

away of young life in the black night, and the untimely grave on the veldt.

The time for recrimination and taunts is past. 'Tis the time for hand-grasps and friendship—the time “When all men’s good” should “be each man’s rule, and universal Peace, lie like a shaft of light across the land.”

Charles Scribner & Sons, New York.

THE LITTLE ORGANIST OF ST. JEROME
and other stories of Work and Experience. By
Annie L. Jack.

THIS book is a collection of short stories, which appeared first as serials, and now make their bow to the public in orthodox book form. The stories are well done. They are clean, wholesome, unintrospective, and are told with facility of expression and picturesqueness of language. The characters are all real people. We feel as if we were sitting before a good story-teller and hearing a living voice.

Many contend that books of short stories are not as salable as novels. This can hardly be right, for magazine stories are more popular to-day than ever before. And why not? They are “interpretations of a vital moment of life; snatched blood-red and hot with passion, from the long grey stretches of existence”—moments that have come to most lives, but which to ourselves appear commonplace. It is only the outsider who can see the beauties of our stained windows in the night.

In substantiation of the popularity of short stories, we would instance such books as “Plain Tales from the Hills,” and Bret Harte’s inimitable collection.

In the book before us, one of the prettiest stories is “A Silver Wedding,” an exquisite little romance, tenderly conceived, and skilfully wrought out. It tells of a wife, who on her silver-wedding day takes a retrospective glance on her married life. For the last fifteen years she and her husband, though living under one roof, have never spoken to each other. The man was

jealous because his wife had planted a honeysuckle given her by a handsome young clergyman, and had said, “Mary, if you plant that man’s gift at my door, I’ll never speak to you again until it is rooted up.” And the woman tells how the devil took possession of her, and how she went out and planted the vine by the porch. The vine grew, and now on this twenty-fifth wedding-day was a great plant, as strong as the pride that held these two hearts asunder. The story of its uprooting by the wife, and the planting of two climbing roses by the husband, is as engrossing as it is entirely satisfying.

William Briggs, Toronto.

THE DEER FAMILY. By Theodore Roosevelt
and others.

THIS volume is the first of a series of ten to be published in the “American Sportsman’s Library.” It is edited by Mr. Caspar Whitney, the editor of *Outing*, who exercises the privileges of his position by smartly calling up the writers, when he thinks occasion demands it. The book is dedicated to “the lover of the wild; free, lonely life of the wilderness, and of the hardy pastimes known to the sojourners therein.”

The greatest interest naturally centres around the five chapters by President Roosevelt. With the exception of the buffalo, the chief quarry followed by American hunters now, as in the last hundred years, have been the representatives of the different deer families. To-day, ninety-nine out of every hundred head of game killed in the United States are elk, deer, or antelope.

The subject is discussed with such minutiae, it is impossible to quote at large from the book, but we would append the President’s opinion as to the best way of preserving the deer. It is to “establish on the nation’s property great nurseries and wintering grounds, such as the Yellowstone Park, and then to secure fair play for the deer outside these grounds by a wisely planned and faithfully executed