

THE EDITOR'S BOOK SHELF.

The Book Shelf gathered itself together yesterday morning and, grappling to its heart a few tried friends, was soon hung up on board the good ship *Manitoba*, of the C. P. R. line to Port Arthur. Having the right to choose its holiday companions, it left everything disagreeable at home. For the next month it will refuse standing room to any book that irritates. Among those chosen are a few that have not yet lost the delicious fragrance of the press-room. But one does not like to be entirely dependent on new friends. They might not prove agreeable. Let us have one or two that have power to quiet the restless pulse of care.

There is variety on the Shelf this month, new and old, grave and gay, good and—some would say—bad. First of all is an old pocket "Tennyson," bruised and battered by a dozen years of wear and travel. It has seen many a holiday. It spread itself out many a day on the rocks of Muskoka, and has more than once been drenched by the salt spray of the Atlantic. It is only a poor copy, full of misprints and bad punctuations: but its place could not be filled by your *Edition de Luxe* of any other book. There is music in Tennyson;

Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes

There is nothing in uninspired literature finer than "In Memoriam." And so Tennyson keeps a place on the Shelf.

Who should stand next but Ruskin. The Shelf prides itself on a finely illustrated, fourteen-volume edition Ruskin. When in some of its moods nothing but Ruskin will satisfy. Here is tender pathos, glowing passion, withering scorn, art, poetry, philosophy, preaching, anything your soul desires, and all in the best form. But one can't take fourteen volumes in a grip-sack. Hence one takes—Alden's pirated "Ruskin's Choice Works." This little pocket edition has rubbed against Tennyson for the last ten years; but even now the Shelf reproaches itself for seeming to countenance literary piracy, and especially when the author himself, in the preface and first lines, rails against cheaply made books. But who that has read "Sesame and Lilies" would not make allowances for our breach error? The supreme intellectual pleasure and moral stimulus to be derived from the twentieth reading of these lectures goes a long way to atone for the