

A VOLUME entitled "Britishers in Britain" has been published, giving a complete account of the visit last summer of Manitoba school-teachers to Great Britain. It was issued under the editorship of the Honourary Organising Secretary, Mr. Fred J. Ney. It is a large volume, profusely illustrated, and is composed of contributions from several members of the party and a full account of all that took place from the outset of the tour at Winnipeg until the return to that city nine weeks afterwards. The trip was so great a success that Mr. Ney has been induced to organise another to be taken this summer.

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"THE Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls," by Jessie Lynch Williams, will be welcomed as "something different"; not that it is really different, but that it is well in the front of that increasing class of fiction which peeps through the door of marriage. There is no "lived happy ever after" in this fiction. For it, marriage is no longer an end, but a beginning. One might almost call it the starting point of an obstacle race. With the *Frederick Carrolls* it is the wife who leaps all the obstacles—in our opinion, this gentleman has an unfairly easy time of it. He falls into boredom, his wife pulls him out; he falls in love, his wife pulls him out; he falls in debt, his brother and wife give a long pull and a strong pull and his aunt dies, all to pull him out. One closes the book wondering what further vicissitudes are in store for him.

The story is an interesting one and is well and wittily told. Without going very deeply into things, it touches on and illuminates many of the problems of married life. True, the illumination is rather of the flashlight variety—spotty and vivid and brief, but any illumination of a possible pitfall is better than none at all. Or is it? Perhaps sometimes if one did not see the hole one might

pass by, balanced serenely upon the edge, unknowing. It is an open question as to whether this continued talk about the problems of married life is a good thing or bad. People who look for trouble usually get it. One is glad that in the case of the *Carrolls* no one gets seriously hurt and one is grateful for the amusement which some of their dangerous places afford. For instance, *Molly Carroll*, having been to a woman's lecture, decides on conscientious grounds that she must leave her husband, since he no longer loves her as he did. So she goes to his studio to tell him so. Arriving at the studio, she finds that gentleman having tea with—the woman lecturer! That settled the matter. She no longer dreams of leaving him. He is hers, and what she has she shall hold, regardless of consequences. This is very human and—amusing. In fact, the book is a triumph of the "light-touch" style of the problem novel. One takes one's medicine, as it were, without knowing it, sugarcoated, and with a laugh! (Toronto: McLeod & Allen).

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IT is a trick of some writers to make the setting of a story so indefinite that it protects them from sins of anachronism. "Joyce of the North Woods," by Harriett Comstock, is an instance. In this book the "North Woods" means nothing. The writer had never seen such a place, and therefore she did not know where to place it. At first, because the name of the lumber camp or village is St. Augé, it seems to smack of Northern Quebec, but a little farther on there is a deceptive clue in the assertion that it is located some distance from the Canadian border. However, the importance of non-location in a case of this kind is that the author is thereby enabled to give the characters any dialect with which he happens to be familiar, or to even invent one, and to add primitive and picturesque touches, whether they