

range. And what is still more, he possesses that mysterious and illusive quality which for want of a better name we call temperament, which enables him so to identify himself with the genius of the song he is singing, that the result is most dramatic. His last selection particularly, which gave good scope for the exercise of this rare gift, went far towards convincing his audience that they had before them a singer whose voice and artistic power put him in the same class with Plunket Greene.

When the concert ended at ten thirty the audience felt that they had been well repaid for their heroism in braving the arctic temperature that awaited them outside. It is to be regretted that more did not find the courage to dare these elemental difficulties, for we would have liked a hall more generously filled, but what can one expect in these days when almost every week has its college function of some sort to make demands upon the students' time. We should bear in mind, however, that we have no college entertainment of greater importance than this, since it represents the best that Queen's can do at present towards cultivating its musical side, and it therefore merits all that the students can do in its support.

After the concert the members of the several clubs were hospitably entertained by Principal and Mrs. Gordon who are never behind hand in showing their appreciation of the work of the musical committee.

Book Reviews.

UST one Blue Bonnet," a volume recently issued from the press of William Briggs, Toronto, is, as explained in the sub-title, "the life-story of Ada Florence Kinton, artist and salvationist, told mostly by herself with pen and pencil, edited by her sister, Lora H. Randleson. The preface begins with these words: "It has often been said that if any person, however commonplace and insignificant, could tell out without reserve his own heart history, the interest of such a revelation would be extreme." These are true words—but the principal fault we have to find with this life-story is that it does not, or does not seem to, "tell out without reserve."

The subject of the story, however, was not a commonplace person, and did not have a commonplace career. She was born at Battersea, England, in 1859. She attended the art school at South Kensington and afterwards was teacher of art in a ladies' seminary. She came to Canada first in 1880, for a visit to her brothers and sisters at Huntsville, Muskoka. She spent many months there, at intervals during her life, and it was there that she died in 1905. The extracts from her diary and letters, which, with explanatory paragraphs by her sister, make up the life-story, were written in large part at Huntsville.

The pen pictures of still life in the backwoods are admirable and show that the writer, besides having uncommon descriptive powers, was an alert and trained observer. Even a backwoodsman may be unaware that in the bush