

of Southern New Zealand stories yet written, and bears promise of even better work in the future. A little toning down of the style adopted would perhaps be an improvement. But this will, doubtless, come. The book, we understand, has been well received at Home, and will certainly be widely read here. Messrs. Wildman and Arey tell me they expect the Colonial Edition shortly.

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“The Extraordinary Confessions of Diana Please, Here ‘Englished’ from the original shorthand notes in French of M. le Marquis de C—, a friend to whom she dictated them,” is the voluminous title and description of another addition to Methuen’s Colonial Library. It is by Bernard Capes, and was forwarded for review by Messrs. Wildman and Arey. In his introductory note the author states that “Madame de St. Croix was a ‘passionist’ as the French called Casanova; and, indeed, she had many points in common with that redoubtable adventurer; an unappeasable vagabondism; a love of letters; an ardent imagination; an incorruptible self-love; and lastly, what we may term, an exotic orthodoxy. If subscribing to the universal creed which makes man’s soul his fetish, she worshipped an exacting god, she was at least always ready to sacrifice the world to gratify it, and now, no doubt, very logically sings among the angels. In the matter of her more notorious characteristics, M. de C—, lest her part on earth should suffer misconstruction by the censorious, is so good as to speak with some show of finality. ‘I deny,’ he says, ‘the title of adventuress to my charming and accomplished friend. It is nothing if not misleading. Every day we venture something for love, for hunger, for ambition.’”

The lady herself commences her confessions thus: “I owe my mother the most whimsical of

grudges, my existence. I will nickname her the Comtesse de l’Ombre, and so shall accuse no confidences in relating of my debt to her and to ‘Lovelace,’ her collaborator in the romance of which I am heroine. She was very beautiful; and he, an English cadet of distinction, was an aristocratic paragon.” One of her earliest experiences was being abducted by a sweep and made to do duty as his chimney boy. Her name of Diana Please was given her after her escape from the sweep. Upon being asked her name she replied, “Diana, please,” and the name adhered to her. Space forbids even outlining her adventures here, suffice it to say that they are distinctly worth the reading. The interest never flags from cover to cover.

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“The Princess Passes” is the title of a new book by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, which is well worth reading. It was forwarded for review by Messrs. Wildman and Arey, and was published by Methuen. The book begins with distinct promise—the opening sentence certainly whets the appetite, and arouses curiosity. “‘To your happiness,’ I said, lifting my glass and looking the girl in the eyes. She had the grace to blush, which was the least she could do; for a moment ago she had jilted me.” Lord Lane, who himself tells the story, had met Helen Blantock, the success of the season in London, at Davos. He fell in love, and, as he says, Helen was kind. He was invited to a dinner at the Blantock’s on his birthday, and during the meal Sir Horace Jervyson, “the richest grocer in the world,” whom Lane imagined to be in love with Lady Blantock, Helen’s widowed mother, announced that he and Miss Blantock were going to Scotland together. Lady Blantock followed up this startling information by twittering nervously that Nell and Sir Horace had been engaged a whole day. It was at this point that Lane drank to Nell’s