

actual occurrences, yet a bias of an unfair nature colors all these experiences and gives them a distorted and incorrect appearance. By inference, he injures where he fails to attack direct and his defence of the Boers, for such "The Three Years' War" actually is, has been shown by an array of the facts to be incomplete, untrustworthy, and at variance with the findings of competent judges. As a literary effort it possesses merit, but as an argument, it fails.

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THE PIT. A Story of Chicago. By the Late Frank Norris. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., Limited, 1903. Price \$1.50.

This epic of the wheat is a story of speculation in the Grain Section of the Chicago Board of Trade. Almost of equal importance is the story of the love and marriage of the principal characters, Curtis Jadwin and Laura Dearborn. Chicago, like New York, has a charm of its own for those living in the great Grey City beside the mournful Lake. The women who wear the spoils won in the city are gorgeously arrayed, and they study literature and art. Laura, accustomed to do up her own room in the morning, took a long time to learn that there was a housekeeper to do the marketing. She had a great organ in a huge hall, part of the house hung with pictures brought from France, and delighted to dress herself as one of the famous characters of history, but all was weariness when her husband announced by telephone his inability to be home for dinner. At last he forgot her birthday on the great day when Jadwin, having cornered the May wheat, came himself on the floor of the Board of Trade. "Then the avalanche, the undivided ocean of the wheat leaping to the lash of the hurricane struck him fairly in the face, towered, hung poised for an instant, and then with a thunder as of the grind and crash of chaotic worlds, broke upon him, burst through the pit and raced past him, on, on to the eastward and hungry nations." Meantime Laura Jadwin has passed through as sore a trial of a different kind, but vindicated her New England ancestry at the last. When the great house is sold, the two, with that ever-dauntless courage which is truly American, quit Chicago to seek new fortunes and another home in the west. Their last sight is "the pile of the Board of Trade Building, black, monolithic, crouching on its foundations like a monstrous sphinx with blind eyes, silent, grave, crouching there without a sound, without a sign of life, under the night and the drifting veil of rain."

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PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. London: George Bell & Sons.

In reading this book, relating the experiences of Miss Wiggins' trio in the Emerald Isle, one naturally is led to compare it with its two predecessors concerning England and Scotland. In the comparison, the Irish experiences seem to exhibit no decline in power on the part of the author. Salem, Francesca and Penelope still indulge in the same bright conversations, the tour is conducted in the same artless fashion, there are the legends and the historic associations of the countryside, set down after the same lively manner, and the various characters encountered are sketched off just as cleverly and completely. As with the other journeys there is scarcely any plot, the progress of Salem's love affair being possibly the sole approach to anything of that nature. One of the charming features of the book is the admirable drawings by Charles E. Brock.

THE HOUSE UNDER THE SEA. By Max Pemberton. London: George Bell & Sons.

When Max Pemberton allows his imagination to roam there is no telling to what weird and extraordinary lengths it will not run. The conception of a mysterious mid-Pacific island, plagued at fixed periods with an inexplicable sleep and death-inducing mist, which is made evil use of by a human demon, named Edmond Czerny, is a background extraordinary enough for any romance. When there is added to this the heroic tale of how Captain Jasper Begg and his three comrades saved Edmond Czerny's wife from the horrors of life with that desperado, the ensemble forms a thrilling enough narrative. As for "The House Under the Sea," it is but one of the many strange contrivances about this island of mystery, for the solution of which the reader is invited to examine the book.

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Statuette of Private Evans, the "Hero of Hart's River."

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A CANNY COUNTRYSIDE. By John Horne. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferner. Price 5s

When once the reader has surmounted the mass of rather incomprehensible descriptive matter at the outset of this book, he will have penetrated into a delightful region. Knockdry, with its odd customs, its odd speech and its odd characters, possesses as distinctive a personality as "Drumtochty" or "Thrum." Perchance to say this is to ascribe to Mr. Horne much of the power of Barrie or Ian Maclaren, but he who reads this handsome volume, from cover to cover, will hardly spare this meed of praise to its author. The work is largely character sketching by incident. Nickie Bell, the avaricious reader, Drizzly, the inquisitive Tomshie, the original "Prayin' Markie" and poor Wildy, are all as real as a clever pen can make them.