

scarcely be imagined than "The Charm of Copenhagen," which should find numerous warm admirers among lovers of foreign literature. Once en route Miss Huggins transports her readers to all the places of interest in Copenhagen, and the rural district round, and points out the birth-place or dwelling, or some of the work of the many artistic, intellectual, literary and scientific giants for which Denmark in spite of her size, and her modest place in the comity of nations, is so distinguished. An interesting page is that in which the reader has visualised for him Copenhagen from the Round Tower of Christian IV. The buildings and objects pointed out are later visited, singly, and their use or meaning are clearly indicated. Denmark, like Holland, has a sincere passion for and a strong belief in popular education, and it will be with vast interest that the reader will follow the author through the various educational avenues of Denmark's capital. Chapter seven is devoted to a description of Rosenborg Castle, which in a way is to Copenhagen what the Louvre is to Paris. Christian IV, planned Rosenborg, and the splendid instance collection housed there by him has been added to ever since by the Dutch Royal Family. Copenhagen is closely identified with the best modern drama. The motto over the Royal Theatre in that city might be copied with advantage in every city of the world. Here is the motto: "Ej blot til lyst." "Not merely for enjoyment." These few but forcible words speak volumes, for Denmark has founded and preserved a truly national art, raising the ideals of its whole population, and depopulating vulgarity in any shape or form. This, then, it was, in 1771, placed under the Government, and all the actors are State-paid. From the drama, and Danish dramatists, the author goes on to Danish art, sketching the work and careers of Thorvaldsen, Dorph, Finzen, Guldenschlager and other famous Danish artists. Home life in all its aspects, national customs and fashions, in short, every aspect of life peculiar to Copenhagen and its people come under review, the work as a whole presenting in condensed form a history, past and present, of that capital and its surroundings that are so dear to Britons because they are so closely associated with our Queen Mother. The book's illustrations are numerous, and splendidly illustrative of its subject. In conclusion we think the author is to be highly congratulated on the presentation of a picture of Copenhagen and its rural hamlets, as splendidly true in perspective, sympathetic in treatment, and with such lucidity, conciseness and charm of style, as must win, perhaps, the admiration of her many readers and admirers of whom we confess ourselves one. We are indebted to Messrs Methuen and Co. for our copy of a book that has not a dull line within its covers.

Two Notable Novels—'The Claw' By Cynthia Stockley (Melbourne: M'Vitie and Mullen, Proprietors, Ltd., Auckland; Wildman and Avey, and **'The Garden of Resurrection.'** By E. Temple Thurston (London: George Bell and Sons, Auckland; Wildman and Avey, 3/6 each).

So much has been written and said about Miss Stockley's fine Rhodesian novel, that there is very little more to say. Mashonaland, where the book's exciting scenes are laid, is that part of South Africa where the late Cecil Rhodes planned and instituted some of those grand imperialistic schemes that have borne, and are still to bear, such splendid fruit. That the lust of South Africa has got into the blood in Miss Stockley's veins is plainly evident, for never do we remember, in its class, a book that so evoked the "strange irresistible fascination" said to be characteristic of South Africa. It is a story that impels by its strength, fascinates by its richness, and a book that makes one realise to the full, the price paid for imperialism, also a book that makes one proud of that British tenacity and pluck that have won for us our overseas dominions. For the benefit of those readers who have not read "The Claw," we append an outline of the story. Twelve lines of Kipling's are the argument on which the story is based. Here are the lines, pregnant with meaning, as is most of Kipling's verse:

"Lived a woman wonderful,
(May the Lord amend her)
Neither simple, kind, nor true,

But her pagan beauty drew
Christian gentlemen a few
Holy to attend her.
Christian gentlemen a few
From Berwick unto Dover;
For she was South Africa,
And she was South Africa,
She was our South Africa,
Africa all over!"

Deirdre Saurin, an Irish-American girl, having lost both parents, and the bulk of her fortune by the roguery of a dishonest solicitor, mutinously and boldly sets off without companionship of any kind, up country into Rhodesia to join her brother Dick, nothing deterred by the fact that Lobengula and his Matabele, were harrying the English military residents in the British outposts. Her first misadventure occurs where her rascally driver leaves her alone in a bullock cart, on the open veldt, a probable prey to lions, and other wild animals. She is, however, rescued from imminent danger by the timely arrival of Anthony Kinsella, the book's chief hero — there is more than one hero to this story. By Anthony Kinsella's aid, she reaches Fort George in safety,

story of an ugly man, a man so ugly that women shrank from the sight of him. It also introduces a somewhat delicate social problem, and the reader, even we think the most fastidious, will find himself a convert to Mr Thurston's views out of sheer sympathy with the heroine, and in pure admiration of the hero's innate purity and kindness of heart. To those also who have a love of gardens this book will be a sheer delight. Indeed, with the exception of "The Greatest Wish in the World" we have read nothing of Mr Temple Thurston's that has delighted us so much.

BITS FROM THE LATEST BOOKS

Our Two Classes.
"There are only two classes in the world: labour men and lazy men—the working class and the shirking class."—"The Young Man and His Problem," by James L. Gordon.

From "Pieces of Silver."
"England is governed by the people, who only read the headlines."

interesting."—"The Unknown Isle" by Pierre de Coulevant. Translated from the French by Alys Hallard Cassell. 6/ net.

The Old Savoy Days.
"At one of our lengthy rehearsals at the Savoy, when the company was also playing at night, I remember we were all getting very tired and Gilbert perhaps a little irritated, at the inevitable slowness, when suddenly one of the ladies of the chorus stepped forward and announced that she must go, as she had been very much annoyed by one of the gentleman choristers putting his arm round her waist and calling her 'a pretty dear.' But she resumed her place, on Gilbert assuring her very seriously that 'he couldn't have meant it!'"—"Moss Rutland Barrington," by himself, Richards, 7/6 net.

When Aeroplanes Abound.
"The air once so pure and tranquil will be filled with the sound of gongs, the flash of signals, and undreamed-of forms of noise and colour. Man will have himself and the Infinite. . . For him the moon no more shall rise among the quiet trees, the morning star will be surrounded by—excursionists. Where now will be the sweet influence of the Pleiades? And no more even may he lie down in the green pastures or walk beside the still waters. He will have lost both Heaven and earth."—"Atlantis and Avovals," by Richard Le Gallienne, Lane, 3/.

TERRIBLE PAINS OF CONSTIPATION.
LIVER WAS SLUGGISH—VOMITED BILE.
A WONDERFUL CURE BY BILE BEANS.

Mrs Emma Nelligan, Fitzgerald-street, Northam, W.A., says:—"While living in the country district of Gin Gin I neglected myself. My liver became sluggish and I felt very ill. I suffered from terrible pains in the side and soon was a martyr to constipation. I went from bad to worse, losing flesh until I was only a shadow of my former self. I was completely incapacitated, not being able to move and my household work was neglected. Fearful headaches attacked me, and I also had fearful stabbing pains in the back, especially between the shoulder blades. Accumulations of wind in the region of the heart would also cause me much agony, while at times I would vomit a great quantity of thick green bile. A sickly feeling accompanied these fits of vomiting and made me feel very wretched.

"I suffered so much that at times I could not wear all my clothes, I despaired of ever getting better when I read of a case similar to mine that had been cured by Bile Beans. I obtained a supply, and I had only been taking Bile Beans a short time when fits of vomiting and headaches were over. No longer was I troubled with flatulence and the terrible pains became less severe, finally disappearing altogether. I persevered with Bile Beans until all my ailments were removed and no longer did I suffer from constipation. Now, if at any time I feel at all run-down a few doses of Bile Beans put me right."
Get a box at once; they are obtainable from all chemists and stores.



CONSOLATION.

and that her sister-in-law living under military protection, her brother having joined the British expedition against Lobengula. From this time on, the story is one succession of exciting or revolting procedure shown under a powerful limelight. Pictures are drawn of the military and civil social circles of Rhodesia, during that quiet time, that are equal to any drawn by Kipling in any of his Simba stories. Indeed, if anything, Miss Stockley's pen is more barbed with satire and vitriolic reflection. But for the life of us, we cannot believe in the transformation of Maurice Stair, though we think the Kitten episode not in the least overdrawn, and the characterisation superbly original in its later development. We could write reams about the comic fascination, and the value, as an imperialistic factor, of "The Claw." But it would be unwise to divulge more of the story, which is superbly, yet excusably, egotistic, and most assuredly a story that should on no account be missed.

In "The Garden of Resurrection," Mr Temple Thurston is, as usual, infinitely and overflowing with the cordial of a tolerant personal sympathy with the shortcomings of humanity. The story is a curious and an impressive one. It was written, we believe, in the sacred shades of the Adelphe. It is the love

"Any mother would rather that her son should be a scoundrel than that he should marry unsuitably."—"The Pieces of Silver," by Nora Wynne, A. Melrose, 6/.

Out-of-date News.
"But Harte and I chanced to go to the same dentist; and on one occasion, at the very blackest time of the Boer war, I found him in the waiting-room turning over a mass of very back numbers of illustrated papers and magazines. After a while he said, with perfect gravity, 'I am sorry to learn from these journals that there are fears of trouble in the Transvaal.'"—"The Baneroffs," by Sir Squire Baneroff, Nelson, 1/2 net.

The Englishwoman.
"In an English-bred light colours predominate, so that from afar it appears more brilliant than a French crowd. On examining the women nearer, though, one cannot help feeling surprised at the inferior quality of these clothes. They wear cheap material, poor ribbon, terribly artificial flowers, common feathers, and ornaments on their necks and arms which are positively barbarous. All this reveals very primitive taste, a great desire to make a show. What curious types are sportswomen! The unconsious sit with which they render themselves hideous, their absolute ignorance of all that is elegant and feminine makes them appear peculiarly original-looking and

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