

etc., etc. Amongst the contributors we find such men as T. C. Fox, of Westminster Hospital; B. E. Dawson, of London Hospital; Jas. Cantlie; F. F. Caiger; J. Rose, Bradford; G. N. Pitt; Sims Woodhead, A. H. Tubby and others. It can be seen, therefore, at a glance that the author has determined from the first that if his book is to be judged by his list of collaborators, it will not be lacking as far as the quality of the material presented is concerned.

*The Redemption of David Corson.* BY CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS. Toronto: William Briggs, Publisher.

During this hot month, the physician who does not get a few days' fishing and a few hours to nod over the novel of the moment is certainly a man to be pitied. So popular with story-writers has the name *David* become recently that almost every grip going holidaying has a David Somebody tacked in amid its contents of tackle and wearing trumpery.

This David Corson is a queer one, but to know him might have been to love him, and one is not likely to meet his prototype in this part of the world. His treadmill existence from the heights to the depths, to the level, and then to paradise (earthly) again is a circuitous route. The author describes it well and keeps the interest of the reader, because his hero travels his up and down road at a quick pace, and like the darkey considering "the goin' was so bad" the reader is very thankful when poor David "has come"! But apart from it all the first and last chapters of the book stand out alone in beauty of description and make it more than worth the reading. In the first part the posing of the young saint as he stands at life's doorway in nature's wonderful garden is beautiful.

Even more striking is the man who understands life, as in the latter part of the story he stands in the forest clearing and lifts his eyes to heaven in an unspoken prayer for the benediction of the great Life-giver: "He drew into his nostrils the sweet odors, into his lungs the pure air, into his soul the beauty and glory of the world, and then, filling his hand with the golden grain, he flung it into the bosom of the waiting earth."

W. A. Y.

*A Double Thread.* By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. Toronto: William Briggs.

Another hammock novel, not much in construction, perhaps, but rich with witty conversations, with which Miss Fowler's books always teem. So refreshing and sparkling, take one example: "You can't play or sing anything, can you, Captain Le Mesurier? Because, if you can, I shall have to ask you to do so." "No; I cannot perform any parlor tricks, I regret to say." "What a comfort!" exclaimed his hostess, sinking on a sofa. "I can't bear having people here who can do things; because then they are always wanting to do them, and that is so tiresome for everybody else. Besides, I think it is so commonplace to be accomplished, don't you? From a society point of view it is better to murder one's mother-in-law than to play the piano after dinner." "And much better sport, I should fancy," answered Jack.

A reader who pitches his ears early tent two hundred feet from a conservatory of music knows how to appreciate this trifle light as air.

W. A. Y.

*The Ophthalmic Patient: A Manual of Therapeutics and Nursing in Eye Disease.* By PERCY FRIDENBERG, M.D., Assistant Surgeon New York Eye and Ear Infirmary. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900.

One of the most striking changes in the therapeutics of disease is the attention paid to nursing—the outcome of the acceptance of the principles of antiseptics and aseptics. While the broad principles of nursing govern, yet there are many minutiae peculiar to the eye not related in text-books on diseases of the eye nor in those on general nursing. Combining these with some special ocular therapeutics, Dr. Fridenberg has given us a readable and practical handbook, a valuable and welcome addition to the literature of nursing.

J. M. M.