

*Atlas of Applied (Typographical) Human Anatomy*, for Students and Practitioners. By DR. KARL VON BARDELEBEN and PROF. DR. HEINR. HAECKEL, in collaboration with Dr. Fritz Frohse and Prof. Dr. Theodore Ziehen. Only authorized English adaptation from the third German edition, containing 204 wood-cuts in several colors, and descriptive text by J. Howell Evans, M.A., M.B., M.Ch. Oxon., F.R.C.S. England, late Senior Demonstrator of Human Anatomy at St. George's Hospital, London; Demonstrator of Operative Surgery, St. George's Hospital, London; Assistant Surgeon to the Cancer Hospital, London. London: Rebman, Limited, 129 Shaftesbury Avenue. New York: Rebman Company, 1123 Broadway. 1906.

We have not examined any book recently which appeals to us as being more valuable as a supplement to dissection as J. H. Evan's *Atlas of Applied Anatomy*. The plates are certainly beautiful, though, perhaps, in one or two instances a trifle highly colored to be perfectly true to life. Perhaps the best criticism we might offer is that any practitioner who wishes to brush up his knowledge of human anatomy without taking another course in dissection, cannot do better than buy this book, as he will find it universally valuable, especially if engaged in surgical practice.

*Sir Nigel*. By A. CONAN DOYLE, author of "The White Company," "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc. With illustrations. Toronto: William Briggs. 1906.

When reading "Sir Nigel" one feels that the gifted author has absorbed a long draught of the spirit of the Middle Ages—the rudeness, the energy, the sense of honor—and these he paints well; the religious spirit of these ages of faith not so well. The Middle Ages were redolent of intense belief in the religion of Christ, of unfeigned reverence for the ministers of religion. In "Sir Nigel" the priests are worldly, scheming courtiers, heartless officials or sordid knaves. Again, the Middle Ages resounded with homely laughter—reeking fun—something we do not find in "Sir Nigel," unless it be the ponderous gambolling of Samkin Aylward and his fellow archers.

The tale of the Battle of Poitiers is told in spirited fashion. It makes one's blood tingle to read of an English prince and a French king facing the rough chances of war on "a stricken field"—a grander position, surely than that which falls to the lot of a king in our day, dodging the bullets of Socialists or the bombs of terrorists.

J. J. C.