

them have done for the Jack Tar of the mercantile navy. The writer of fiction, whose purpose is to win a tilt in the cause of humanity may be likened to that good steward who increased the talent entrusted to him ten-fold. Clark Russell's literary life was devoted to the cause of the defenceless mercantile sailor—sent to sea in untrustworthy ships, fed on food that a starving cur would refuse, villified with language unfit for human expression, and often beaten to death or disgraced for life for asserting his right as a man to protest against diet, discipline and housing unfit for beasts. And his reward is bound to follow, as did that of the good steward of parable.

New Publications Received.

Publications received too late for extended notice in this week's issue are: "The Common Law," R. W. Chambers, Melbourne; George Robertson and Co. A Reprint of Mr. Robert Hichen's "Barbary Sheep" (Methuen), and "Votes for Women," from Lady Stout.

REVIEWS.

The Glory of Clementina Wing: By W. J. Locke. (London: John Lane. Auckland: Wildman and Arce, 3/6).

Think of twice the oddness of the characters in "The Beloved Vagabond" of twice the cleverness, twice the brilliancy of dialogue, twice the genial philosophy, twice the fascination, twice the charm, twice the knowledge of life and its lessons, twice the artistic craft, and twice the subtle humour and gay, insouciant badinage of that ever green book, and you may form some conception of the quality of "The Glory of Clementina Wing," which held us in golden dalliance from page one to page three hundred and seventy-five, when we awoke to a prosaic sense that we had returned once more to the world of prosaic fact. Clementina Wing, whether Mr. Locke means it or no, is a complete answer to those anti-suffragists who see in the woman of intellect a creature unsexed. Ephraim Quixtus (did ever any author choose such hybrid nomenclature as Mr. Locke) is a solitor by the wish of his forbears, and an enthusiastic student of anthropology by his own wish. Quixtus has everything that is supposed to render life happy save one. He had lost a wife whom he had loved dearly, and whom he had believed loved him dearly. He had wealth, considerable expectations, health, and admiring friends, and lastly a warmly, lovable nephew whom he meant to make his heir. But Ephraim Quixtus' sky which had hitherto lacked clouds, save the one before referred to, became suddenly overcast and a perfect deluge of trouble descended upon his head. Disliking exceedingly the snug

legal practice that had been left to him by his father, he had welcomed with rapture the proposition of his father's long-trusted head clerk, and had handed the business over to him in perfect confidence. All had gone well for some time until Quixtus had one day wakened to the knowledge that his clerk had fled the country after having depleted his employer's clients of every share and security he could lay hands on. His capture and subsequent trial brought down upon Quixtus' head—the scorn and derision of the whole court and forced him to listen to more plain truths about himself than he had ever before listened to in his life. A summons from the relative from whom he had great expectations made Quixtus the recipient of much false sympathy as he found to his cost a few months later when, on the relative dying Quixtus found himself the possessor of a cellar of wine for which he had no palate and minus the relative's enormous wealth. He made, as he thought, also the crushing discovery, that the wife to whom he had been so devoted, and of whose love he had been so sure had been false to him. And the long and short of it was that Quixtus lost his head and finding as he thought that all his world was in league against him, conspired with three villains to pay his world back in its own coin. Here Clementina Wing enters, and we vacate the position of showman leaving the reader to follow their united fortunes at his discretion confident that the quest once entered upon will not cease until he has followed the mazes of this intricate story and learnt like Clementina, "the glory of being a woman." The suggestion that Mr. Locke has not yet reached his zenith leaves us speechless.

The Song of Renny: By Maurice Hewlett. (London: Macmillan and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arce, 2/6 and 3/6.)

Was ever song more faultlessly rendered we wonder than this "Song of Renny," which tells of a curse that hung over that famous house of mediæval days, when murder stalked through the land unchecked, and lust, unworthy ambition and rapine went hand in hand with absolutely unsatisfied desire. There are readers who, having heard that "The Song of Renny" was on the lines of "The Forest Lovers," will declare the former to be inferior to the latter. From these readers we differ. More strenuous than that idyll, it pleases us better. Nothing really matters but love says Mr. Hewlett, in effect, in this glorious romance of his. And such love, too! It makes a man of the troubadour of those days, a repentant sinner out of a double and treble murderer and robber, a meek saint out of a most arrogant queen, a suppliant out of a rank blasphemer, a hero out of a coward, and, but there,

there's wizardry abroad when Mr. Hewlett wields that wand of love that literally mows down the two-headed dragon of lust and hate. "The Song of Renny" leads us to hope that Mr. Hewlett will for ever abandon his paganistic attitude, and further inspire us with high human ideal, not so high as to tempt a fall, nor so low as those set up by the ancients, out of the inadequacy of their knowledge. Here is a description of the Renny that turned from that ill-fated house the curse that had long roosted in the hall, and over the fair demance of Scaur, which was the ancestral stronghold of the infamous Rennys, whose feuds and murders were fratricidal, and in consequence, unnatural and abnormal:—"In matters of love Donna Mabile was believed impregnable. She was accounted a barbed virgin, a girl of whips and steel, and though none could deny the charms of her person, suspected amazonry in-will if not in fact. . . . She was said to dance happiest when her partner was a girl. . . . Sometimes she would dub a knight, giving the accolade with the flat of a sword. But mostly she roamed fancy-free with virgins of her own age and sex, and was least likely to afford a man her friendship when he showed he needed it badly. The real way to her intimacy was not that of devotion. If you could tell her of her ancestors, the Rennys, she always listened; if you went on to boast of your own, she listened until she judged either that you lied or in your own person belied them. If you ignored her, as likely as not she would be your very good friend. The quick of her nature was pride—first of brain, next of birth. You had needs beware how you touched her. Treat her as an equal on either score, she accepted you; treat her as a sovereign, she was a tyrant; play the man before her, pretend her a luxury or a solace, she would be the bleak Goddess of the bow, and smile as she slew one after another your treasured pretensions to respect," which is but Mr. Hewlett's Meredithian way of depicting Mademoiselle de Renny as essentially feminine. "The Song of Renny" is a book that positively must not be missed. Donna Mabile is worth a round dozen of modern Artemis's. This is truth, if bad grammar. Our copy, which we greatly esteem, has been received through Macmillan and Co.

both of his weakness and his immortality."—*The Corsican: Napoleon's Sayings*, arranged by R. M. Johnson.

"Wisdom Compressed."

"The greatest problem in life is how to catch up with our good intentions."

"A genius is merely a person who can make you believe he knows more than you do."

"It is just as well to remember that the fellow who asks you to lend him a sovereign will usually accept five shillings."

"No woman on her way to buy a new hat was ever known to commit suicide."

"One woman can take in another woman's hat in two minutes, and talk about it for two hours without repeating herself."

"A woman who would drop from exhaustion after sweeping a room could shop all day, and go to a dance the same night."

"A woman who is constantly blushing must be terribly well informed."—*"Wisdom Compressed,"* by Mark Over. W. H. Smith, 1/2.

Borrowed Teeth.

"Duke Charles of Parma dearly loved a pretty face, and one day he was asked to a dinner party to meet some really beautiful women. The Duke was then quite an old man, and he was, I regret to say, toothless, for he would never wear artificial teeth. However, the possibility of renewing his conquests so appealed to him that he went to a dentist and was supplied with a set of false teeth for the eventful banquet. All went well at first; the Duke smiled at the fair ones and rejoiced that he could smile so freely; but suddenly, without any warning, something went wrong with the plate, and he was unable to shut his mouth. He remained in this unenviable position for a few minutes, and the guests began to fear he had been seized with a fit, but when he found he could not close his jaws he wrenched out the teeth in an access of fury and flung them to the other side of the room, where they remained until after dinner, when the servants swept them up."—*"My Own Story,"* by Princess Louise of Tuscany. Nash, 10/6 net.

An Era's Birth.

"It always seems to me that we—who live at the present time—are very fortunate because we have seen the fruition of a great discovery. How interesting this will make us in future years! With what delight do we now listen to an old man who tells us how he remembers the first railway trains, and when the third-class passengers travelled in open carriages like cattle-trucks, and the guard, in a red coat, sat up behind! With equal delight, another day, our grandchildren will listen while we tell them how we recollect when aeroplanes first came into prominent notice, when Bleriot flew the Channel, when Paulhan flew from London to Manchester, when Grabane-White won the Gordon Bennett Cup."—*"How Men Fly,"* by Gertrude Bacon. Cassell, 1/- net.

BITS FROM THE VERY LATEST BOOKS.

Napoleon on Love.

"Ivy will cling to the first net tree; that, in a few words, is the whole history of love. What is love? The realization of his weakness that sooner or later pervades the solitary man, a sense



BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

THREAD WORMS EXPELLED

BY COMSTOCK'S "DEAD SHOT" WORM PELLETS.

A BRISBANE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. H. Campbell, Corbett-street, West End, Brisbane, writes:—"My little girl, aged five years, suffered from Thread Worms for some months. I took her to the doctor, who prescribed a syrup, but found it did not do much good, as the symptoms still remained. I saw Comstock's 'Dead Shot' Worm Pellets advertised, and procured a box, which proved very effectual. They greatly relieved her, and she immediately seemed to lose all trace of the trouble. The dry cough and the restlessness at night and the other symptoms left her, and she is now in splendid health. You may use this as you wish as a testimonial."

Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets are a purely vegetable preparation for the eradication of Worms in children and adults. For sale by all chemists and storekeepers, price 2/0 per packet, or will be sent post paid at the same price by The W. H. Comstock Co., Ltd., Farish-street, Wellington, N.Z.