

truth—here omit the capital. Capes's use of the capital was innocently well-advised, since the Quest was a much more important thing than the truth. About the only truth revealed throughout the story is one not intended by the author—that *Balm* was rather over-poweringly a fool. The hero, with his great instincts for the truth, was fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to have untold wealth left him; whereupon he encounters the opportunity of revealing through his investigations of the Agony Column of *The Daily Post* that Providence made a slip by not selecting someone with brains for the handling of so much money. It is not the intention of the author to have *Gilead Balm* (the name's bad enough to forecast the book) appear in anything but a favourable light, but both of them failed in the search for the truth. A prolific theme has been spoilt for some more capable writer. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

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"A BOOK of Dear Dead Women," is the singular title of a volume of short stories by Edna Worthley Underwood. Doubtless, some readers would be fascinated by these tales, but just wherein their fascination lies one can scarcely say. For instance, the author takes Napoleon and weaves a romance into his march on the retreat from Moscow. Throughout, the stories are highly imaginative and full of colour, but perhaps that is the most that can be said for them. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company).

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"I'VE never cared for anybody in my whole life, I think—I want to be honest for once—I've done so much pretending." This avowal, which comes towards the end of "The Legacy," by Mary S. Watts, just about sounds the keynote of *Letty Breen's* character. Here is a woman

who was confronted in the heyday of her life with a legacy in the form of family traits and relatives. She married a man, after having carefully calculated the prospect, and one would judge that her case almost proves that it is possible to compel happiness to oneself even in the face of unpropitious surroundings. The story of this woman is compelling, notwithstanding its treatment of sordid aspects of life. But one does not wonder at that, coming, as the book does, from the author of "Nathan Burke." (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

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NOT many years ago, Mr. George Pattullo, whose home is in Woodstock, Ontario, was engaged in reportorial work on one of the Montreal newspapers. He got the idea that he could make his way in a larger field, so he went over to Boston and gradually drifted into magazine work. He wrote short stories and sketches for several publications, and now his first book appears under the title of "The Untamed." This book deals mostly with animals, but they are strong common-sense character studies, reasonable in conception, and excellent in execution. They form a most interesting set of modern animal tales. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen).

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SELDOM in a work of so much significance and importance as "The West in the East" does one encounter a clear and unbiased report with respect to affairs that are of international and inter-continental moment. The author of this book, Mr. Price Collier, is an American, and a good many persons would naturally conclude in advance that he would write about India with a bias against British rule there. While one could search in vain for anything that could be regarded as partial in any sense, Mr. Collier writes in a