

we have, and now for a synopsis and what we think of it.

The book is divided into three parts. The first scene is that of an old man dying, and leaving a child in the care of such a woman as few would wish their children to be near. From Buffalo we follow the child, Twok, to Canada; brought by a nameless man to Linklater, a village near Hamilton. The author's description of this village reminds us very much of some we have seen—Everything gloomy and the people but half awake. Here we find her, "one June night when the year seemed to have forgotten that it was summer-time, or to have taken suddenly a shivering at the thought of the next winter," with Joy Cougles and his mother, where she lived until the latter's death.

In the second book, Twok appears as the adopted daughter of the village doctor; but only for a short time. She determines to earn her own living, and runs away. In her wanderings as a child she had found an old man living in a cave, and to him she now flies. In the few days while she remains hidden here, events take place which change the current of her life. Her father, from whom she was taken when a child, has by this time traced her to Linklater, but here the clue is lost. Before Twok is discovered, he is dead, and only in death does she see him. She is now an heiress and in the third book we find her with a Miss Somerville, in Montreal. Here she completes the education begun by Joy. With the money earned by blacksmithing, he attends the Toronto University and takes a degree in medicine. The book ends, as everybody by this time knows, with the engagement of Joy and Twok.

Watson Griffin is what you might call a suggestive writer, in nearly every page we see something upon which it would not be a waste of time to spend some thought. In this book we find ideas that have occupied the minds of the most learned men. One, that of phonetic spelling, is spoken of but is dismissed for what the author considers a better method, viz: that of changing the pronunciation

to make it accord with the spelling. His chief argument for not adopting the first named is, that it would destroy our literature, and the cost of reprinting would be tremendous. Another reason he gives is, that it "would make us forget all the old derivations and so destroy half our understanding of the language." But this, we think, is hardly correct, for in most cases the resemblance of our language to any foreign tongue is in sound and not in spelling.

In reading "Twok," one receives the impression that the story is not uppermost in the mind of the author, but nice distinctions and seeing how many original thoughts can be thrown in. Some of his ideas are,—well, if not original, what would you call them? Take this, for instance, "Looks don't count for much in friendships, but they are everything in love-making." Or, where he makes one of his characters, who is about to hang himself, say, "I've been unlucky here, and now I'm going to start out fresh in the next world."

After reading one of Watson Griffin's books to become acquainted with his style, we think there is plenty of other literature on which we can more profitably spend our time.

+Invention.+

If we consult Worcester or Webster for the exact definition of the term, invention, we are informed that all ingenious contrivances or creations receive the name; that all new combinations of images that have previously existed in the mind are so called.

In early ages, "when wild in the woods the noble savage ran," compliance with the request, "Will you give me a light, please," involved, if the camp-fires had gone out, considerable dexterity and unremitting hard work. Now we have instantaneous light producing contrivances selling at the rate of six hundred for a half-penny.