

remains of Father Atlas, got up steam and stood out to sea, only in time to behold a submarine volcano and earthquake which knocked the bit of Atlantis to pieces and finally absorbed it. Then they arrived in Britain, where Atalyn became Earl of Altenburgh in Scotland, and Katharine was heiress of Eumaling, representing the two royal families of Atlantis. They married and were happy. When Father Atlas was unveiled he crumbled into dust, like Petrus Forschgrund in the German story, and the Japanese Urashima of Midzunoe. But his treasures were more substantial than the magician's gold in the Arabian Nights that became dried leaves in the morning, and came in very handy to repair the ancestral Atlantian castle of Altenburgh, built after the model of that erected by King Atlas. People with an antiquarian turn of mind will enjoy this imaginative and utterly improbable story, that combines modern science with hoar antiquity, and links the prosaic world of to-day with the fabulous wonders of the past. Plato and Ignatius Donnelly, the Science Faculty of McGill and Chinese fireworks, Robinson Crusoe and Treasure Island, are beautifully mixed up with fragments of Canada and the mother country. The story is well, but not powerfully told, in respectable English, which the illustrations help. The author is a McGill graduate, and dedicates his book to the late Sir William Dawson.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Campbell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the main text block.