

ton. Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

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WHEN Agnes and Egerton Castle set out to write a romance they usually succeed in adding to the gaiety of nations. It is more than a decade since the appearance of "The Pride of Jennico," and, following that initial success, there has been a widening stream of Castle stories, until the public looks for an annual output of fiction by these happy collaborators. Once upon a time they wrote a novel that was both sordid and dismal; but, as a golden rule, their novels are sunshiny and fragrant. "If Youth But Knew" and "Rose of the World," to say nothing of "The Star Dreamer," are stories with the scent of old-world gardens.

Their latest novel, "Panther's Club," if not quite so good as the three books just named, has sufficient sparkle to distinguish it from most of the popular romances. The "Panther" is a prima donna, "La Marmora," with a dash of cayenne in her hair, and more than a sprinkling of that fiery matter in her temperament. She stamps and shrieks, on the slightest provocation, and possesses neither manners, morals, nor a sense of humour. Her shrewish antics become rather tiresome before the end of the story; but her career has so disastrous a termination that she probably serves the useful purpose of an "awful warning." Her daughter, *Fifi*, is a charming and dainty young girl, who has inherited from her mother nothing more dangerous nor undesirable than physical loveliness, and who has an innate delicacy which keeps her aloof from the sordidness of "La Marmora's" adventures. The redeeming power of love for their radiant girl, on the world-weary *Lord Desmond Brooke*, is convincingly portrayed and the conventional conclusion is happily reached.

The story is extremely modern in its setting and style, and gives one a vivid impression of London's ultra-smart and semi-artistic circle. There is more than one character to be remembered—old *Fritz* and *Cassandra*, *Lady Sturminster*, being more poignant than either hero or heroine. *Cassandra's* brave mask of comedy for a life's tragedy has a quaint bravery, which gives her a place among the author's most notable dames. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

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"THE ANDERSONS," by S. MacNaughtan, is a delightful study of Scottish character which displays the diverting as well as the dour aspects of the true Caledonian. For an afternoon of quiet chuckles you cannot get anything better than "The Andersons." Of course, there is pathos, too, for no Scottish romance is complete without a touch of tears. There is also an heiress of wonderful beauty who sweeps the timid suitor off his feet, only to make him fall at hers. The most unforgettable character in the chronicle, however, is the determined spinster, who supports the theories of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Superman" by pursuing the man of her choice with relentless stubbornness, until——. But we shall not spoil the story for such as enjoy a chase. (Toronto: Copp, Clark and Company).

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WATERED literature, like watered stock, covers a lot of paper, but is not worth much. Mr. S. R. Crockett has been diluting his output very liberally of late years, and the result is disheartening to the reader. When one compares "Love in Pernicketty Town" (or any of the author's last half-dozen novels) with "The Raiders" or "The Lilac Sunbonnet"—but if one is wise one will not compare. "Love in Pernicketty