

given of the brutal treatment of Armenian refugees. The author says of this story,—“It is more than a romance, and its descriptions are, as far as I could make them, true to fact.”

The False Faces, by L. J. Vance (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto, 331 pps., \$1.35). The Lone Wolf, once master thief, who had baffled the police of two continents, turns his hands against the Germans because of their destruction of his home at Louvain. After spending a time in Germany, discovering Teutonic secrets and plots, he makes a daring crossing of no man's land to the British Army. Arriving in London he is given a mission to the United States by the British Secret Service. But the agents of Berlin are watching him closely and there follows a series of thrilling adventures into which enters a beautiful woman. Captured by a German submarine, he escapes after destroying the vessel. New York seems no more safe for him than Germany itself; but eventually he achieves his purpose and crushes the Prussian spy system in the United States.

Another novel by a Canadian, with Canadian atmosphere and staging, is *Willow the Wisp*, by Archie P. McKishnie (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston; Thos. Allen, Toronto, \$1.50). This is a tale with action and excitement, the scenes of which are laid among the soughing pines of the northern woods. The hero is a young fellow who has had his strength sapped in the city and who determines to regain peace of mind and vigor of body in outdoor life. Incidentally he makes money from an animal preserve from which he gains a knowledge of the wild creatures of the bush that in itself is interesting. His fortune is not made without thrilling struggles against an evil gang of trappers and poachers; and into it Cupid enters, with his genius for giving pain followed by bliss.

In *Carolyn of the Corners*, by Ruth Belmore Endicott (Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, Toronto, 318 pages, \$1.35 net), the heroine, “Carolyn May,” wins and holds the heart of the reader,—she is such a natural, wholesome and altogether lovable little girl. We see her first coming into the hardware store of Joseph Stagg in Sunrise Cove, having traveled with her dog Prince all the way from New York alone. The ship in which her father and mother had sailed to Europe, had been reported sunk, and Carolyn had been sent to her “Uncle Joe,” her guardian according to the terms of her father's will. The transformation which the child, just by being her sweet self, works in the home presided over by “Aunt Rose,” and her part in bringing back a lost happiness into “Uncle Joe's” life,

forms a story told with rare charm. After all, Carolyn's father and mother were not drowned when the Dunraven went down, and, at the close of the tale, the little girl can say, “Now how nice things do come about in this world, don't they?”

The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis, by Roland Pertwee (McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, 332 pages, \$1.50 net), describes the adventures of a connoisseur of Buddhas, ruby-back eggshell, Khang-he vases, old books and pictures. The hero of the tales is a shrewd gentleman whose versatility and quick discernment provide constant surprises for the reader. Differing from the ordinary novel in that it has no plot into which its various episodes fit, Mr. Pertwee's book really contains nine distinct tales, each complete in itself and all uncommonly well told. Amidst an amusing series of disasters, triumphs and adventures of all sorts moves the high-spirited, courteous, chivalrous figure of Lord Louis, in whom the author has added a real creation to modern fiction.

The U.P. Trail, by Zane Grey (Harper and Brothers, New York, Musson Book Company, Toronto, 409 pages, \$1.50), is a story by a vivid writer of the Wild West at perhaps its wildest epoch, when the Union Pacific Railway, the first iron trail over the Rockies and down to the Pacific, was being pushed through. It is by no means a smooth book—the time and place were by no means smooth. It is of a rough, frontier life, of gold seekers, pioneer railway builders, and lurking savage Indians, and “open” towns. But the story is vividly told, and there is so much of the noble in even some of the roughest of the wild crew, that the reader's interest is held in unusual measure. Zane Grey has made the far West his own, and this new story of his so joins the romance and history of an epochal national enterprise, that it is likely to live.

It is an altogether charming face that looks out from the frontispiece of Dr. Isabel Mitchell of Manchuria (James Clarke and Co., London, 223 pages, portrait of Dr. Mitchell and 9 other full page illustrations, 90c.),—sweet, firm, humorous, a young woman who will win friends, and who will make her way determinedly in the task she has chosen. Her task was that of a pioneer woman medical missionary in an outpost Mission of the Irish Presbyterian Church, in Manchuria. How it was done is vividly and delightfully told, mostly in the young missionary doctor's intimate personal letters to her mother and sister, written with no thought of publication. It is only once or twice in a lifetime that one comes upon such letters—“perfectly natural,” is perhaps the best description of them. The story they tell is of the building up from nothing