

tain Itrachen and of Lou the wife of Captain William Dunlop—the last a most vivid portrait. The style of the book is distinctly original, it is full of *verve*, quaint allusiveness and apt terms of expression; and is, moreover, curiously compressed. The authoresses have clearly expended an immense amount of labor upon the story; have catechized the “oldest inhabitants,” and have hunted out every scrap of written or printed matter that might throw light upon the people and the period. The result is, unquestionably, one of the best among local histories. It possesses a permanent value as a realistic and thoroughly intelligent record of the conditions of pioneer colonial life. It is to be hoped that the excellent example so set will be followed by equally competent writers elsewhere.

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*The Cabot Calendar, 1497-1897.* Compiled by Miss Sara Mickle and Miss May Agnes Fitzgibbon.

The year 1897 will commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Canada by Cabot, and the event has been fittingly marked by the issue of a calendar, which is entirely of home production. The compilers, one of whom has already made her mark in the literary world, have given much laborious research and painstaking effort to the work. It forms an epitome of Canadian history, every day being marked by some event relating to our own land. It is quite an original idea, having a calendar containing dates referring to one country, but the 400 years which have elapsed since Cabot set foot on our soil furnish incidents enough to make such an achievement possible. The illustrations are all in keeping. The portraits of a number of the men who helped to make Canada what it is—Wolfe, Montcalm, Brock, Champlain, Frontenac, and others—are very superior studies in brown. That of Sir Isaac Brock is from a miniature painted in London before he left for Canada in 1806. Everything connected with the calendar is extremely artistic, and does infinite credit to Canadian literary ability, Canadian design and Canadian workmanship.

*Cinderella, and other stories.* By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It may be said that Mr. Davis found the heroine of his first story, “Cinderella,” in high life, as she filled the exalted position of seventh-floor chambermaid at the Hotel Salisbury. She was an extremely pretty girl and a “born dancer,” and this combination of beauty and grace was almost her undoing, as it threatened to be the cause of lowering her from a vigorous and healthful existence among the clouds to the level of a music-hall stage. At the annual ball given by the hotel servants, this modern Cinderella attracts the attention of a party of English actors and professional dancers, who are guests in the house, and for this occasion, lookers-on in Vienna. Von Bibber is one of the party, and, having heaps of money and nothing to do, conceives the brilliant project of supplying this girl with the means of fitting herself to enter the ranks of professional dancers. While endeavoring to obtain an interview with Cinderella, he chances upon her lover, an elevator boy of practical views and unyielding purpose, who convinces him of the desirability of leaving the pretty chambermaid to walk the quiet path leading to home and happiness.

“Miss Delmar's Understudy” offers another example of philosophizing youth, but in this instance the result of applied wisdom is seen in the escape of the hero from the misery of an ill-assorted marriage. Miss Delmar is a society girl, well-born, well-bred, well-gasoned, pretty to walk with, but not exactly witty to talk with. And that was the rub. Her possible lover dreads the dull round of existence in the company of a woman lacking the receptive and responsive faculty of alert intelligence. That he may realize just what such existence means, he determines upon a species of ante-nuptial experiment, an imagined domesticity. Instead of keeping an appointment at the club, he spends an evening at home in a solitude *à deux*. He seats himself before a glowing fire, places a large panel photograph of Miss Delmar in the chair next his own, and enters upon an imaginary conversation