

LITERATURE.

"THE OUTCASTS."

"The Outcasts," by W. A. Fraser, will appeal very strongly to boy readers; the two outcasts, being just a worn-out old buffalo bull, and the other a half-wolf, half-husky dog. These two strange companions cast in their lot together, and have many stirring and blood-curdling adventures, till at last the wolf strain in the husky dog becomes too strong for his fidelity to his faithful old friend, the buffalo. Planning the destruction of his friend, the half-dog, half-wolf himself falls a victim to his lust for blood, and old Shag, the buffalo, lives to become the founder of a herd of Wood Buffalo, that "are big, and strong, and beautiful in the spruce forests of the Athabasca Lake." William Briggs, Toronto, is the publisher of this new book.

"LOVE IDYLLS."

Many people will welcome another book of short stories from the pen of S. R. Crockett. "Love Idylls," they are called, and make bright and attractive reading on a dull afternoon. The first story, "The Fitting of the Peats," is the most thrilling in the book. The story of the daughter of a "Bonnet Laird," who meets a Jacobite rebel among the peats, and promptly loses her heart to him. Much we ensue from this chance encounter for the young pair, but all's well that ends well, and Bell MacLurg and Charles Francis Charteris Hume, were fated to wed, and the murderous old lairds, with blunderbusses, and irate, unreasonable uncles, are all brought to time, in goodly season, and Bell walks off with her lover in triumph to the minister. The rest of the stories are also well told, and make interesting reading. (George Morang Co., Toronto.)

"D'RI AND I."

"D'ri and I," by Irving Baeheller, will please a large number of readers who were delighted with "Janice Meredith." It is the same style of romance, rather well told, and dealing brightly with a number of incidents connected with the war of 1812. The hero is a young officer on the American side. D'ri, as might be supposed, is not a girl, but a devoted old servant, or "hired man," as he is called in Yankee land, and is the devoted companion of the boy Ray, the hero, from his boyhood up. Ray's father is first a soldier, then a pioneer, and takes his young family into the bush with him, and, of course, the faithful D'ri is one of the party. There is always something in a story of pioneer days that appeals with a strong charm to us, the descendants of those brave men and women who wrested a home for themselves and their descendants from an inhospitable land. Captain Ray might have been more popular with Canadian readers, had he been on the right side of politics in the war of 1812, but as it is, he is a brave and gallant young officer, who cannot but command our interest and sympathy in his numerous adventures in love and war. The outer covering of this book is one of the most attractive we have seen for a long time. A beautiful little engraving of the captain's sweetheart, Mademoiselle Louise, adorns the cover, and would make a bright and attractive gift for Christmas. William Briggs, Toronto, is the publisher.

"THE MAKING OF A MARCHIONESS."

"The Making of a Marchioness," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. The material out of which Mrs. Burnett builds her marchioness is a most unlikely but appealing bit of femininity called Emily Fox-Seaton, and to describe her, I cannot do better than quote Mrs. Ralph, one of the characters of the book:

"It is her fate to be a woman who is

perfectly well born, and who is as penurious as a charwoman, and works like one. She is at the beck and call of anyone who will give her an odd job to earn a meal with. That is one of the new ways women have found of making a living. She has some of the richest blood in England in her veins, and she engaged my last cook for me."

Miss Emily Fox-Seaton's one great accomplishment, it appears, was the one some cynics would have us believe is so rarely bestowed on women—a gentle and amiable disposition. Lady Maria Bayne, one of her patrons, describes her with characteristic frankness. "The creature is so cheerful and perfectly free from vice that she's a relief," her ladyship said to her nephew. "Some women are affected cats. She'll go out and buy you a box of pills or a porous plaster, but at the same time she has a kind of simplicity and freedom from spite and envy which might be the natural thing for a princess." The ultimate fate of this "nature princess" is a fitting end. Mrs. Burnett believes in poetic justice. Poor Emily Fox-Seaton is at last invited by Lady Maria Bayne to form one of her house-party at Malham, at which three celebrated beauties are to be present—and, last, but not least, the eligible Marquis of Walderhurst. All the women pose and set different traps for the marquis, according to their different temperaments, but it is Emily Fox-Seaton who finally walks off with the prize, an engagement ring from the Marquis of Walderhurst, with "a ruby as big as a trousseau button." The story is brightly told in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's best vein. We can safely recommend it to a wide variety of feminine readers. Publishers, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Littell's Living Age fulfills its function of presenting the best things from continental as well as from English sources by beginning, in its issue for Nov. 23, a serial story from Jean Rameau, entitled "A Father of the Fields," which, in its vivid and truthful pictures of rural life, reminds one of the best work of Rene Bazin. The Edinburgh Review's article on "Party Politics and the War," which has attracted unusual attention in England, and has been commended for its fairness alike by supporters and critics of the government, is printed in full in the Living Age for Nov. 30. It is the most important presentation of existing political conditions in England which has been published. John Morley's fine tribute to Mr. Gladstone, on the occasion of the recent unveiling of the Gladstone monument at Manchester, forms the leading article in the Living Age for Dec. 7. It derives added interest from the fact that Mr. Morley is Mr. Gladstone's chosen biographer, and the present appreciation of him furnishes a sort of foretaste of the great work upon which Mr. Morley is engaged.

Rich in illustration and with a varied collection of articles, short stories and poems, the Christmas number of Allislee's Magazine is especially interesting. The leading article, entitled "America in England," by Allen Sangre, is a dramatic study of the triumph of American business methods in British enterprises. The writer compares this movement to the return of the prodigal son, laden with a new set of tools, to improve the old farm. "Senator Aldrich, the Most Influential Man in Congress," by L. A. Coolidge, is a very readable study of the personality of the leader of the senate, and also a clear analysis of the wonderful congressional machine at Washington. "In Remote Newfoundland," by Norman Duncan, is the kind of special article that has all the value of news and all the impressiveness of a well-wrought work of fiction. The description of this story country, where gardens and graveyards are painfully built by the hands of men, is illustrated with many unusually good photographs. A striking

ing poem, by Bliss Carmen, entitled "A Forest Shrine," is the most notable poetic contribution to the Christmas Allislee's. The decorations for the poem, which have been made by James Preston, are exceptional. In fiction there is a wide choice.

The Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine is especially notable for charming fiction and novel and effective art features. The old-fashioned Christmas story does not prevail, but in its place has come the story of bright and cheerful social phases, delicate sentiment, wit and humor. The best work of the best writers is used in these special numbers rather than Christmas tales written to order. In this number appear such authors as Thomas Nelson Page, F. Hopkinson Smith, William Henry Bishop and Arthur Coslett Smith.

ELK FOR CANADA

A Proposal to Stock the Forests of Quebec With Them Once More.

The proposal to stock the woods of the Province of Quebec with the Canadian wapiti, or American elk, is finding great favor. At one time the wapiti was abundant throughout the province, so that there is not the slightest doubt as to the adaptability of the woods of Quebec for its habitat. Less than a century ago it was very plentiful in the Saguenay district, where the Indians hunted it to such an extent for its skin that it became extinct. It is improbable that it was similarly destroyed in all parts of the province, and another reason is given for its disappearance. One of the peculiarities of the various families of the deer tribe inhabiting this northern part of the continent is their tendency to change their habitat from time to time; not simply by roaming backward and forward, but by deserting entirely a whole province or other large tract of territory, and being replaced by another very abundant, and making their appearance in localities to which, for at least a long time past, they had been absolute strangers. The departure of the wapiti from the whole of eastern Canada within the last century is an illustration of this peculiarity.

Another is furnished by the recent appearance of red deer in large numbers in the north shore of the St. Lawrence, where they had not been seen for many decades. They have long been plentiful upon the south shore from Maine to the St. Lawrence, and have lately taken to wandering down east from the Ottawa and Gatineau districts. Some people think that the large increase in the number of wolves in Northern Quebec may have something to do with the migration of some of these animals. At all events, there is no other reasonable explanation of the disappearance of the wapiti, or elk, from both the provinces of Ontario and Quebec within the last few decades. The only localities wherein it is now known positively to exist upon this continent are the foothills of the American and Canadian Rockies and the country stretching away thence across the mountains to the Pacific Ocean. In this habitat it is still plentiful enough to afford the finest and most exciting sport.

If the government adopts the suggestion to reintroduce the elk into Quebec province it is probable that a number of the animals will be brought alive from the Rocky Mountains and liberated in the Laurentide National Park, a large preserve maintained by the government to the northwest of Quebec.

BELLS UNDER WATER.

[Youth's Companion.] Rev. John M. Bacon, the English balloon expert, insists that lighthouses should have warning bells under as well as above water, because in a storm sound travels farther under water than through the air, and experiments both in England and America have proved that a bell struck under water can be heard at a long distance in the hold of a ship.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

NOT IN HER SET.

"I wish you would introduce me to that distinguished looking young woman that has just come in," said the hero of the old-fashioned novel. "You won't need any introduction if you want to speak to her," coldly answered the old-fashioned heroine, turning away. "I don't associate with her. She's out of Hall Caine's novels." —Chicago Tribune.

A MUTUAL FRIEND.

Once upon a time a diplomat was walking with his close friend Decet, who was dressed in his usual attractive manner, when he met a lady acquaintance.

"Allow me to introduce to you my friend Diplomacy," he said. "It is not necessary," she answered. "He is a close friend of mine, whom I know by the name of Tact."

Moral: A little by any other name would sting the same.

NO VACANT LOT FOR HER.

He—Darling, I love you. Will you not make me happy by sharing my humble lot with me? She—Is there a nice little house on the lot, Henry? —Boston Herald.

MADE A DULL BOY SMART.

Once upon a time a stern father called his son to him and severely addressed him: "Child, he said, 'you are walking in the way of stupidity instead of pursuing the path of intelligence. You are neglecting your books and allowing your mind to sink into dullness. It must do something to awaken in you a realization of your error. Go to the orchard and bring me a switch as long as your arm and no smaller than your little finger.' The boy was as directed, and after he returned he and his father were alone in the attic for several minutes. Moral: There is more than one way to make a boy smart.

OVER THE DANGER LINE.

"Weary," said Shiny Patches, as the two were resting as usual, "this is my birthday and I draw a deep breath of relief, for I am out of danger."

"What are you talking about?" asked Weary. "I am thirty-five years old, and for some time I have known that between the ages of twenty and thirty-five men do their greatest work. It has kept me worried, but now I feel safe."

REALIZATION OF AGE.

Two athletes, who had slipped past the meridian of life without hardly observing the fact, were talking about ages while eating a deliberate luncheon in the Lawyers' Club a couple of days ago, when one of them told a story which embodies the experience of more than one man.

"It really came to me with a little shock," he said. "I took a sleeper at Buffalo for New York, and there were only half a dozen men aboard when I retired for the night. In the morning, while in the toilet-room brushing my hair, I saw in the mirror the reflection of the back of an old gentleman. I did not remember seeing before. He appeared much older than any man I had noticed in the car the night before, and I made up my mind that he had come aboard after I had gone to bed."

"I watched the reflection while arranging my hair, and then turned, intending to speak to the old gentleman. You can imagine my surprise when I found that I had been looking at the reflection of my own back."

CAME OUT IN THE WASH.

A kind of rough Carpenter in the verse line one day held his head with his hand, while with the free wing he carved the following out of a solid block of the English Language, using a fountain pen. It was a Sentimental Song, entitled "Oh! Gentle Maid with Eyes so blue." "Oh! Gentle Maid with Eyes so blue, sides he read it over and admitted that it was exceedingly Ka-tish. It seemed to him that Henry B. Smith would have to use a Want Ad to recover his Lovers and the Private Muse of W. S. Gilbert would be awful jealous. The Little Thing that he wrote right out of his Head ran as follows:

Oh! Gentle Maid with Eyes so blue,
Oh! Glances so alluring,
Oh! Constant be and ever True,
When I am far away,
Oh! Mild Coquette with Dimples rare,
Oh! Love will be enduring,
Oh! Say that others you'll forswear
And name the happy Day.

It was such a Neat Thing to be done by Hand that he took it to a friend who worked in a Music Store and had it measured for him. They had the Ditty printed in Sheet Form, with a Cover in two Colors. They used to sit around for Hours and sing it and pelt each other with Bouquets.

The Composer knew an incipient Melba who was about to spring on the Public as soon as the Public wasn't looking. She had a Voice that had been gone over and sand papered by a Dagolli, and she promised to sing it at a Church Musical.

It was a large Crimson Night for the Author when he went up to the Church Parlor to hear his Work translated into Soprano. He shook like a Dice Box while waiting for the Number to be called. At last she floated to the Footlights. She wore a Gown that cost 250 Cart Wheels, and she never earned the Mon by singing. Her Voice wouldn't go as far as that. The Accompanist jockeyed for a while on the Piano, and then Emma Eames No. 2 got rid of the following:

Aw-w! Gen-haw may wee hisaw blaw.
Aw-w! Glens saw-saw Ol-loo-hoo;
Aw-w! Caw-stawbaw aw saw how traw.
When hl om foh ah-wah.
Aw-w! Ml hq-hette wih dip-puls raw.
Aw-w! Law waw be eh-daw-haw.
Am-w! Hay—

Just then there was a shriek, and an Author in a new Suit of Evening Clothes was discovered writhing on the Floor, trying to bite the Legs off the Chorus.

MORAL.—Never allow any one else to use your private Masterpieces.

ENGLISH TO BE UNIVERSAL.

From time to time for many years there has been more or less said and written about a universal language, and several attempts have been made to build up one that would take the place of all others, but no progress has ever been attained.

While Volapuk and kindred artificial languages have been launched, talked about, studied by a few persons and soon relegated to the shelves of the philological museum, there has appeared

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ently been a language growth that promises to become universal.

This fact is emphasized by the compilation of recent post office reports from all of the countries where letter writing is known. This compilation shows that the postoffices of the world annually distribute 12,000,000,000 letters, and of these 8,000,000,000 are addressed in English, 1,200,000,000 in German and 1,000,000,000 in French, and all of the other languages have less than 2,000,000,000 between them.

These figures show that the English language promises to become the tongue of the nations.

PRETTY JAPANESE CUSTOM.

In associating sentiment with the planting of trees the Japanese are before us, no matter in what other respects they may be behind us. At the birth of a baby in that progressive empire, it is claimed, a tree is bound to be planted and must be allowed to grow until the marriage of the individual for whom it was planted. It is then cut down and transformed into house goods.

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Years of experience and a continued desire to keep in touch with modern business ideas and principles as far as the drug trade is concerned, have commanded the attention of the public and won their approval. We are building up a large and solid business because we guarantee the quality of our drugs and medicines. We have the finest and best stock of Perfumes and Toilet requisites ever seen in the retail drug business.

A WORD ABOUT

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND.

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At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted, that must remain until the marriage of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives the tree is cut down and the wood is transformed into furniture.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

James McKee, Linnwood, Ont. Lachin McKee, Mabou, Ont. John A. McDonald, Amherst, Ont. C. B. Billing, Markham, Ont. John Mader, Mahone Bay, N. S. Lewis Butler, Burin, Nfld.

These well-known gentlemen all assert that they were cured by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

VISITORS TO EUROPE

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JOHN MERRITT, M.D., of Brooklyn, in the N. Y. Medical Record.

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