

bronze, and iron ages is moonshine. Schliemann had to dig through at least one stratum of the stone age, before he discovered the so-called treasury of Priam at Hissarlik. It is strange how men will be convinced by things they know little about, and how the strength of conviction stands related to the extent of ignorance. However, this is hardly fair to Mr. Iles, who has written a very good book on the different forms and uses of fire, from primitive fire-raising on to the mastery of metals, and the production and various energies of electricity. Then he turns to the combination of light and chemistry in photography, including stellar photography, and visible speech. His concluding chapters on language and the ancestry of man are irrelevant to his theme, and possess no special merit. Mr. Iles should remember the advice of Apelles, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam"; and the expostulation of Molière's character, "que, diable, allait-il faire dans cette galère?" It is only a reviewer who has the right to follow Chremes senex, and say, "humani nihil a me alienum puto." Nevertheless, Mr. Iles has written a very valuable work of genuine yet popular science, and his publishers have given it a beautiful dress.

A wholesome boy's book with an interest for Canadians is, "Under the Great Bear," by Kirk Munroe, 311 pages, 12mo., bound in blue cloth with silver illumination, published in Canada by Langton and Hall, Toronto, and sold by Mr. Drysdale for a dollar and a quarter. It has twelve not very ambitious illustrations by Howard Giles. The hero is Cabot Grant, twenty years of age, the graduate of a technical institute, and, as an orphan, the ward of Mr. Hepburn, president of a New York corporation. Immediately after he had completed his studies, a fellow graduate named Thorpe Walling, asked him to join in a trip round the world, and Grant's backing out of this made Walling his enemy. Mr. Hepburn employed his ward to visit Bell Island, and other points on or near Newfoundland and the coast of Labrador, in search of minerals. After leaving Halifax, the ship he was in was wrecked by an iceberg, but he escaped alone on a raft, from which he was picked up by a small sailing craft engaged in the lobster canning