

scene at an inopportune moment, of the wealthy brewer, Mr. Fyfe, as a suitor for Marion's hand, adds zest to the rather critical situation in which the bashful lovers are by force of circumstances ultimately driven. Everything is righted at last, as it should be in every well organized novel. The truant lad returns to his native heath with an American wife and a baby boy in her arms. Peace is made between father and son. Marion marries the minister of the parish. Mr. Fyfe, disgusted, returns to his vats and his bronchitis and ruminates on the perversity of woman and the folly of love. 'Only in Fisherton the wind and waves keep up the element of unrest; and though the fishermen may lounge to-night between the rows of the brown boats that they have beached among the shingle and all the waste and refuse of the shore, yet to-morrow they must again breast the waters, and toss among the white flying foam. How loud the Sound of the Sea is to-night.'

A useful little manual for collectors is Mr. Frederic Vors' 'Bibelots and Curios.\*' It is full of information of a practical kind, and much elementary knowledge of porcelain, pottery, glass, metal work, lacquer work, musical instruments, enamels, fans, furniture, etc., etc., may be had from a study of its pages. The glossary of technical terms is quite an interesting feature in a work which may be pronounced one of the most complete books of its kind known to bric-a-brac hunters and students.

Who wrote it? many will ask after turning over the last page of 'Signor Monaldini's Niece.†' The story is one of the very best which

has appeared for a long time, and certainly it surpasses all its predecessors of the popular 'No Name Series.' That happily-conceived collection of clever tales and good poetry having reached its fourteenth volume, the publishers have decided to furnish the reading public with a new series of the same class, preserving all the prominent features of the first and differing only in the style of binding. The opening volume of the new instalment is so clever and bright and delicious that one may well stop to consider the authorship of a narrative which possesses many of the characteristics of Story, Hawthorne, and the writer of that charming thing, 'Kismet.' The scene is laid in Italy, and both in movement and description, in conversation and spirit, the most unabated interest is maintained from the very beginning to the all too speedy close. The author is no tyro in the art of story-telling. He is artistic, thoughtful, æsthetic and brilliant, and seems to have caught the true spirit of poetry from a long residence in the land of Angelo and of Dante. If a 'Roman Lawyer' did not write this last really able contribution to the fiction literature of the day, we are much mistaken. There are too many artistic bits of descriptive writing, too many new and original characterizations, too many sparkling talks, and too much general excellence and vigour in the book to suppose otherwise.

So much has been said about the class of books which we should read ourselves and allow our children to read, that we approach advice of this kind in a somewhat unfriendly mood. No allowance seems to be made for difference of taste and the habits of thought which obtains in different minds, and in several instances we know of, the mentor has proved a very unskilful guide indeed. However, our remarks at this time do in no way apply to the entertaining booklet

\* *Bibelots and Curios.* By FREDERIC VORS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Signor Monaldini's Niece.* 'No Name Series.' Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.