

what a wealth of interest she invests the persons, who appear in the story, their doings and their talk. The novel, in every page of it, abounds with manifestations of skill and thought and care, of eloquent feeling, of artistic restraints on the authoress' facile pen. Sir George Tressady himself is a wonderfully vividly drawn character. With Letty Mrs Ward has not been quite so successful, I think. Old Lady Tressady is capital, and proclaims herself a life-like character, though we hope that she is not a common phenomenon in London society. Marcella is painted with admirable energy and truth on the whole, but Mrs Ward shows something of a tendency to apotheosize the heroine of the book, and thereby awakens, now and then, a spirit of contradiction in the mind of the reader. The hosts of subsidiary characters introduced into the book are gifted with an animation and individuality that makes them human units, interesting as such even apart from their special claims on our sympathies and antipathies, and contribute largely to make *Sir George Tressady* attractive reading.

* *A Boyar of the Terrible.* The Boyars formed a large, powerful and highly-privileged Russian order of knighthood or of something analogous to the knighthood of Western Europe. The order has long since ceased to exist, as it was abolished by Peter the Great. 'The Terrible' is Ivan II., surnamed 'The Terrible,' who was the Grand Duke of Moscow who first assumed the title of Czar of Russia. The book before me is the fictional life story of Alexander Stroganov, one of Ivan's Boyars, and is written—especially the first portion of it—with much spirit and vigour. It is a true romance of love and adventure, and has a certain freshness about it that pleasantly provokes and sustains the reader's interest, though some of the adventures do smack strongly of the hackneyed type of Russian adventure, with wolves as its *raison d'être*. *A Boyar of the Terrible* has sufficient vitality to have borne a prolongation. Indeed, the book would have been certainly improved, in my opinion, by making the latter portion of it richer in details regarding the conquest of Siberia and the later years of Ivan's life.

* *The Captain of the Pole Star.* This is a collection of ten short stories, headed by *The Captain of the Pole Star*, of which some have already appeared in well-known English magazines. But Dr. Conan Doyle is justified in republishing them, for together with some others, they make a very readable volume of tales. Those who like to have their flesh nicely set a-creeping will find satisfaction in the larger number of these tales, for that deals with the weird, mysterious, and horrible element in things human and extra human. While those who relish above all things a good laugh are likely to get it by reading 'The Great Keinplatz Experiment,' 'A Literary Mosaic,' etc.

* *A Sketch of the Natural History of Australia.* This book is no more and no less than what it professes to be in its title. Embracing, as it does, such a wide field for its subject, it cannot enter, within the compass of its covers, upon that learned minutiae of detail which sometimes spells cumbersome prolixity. It, therefore, will appeal to the general reader who likes his information to be given him in a short, pithy, and not too much specialised form. Mr Aflabo is to be congratulated on the clearness and conciseness of his classification of beasts, birds and fish. He writes in an easy, popular style, and his book is still further popularised by a number of helpful illustrations by Mr F. Seth.

* *Deeds That Won the Empire.* This is the republication of certain articles, bearing that title, which have been primarily published in the Melbourne *Argus*. There is promise of more to follow, for the book claims only to be the first series of these articles. Such articles cannot but serve a good and useful end by revivifying, in the minds of the people of this far-off quarter of the British Empire, the memory of the heroic deeds of our countrymen of the past, and making us glad that it is English blood that pulsates in our hearts. 'What England was let not her sons forget' is an exhortation that cannot be too often addressed to the English folk under the Southern Cross, and the publication of a book like *Deeds That Won the Empire* is a mute but by no means ineffective exhortation to this end.

* *Camps, Quarters, and Casual Places.* This is a charming *alla podrida* of tales, articles, descriptive sketches, reminiscences, and forecastings, of which the respective locations seem to be pretty well scattered over the habitable globe. This diversity of situation is, perhaps, only what may be expected, when we remember that the contents of the book flow from the

pen of a war correspondent. For war, like Satan of old, goes to and fro on the surface of the earth, and war correspondents follow in its track—or, in the case of the more knowing ones—go before it. Therefore, the places on this planet, with which Archibald Forbes has no personal acquaintance, must be few and far between. He has carried with him wherever he has gone an eagle eye, capable of seeing everything, and a brain capable of interpreting aright what the eye saw. If we add to these an evidently good visual memory and a note-book, we can easily understand why Mr Forbes can write, and write so well on people, places and things, many and varied. Between the many good literary items that make this book, it would be invidious to draw comparisons, so I shall content myself with recommending it, *bolus bolus*, to the general reader, who cannot fail to find much in it to instruct and amuse him.

We have received for review from Messrs G. Ricordi and Co., 265, Regent-street, London, a 'Capriccio for Violin' with pianoforte accompaniment, and two songs—'A Mandoline Serenade' and 'Love Will Light the Way.' The violin Capriccio and its pianoforte accompaniment are by A. Simonetti. The melody is smooth and rather pretty, and the music is not too difficult of execution. The 'Mandoline Serenade,' which is published in four keys in G, in F, in E, and in D, is by Napoleone Zardo, and the words by Percy Pinkerton with an Italian translation by Pietro Mazzoni. Both music and words are sweet and effective and appropriate to the theme, though the melody of the former is not very pronounced as, perhaps, best fits a serenade. 'Love Will Light the Way' is by George F. Horan, the words by J. Anthony McDonald. It is published in the key of G. The words are not of a very high order of merit, but the music is pretty, the melody and the accompaniment being also both simple and 'catchy.'

* *Sir George Tressady*, by Mrs Humphrey Ward; Macmillan and Co. through Messrs Wildman and Lyell.
* *Fields of Fair Renown*, by Joseph Hocking; Ward, Lock, and Bowden (Wildman and Lyell).
* *A Boyar of the Terrible*, by Fred Wishaw; Longmans, Green and Co.
* *The Captain of the Pole Star*, by A. Conan Doyle; Longmans, Green and Co.
* *A Sketch of the Natural History of Australia*, by Frederick Aflabo; Macmillan and Co. (Wildman and Lyell).
* *Deeds that Won the Empire*, by 'Vedette'; Australasian Review of Reviews, Melbourne.
* *Camps, Quarters, and Casual Places*, by Archibald Forbes, L.L.D.; Macmillan and Co. (Wildman and Lyell).

WHY WE GROW GRAY.

Few persons know that the hair is a barometer of a man's health and character, and that it is influenced by his mental condition from time to time. History tells us that Louis the Severe of Bavaria, became gray over night after murdering a number of vassals who were too attentive to his wife. Sir Thomas More, Henry VIII's great Chancellor, and Marie Antoinette are said to have turned gray in the night after being informed of their doom.

No one has doubted these things until the new school of physiologists, being unable to account for the phenomena, declared them unworthy of belief. And this in the face of the fact that the experience of many persons of the present day supported the theory.

The hair consists of a root, a shaft and a tip, the latter two being the projecting parts. Its substance is composed of a horny material containing the pigment granules, which are developed in the root and the colour of which depends on the presence of a peculiar oil, septic tint in dark hair, blood red in red hair and yellowish in fair hair. While it has been generally admitted that the hair of all mammals has nerve connection, a similar state of affairs has been denied with reference to human hair until quite recently. The past lack of knowledge accounts for the skepticism of modern physiologists. Their argument was eminently logical. If nerve activity did not reach the hair root it could not affect it.

The grayness of hair commences at the hair bulb, where the cells are produced, and rises upward to the tip. It is caused by a deficiency, and the degeneration, respectively of the pigment. The colouring stuff either gives out or retrogrades.

MEN FAIL AS LOVERS.

'It is a question with me,' writes Lillian Bell in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, 'whether a woman ever knows all the joys of love-making who has one of those dumb, silent husbands who doubtless adores her but is able to express it only in deeds. It requires an act of the will to remember that his getting down town at 7 o'clock every morning is all done for you, when he hasn't been able to tell you in words that he loves you. It is hard to get a letter telling about the weather and how busy he is, when the same amount of space saying that he got to thinking about you yesterday, when he saw a girl on the street who looked like you, only she didn't carry herself as well as you, and that he loves you, good-bye—would have fairly made your heart turn over with joy, and made you kiss the hurried lines and thrust the letter in your belt, where you could crackle it now and then just to make sure it was there. Nearly all nice men make good lovers in deeds. A great many fail at some important crisis in the handling of words.'

But the last test of all, and, to my mind, the greatest, is in the use of words as a balm. Few people, be they men or women, be they only friends, lovers or married, can help occasionally hurting each other's feelings. Accidents are continually happening even when people are good tempered. And for quick or evil tempered ones there is but one remedy—the handsome, honest apology. The most perfect lover is the one who best understands how and when to apologise.'



VICTORIA'S accession to the throne did not usher in an era of peace. Scarcely a year of her long reign has passed without England's being at war in some part of the world. The two greatest wars of her era have been the Crimean in 1854 and the Indian mutiny in 1857. Hers is the only reign since the conquest in the eleventh century that England has had no war with France, her hereditary enemy.

The eggs of a blue-bottle fly, if placed in the sun, will hatch in two or three hours. Linnæus declares that the larvæ of three blue-bottle flies will devour the carcass of a horse as quickly as would a lion, so rapidly do these insects increase and so voracious do they become.

Recent insurance statistics show that if the wife dies first the husband on an average survives nine years; while if the husband dies first the wife survives eleven years.

Many pleasant ways of earning a livelihood are open to the man of tact. Witness the professional entertainer, essentially a product of the times. He is employed by a mercantile house, his connection with the firm not being generally known. If it were, much of his usefulness would be gone. His salary is large, he lives at one of the big hotels, he knows everybody, he has a variety of accomplishments, and he is one of the pleasantest men to meet. He poses as a friend of the several members of the firm, and when a prospective placer of a large order appeals, he drops into the office, and an introduction follows. The merchant asks if it would be too much trouble to show Mr S— about, and the entertainer replies that it would be a great pleasure. Then follows a dinner at the club, introductions to genial and prominent men of the town, and, after the theatre, perhaps the visitor is given a glimpse of behind the scenes. A wine supper follows, and after it is over, the entertainer and the visitor are on such terms of good fellowship that the latter subsequently comes to that particular city to place orders, with the avowed purpose of spending an evening with his genial friend.

Paper telegraph poles are the latest development of the art of making paper useful. These poles are made of paper pulp, in which borax, tallow, etc., are mixed in small quantities. They are said to be lighter and stronger than wooden poles, and to be unaffected by sun, rain, dampness, or any of the other causes which shorten the life of the latter.

According to Andrew Lang, 'Byron's verse will never again be cherished by lovers of poetry.' Most of it, he avers, 'is fustian.'

Professor Fiinders Petrie wants the British Government to buy a tract of 500 acres somewhere within an hour's ride of London and gradually build it all over for a storage place for ethnological materials. No museum in London is large enough to hold the treasures that are being discovered by Englishmen all over the world.

Max Nordau is described by a traveller as the very quintessential figure of gall and bitterness. He is small and is as hairy as a monkey. His eyes are large, fine, and rather sad in expression. He is a remarkable linguist, and has an excellent practice as a physician.

Bicycling in France has led to one strange and quite unexpected result. It has made the authorities keep a firmer hold on the Paris cabmen. The dangers of the pedestrian attempting to cross the Place d'Opera were enormously increased when he had to deal with both cabs and bicycles, and the number of accidents drew attention to reckless driving in the great thoroughfares. The authorities went very fully into the matter, and a budget of new regulations came into force at the beginning of the present month. Cabmen, henceforth, go through very rigid examinations before their licenses are granted.

Among the precautions taken to insure the Czar's safety while in Paris was the photographing and measurement by M. Bertillon, head of the anthropometric service, of every servant employed at the Russian Embassy.

Speaking of whistling, Dr. Gordon states: It is an art that does require study certainly, and this study must be backed up with a good knowledge of music and daily practice. I can recommend it for another reason. It is a most excellent exercise for the lungs, and a good whistler is most unlikely to die of chest disease. If for this reason only the art should be more popular than it is, I feel certain that young folks in particular would be