tenants on the family estate—a beautiful young woman living quite alone, whose antecedents are obscure. It turns out that she is the wife of a clergyman from whom she is separated, but without divorce. Now for this young statesman, this representative of the patrician class, to marry the woman he loves, should she procure a divorce, is one of the things forbidden by the unwritten law, one of the things that his family would move heaven and earth to prevent. He may live with her, if he chooses, provided he does so quietly and with-