

were glad to halt by the glowing pictures which that author gave. He was, no doubt, in error on a minor point or two, but he deserved nothing but thanks from these people, many of whom have scored very decidedly by the rising tide of immigration."

Charles Brookfield's Recollections.

"On the two or three occasions that I have had to witness cricket matches from the alleged security of a pavilion, I have always felt as nervous as the historical sufferer from gout who used to sit in his wheel-chair on the cliffs at Ramsgate and wave his stick and shriek with apprehension if he saw a vessel go past his foot so near as the horizon."

"I have never seen any theatrical company cross the border into Scotland without one of the comedians performing an imitation Scotch reel on the railway platform, generally with a railway-rug twisted round him, and exclaiming: 'Hoo's a' wi' ye?' to the nearest station official."

"I remember one day, at a rehearsal of the 'Merchant of Venice,' the Bassanio advanced at the end of his Casket scene with outstretched arms, prepared, according to the stage directions, to embrace the Lady of Belmont. Poor Miss Terry started back with a look of terror; then recovering herself said with great presence of mind: 'No, Mr Sykes, we don't do that business; you—er—you merely kiss my hand. It's more Venetian.' 'Oh, come, Miss Terry,' expostulated Mr Sykes, with an engaging leer; 'you're cuttin' all the 'fat' out of my part.'"—"Random Reminiscences." By Charles H. E. Brookfield. Popular edition. Nelson. 1/ net.

REVIEWS.

TWO CAPITAL NOVELS.

"The Broad Highway": By Jeffery Farnol. (London: Samson, Low and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

Pure enjoyment of this book has almost suspended criticism, and we have only to complain that though Mr Farnol has set his scenes in the 19th century, in the days of the Prince Regent, its thought and vernacular is that of advanced modernity. But this matters little, nay, is even advantageous, since

the modern reader finds it somewhat boring to hark back to a vernacular, a procedure and an environment with which he is not familiar. As we pointed out in our last issue, Mr Farnol is strongly reminiscent of several authors who have left their mark on English literature. With "Liber" of the "New Zealand Times," we detect in the book more than a slight resemblance to Borrow, Reade, Hardy, and Blackmore, and we also see in his hero a philosophy as fascinating, serene, high, and as mundanely indifferent as that which Locke visualises in his "beloved vagabond." But it is only a resemblance, as the style must be that which has been formed at the feet of Dame Nature and at the shrine of humanitarianism, as were the styles of Borrow, Charles Reade, and the great novelists aforementioned. These were the writers, who insisted upon the inherent good in man being superior to the inherited evil. We have not space to outline the story which is supremely fascinating. Nor would we if we had space, for "The Broad Highway" is not a work that can be adequately outlined, since the value and charm of the book lies in its superb characterisation, happy alike in its delineation of virile youth and venerable old age, its healthy sentiment, the tender purity of its attitude towards the fair sex; its crisp, cheery sententiousness, its gracious tolerant outlook upon humanity and things in general, and also, and mainly, for its power to invoke the best, and abash the worst in man. In short, Mr Farnol is a romancerist to conjure with, and though this is, we are told, his first published novel, it is not to be his last, as he has another upon the way which is to be entitled "The Money-Moon." "The Broad Highway" is, we feel confident, but the forerunner of better things to come.

"A Little More Than Kin": By Patricia Wentworth. (London: Andrew Melrose. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

In this novel Patricia Wentworth, who will be remembered as the writer of that fine, strenuous book "A Marriage Under the Terror," has demonstrated that she is not a one-book-writer. The period is that of the French Revolution, and the book's scenes are set respectively in England and France, and the story details how one "Maurice Waveney," an

English baronet, set out to France, in obedience to his dying father's request, though repugnant to his own feelings, he conceiving himself in love and pledged to his cousin Madeline Majoribanks, his father's ward, and an inmate of Waveney, to marry his half French cousin Claude Waveney. Claude's father was an exile from England, though by birth he was the legal heir of Waveney. And Sir Anthony, Maurice's father, had conceived the notion that by the marriage of Maurice and Claude, an old wrong would be partially righted, for he had loved his exiled cousin. From the time of the arrival of young Sir Maurice Waveney into France to wed his cousin Claude, there stretches a long tale of misadventures, killings, exciting, hair-breadth escapes, and deadly dangers, which would furnish enough material for several novels, not the least dangerous if the most revolting of which is the escape of the hero and heroine from Paris during the most sanguined epoch of the Revolution, in a cart packed with dead bodies. But the author has so contrived that the story has an air of fine reality about it, and if it is less strenuous than "A Marriage Under the Terror," there is ample compensation in its romantic love story, which is the most complex we have read for a long time, and in its finale is, surely, one of the most true and tender of that troublous time.

Flamsted Quarries: By Mary E. Waller. (London: Andrew Melrose. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

If the "Woodcarver of Lympus" was good, what can be said of "Flamsted Quarries" to be adequate. The "Woodcarver of Lympus" by the way, has, since its issue four years ago, gone into its twenty-second edition. "Flamsted Quarries," like that book, is no story of high life, yet many of its characters are born ladies and gentlemen, who if they needed outward refinement had to create it out of very crude material for Flamsted is "way-back," and its inhabitants are few of them blest with worldly goods. It would be easy to single out more than one hero and heroine, for so many of Miss Waller's characters are cast in heroic mould. But, for the majority of readers, the interest of the book will revolve round Aileen Armagh and Champney Googe. Aileen Armagh came to Flamsted from a New York Catholic Orphanage to act as useful, humble companion to Mrs Louis Champney, the most wealthy lady in Flamsted. Champney Googe, who has a somewhat unworthy desire to become a millionaire, is the only son of his mother, and nephew to Mrs Champney, who is childless. Champney is somewhat older than Aileen. Never-the-less he falls in love with her but never speaks the word that would make her happy; that is, he makes love to Aileen, but does not ask her to marry him, intending to make a rich marriage. Then a company is formed in Flamsted for the purpose of working its extensive quarries, and Champney, with a view to one day taking sole management of these quarries, accepts the proposal of Mr Van Ostend, a distant relation and a millionaire, largely interested in the quarries, to learn the business of financing. He goes to branch houses in London, Paris and Berlin to learn various business methods, and engages in speculation on his own account, and more than doubles his capital, which is money that represents the whole of his mother's capital. He again speculates, this time with all his own available capital and a large sum that has been entrusted to him for remittance to Flamsted Quarries, to pay the men's wages. He then absconds but, after great hardship and suffering, is tracked down and being brought to trial, receives seven years' imprisonment. The rest of the story is devoted to the repentance and rehabilitation of Champney Googe. Here we leave the reader to discover for himself whether Aileen Armagh is made happy or no. This is the most barest outline of a story which is as good, nay better, than any that has ever come out of America; and that is saying a great deal. It is a novel that deals with the fundamentals of life, and comparing it with the typical American novel, light, frothy elegant, it is indeed hempen-home spun with a downright power of handling that which is eternal in human nature—love, mercy, cruelty, hate, and fight—especially fight for betterment. In short it is a human document and should be accorded the highest rank in the literature of fiction.

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

Crime is much more interesting than respectability.—"Petit Ridge."
The black sheep of the family is sometimes a blonde.—May Hublin.
No man ever acquires polish from being rubbed the wrong way.—H. Muhlin.
The one particular brand of love that isn't blind is self-love.—"Philadelphian Ledger."
Talking about crops, the wild oats crop is always a failure.—"Boston Transcript."
Ignorance is the parent to theoretic folly and of imprudent action.—"National Review."
Home is the human nest, and the woman who fails as a home-maker fails as a woman.—"Englishwoman."
If we were unable to believe anything save what was true, it would be much to our advantage; but we should miss much harmless enjoyment.—"Munsey's Magazine."

Fate plays one some scurvy tricks now and then. A man in Cleveland, Ohio, stepped on an ice-covered pavement the other day, and fell. After the fall he found himself dumb. Just when he had the greatest need of speech. He can speak again all right now, but what is the good of that?—"Globe."

Lord Haubury says that "No judge could be just if he was continually thinking what would be said of him next day in the newspapers." But no judge who is just needs to think what will be said of him next day in the newspapers.—"Star."

We notice that the Land of the Wooden Nutmeg is still carrying on business at the old stand. "The root was one of the most considerable items in the enormous cost of the Capitol," says a New York dispatch. "It was supposed originally to be solid oak, but was discovered subsequently to be merely imitation oak in papier mache."—"Globe."

"Passers-by," declares a contemporary, "are using the voting lists outside Wood Green places of worship as pipe lighters, and the Local Government Board, are being asked to abolish the 'useless practice' of displaying the sheets." "Useless practice, indeed! Are the authorities, then, prepared to supply matches instead?"—"Westminster Gazette."

The Artist should dress in Canvas.
The Gardener, in Lawn.
The Dairyman, in Cheesecloth.
The Editor, in Print.
The Banker, in Checks.
The Hairdresser, in Haircloth.
The Scotchman, in Plaids.
The Prisoner, in Stripes.
The Government Official, in Red Tape.
The Architect, in Blueprint.
The Minister, in Broadcloth.
The Jeweller, in Cotton.
The Undertaker, in Crape.
The Barber, in Mohair (does he not mow hair?)—"Ladies Home Journal."



WHAT FLEET STREET WANTS.

The Newsboy: "Yus, lady, the only thing wot'll do us much good now is a good 'orrible murder reglar once a week!"—"London Opinion."

To RUB PAIN OUT!

When you hurt yourself you had naturally flies to the place to rub it. That is instinct—Nature showing the way. The "way" itself is to rub with Zam-Buk, because this is a pure healing balm free from the rancid animal fats, mineral poisons, and turpentine found in common ointments and embrocations—also because being composed of the refined balsams from certain rare herbs it is easily absorbed. It is soothing, healing and antiseptic. It heals bruises, cuts, burns, scalds, sprains, cold sores, eczema, &c., and is valued equally by the housewife and the athlete for expelling pain.

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