

"to take a man," because "a woman is not half a woman without a man, for time's blood that runs in a maid's veins after she is forty, if her be maid; 'tis ditchwater." Mrs. Pym's husband, too, is a character. "Don't you trust the man," says John Pym, "who says his treasure's in Heaven, and then comes in and fights every item in a bill." There is a spineless medical villain, who makes an early entrance and ignominious exit, and some other villains peculiar to the haunts of the under theatrical world of Bohemia. Besides the two old ladies, there are three young women, who each represent a type, and two of whom struggle for precedence as heroine. One is the type immortalised by Eve; the other is the woman that is to be evolved out of higher education and the work-a-day world, and the other is the type whose heaven is bounded by the walls of home.

And last, but not least, we introduce Michael Strode, the coming capitalist, to our readers. Ambition has ever held to be the predominating trait in man. History records that whenever man has allowed love to override a great ambition, causes and empires have been lost. Woman's world, on the contrary, is bounded by love, and any check eventuating, unless she be strong above the average, finds her a derelict at the mercy of every wind and wave. And so Michael Strode, whose great ambition was to ameliorate the lot of the toiler, neglected the wife he had sworn to love and to cherish until death, and she, of the type that ruffled it at Versailles, left him, and embarked on that base career which was ended by the one sacrificial act of her life, a sacrificial act inspired by a pure love for a man who was not her husband. Whether Michael Strode was right or wrong is a question we leave the reader to determine. Viewed in the light of the larger issue, Michael Strode's action may be justified. But our sympathies are strongly enlisted on the side of Elise, Strode's wanton wife, wanton because she was no wife in the real sense of the word—that felicity was left for Philippa Halliday, who leaves us cold, but respectful. Of the Socialistic portion of the book, it is impossible to speak in too high praise. Capitalistic and labour conditions are discussed with a soundness of knowledge and judgment and a clearness of vision astonishing in a woman. After showing the evils of present labour conditions, she proceeds through the agency of Michael Strode to propound a remedy, namely, co-operation. Now, co-operation is no new thing. But we venture to think that Miss Willcocks scheme is. Here is an extract from the book, which shows the point of view of the new capitalist:—"We have adopted this plan (co-operation) because it is right. What a man works for should be his, and no talk of wages, fund, or of supply and demand can be allowed in that future which is already at the doors, to interfere with this principle of justice. It matters not by what system of law or force the clever man absorbs the results of other men's efforts; however it is done, it is oppression and wrong. It is not benevolence, but justice, that man asks, who lives by the work of his hands. His product is not, has never been, measured by the wages which he gets. There is another equity besides that of a contract made under the stress of necessity. Of all the crimes under the sun, crimes selfish, crimes bestial, crimes petty, crimes cruel, there is none equal to the crime of a man who reaps a lordly income from the midnight stitching of sad-faced women or from the worn-down labour of hopeless men. The dense fog of money-making that still creeps miasma-like over our land, is breaking here and there into the faint, silvery twilight of the truth. We are beginning to realise that the mark of Cain is really branded on the man who proudly declares he is not his brother's keeper." As a genuine human document, this novel is above criticism. As an admirable, a possible, and a workable solution of the capitalistic and labour problem, it is worth looking into.

comes under the head "detective." It is an intensely moving pen-picture of life in New Orleans after the war of emancipation, in which an exciting and somewhat complex tale of the "Mafia" struggles for place with two very ideal, yet intensely human love stories, which have evidently been suggested by the lines—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

In a brief preface the author emphasises the fact that though she has made use of the dramatic punishment meted out to the assassins of Chief Hennessey, none of the characters of this story bear any personal resemblance to the men who commanded in the real tragedy of the lynching of the Italians supposed to have been implicated in Hennessey's assassination. The active interest of the story begins where Mr. Lawrence, who, as the story unfolds, is shown to have reason to fear the Mafia, attempts to use his influence as a citizen of good repute and high social rank in the direction of preventing the lynching, more particularly in the direction of his son (Frank Lawrence) and his presumptive son-in-law (Herbert Girard), who was also his legal adviser. Frank obeys, but Girard con-

Greene has essayed to show, and has triumphantly succeeded in showing, how great a part destiny plays in those actions of man termed inexplicable, and which no man can rightly judge. The illustrations, by C. F. Neagle, are worthy of the book, which we strongly recommend to the notice of all our readers, and which we have received through the courtesy of Methuen and Co.

Early Victorian: A Village Chronicle: By S. G. Tallentyne. (London: George Bell and Sons, Ltd. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 2/6, 3/6.)

There is a skill, and a vitality of characterisation, a consummate knowledge of the period chosen, and a broad treatment of a somewhat narrow subject, which, coupled with a robust humour, a homeliness of detail, ideal sentiment, and high morality that makes this book exceedingly wholesome, pleasant, and entertaining reading. The book's scenes are laid in an English village, a hundred or so miles from London, the writer tells us, and further

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

All sorts of guesses have been made as to what W. Shakespeare really meant to teach in "The Merchant of Venice," but the chances seem to be that the Law Institute got hold of William and promised to take front seats if he would write and produce a play showing what a fool a man is who tries to be his own lawyer.—Sydney "Bulletin."

If our workers had a little more leisure and our idlers a little less, our taste in art might level up considerably.—"English Review."

Everybody knows that we would sooner be accused of lacking a sense of honesty or decency than of lacking a sense of humour.—"Westminster Gazette."

We incline to the opinion that if characters are to be judged at all from the features, it is safest to keep to the eyes and lips. They do form some kind of a guide.—"Lady's Pictorial."

Few people know how to shake hands well; the general run of folks either give a limp paw and allow it to be shaken, or else grasp yours in theirs and nearly dislocate it with their violence.—"World."

With barefoot dancers out galore,
I really feel

That art has very little more
To reveal.

—"Louisville Courier Journal."

A man seldom has to make up his mind entirely unaided. The head partner can turn to junior partners for advice, the office boy can state his difficulties to the clerk. Each office is a barracks where a little regiment is encamped. It is not so with a woman shopping. She plays a lone hand. The fight is all against all.—"Evening Standard."

The perfect old lady, as a matter of fact, is born, not made; she is the perfect young woman grown old.—"Graphic."

When a girl wants to do a thing she does it; when she doesn't—she says her mother won't let her.—Hugh Leslie Dobree.

There are no perfectly honourable men, but every true man has one main point of honour and a few minor ones.—G. Bernard Shaw.

The next generation of the coloured race will include as many Jack Johnsons as there are now George Washingtons.—"Philadelphia Press."

The first kiss settles very little. If the fish can nibble the bait and still get away, how much more a man?—"Puck," New York.

The majority of us will for many a long day be much happier on the top of a motor-bus than at the steering wheel of an aeroplane.—"Daily News."



IN THE YEARS TO COME.

Air-Tourist (reading): It says here that folks used to think it a daring feat to go over Niagara Falls. Don't see why, do you?

tinues in what he conceives to be his duty towards his terrorised townsmen, which so incenses Mr. Lawrence that he persuades his daughter Helen that Girard is no true mate for her, and the engagement is broken off. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Lawrence mysteriously disappears, leaving not the slightest clue as to his whereabouts. No real suspicion at first attaches to the Mafia, but the curious behaviour of Zoe, an adopted daughter of Mr. Lawrence, and suspected of having dark blood in her veins, leads both his family, Girard, and the private detective employed upon the case to suspect her of dealings with the Mafia, and of knowing more about Mr. Lawrence's fate than she will disclose. How, before the real truth comes out, Girard is suspected, and how, in the hour of his accusation, Helen, true woman-like, turns to him, knowing him innocent, and how at last Mr. Lawrence's disappearance and murder is sheeted home to this pestilent secret society, must be read to be appreciated at its full value. Miss Greene is greatly to be congratulated on her creation of Zoe, whom the reader will find quite inexplicable, until he grasps the full significance of Epictetus' lines which adorn the frontispiece, and which have provided Miss Greene with a basis on which to build one of the cleverest and most complex characterisations we have come across for a long while. Miss

adds that though this village may be identified, it will not be found, since it has outgrown its former likeness. The period, as the title implies, is Early Victorian, a period when the Chatelaines of great mansions did not disdain to go down into their own kitchens to concoct simples, and those dainties with which their tables were loaded on State and "company" occasions. But, though the purely domestic vogue of those days has been superseded by a vogue more productive of, perhaps, a larger gain to humanity at large, it is not possible to read this charming chronicle of early nineteenth century life, without a feeling of regret that those domestic virtues which shone so conspicuously in those days, should be so belittled in these. Higher education, we are convinced, could breed no better type of wife and mother than the Mrs Latimer, and the Mrs Benet of this narrative, though we are shown that even then, the heaven of emancipation was working in the minds of the most womanly of women. Since the publication of "Crossriggs" by the Misses Jane and Mary Findlater, we have come across no village chronicle so replete with shrewd observation, natural depiction, lively humour, sterling humanity, sympathetic interest, and homely charm as "Early-Victorian," which we have received by the courtesy of Wildman and Arey.

SLUGGISH LIVER AND SPLITTING HEADACHES.

BILE BEANS ARE THE MARRIED WOMAN'S FRIEND.

"For years I was affected with a sluggish liver," says Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Broad street, off Bamford-street, Woolsway, N.Z. "At times I was completely prostrated so that I was unable to attend to my ordinary household duties. I would have severe attacks of biliousness accompanied with splitting headaches, which would make me feel awfully dizzy, sick and ill. I was also a victim to costiveness, and at times my general health gave way altogether, and I was reduced to a physical wreck. I consulted medical men, and tried many medicines, but without gaining any relief whatever.

"One day when I was awfully ill, a friend persuaded me to test Bile Beans in my case. I did so, and after the first few doses began to feel I was on the road to recovery. I continued with Bile Beans, and the attacks of dizziness, sickness and headaches gradually ceased. Soon all traces of costiveness disappeared and I was perfectly free from all the ailments which had been a burden to me and made my existence miserable. In practically a short time I was completely cured by Bile Beans. Whenever I feel at all out-of-sorts or run-down a few Bile Beans soon get me right again."

Every mother should always keep a box of Bile Beans by her. They stand alone as a true family medicine. Bile Beans cure all stomach and liver disorders, piles, anaemia, and female ailments. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1/11 and 2/0 per box.

Into the Night: A Story of New Orleans. By Frances Nimmo Greene. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

There is no doubt whatever about the superlative quality of this story, which