

BOOKS RECEIVED.

1. *Famous Criminals and their Trials. Intimate Revelations from the Papers of Sir Richard Muir, late Senior Counsel of the British Treasury.* By Sidney Theodore Felstead. New York: George H. Doran Company. Toronto: George H. Doran Company (Canada) Ltd. 1927.
2. *Blotted 'Scutcheons. Some Society Causes Célèbres.* By Horace Wyndham. New York: George H. Doran Company. Toronto: George H. Doran Company (Canada) Ltd. 1927.
3. *Our Testing Time. Will the White Race Win Through?* By J. H. Curle. New York: George H. Doran Company. Toronto: George H. Doran Company (Canada) Ltd. 1927.
4. *Homilies and Recreations.* By John Buchan. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd. 1927.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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THE NORTH POLE.

Editor, CANADIAN BAR REVIEW.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—It is almost never that one has a chance to find fault with you and your pet baby, the C. B. R.; but I now venture a remonstrance to one ground of complaint, viz.: Why did you publish an article on the ownership of the North Pole in the middle of winter? It reminds me of the fact that I was born in the frozen north when and where a pack of wolves smothered the protest of an infant against the hardship of a coming day when a "big brother" would insist on my getting up in the middle of the night to help him feed the cattle, and to make my scanty ablutions by breaking the ice in the water jug, any apply a chunk of it and a scrap of soap in alternate rubs. But happily I can now wait until the warmth of the Long Vacation, and then ruminate over my childish visions of a gigantic pole like a ship's mast around which the world was spinning, and that the other end was the south pole, which stuck up in the same manner. But of course this cannot be so, for some foolish explorers went there, could not find any pole, and Mr. Clute says that where the pole ought to be there is only a "wild waste of water" an ocean, in fact, with ice fields floating about which nobody owns and which he calls "a polar basin of considerable depth (say 12,000 feet) which is more or less equal to the height of the Antarctic Continent."

This is very disappointing, for when we saw the heading of Mr. Clute's interesting article we had childish visions of new thrills, just like other people in this pleasure-seeking and thoughtless age.

Of course some surly old bachelor may growl out "Cui bono! Why fuss about the North Pole?" But some of us these days are looking into the unknown, dreaming dreams and seeing visions; we have therefore kindly thoughts of our author who, though he dispels our past illusions and foolish fancies, tells us simple truths, which is far better.

A great poet, but a bad man, said, something over one hundred years ago:—

"Tis strange but true,
But truth is always strange;
Stranger far than fiction."

A child, or even a great scientist, might say to Mr. Clute, "please tell us how the earth can spin round when it has nothing to spin on." He would say, "I know not, but I do know that the only one who could explain all that said once to His faithful followers: 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.'"

Yours faithfully,

Toronto.

HENRY O'BRIEN.