

people; and like Shylock kings may say, Hath not a king eyes? Hath not a king hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Mr. Humphrey's book is an elaborate affirmative to all these questions: The Queen is a woman and a kindly woman, with all a woman's love of small gossip and the little feminine mysteries of motherhood.

HISTORY OF THE YEAR 1893, with Especial Reference to Canadian Affairs. Paper. The Mail Printing Co., Toronto.

This is a paper bound volume of 200 large pages, clearly printed and abundantly illustrated. It starts off with succinct notes on the Dominion and Provincial political history of 1893, then devotes a chapter to the new Governor-General. Then follows an able article on Canadian Trade and Commerce of the year full of facts and statistics. Farming interests are then considered, and sports of the year are described and illustrated. The World's Fair receives a great deal of attention, while the chapter on Canadian Happenings of 1893 is full and complete. The latter part of the book gives a great deal of foreign news and information.

OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES; a view from Radcliffe Library by Prof. Goldwin Smith. Cloth, 16mo. MacMillan & Co., New York; Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

The latest product of Professor Goldwin Smith's literary industry and skill is a little volume entitled "Oxford and Her Colleges." It is a brief historical sketch of the various colleges, sympathetically bringing out the more significant facts in their history, and intended as a handbook for the visitor from America. He says in his introduction that he "would gladly believe that Oxford and Cambridge, having now, by emancipation and reform, been reunited to the nation, may also be reunited to the race; and that to them, not less than to the universities of Germany, the eyes of Americans desirous of studying at an European as well as at an American university may henceforth be turned." The history of Oxford since its birth in the twelfth century is graphically sketched by the master hand of one of its most distinguished graduates, and the reader who takes a glance at the beginning finds himself being led on and on to the end.

THE KING'S STOCKBROKER, the Sequel to "A Princess of Paris"; a novel, by Archibald Clavering Gunter, author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," etc. Paper, 50 cents. The Toronto News Co.

Gunter's book, "The Princess of Paris," had a wonderful sale in Canada, and the sequel will have, no doubt, as prodigious a sale. In fact it has already sold to an extent which would surprise those who belittle the extent to which the fifty-cent novel can be sold in Canada. The story is taken up at

the point where D'Arnac finds his former companion-in-war in chains among the galley slaves of a French ship. He succeeds in effecting his release and goes back to Paris—himself to fresh honors, his friend to plan his revenge. O'Brien Dillon is less the hero of this story than D'Arnac, whose young protegee has won distinction as the greatest comedienne on the Paris stage. It is the time when schemes for colonization in America and India were rousing the world to a pitch of speculating enthusiasm which has made the world modern. John Law, the inventor of paper money, was the financial genius of France, the founder of the East India Company, the King's stockbroker, and not the first Scotchman to bring trouble on the excitable inhabitants of France. His scheme to pay off the national debt of France stamped him in financial history as one of the greatest financial giants of modern history—yet that was in the sixteenth century. The Regent-Duke of Orleans, with his fondness for ostentatious display and beautiful mistresses, is a puppet in Law's hands, as the king is a puppet in Orleans' hands. John Law blows the bubble so large that all France and all Europe is amazed. But finally it bursts and Law is a fugitive, while our hero wins a wife, a friend, a fortune and a name. The incidents in the book are numerous and most exciting—even the most sluggish nature must respond to the author's power as a raconteur. The descriptions are masterly, the plot ingenious, the characters striking and the finale magnificent.

A MODERN BUCCANEER. By Rolf Boldrewood, author of "Robbery Under Arms," etc. Cloth, \$1.25. New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Ever since "Robbery Under Arms" was published, Rolf Boldrewood has been favored with public expectancy when a new book of his is announced. His latest is entitled "A Modern Buccaneer," being the history of William Henry Hayston, an American who, exiled for misdeeds, becomes a trader among the South Sea Islands. He rejoined the United States navy in 1855, serving with great gallantry under Admiral Farragut. Falling out with his occupation he became an adventurer. He was a giant in stature, with enormous strength and imposing appearance. He was bold and masterful, with an ungovernable temper. These qualities fitted him to exercise a rule of "blood and iron" among the savage collection of scoundrels who frequented the South Sea Islands. The trader of that period and that locality is much the same as in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Island Nights' Entertainments," but he is more numerous, and, consequently, more varied in character. Those were the times when might was right—for the armed cruisers of Great Britain and other nations were too few or too busily engaged to

preserve or enforce justice between the wily trader and the ignorant islander. Those were the days, too, when slave trading was still profitable and prevalent, and when "Christians" carried rum and whisky to degrade the ignorant savages on those isolated spots of "God's Green Earth." They cheated the men, debauched the women and carried off their daughters to unholy marriages under the protection of the flags of the greatest nations of the nineteenth century. The author's description of this wicked trading is masterful, clear and poignant. But it is his description of the wonderful scenery of that region which is perhaps the greatest charm of the book. The luxurious sense of dreamy repose is nowhere more realized than among the summer seas, the lulling breezes, the beauteous paradises, the white-sanded islands of the Southern Seas.

WOOLING A WIDOW. By Ewald August Koenig. Translated. Paper, 50c. Robert Bonner's Sons, New York.

This is a nicely illustrated book bearing the handsome paper cover of the Ledger Library, in which so many good tales of native and foreign books may be found. The book itself must be judged by other than the usual standards. It is essentially a book for the mind that desires no heavy thinking, but the balm and solace of a pleasant love tale.

THE LORDS OF MISRULE, by Wm. C. Pomeroy. A tale of Gods and Men. Illustrated; paper, 50c. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

This book reminds one of Col. Savage's, "The Anarchist." The gist of this cannot be better given than in a few sentences from the preface: In imagination you may sit with Old Eros within the "mystic halls of time," and hear him tell of the "destinies of mortal man"; you may wander with stern Minerva or sweet Pandora through the starlit vaults of immensity or traverse the bosom of Mother Earth, and, invisible, perceive the hidden acts of the hand of man or peer deep into the hearts of women. You may witness the fall of the "Age of Mammon" and see the "Social Republic" rise in its stead. Linger and you will see that same Social Republic apathetically tremble through a labyrinth of woes, and, tottering, fall into the abyss of anarchy.

MRS. HAROLD STAGG. By Robert Grant, author of "Jack Hall," "The Carletons," etc. Paper, 25 cents. Robert Bonner's Sons, New York.

This is a novel which is quite insipid, like very many of its class. True, it will help pass an idle hour, with its motley collection of time-varying illustrations. But its get-up presumes so much ignorance and lack of culture on the part of the buyer of such a book, that to praise it would be to write oneself down an ass.