

and, for a few hours, to imagine that they have overthrown the hated British rule in Ireland and given a new start to the history of their country. But the little army of the New Republic, of which Mona is the leader, had not reckoned with having to face field guns and trench mortars, and when these are placed in a position which commands the town, the game is up. Mona's military expedition comes to a somewhat ignominious end, but she wins a triumph in another sphere, as Tom Bryan and Lieutenant Jackson would readily admit. The book is dedicated by the author "to any friends he may have left in Ireland after its publication." Whether there are many or few, he will continue to have a host of friends and admirers amongst the readers of his mirth-provoking pages.

In the classification of British novelists, William De Morgan stands along with Charles Dickens. In both writers is found the same minuteness and circumstantiality of detail and the same careful analysis of the motive behind the actions of the characters. By a curious coincidence, the books of these two writers, appearing after their death, are stories having for their chief interest a mysterious disappearance. There has been endless debate as to the solution intended by Dickens for the mystery of Edwin Drood, while no conclusion has been reached which

is universally accepted. In the case of De Morgan's *Old Madhouse* (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, 567 pages, \$1.75), equal difficulty would have been found by the reader in clearing up the mystery of the disappearance of Rev. Dr. Carteret, which hangs over the whole story, had it not been for the very full notes fortunately left by the author, which enabled his wife to give, in the last chapter, a clear synopsis of his purpose. Mrs. De Morgan's task was made the easier, because her husband had talked over the story with her at every stage of its progress, so that she was fully acquainted with the way in which he meant to work out the plot and the end which he intended to reach. As to the book itself, it will stand comparison with De Morgan's best work. It is a thoroughly satisfying story, and holds the interest of the reader throughout.

"An unusually well constructed detective story" is what the *Westminster Gazette* says of *The Middle Temple Murder*, by J. S. Fletcher, (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, 319 pages, \$1.75). The mystery is solved through the combined efforts of two men,—a Scotland Yard detective and a sub-editor of one of the great London daily newspapers. Suspicion centres upon a member of Parliament who is father of the girl the young newspaper man loves. That suspicion is

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